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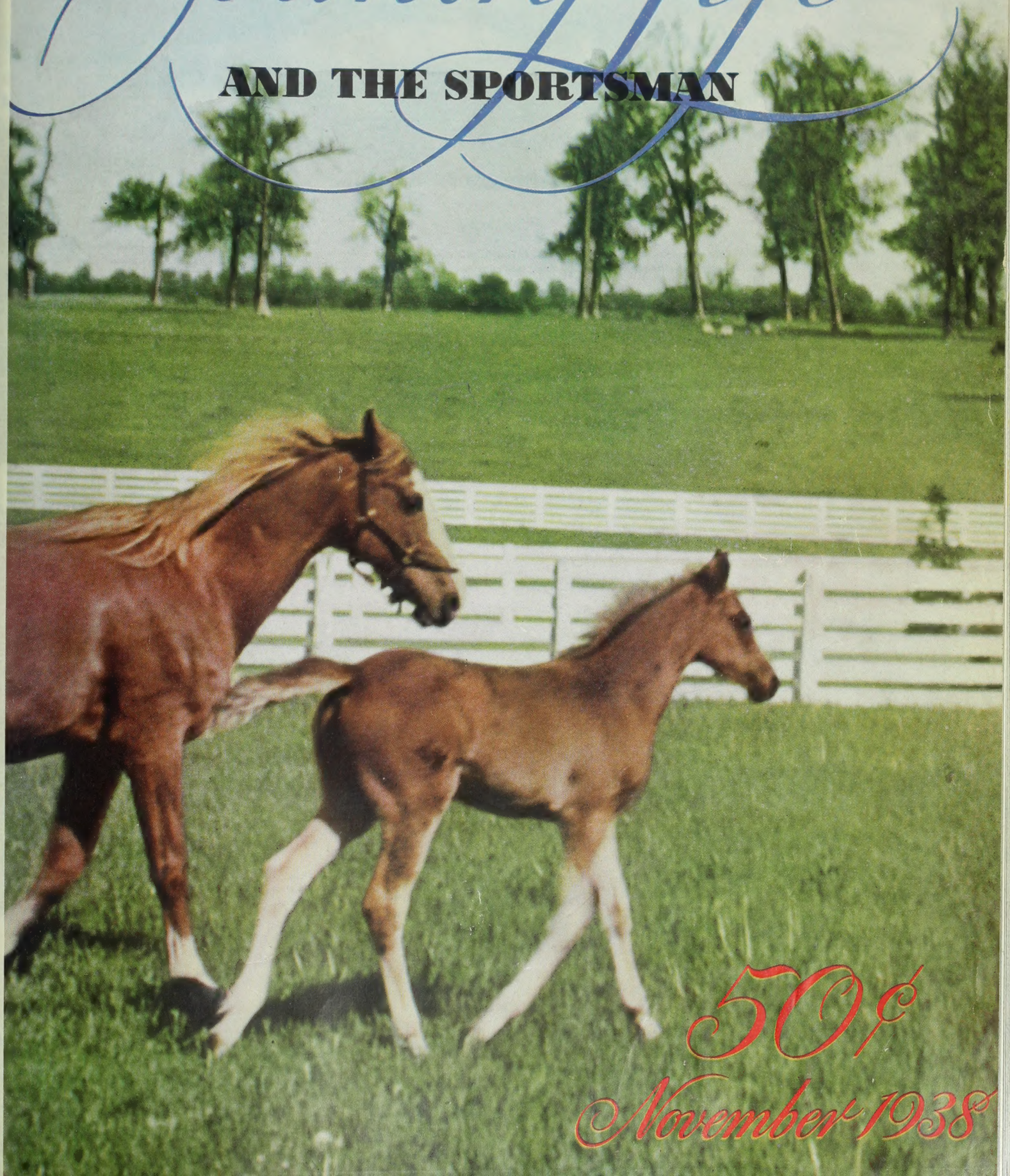

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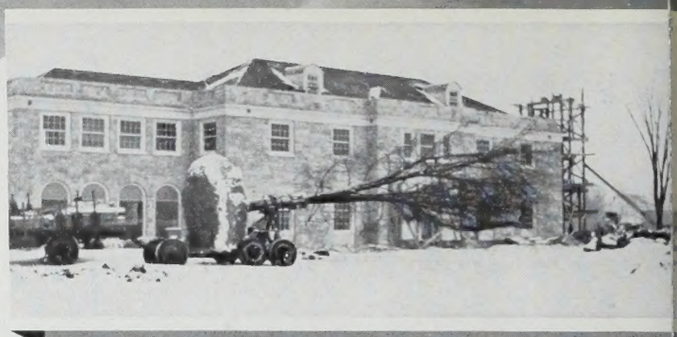

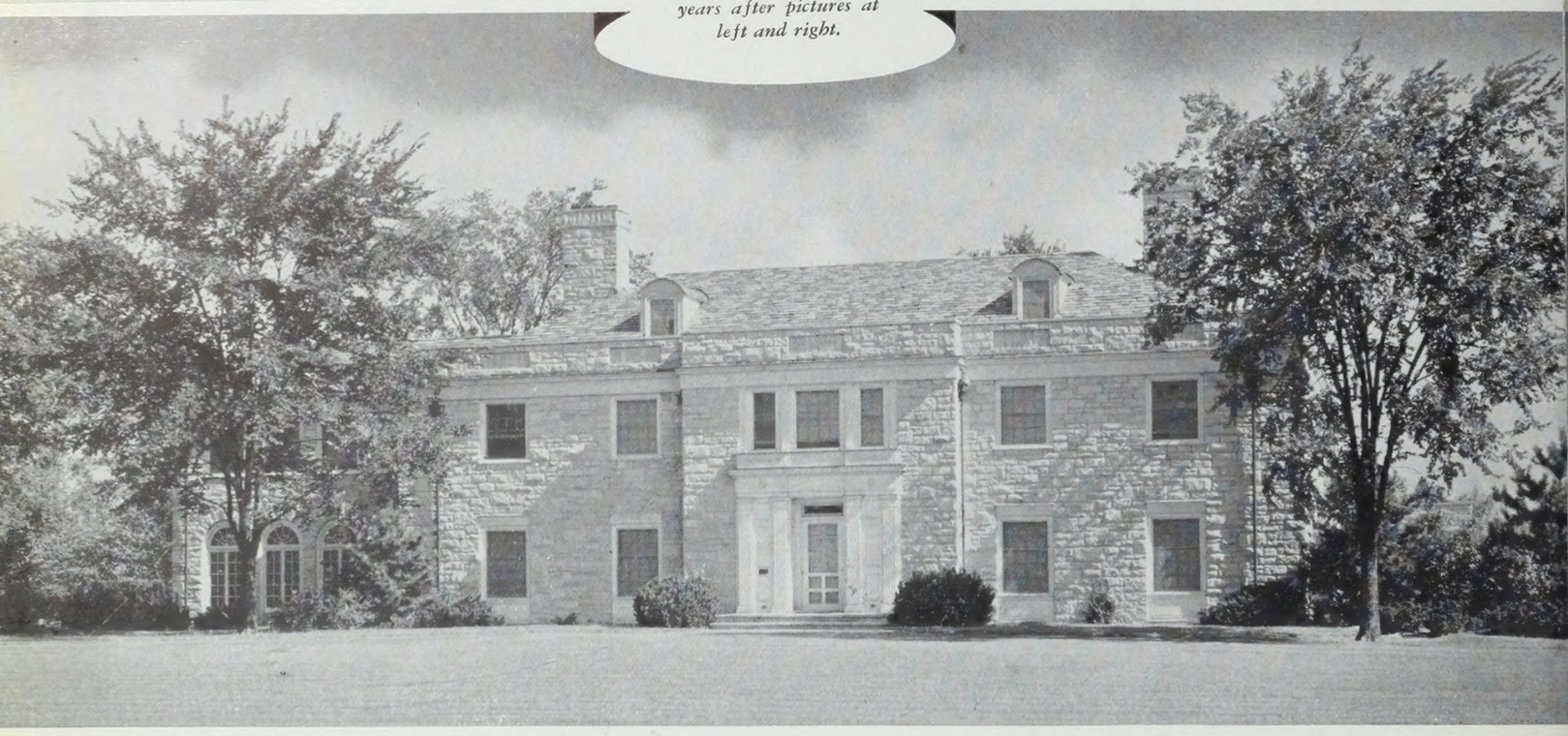

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The tennis court and swimming pool add much to the desirability of this property.

The property advertised is the one with large open lawn in middle above picture.

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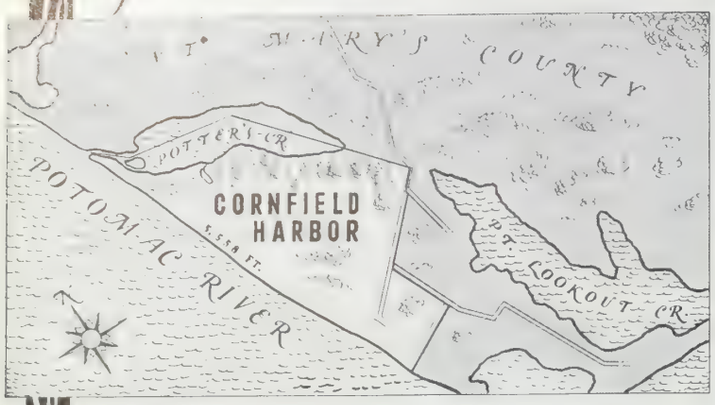

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Best in Show Winners
American-Bred Prize Group

Now that the circuit of late summer and fall outdoor shows in the Northeastern area of the United States is ended an opportunity presents itself to consider and comment on this brilliant series of events, the brighter dog stars which furnished the finer flashes of radiance, the keen competition which prevailed among these and the lesser lights, and which altogether in quantity and quality of exhibits, attendance, and interest excelled any similar period in kennel annals. Each week end, Saturday and Sunday, was marked by two important shows with other events frequently sandwiched in between, which kept dogs and their owners constantly on the move. Contrary to what some may think, it is no stretch of imagination to say that the dogs enjoy it quite as much as their owners. In fact some of the more seasoned campaigners seem veritably to revel in the hurly-burly of crating, traveling, benching displaying themselves at pose and pace in the show ring. All in all it is an alluring sport and engages many thousands of persons and more than double the number of dogs; to say nothing of spectators.

CHAMPIONS. During the recent series of shows, and in fact ever since his arrival in this country a little over a year ago, James M. Austin's Smooth Fox Terrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, has been playing the leading role in the doggy drama inasmuch as he has amassed a greater number of best in show victories than any other ringster of the present time. At this writing his record reads fifty times best of breed, forty times best of terrier group, and thirty times best in show. Considering the fact that he is only two and a half years old and at the very peak of his form, it is quite likely that before the year is ended he will have added several more such successes to his record. In the opinion of many experts he is the most perfect Smooth Foxterrier ever seen and is certainly the most successful.

According to careful research through available records, and checked with those of the owner, the winner of the largest number of best in show prizes in kennel annals in this country was William W. Higgins' home-bred Irish Setter, Ch. Higgins' Red Pat, with thirty-two such successes to his credit. Next in order to Red Pat was his perennial rival, Dr. S. S. Mitten's English Setter, Ch. Blue Dan of Happy Valley, with only a few less, twenty-seven it is thought. These two met in the show ring on numerous occasions with the honors slightly in favor of the former.

It is strange but nevertheless true that, although coming within the closest striking distance, neither of these two canine celebrities ever won best in show at Westminster. However, Red Pat did capture the premier prize at Morris and Essex as did his son, Ch. Higgins' Red Coat. Not only was Red Pat the greatest Irish Setter ever seen but he founded the greatest ruling dynasty in the history of the breed with a dozen or more champions among his progeny and his line still continues. However, as goes the breaking of records with the progress of time, it seems that the omnipresent Saddler is surely destined to carry on and eventually lead the lists over these two immortals of the American show ring.

With the exception of Saddler and Mr. and Mrs. A. Biddle Duke's great Pointer, Ch. Pennine Paramount, which was adjudged best in show at Syracuse, (incidentally nosing out Saddler and such other flyers as Mrs. Annis A. Jones' Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, and Mr. E. E. Ferguson's Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Aplomb) it is of especial importance to note that all of the best in show winners and the great majority of group winners at this series of shows were American-breds. This is in decided contrast to conditions in earlier times when importations almost invariably occupied the higher brackets and demonstrates that, particularly during the last decade, a tremendous improvement has been made in pure-bred dogs of American production—certainly a heartening fact.

CH. HERMAN RINKTON. Referring to American-bred dogs, initial mention must be accorded Mrs. Annis A. Jones' Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, by reason of his being the leader of this brigade at the present writing and it seems quite likely that he will continue, eventually to win the American Kennel Club annual cash prize of $200 and diploma for that honor during the year of 1938. To his credit are fifty-five times best of breed, twenty-two times best of hound group and five times best in show. He is just four years old, a rich red, combining size, substance, soundness, style, and quality in an ideal manner. It has been remarked by German experts that there is nothing in Germany to compare with him and certainly he is superior to any of his breed ever produced in America. Leading Herman Rinkton by five best in show victories with ten such, and but three non-sporting group wins behind him with nineteen (the basis of the A. K. C. annual prize award), comes Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's home-bred Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau. Since there are a number of shows to be held before the end of the year, it is just possible that this beautiful white daughter of the celebrated Ch. Nunsoe Duc de la Terrace may nose out Herman Rinkton in a stretch finish for the A. K. C. prize despite the latter's three point lead at this time.

AMERICAN-BRED PRIZE GROUP. In speaking of Jung Frau's chances to challenge Herman Rinkton for the American-bred premier prize the same may be said of another Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Aplomb, recently purchased from his breeder, Mrs. Milton Erlanger, by the California sportsman, Ernest E. Ferguson. Aplomb, with four best in show victories and eighteen best in non-sporting group successes, is only one group win behind Jung Frau. It is understood that his new owner planned an extensive show campaign for him which will include several Pacific Coast and Western shows and the Southwestern circuit which will aggregate about ten events. Whether either of these Poodles overtake the Dachshund is questionable but it is a practical certainty that the prize for best American-bred non-sporting dog and second place to best American-bred all-breed winner lies between them. Although it would involve many miles of travel, in fact very nearly from coast to coast and the Canadian border to the Gulf, the opportunity of entering a dozen or more shows to increase their group point standing presents itself to these contestants. Should they all embrace it, the contest in its closing stages would indeed become a torrid affair and with the entire United States covered there could not be the slightest question as to absolute American-bred leadership.

In discussing this quartette of dogs, and

particularly their best in show and best in group records, it has doubtless been noticed that they do not coincide, that the group wins considerably outnumber the best in show triumphs, which indicates that all have met defeats both in groups and for the premier prize, yet they remain the leaders over all other competitors during the current year. These defeats have been chiefly confined among themselves, although occasionally other dogs have stepped in to turn them back. As was the case with the immortal Man O'War when he met the aptly named Upset and his son, War Admiral, who has suffered defeat at the heels of less capable Thoroughbreds, these equally outstanding dogs must likewise accept misfortune. The reasons for this are that so closely are they matched in merit that the merest failing in form, coat, condition, action, demeanor, et cetera may be sufficient to swing the balance to either or even to a close outsider. Also there is the matter of judges who may use their prerogative of personal preference pertaining to breed or, because of inexperience, select a representative of a breed with which they are most familiar rather than hazard placing one of a less familiar breed at the top. However, it is all in the game and in the long run the better dogs are as a rule to be found to the fore.

POODLE SHOW. Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstiltskin, the gorgeous black Poodle owned by Mrs. Milton Erlanger which won the A. K. C. trophy for best American-bred dog of all breeds during 1937 and came extremely close to winning

(*Continued on page 104*)

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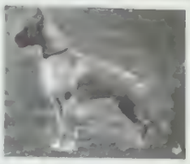

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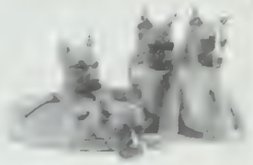

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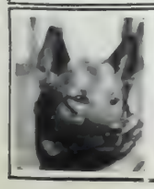

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Month in the Field by George Turrell

Retrievers . . . Rivals

Western Trials . . .

Canadian Training Controversy

THE progress that is being made by the Retriever people as indicated by the number of entries, size of galleries, and quality of dogs in their field trials is nothing short of amazing, for they are doing a lot better than we predicted they would last spring. Eighty-nine entries in seven stakes in the Wisconsin trial! We doubt if any field trial club in the East can come even close to that. They never have before, and this fall, though the biggest trials are still to go as we write, it looks as if there will be even fewer dogs than usual for most of the events. Of course, some of the Eastern dogs have been doing quite well out in the West. David Elliot and Jasper Briggs are out there at this writing and the dogs in their strings have accounted for a goodly number of places. We have just learned that Mr. Harriman's Peconic Pyne of Arden completed his championship at the Mississippi Valley Kennel Club's trial at Peruque, Missouri. Nevertheless, we haven't seen or heard of any young dogs along the Atlantic Coast that can beat some of the Western youngsters that we have been hearing about, and it's the young blood coming along that keeps field trials on the upswing.

Vic Stevenson

Richard Ryan of Minneapolis with two of his Golden Retrievers, Nero of Roedare (left), and Golden Beauty of Roedare (right); they are both field trial winners

RIVALRY. There is a thrilling battle for supremacy going on between two of the West's most promising young Labradors. They are litter brothers; owned by two very good friends and trained and handled by brothers. These two dogs—both of which you have undoubtedly heard before—are Glenairlie Rocket, owned by Fletcher Garlock and trained and handled by Francis Hogan, and Freehaven Jay, owned by James L. Free, trained and handled by James P. Hogan. Rocket and Jay were sired by Field Trial Champion Glenairlie Rover, were born on May 3, 1937, and both are very much in the running for the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN Perpetual Trophy for All Retrievers. Both dogs have been entered in seven trials so far, including several last spring, and both have placed in nine stakes. Two of Freehaven Jay's places were firsts in amateur stakes which do not count for the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN trophy competition, but that's quite beside the point at the moment.

Glenairlie Rocket had a big day early this autumn at the Wisconsin trial. He won first in the Open Derby, first in the Open Non-Winners, and third in the Open All-Age. As we mentioned above, there was a big entry in these stakes, and he competed against such dogs as Peconic Pyne of Arden, Banks of Arden, and Glenairlie Rover, his sire—which he beat—and many other first-rate dogs. Then, Freehaven Jay turned around and had a similar big day at Omaha in the Missouri Valley Hunt Club's fall trial. He won first in the Derby and first in the Open All-Age. It seems that the Derby at Omaha was the scene of a stirring struggle between our two heroes. Both were at top form and were called back time after time by the judges, Dunmore and Welch, because they were unable to decide between them. Finally, after going through land and water work without fault, they were called back for an additional land test against time. Here Jay finally got the better of it because the stop-watches revealed that he brought in his birds a very few seconds faster than Rocket. The result therefore was Jay first, Rocket second. At the moment Rocket leads Jay by five points in the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN trophy competition, 37-32—which will give you an idea of the competition to be expected from the West. There are still four trials in which these two dogs are to compete, and we suspect that the victor won't be decided until the last stake has been run. Incidentally, they are going to be brought East for the Rolling Rock and Labrador Retriever Club trials.

ALL-AGE. There was a rather novel feature incorporated in the All-Age of the Wisconsin event. The second test was a triple blind retrieve in which each dog was placed behind the spectators while three birds were shot, the handler being permitted to see their fall. Needless to say, this eliminated a lot of dogs, and it isn't surprising that only the dogs placed one, two, three, four came through. Rocket placed third, did himself proud in this, as he was the only dog that didn't have his own birds but was able to find three that had been shot for a dog that failed to find them. The Derby at this trial was also productive of some very interesting work.

Apparently there was very little choice between the first three dogs, Rocket, Banks of Arden, and Freehaven Jay. They say, however, that Banks' work in the water was not nearly as clean as that of the other two. The order of placing was Rocket, Banks, and Jay.

We hear that Fletcher Garlock is putting up a new challenge trophy to the winner of the Open All-Age Retriever stake at the fall trial of the Midwest Field Trial Club. It is to be called the Field Trial Champion Glenairlie Rover Trophy in commemoration of Rover's being the first Western dog to make his championship in the field. This he accomplished by winning the Open All-Age at the Midwest trial in 1936 and last year's Labrador Club Open All-Age. Mr. Garlock quite naturally feels sentimental about Rover, since he was not only the first Western champion but also was able to win in an important Eastern trial (taking the Blind of Arden trophy West), to say nothing of the fact that he has sired such remarkable sons as Rocket and Jay. We seem to keep harping on these two, but they are really outstanding young dogs and deserve a lot of attention.

ON CANADIAN TRAINING. Back in the September issue we published some comments sent in by one of our correspondents whom we branded "suspicious and cynical" regarding Pointer and Setter training conditions on the Canadian prairies. The gist of these remarks was that conditions are far from being as ideal as in the past. That years of drought had depleted the supply of birds on the grounds used by most of the trainers who go up there in the summer with their field trial prospects. In other words, the region has become unsuitable for training dogs and several trainers who were bent on giving their clients their money's worth were seeking training grounds elsewhere. Our correspondent went on to say that most of the trainers went up there to take it easy and in his opinion they were working a racket. In making these statements he had no quarrel with trainers privately employed, stating that they, as well as the reputable public trainers, developed most of their dogs on quail in the South before taking them to the prairies.

These statements have created considerable furor, as we hoped they would. We published them in a search for the truth on a subject about which we have been speculating for some time. However, we wish to state they

were *not* published until we had seen sufficient proof that the accusations were just. We feel that in the interest of hard-working trainers who give their clients their money's worth, and in the cause of field trials in general the situation needs an airing. Many people have agreed with these statements. Many others have not. Chief among the dissenters is Walter Arnold, well known to all who follow Pointer and Setter trials as a man who really knows the game and who has the interests of the sport at heart. Ordinarily we would accept his statements without question, but this time we feel that he has let his love of the sport and his desire that it be clean and wholesome run away with his desire to face facts. We quote some of the most important points of Mr. Arnold's letter below.

WEATHER. He says that "weather reports brought forth the best weather conditions of the past five years. That has been recorded in our metropolitan dailies and particularly noted on the financial pages giving the reports of the wheat markets. The farmers have reaped a rich harvest of grain; the sloughs, ponds, and depressions had an ample supply of water and I learned from several wholly trustworthy people not 'suspicious and cynical' that the hatch of Prairie Chickens, Huns, and ducks was the best in many years."

We consider the following letter written to our correspondent by Ray Benson of the More Game Birds In America Foundation sufficient rebuttal of this. The More Game Birds headquarters at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, is also the center for field trial training camps and the land that he speaks of in his letter is that on which the trainers work their dogs. The wheat belt in which the farmers reaped a "rich harvest" is farther west. Though the More Game Birds Foundation is principally interested in improving duck breeding conditions in Canada, they are also interested in other game birds and were in a good position to observe the number of Prairie Chickens, Sharptailed Grouse, and Hungarian Partridge on the training grounds. It is true that the Saskatchewan Fish and Game Association, which sponsors the field trials at Moose Jaw, set aside several thousand acres over which to run their trials. There are quite a few birds to be found on this area but it is posted and the trainers are not permitted to train their dogs over it. Last year we hear that some of the guides found it necessary to poach on parts of this preserve as they couldn't find sufficient birds for their "parties" elsewhere. Mr. Benson writes as follows:

"Replying to your inquiry concerning drought conditions in the Prairie Province, I spent practically all of August in that country. My observations were that, although there has been a turn for the better after years of drought, conditions are far from what they should be. It will take years before lush conditions will be restored to something like what they were ten years ago.

"In the great stretch of country from the vicinity of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and westward to the Rockies, virtually desert conditions prevailed during August. Similar drought conditions prevailed around Winnipeg and in southern Alberta, where thousands of ducks and geese died when the Many Islands Lake section went dry. This drought condition seems also to have affected Sharp and Pinnated Grouse as well as Prairie Chicken. Conditions for the annual Saskatchewan Field Trials, near Moose Jaw, were certainly far from good when I left that section at the end of August. As you probably know, Hungarian Partridge shooting was very poor in southern Saskatchewan last year. As a matter of fact, Ray Holland, editor of Field and Stream Magazine, told me that he was not going to shoot there this fall because of the poor experience there last year. Prospects for upland game bird shooting were so poor in Manitoba last year that the season was cut to three days.

"I saw thousands of acres of ruined wheat crops in the drought sections. So dry was the land that great cracks ran across the wheat fields. Certainly such conditions are not conducive to good training for bird dogs."

Next Mr. Arnold takes exception to the statement that most of the handlers are not on the job, leaving their duties to assistants and spending their time fishing, etc. To quote: "That blanket indictment is utterly unfair; it is totally unsupported by facts; it is admittedly printed on hearsay evidence which has no validity in any court of law or reason, yet it is damaging to the character and standing and welfare of a group of hard-working men who, as a group, can satisfactorily disprove all those unpleasant charges. At the end of your article you put the stigma of racket on the work of the professional handlers of field trial dogs. . . I am certain that there is available in the East, and that I can furnish to your complete satisfaction, ample evidence and testimony that most of the professional bird dog handlers worked honestly and diligently to earn the money that was paid to them."

If Mr. Arnold or anyone else can produce that evidence we will gladly print it, for if an injustice has been done we will be glad to do everything in our power to rectify it.

Also we appreciate the fact that the burden of proof rests upon us, the accusations having been made in this department. Therefore in future issues we will continue to offer proof of these statements until this subject of

(*Continued on page 17*)

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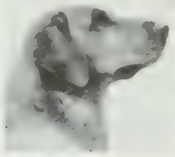

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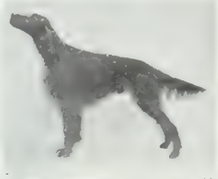

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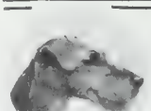

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On the Country Estate by George Turrell

The Development of Miniature Cattle . . . Jersey Records

THE thought of miniature dairy cattle that eat half as much as average-size cattle yet produce just as much milk has been causing our imagination to run riot ever since we learned that there actually was such a herd in existence. This herd is still in the experimental stage and apparently has progressed so far without so much as a bow toward the science of eugenics, nevertheless it is food for thought. These tiny cattle are being developed by Otto Gray of Stillwater, Oklahoma. We learned the story from Phil Perdue who has visited Mr. Gray's farm, and who writes us in amazement at what he has seen. It's hard to tell how far modern production methods will go.

MILK PRODUCTION. Mr. Perdue says that from a distance the cattle appeared of normal size and conformation and that he was hardly prepared to find that none of the half dozen animals reached higher than his waist. His first reaction was that he would like to take one of them home and keep it in a closet as they appeared to be just about the right size to supply milk for one household. He soon found out, however, that one of these pint-size cows could give enough milk to supply a whole neighborhood. Pointing out one of the herd, Mr. Gray explained that it gave an average of 41 pounds of milk a day for 11 days. He didn't test it any longer than that, but this was her weight in milk. She gives five gallons of milk per day regularly, and according to her owner it is good rich milk. Another of the herd gives about four and a half gallons a day.

Gray has eight animals and hopes to continue building up his herd. They average about 35 inches in height, and weigh in the neighborhood of 450 pounds, and though they give as much milk as the old-fashioned size cow, as we said above, they require only half as much feed. According to Gray it is easier to keep three or four of these small cows than one normal one. There is nothing freakish about the cows Mr. Perdue says. They are fat and well proportioned except for their short legs, and are mild-mannered, friendly little beasts, and, as a matter of fact, appear to be really quite affectionate and intelligent.

ORIGIN. It seems that the herd was started when Mr. Gray, who has retired to his present farm after a vaudeville and radio career, heard that one of his neighbors owned a dwarf cow. Having always been interested in miniature animals—several midget ponies were an important part of one of his vaudeville acts—he bought the little cow principally because it was a novelty. He says that immediately afterward the miniature herd idea presented itself to him. Every time he heard of a dwarf cow no matter where it was he tried to buy it, and he is still on the lookout for additions to his herd, traveling all over the country in his search. In the meantime he has bred his original cow and now has three calves by her. He later bought the original cow's mother but sold her when she was unable to have young because of a hip injury sustained from a fall from a trailer.

BREEDING. The offspring of this original dwarf is now the mother of Gray's herd. Her young invariably have been dwarf animals, regardless of the bull to which she was bred. All of his cows are not as obliging in this respect however. He admits that he doesn't know too much about cattle breeding, but has found by experimentation that certain of his animals will produce dwarfs only if bred to another dwarf. In other cases, it makes no difference whether the bull is of ordinary size or midget. Inbreeding is frowned on by Gray. So far all of his cows have been outbred. The first calves from his five-year-old "mother" cow had a full-size Hereford bull as their father. A third calf had as its sire an ordinary size purebred Jersey bull. The one bull in Gray's herd is an eighteen months old Aberdeen Angus, and Mr. Perdue says he noticed that its legs were badly bowed. Upon inquiring he learned that this was due to a fight with a larger bull and not a characteristic of dwarf cattle.

Gray cannot always foresee the result when he breeds his animals. One calf stayed in the midget class until it was eight months old, then suddenly shot up to normal size. However, he says that he can always depend on the "mother" cow of this strange herd to produce a midget calf.

Although it started as a hobby, Gray hopes to turn his fun into a business some day. However, at the present time he is buying and not selling. A dairy herd of such animals, which can be fed so economically and yet are quite heavy producers of milk might some day be a considerable factor in dairy economics, he thinks.

Above: You almost have to sit on the ground to milk a midget cow. Left: ruler shows that this cow is only a little more than 30 inches high

JERSEYS. After the middle of September we heard that a Jersey was going to break the world's record for all breeds in butterfat yield in the 105 day test. Now, shortly before going to press, we learn that the cow in question has lived up to expectations, for on the first of October her record was completed. She is Sybil Tessie Lorna, a six-year-old cow bred and owned in the herd of L. A. Hulburt, Independence, Oregon, (996685) sired by Sybil's Ashburn Baronet (350489). Her dam is Bow's Little Tessie (908925). The record that has just been finished is 1,020.52 pounds of butterfat, 17,121 pounds of milk—her own body weight is approximately 1,000 pounds. The previous 305 day butterfat high for all breeds was 995.9 pounds, and was held by the Holstein-Friesian, Aaltje Salo Hengerveld Segis. The Holstein record was made on a four times a day milking and the Jersey record on three times a day. In the Jersey breed Sybil Tessie Lorna's record has taken the place of the 305 day yield of 926.55 which was made by The Lion's Lilac. (*Continued on page 16*)

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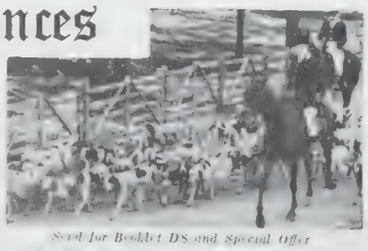

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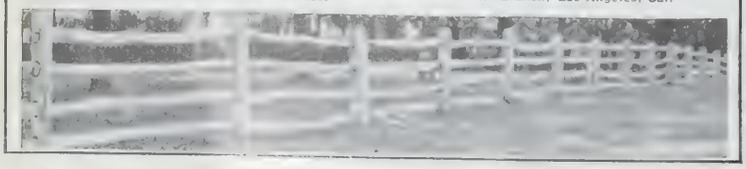

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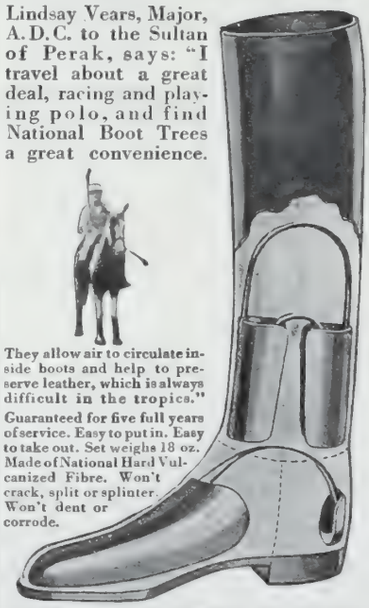

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RECORDS. She is the first cow of any breed to complete a 305 day official record of more than 1,000 pounds of butterfat, (although unless we are greatly mistaken several cows on a 365 day test have made this mark within 305). She now holds three world's records for production, having previously set Jersey world's records for senior two-year-olds, butterfat and milk yield, 305 day tests, by producing 865.07 pounds of butterfat and 15,357 pounds of milk. This record made her one of three cows (under three years of age) to win the American Jersey Cattle Club Medal of Merit and Silver Medal. She is expected to meet calving requirements for the test just ended, again qualifying for the Medal of Merit and winning the American Jersey Cattle Club President's Cup for 1938. Lorna is already the dam of five offspring. The oldest of her daughters produced 750.94 pounds of butterfat, 13,197 pounds of milk in a 305 day test started as a two-year-old and is expected to quality for the Medal of Merit and Silver Medal awards. A yearling daughter is also making quite a remarkable production record at the present time.

EXHIBIT. At this writing Sybil Tessie Lorna has been shipped to the National Dairy Show at Columbus, Ohio, the people of the towns of Independence, Salem, McMinville, and Portland in Oregon having subscribed the money to send her. There she will be exhibited with the holder of the Jersey world's record for butterfat production on a full year's test, Brampton Basilua, owned by B. H. Bull and Son, of Brampton, Ontario. Brampton Basilua's record of 1,312.8 pounds of butterfat has only been exceeded by a Milking Shorthorn in Australia and a Holstein in Seattle, Washington. It is noteworthy that while Brampton Basilua comes from the largest herd of Jerseys in North America, and as far as we know, in the world, Sybil Tessie Lorna comes from one of the smallest practical herds. Mr. Hulburt, her breeder and owner, is a dairy farmer and has in all a herd of about fifteen milking cows.

ANCESTORS. The new record breaker is American-bred and is six generations removed in direct line from Dollie's Valentine, famous as the first cow tested for production under the Register of Merit test rules of the American Jersey Cattle Club. This test was made at the Kentucky Experiment Station in 1899. She produced 578.7 pounds of butterfat, then a world's record. Strangely enough both Sybil Tessie Lorna and her ancestor were born on St. Valentine's Day, the former in 1932 and the latter in 1894.

It is also interesting to note that six generations of ancestors in another line of Lorna's pedigree were bred by members of Mr. Hulburt's family.

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SIRE. Lorna's sire, Sybil's Ashburn Baronet, leads all Jersey bulls for the production average of ten or more tested daughters. His first ten average 984.97 pounds of butterfat, 17,390 pounds of milk on a mature yearly basis. A Medal of Merit, Gold and Silver Medal bull, he is one of the 29 "Superior Sires" of the Jersey breed. He was bred in the J. M. Dickson and Son herd of Shedd, Oregon; developed in the Hulburt herd and is now owned in Minnesota. His paternal grandsire, the famous Sybil's Gamboge, was imported from the Island of Jersey and is also a Medal of Merit, Gold and Silver Medal bull. Mr. Hulburt also bred and tested the other nine daughters of the famous Sybil's Ashburn Baronet.

Month in the field

(*Continued from page 13*)

Canadian training is cleared up to everyone's satisfaction. We shall be glad to hear from anyone interested in the subject no matter what his views, and will publish any material that seems to be pertinent. We are not assuming the capacity of a district attorney in this controversy, but we do feel that with the evidence that we have gathered so far, plus a lot more that has not as yet been fully verified, we can convince anyone that this is a matter that needs looking into. This discussion can be beneficial only to the reliable handlers, both those who go to Canada and those who do not, and don't misunderstand us, there are many reliable ones, of whom Dewey English is a good example, who still go to Canada and yet work hard and get results. However, there isn't any point in overlooking the fact that many of them fall short of expectations just so that the field trial game will appear simon-pure on the surface. We believe that field trials are fundamentally the cleanest of all sports and we are willing to do anything in our power to see that they remain so. For this reason we are always glad to open this department to any opinions, pro or con, that may in any way go toward helping maintain the high standard of the sport.

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Virginia Foxhound Show

Penn-Marydel Show

National at Bryn Mawr

THE Virginia Foxhound Club show at Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's historic Virginia place "Montpelier" had entries from J. B. Bland, Washington, D. C.; Mr. F. A. Burnett, Shinnston, W. Va.; Jack Carpenter, Greenwood, Va.; C. C. Collins, Shinnston, W. Va.; Thomas Dempsey, Camden, W. Va.; Fairfield and Westchester Hounds, Greenwich, Conn.; Farmington Hunt, Charlottesville, Va.; Foxcatcher Hounds, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Blanche Gallagher, Fairview, W. Va.; Green Mountain Hunt, Esmont, Va.; Dr. Harry M. Hayter, Abington, Va.; Mr. W. H. Horn, Roanoke, Va.; Meander Hounds, Locust Dale, Va.; Middleburg Hunt, Middleburg, Va.; Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va.; E. D. Murphy, Buckhannon, W. Va.; Orange County Hunt, The Plains, Va.; A. G. Rolfe, Washington, D. C.; L. S. Sitton, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Reed Shipman, Tallmansville, W. Va.; Isaac Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va.; John C. Stewart, Keswick, Va.; and the Warrenton Hunt, Warrenton, Va. The judges were Jackson Boyd, M. F. H. of Southern Pines and Walter Jeffords who has his own pack at Andrews Bridge, Pa.

Middleburg's Big Trouble '37 won the unentered doghounds, Orange County's Amos '36 the entered doghounds, and their Jubilee '30 the stallion hounds, going on to win the trophy for champion doghound, and later the champion hound of the show.

In the bitches, Orange County's Jealousy '37 won the unentered class with the Warrenton's Rachel '36 the entered, and Fairfield and Westchester's Vena Parrish '31 the brood bitches. This latter lady subsequently won the champion bitch cup. Orange County took the pack class.

The Penn-Marydel hound show followed on the heels of Montpelier, in fact the next day, and Dan Sands and Walter Jeffords had to rush up to change places of exhibitor and judge. Dr. Ben Price of West Chester, who is not only one of the soundest vets in the country but a real foxhunter as well, judged with the Middleburg M. F. H. at Roy Jackson's expansive Kirkwood Kennels.

Unentered doghounds went to Kirkwood Kennels' Hold '37 with their Jasper '35 winning the entered class and the Eagle Farms' Jolly '33 the stallion. In the bitches, Kirkwood Kennels' Hardy '37 won the unentered class, their Dina '36 the entered, and their Spottie 11 '32 the brood bitch class and championship of the show. They ended up with the Radnor Hunt Challenge Trophy for the pack class. We only regret that space does not permit the recording here of all the other awards of these two interesting shows.

And now with these curtain raisers the National Hound Show at Bryn Mawr came off in a blaze of glory that was only partially quenched on the opening day by the final day of the four-day storm which caused such frightful damage all along our northern coastline and throughout New England.

Morgan

General view of the judging at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show

National Hound Show at Bryn Mawr

As the official organ of the Masters of Foxhounds Association COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN takes pleasure in listing herewith the complete official awards of the Bryn Mawr Hound Show, 1938

OFFICIAL SUMMARY

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS

Judges: Algernon S. Craven, University P.O., Virginia
W. Newbold Ely, Jr., M.F.H., Ambler, Pa.

COUPLES UNENTERED DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Orange County Hunt:—Ardent (Jubilee—Actress), Jovial (Mogul—Josephine); 2nd—Middleburg Hunt Club:—Middleburg Kenneth (Middleburg Tanbark—Middleburg Linnie), Middleburg Russell (Middleburg Tanbark—Middleburg Linnie); 3rd:—Essex Fox Hounds:—Jib Sail 1938 (Joe Kemper—Jam Pot), Journeyman 1938 (Joe Kemper—Jam Pot); 4th—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Ramrod (Millbrook Rattler—Millbrook Bracelet), Millbrook Ranter (Millbrook Rattler—Millbrook Bracelet). UNENTERED DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Middleburg Hunt Club:—Middleburg Big Trouble 1937 (Middleburg Tanbark—Middleburg Linnie); 2nd—Orange County Hunt:—Adjutant (Bishop—Artful); 3rd—Essex Fox Hounds:—Jib Sail 1938 (Joe Kemper—Jam Pot); 4th—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Lancer (Millbrook Trailer—Fairfield Liberty). ENTERED DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Vicmead Hunt Club:—Ranter 1934 (Lightfoot—Princess); 2nd—Essex Fox Hounds:—Helmet 1937 (True Boy—Hefty); 3rd—Orange County Hunt:—Bishop 1936 (Foxcatcher Traveler—Bluebell); 4th—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Jester 1937 (Millbrook Speaker—Millbrook Juliet). COUPLES OF DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Orange County Hunt:—Amos 1937 (Rascal—Artful), Jubilant 1937 (Mariner—Juniper); 2nd—Orange County Hunt:—Bishop 1936 (Foxcatcher Traveler—Bluebell), Majesty 1936 (Foxcatcher Traveler—Mona); 3rd—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Swagger 1937 (Mr. Smith's Top—Millbrook Skipper), Millbrook Jester 1937 (Millbrook Speaker—Millbrook Juliet); 4th—Essex Fox Hounds:—Talbot 1937 (Joe Kemper—Mr. Thomas' Thisby), Tackler 1937 (Joe Kemper—Mr. Thomas' Thisby). TWO COUPLES DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Orange County Hunt:—Adjutant (Bishop—Artful), Jubilee 1931 (Ranta—Jasmine); Marshal 1936 (Foxcatcher Traveler—Mona), Manager (Manager litter brother to Marshal); 2nd—Brandywine Hunt:—Damon 1935 (My Own—Dainty), Dapper 1935 (My Own—Dainty); Danger 1935 (My Own—Dainty), Governor 1936 (Goblin—Dimple); 3rd—Orange County Hunt:—Ardent (Jubilee—Actress), Jovial (Mogul—Josephine); Bishop 1936 (Foxcatcher Traveler—Bluebell), Majesty 1936 (Foxcatcher Traveler—Mona); 4th—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Jester 1937 (Millbrook Speaker—Millbrook Juliet), Millbrook Buster 1933 (Millbrook Buck—Mr. Ellis' Pleasant); Millbrook Swagger 1937 (Mr. Smith's Top—Millbrook Skipper), Millbrook Lancer 1937 (Millbrook Trailer—Fairfield Liberty). COUPLES UNENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Brandywine Hounds:—Finish 1938 (Falconer—Darling), Fitness 1938 (Falconer—Darling); 2nd—Orange County Hunt:—Jaunty (Mogul—Juniper), Jealousy (Archer—Jezebel); 3rd—Vicmead Hunt Club:—Lively 1938 (Foxcatcher Macon—Lapwing), Lisa 1938 (Foxcatcher Macon—Lapwing); 4th—Brandywine Hounds:—Fidget 1938 (Falconer—Darling), Fieldmouse 1938 (Falconer—Darling). UNENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Orange County Hunt:—Jealousy (Archer—Jezebel); 2nd—Orange County Hunt:—Jaunty (Mogul—Juniper); 3rd—Fairfield and Westchester Hounds:—Ginger (Glen Fairfield—Prudence); 4th—Brandywine Hounds:—Fitness 1938 (Falconer—Darling). ENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Fairfield and Westchester Hounds:—Tinkle 1936 (Alec—Maybelle Anderson); 2nd—Foxcatcher Hounds:—Foxcatcher Mable 1935 (Speaker—Foxcatcher Mit); 3rd—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Melba 1937 (Mr. Smith's Top—Mr. Chadwell's Nan); 4th—The Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club:—Harmony 1936 (Stormer—Helen). COUPLES BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Orange County Hunt:—Ravish 1936 (Acrobat—Radio), Rhoda 1936 (Jubilee—Reckless); 2nd—Foxcatcher Hounds:—Foxcatcher Maud 1935 (Speaker—Foxcatcher Mit), Foxcatcher Millie 1935 (Speaker—Foxcatcher Mit); 3rd—The Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club:—Helen 1936 (Stormer—Helen), Harmony 1936 (Stormer—Helen); 4th—Essex Fox Hounds:—Listless 1937 (Bob Gill—Liz Jones), Lively 1937 (Bob Gill—Liz Jones). BROOD BITCHES: 1st—Foxcatcher Hounds:—Foxcatcher Maud 1935 (Speaker—Foxcatcher Mit); 2nd—Vicmead Hunt Club:—Placid 1937 (Moonshine—Polly); 3rd—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Matchless 1937 (Mr. Smith's Top—Mr. Chadwell's Nan); 4th—Brandywine Hounds:—Darling 1935 (My Own—Dainty). TWO COUPLES BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Orange County Hunt: Jaunty (Mogul—Juniper), Jealousy (Archer—Jezebel); Ravish 1936 (Acrobat—Radio), Rhoda 1936 (Jubilee—Reckless); 2nd—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Melody 1937 (Mr. Smith's Top—Mr. Chadwell's Nan), Millbrook Matchless 1937 (Mr. Smith's Top—Mr. Chadwell's Nan); Millbrook Melba 1937 (Mr. Smith's Top—Mr. Chadwell's Nan), Millbrook Fashion 1937; 3rd—Brandywine Hounds:—Daphne 1935 (My Own—Dainty), Dazzle 1935 (My Own—Dainty); Dialect 1934 (My Own—Dainty), Governess 1936 (Goblin—Dimple); 4th—Foxcatcher Hounds:—Foxcatcher Maud 1935 (Speaker—Foxcatcher Mit), Foxcatcher Millie 1935 (Speaker—Foxcatcher Mit); Foxcatcher Florence 1935 (Mr. Thomas' Foggy—Foxcatcher Fly), Foxcatcher Mable 1937 (Foxcatcher Traveler—Foxcatcher Maud). "THE THIRD HUNTINGDON VALLEY HUNT CHALLENGE CUP" for Champion American Bitch Hound was won by Fairfield and Westchester Hounds Tinkle, with Foxcatcher Hounds Maud reserve. "THE SECOND MR. NEWBOLD ELY'S HOUNDS" CHALLENGE CUP for Best American Dog Hound was won by Vicmead Hunt Ranter, with Middleburg Hunt Club Big Trouble reserve. STALLION HOUNDS: 1st—Orange County Hunt:—Jubilee 1931 (Ranta—Jasmine); 2nd—Vicmead Hunt Club:—Ranter 1934 (Lightfoot—Princess); 3rd—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Prince 1935 (Millbrook Rattler—Mr. Chadwell's Patsy); 4th—Millbrook Hunt:—Mr. Burgess' Hunter 1932 (Mr. Glasscock's Bill—Mr. Ellis' Pleasant). "THE SOUTHDOWN CUP" for the Best American Stallion Hound shown with three of his get: 1st—Millbrook Hunt:—Millbrook Speaker, with Jester 1937, dam Millbrook Juliet, Jove 1937, dam Millbrook Juliet, Judy 1937, dam Millbrook Juliet; 2nd—Essex Fox Hounds:—True Boy 1932 (Bob Oakley—Mr. Thomas' Thisby), with Helmet 1937, dam Hefty, Hero 1937, dam Hefty, Hector 1937, dam Hefty; 3rd—Orange County Hunt:—Bishop 1936 (Foxcatcher Traveler—Bluebell), with three of his get; 4th—Brandywine Hounds: Falconer 1936 (Goblin—Fashion), with Fickle 1938, dam Darling, Finish 1938, dam Darling, Fitness 1938, dam Darling. The Solid Gold Club Medal for the Best American Fox Hound in the Show, either sex, was won by Fairfield and Westchester Hounds Tinkle. The Solid Silver Club Medal for the Best Fox Hound of Opposite Sex won by Vicmead Hunt Club Ranter. The President's Silver Plate and Club Silver Medal for the Best Four American Fox Hounds, either sex, won by Orange County Hunt Club, Essex Fox Hounds. The following won in the Five Couples Class, prizes presented by Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords: 1st—Millbrook Hunt, 2nd—Essex Fox Hounds, 3rd—Brandywine Hounds, 4th—Middleburg Hunt Club. "THE THIRD MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS' CHALLENGE CUP" same. (*Continued on page 24*)

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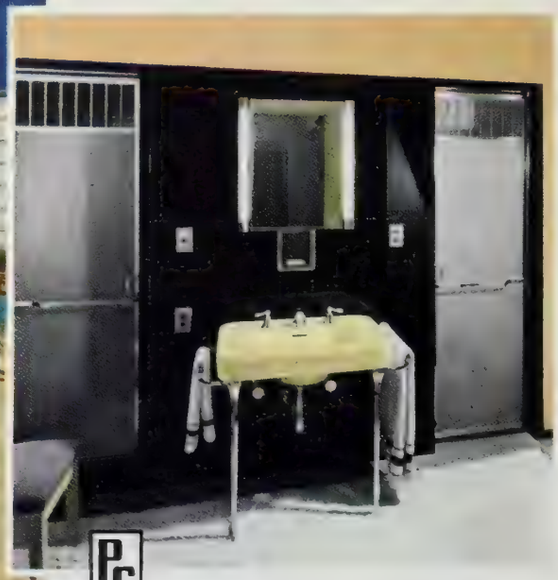

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GUNS & GAME by Col. H. P. Sheldon

European

Ammunition Editors . . . Old British Customs . . . Literary Muse
September's Offerings . . . Nature's Treasure Chest . . . Bird Banding

ARMS and ammunition editors are very important people and I would not have you think otherwise. I've seen 'em striding about at Camp Perry when at every step their feet sank four inches into the hard, sun-baked clay, giving later visitors the impression that mastodons had come up out of the Toussaint Marsh just beyond the pistol range and gone down through the camp. I wouldn't for worlds subtract one cubit from their lofty statures. As a matter of fact, this is written in an effort to prevent any self-inflicted damage of that sort to the guild of which I am but an unworthy member.

All the great men have been simple men, unostentatious men, modest men, men who above all were unaware or seemed to be unaware of the grandeur of their accomplishments. Their lives all remind us that we shouldn't take ourselves too damned seriously. It's a particularly bad thing when a gun editor does so, but it's even worse when one of them publicly claims to be a hell of a fine shot and a better marksman than other gun editors. Lately I have seen signs of these fatal tendencies among my contemporaries. In consequence I view the future with grave apprehension. Gosh! It's a lodge secret that none of us—except maybe Captain Crossman and me—can shoot for sour apples, and between ourselves even Captain Ned and I profess to be no better than just fair. But it has been customary never to allow these deficiencies to come to the knowledge of our readers. We sort of backed each other's play. It worked like this. An admirer inquires of me concerning Jesse James Doolittle, who is the firearms editor of "Godey's Lady's Book" magazine. My reply is prompt and positive. "I know him well. Shoot with him often. One of the very best all-around shots in this country today!" And, of course, Jesse James Doolittle, who once saw me with both barrels shoot all around a running pheasant at thirty paces, does the same thing for me.

It worked well and by such means we firearms editors built up over the years a remarkable and agreeable reputation of invincibility. It was so potent that we never had to prove it by actually taking a gun and shooting it at something. A gun editor thus could go on his way rolling in wealth and basking in a warm stream of awed admiration, and never doing better than 17 at skeet nor having in fourteen years been nearer to the bull's-eye than the three-ring.

So I say, "Gentlemen, gentlemen! Brothers! Please! Cease these reckless recriminations lest we upset the whole damned applecart and all alike be humbled and debased in the eyes of our public."

OLD BRITISH CUSTOMS. I am one of those who can as a rule take his British customs or leave 'em alone. Some of them, I think, are worthy of experimentation to determine if they can be fitted to the American pattern, but others do not seem to promise much. If, for example, I leave my boots outside my bedroom door I'm pretty damned likely never to see them again, but this notion the British have of serving a hot, substantial lunch in the field to a shooting party certainly has its good points.

I used to fare forth at dawn, snuffing the battle breeze and saying Ha! Ha! among the trumpets, with a sandwich in my pocket for lunch or, perhaps, none at all, being jealous of every minute that was not spent in searching for game. I can still do the same thing if occasion warrants but my shooting friends have come to agree that, in general, if the habits of the game permit, a more leisurely start and time out at mid-day for a good lunch make a better day to look back upon. It may be from the decelerating influence of our increased years or it may be that the same years have brought us nearer to realizing that the sport of game shooting is a sport of many delights of which the actual shooting of game is but one; though a principal, of the things that contribute to the enjoyment of the day. For some years we've carried a camp coffee pot in the car, for it is easy to start a fire and have hot coffee to go with the sandwiches. The prospect of a decent, cheerful lunch is consolation even on a day of blank covers, and there is a relaxing atmosphere about these occasions conducive to the right kind of talk. I honestly believe I have heard more wit, better anecdotes, and more interesting conversations (*Continued on page 26*)

Horse Notes & Comment by Elizabeth Grinnell

Rotofotos

Journey's end. Mr. John Strawbridge's Coq Bruyere, ridden by Mr. George Strawbridge, gallops to victory after the long grind of the Meadow Brook Hunt Cup

Bryn Mawr . . . Piping Rock Prospects for the 1938 National Belmont Final . . . Hunt Meetings

Morgan

Grand Champion Hunter at Bryn Mawr and Piping Rock. Mr. Crispin Oglebay's Holystone will try for the National crown in November

Bryn Mawr, which for years has been acknowledged as the fall's best hunter show, is finding such a worthy rival in Piping Rock that a comparison of these two shows becomes annually more interesting. In one respect they are very much alike. Their prize lists have been carefully prepared to fit the locality in which the shows are held and so insure well-filled classes and an interested audience. Bryn Mawr puts its hunters through an acid test. On the first day there are separate model classes for the light, middle, and heavyweight horses. On the second day the entries are again divided as to their weight carrying ability and are exhibited under saddle, and on the third day the three classes are shown over fences. I have always been tremendously in favor of this method of showing hunters when the time to do so is available. By the time the judges see their horses jump they really know what they are looking at and the horse that wins must not only be good looking and a good performer but be able to move and have manners besides. Mr. Crispin Oglebay's Holystone was lightweight champion; Mr. and Mrs. Plunket Stewart's Andrew, middleweight; and Miss Deborah Rood's Faithful Bachelor, heavyweight. Another class that I like at Bryn Mawr, and one that could easily be included in the prize list of almost any show that comes in the fall when the clothes are out of camphor, is the Clarence H. Geist trophy for ladies hunters ridden sidesaddle at a walk, trot, and canter, appointments to count. It is an encouraging and instructive class in every way. The Dianas of the hunting field often hesitate to show their horses over fences but they *will* turn out for a walk trot class and *how!* The fifteen to twenty entries that usually appear in Bryn Mawr's ring make a very beautiful picture. Miss Katharine Reeve on Don Routledge was this year's winner.

Piping Rock doesn't concentrate quite so conscientiously on its hunters as does Bryn Mawr, very few shows do, but they added to their program this year a most interesting innovation. A $1,500 Military vs. Civilian Open Jumping tournament. On the first day the Civilian eliminations were held, on the third day the Military, six horses being selected from each division, and on the last day these twelve horses jumped off for the finals. This tournament was very popular with both contestants and audience and collected a record entry, but imagine how exciting it might be at a show like the National or Toronto where all the foreign teams would be in competition. Civilian Jim Maloney won this first tournament with the game old mare Cherokee; Civilian Charlie Lewis was second on Mr. Alvin Untermeyer's Cinelli; and the other two ribbons went to the Carabinero No. 2 team from Chili. This is not Chili's International team but one which corresponds with our state troopers and a very excellent outfit it is, too.

Another difference between the two shows is that while Bryn Mawr has a whole morning devoted to children, there is but one class for horsemanship on their program, and that a bareback class, while half of Piping Rock's twenty children's classes are for horsemanship. This does not mean that Pennsylvania's youngsters are not good riders; they are but they don't specialize in equitation as do the children around New York.

Three years ago Mrs. Ellsworth Augustus's Chatter Chat was grand Champion Hunter at both Bryn Mawr and Piping Rock and followed these victories by winning this class at the National. So far Holystone has repeated the first part of Chatter Chat's record. Holystone, a Thoroughbred gelding by Man O' War-Brush Along, started his show career in the ownership of Dilwyn Farms where he was so well schooled and ridden by Fred Pinch that he was Reserve Champion at the Garden when only five years old. That was in 1936, Chatter Chat's year. In 1937 he was shown by Mrs. Lewis A. Park and now he is continuing his more (*Continued on page 90*)

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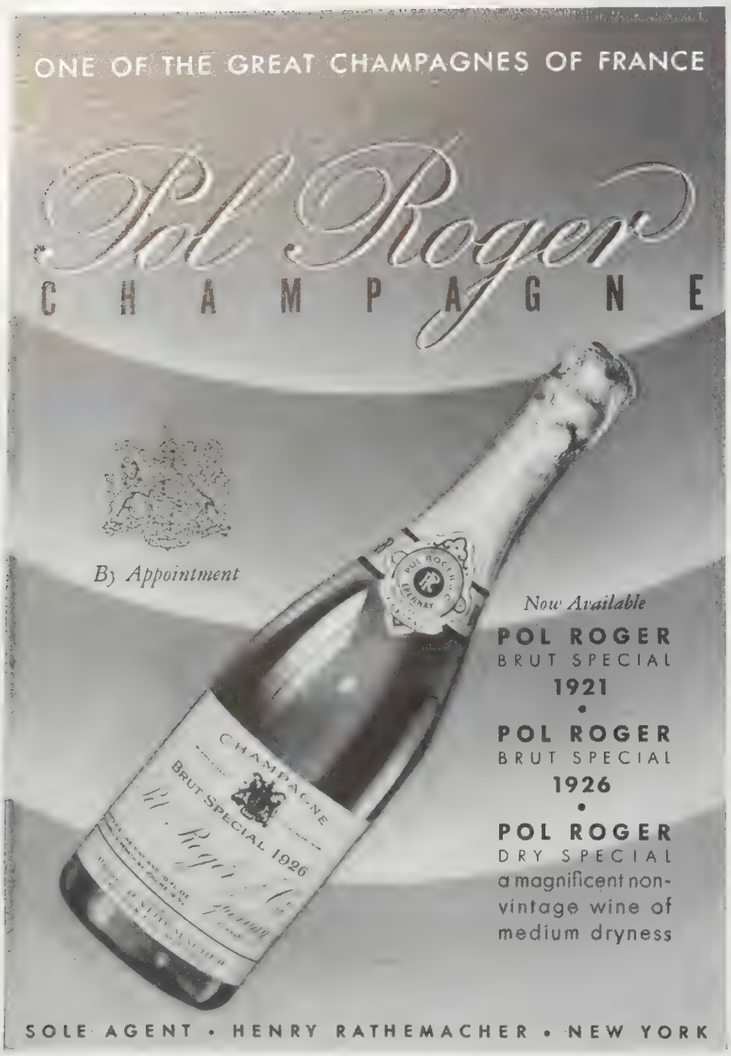

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Fox hunting

(*Continued from page 18*)

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS

Judges: Colonel Lord Barnby, C.M.G., M.V.O., C.B.E., Scopwick House, Lincoln, England.
Dean Bedford, M.B., Fox Hill Farm, Fallston, Md.
Richard V.N. Gambrill, M.B., Peapack, N. J.

COUPLES UNENTERED DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Mr. Stewart's Cheschire Foxhounds:—Dancer 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35), Dalesman 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35); 2nd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Dartmouth 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35), Danger 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35); 3rd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Climer 1938 (Cheshire Sanford—Meadow Brook Cautious), Meadow Brook Climax 1938 (Cheshire Sanford—Meadow Brook Cautious). UNENTERED DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Danger 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35); 2nd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Wonder 1938 (Warrior '36—Gladys '34); 3rd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Dalesman 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35). ENTERED DOG HOUNDS: 1st—The Shelburne Foxhounds:—Cattistock Alton 1937 (Duke of Beaufort's Albion—their Dorothy); 2nd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Barrister 1937 (Nero '33—Bagpipe '31); 3rd—Rolling Rock Hunt:—Speaker 1936 (Oakley Gordon—Spiteful). COUPLES OF DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Barrister 1937 (Nero '33—Bagpipe '31), Noble 1937 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Needful '33); 2nd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Banker 1936 (Talisman '33—Bagpipe '31), Warrior 1936 (Sanford '30—V.W.H. Cricklade Wiley '27); 3rd—Rolling Rock Hunt:—Reaper 1937 (Shelburne Admiral—Ridicule), Ranter 1937 (Shelburne Admiral—Ridicule). TWO COUPLES DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Dartmouth 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35), Danger 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35); Dancer 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35), Dalesman 1938 (Sexton '30—Duchess '35); 2nd—Rolling Rock Hunt:—Reaper 1937 (Shelburne Admiral—Ridicule), Ranter 1937 (Shelburne Admiral—Ridicule); Tancred 1935 (Cricklade Tackle—Comical), Damper 1937 (Shelburne Admiral—Dampish); 3rd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Barrister 1937 (Nero '33—Bagpipe '31), Noble 1937 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Needful '33); Banker 1936 (Talisman '33—Bagpipe '31), Warrior 1936 (Sanford '30—V.W.H. Cricklade Wiley '27). STALLION HOUNDS: 1st—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Warrior 1936 (Sanford '30—V.W.H. Cricklade Wiley '27); 2nd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Barrister 1937 (Nero '33—Bagpipe '31); 3rd—The Shelburne Foxhounds:—Shelburne Viper 1935 (Voyager—Promise). "THE FIFTH BOGGESTOWE CUP" offered by Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve, for the best Stallion Hound—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds Warrior; 2nd—Cheshire Barrister; 3rd—The Shelburne Foxhounds Viper. THE LADIES' CHALLENGE CUP presented by the Ladies of Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhound Field, for the best Stallion English Foxhound, shown with three of his get: 1st—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds Goldsmith; 2nd—The Shelburne Foxhounds:—Shelburne Workman 1932 (Wiseman '27—Sinnington Violet '24), with Mischief 1938, dam Mystic '33, Marigold 1938, dam Mystic '33, Mistress 1938, dam Mystic '33; 3rd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Sexton. Champion Dog Hound—The Shelburne Foxhounds Cattistock Alton; Reserve—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds Banker. COUPLES UNENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—The Shelburne Foxhounds:—Shelburne Mischief 1938 (Workman—Mystic), Shelburne Marigold 1938 (Workman—Mystic); 2nd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Gayless 1938 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Skillful '33), Sportive 1938 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Scarlet '35). UNENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Rolling Rock Hunt:—Gravity 1938 (Weathergauge—Gravity); 2nd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Gayless 1938 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Skilful '33); 3rd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Gayety 1938 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Skilful '33). BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Wilful 1936 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—V.W.H. Cricklade Willing '30); 2nd—Rolling Rock Hunt:—Alice 1936 (Crammer—Active); 3rd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Needless 1936 (Nero '33—V.W.H. Cricklade Vesper '30). COUPLES BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—The Shelburne Foxhounds:—Shelburne Hopeful 1934 (Hotspur—Vision), Shelburne Handsome 1936 (Hotspur—Vision); 2nd—Rolling Rock Hunt:—Abigail 1936 (Vanquisher—Actress), Plumage 1935 (Grappler—Pleasant); 3rd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Notable 1937 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Needful '33), Notice 1937 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Needful '33). TWO COUPLES BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—The Shelburne Foxhounds:—Shelburne Rarity 1935 (Racer—Vanity), Shelburne Harmony 1935 (Hotspur—Vision); Shelburne Mischief 1938 (Workman—Mystic), Shelburne Marigold 1938 (Workman—Mystic); 2nd—Rolling Rock Hunt:—Absolute 1936 (Vanquisher—Acresss), Abbess 1936 (Vanquisher—Actress); Abagail 1936 (Vanquisher—Actress), Plumage 1935 (Grappler—Pleasant); 3rd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Rapid 1937 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Restless '33), Gayety 1938 (Oakley Goldsmith '31—Restless '33), Barbara 1936 (Talisman '33—Bagpipe '31), Garnish 1936 (Talisman '33—Bagpipe '31). BROOD BITCHES: 1st—The Shelburne Foxhounds:—Hopeful 1934 (Hotspur '30—Vanish '32); 2nd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds:—Needful 1936 (Sanford '30—V.W.H. Cricklade Splendour '29); 3rd—Rolling Rock Hunt:—Alice 1936 (Crammer '31—Active '32). FIVE COUPLES BITCH HOUNDS: The Shelburne Foxhounds; 2nd—Rolling Rock Hunt; 3rd—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds. FIVE COUPLES DOG HOUNDS: Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds; 2nd—Rolling Rock Hunt. "THE FOURTH MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS CHALLENGE CUP": 1st—Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds; 2nd—The Shelburne Foxhounds.

CROSS-BRED FOXHOUNDS

Judges: Dean Bedford, M.B., Fox Hill Farm, Fallston, Md.
Richard V. N. Gambrill, M.B., Peapack, N. J.

COUPLES UNENTERED DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Grappler (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude), Meadow Brook Grasper (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude); 2nd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Scrambler (Watchman—Septic), Starter (Watchman—Septic); 3rd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gambler (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude), Meadow Brook Cornet (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude). UNENTERED DOG HOUNDS: Meadow Brook Hounds: 1st—Meadow Brook Gambler (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude); Meadow Brook Hounds—2nd—Meadow Brook Grappler (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude); 3rd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Stormer 1938 (Bondsman—Sunbeam). ENTERED DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Factor 1936 (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly); 2nd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gamester 1936 (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Gainful); 3rd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Galahad 1936 (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Gainful). COUPLES DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gamester (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly), Meadow Brook Galloper (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly); 2nd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Factor (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly), Meadow Brook Gamester (V.H.W. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly); 3rd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Salvage 1936 (Cheshire Sexton—Linger), Bender 1935 (Bendigo—Worship). TWO COUPLES DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gamester (V.H.W. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly), Meadow Brook Galloper (V.H.W. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly); Meadow Brook Glancer (V.H.W. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Gainful), Meadow Brook Galahad (V.H.W. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Gainful); 2nd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Ballot 1934 (Monmouthshire Sinbad—Brilliant), Seaman 1937 (Whistler—Sunbeam); Salvage 1936 (Cheshire Sexton—Linger), Bender 1935 (Bendigo—Worship); 3rd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Factor (V.H.W. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly); Meadow Brook Foreman (V.H.W. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly); Meadow Brook Fairplay 1936 (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly), Meadow Brook Ranter (Meadow Brook Socrates—Meadow Brook Rival). STALLION HOUNDS: 1st—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Bender 1935 (Bendigo—Worship); 2nd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Ranter 1935 (Meadow Brook Socrates—Meadow Brook Rival); 3rd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Ballot 1934 (Monmouthshire Sinbad—Brilliant). Champion Dog Hound: Meadow Brook Hounds Factor; Reserve, Green Spring Valley Hunt Club Bender. COUPLES UNENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gally 1938 (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude), Meadow Brook Gracious 1938 (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude); 2nd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Sable 1938 (Bondsman—Sunbeam), Welcome 1938 (Whimper—Waitress); 3rd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Glamorous 1938 (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude), Meadow Brook Gladness 1938 (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude). UNENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Glamorous 1938 (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude); 2nd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Gladness 1938 (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude); 3rd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gally 1938 (Meadow Brook Ranter—Meadow Brook Gratitude). BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gratitude 1935 (Shelburne Admiral—Meadow Brook Gainful); 2nd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Fragile 1937 (Shelburne Prowler—Meadow Brook Folly); 3rd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Waitress 1934 (Cheshire Sanford—Witty). COUPLES BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Granite (Shelburne Admiral—Meadow Brook Glitter), Meadow Brook Graceful (Shelburne Admiral—Meadow Brook Glitter); 2nd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Winnifred 1937 (Whimper—Waitress), Woodbine 1937 (Whimper—Waitress); 3rd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Fragile 1937 (Shelburne Prowler—Meadow Brook Folly), Meadow Brook First Chance 1936 (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly). TWO COUPLES BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gratitude 1935 (Shelburne Admiral—Meadow Brook Gainful), Meadow Brook Glamour 1935 (Shelburne Admiral—Meadow Brook Gainful); Meadow Brook Gamesome 1937 (Shelburne Prowler—Meadow Brook Gainful), Meadow Brook Gypsy Glass 1936 (V.W.H. Gallant—Meadow Brook Gainful); 2nd—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Fragile 1937 (Shelburne Prowler—Meadow Brook Folly),

(*Continued on page 108*)

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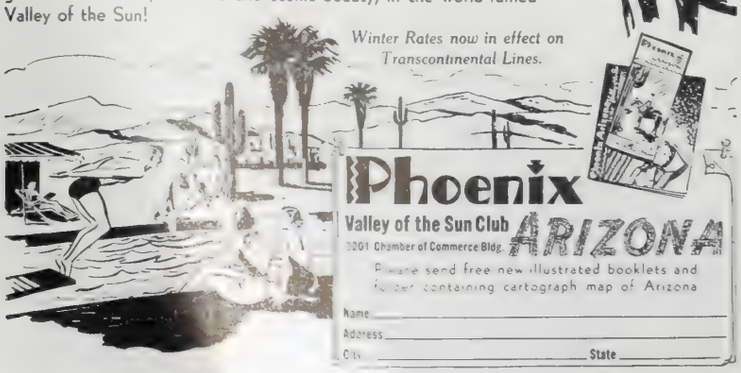

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Guns and game

(*Continued from page 21*)

around these cheerful little fires than I ever heard elsewhere in an equal space of time. A great deal depends upon one's companions, but also a great deal depends upon that cheerful old coffee pot that is blackened by years of similar service.

This past season we went the British one better by taking birds killed two or three days earlier to broil over the luncheon fire. They were cleaned and prepared for broiling before starting so that it was only necessary to rub them with butter, salt, and pepper and clamp them in a broiler or spit them on green sticks and cook them. It was the best stunt we ever tried and we shall repeat it this season, D. V.

LITERARY MUSE. When October comes over the hills and across the stubble fields I want no unfinished tasks lying about to delay my flight to the grouse and woodcock cover or to oppress my spirit while I am there. Previous experience has convinced me that one can't chase game birds all day long with two long-geared companions, come home after dark to a fine hot supper, and then expect to write something that will live forever. My Muse is chaste and refuses to come with me to that room under the eaves of the Vermont farmhouse where the little wood fire glows and crackles as the silence of a frosty October night settles over the countryside. I can't say that I feel very badly at her reluctance for she's but a homely jade at best. So here we are all proper and conventional in broad daylight in the middle of the month of September, with the drums shuddering in Europe, trying to fill the literary woodbox in anticipation of the needs of November.

SEPTEMBER'S OFFERINGS. September is the true prelude to the great symphony of autumn for in it one may perceive fine strains and shadows of themes, colors, and hints of the noble harmonies that will be developed in full measure, mounting in glory and brilliance as the movements wax, until winter snatches the baton and closes October's gorgeous carnival with the diminishing swish of icy winds and the mute of the snow.

Time was when September had more than its present significance on the calendar of the shooting man. In the northern states the season opened on nearly all varieties of upland game and waterfowl. That sort of prodigality couldn't last, of course, but there remain the sora and rail, the mourning dove and the squirrel to warrant an occasional holiday with a gun or rifle.

September shooting isn't very serious shooting. It is the cocktails and the hors-d'oeuvres offered us to sharpen our appetites and prepare us for the lustier meats and headier wines yet to come. Sora shooting isn't a rigorous exercise, and neither is dove shooting, yet when you are standing in the bow of a skiff being pushed through banks of butter weed or walking along a corn row watching for a dove to spring aloft with that quick clap of wings, you find it hard to think of reasons why grouse, duck, or quail shooting can be any better.

NATURE'S TREASURE CHEST. A man, unless he is purely poetical, must have some incentive to lure him into the tidal river marshes in September and the little sora furnishes it just as the dove does in the upland regions. Because of them the sportsman goes forth and returns with more than the feathered contents of his game pockets, more perhaps than we will know of or appreciate until time has passed. Rowland Robinson's books are, I think, among the best ever written about shooting and fishing. They are also filled with marvelously accurate and sympathetic descriptions of nature. Here is the man to prove my point. Robinson was an enthusiastic gunner and a fisherman during his active years. Incidentally it is a source of satisfaction to me that I once enjoyed the privilege of handling a beautiful double Woodward hammer gun presented him by "Forest and Stream." But what I am getting at is the last sentence written by this man. It described the flight of a bluebird. Here it is: "The lifting veil disclosed the last flash of blue plumage disappearing in the mist of budding leaves." When he wrote that, by means of a grooved board, Rowland Robinson was stone blind and had been for some years. That bit of a Vermont May day was a part of the treasure that he had gathered on some trout fishing expedition, no doubt, long before the darkness fell.

It would require much, much more than a black four-in-hand tie and a fusty ham-knocker coat to make me look like a preacher, and there is here no intent to sermonize or to lecture prettily on the beauties of Nature. I am only trying to show that among appreciative people there is more to this business of game shooting than blood and casual cruelty. For some of us inarticulate the things we see and feel and smell and hear and experience while we are in the field remain to ourselves alone to be our comfort and solace during the times of spiritual blindness when we must return to the haunts of men and Mammon's filthy lair. Others like Robinson are able to turn out the contents of game bag and creel to the everlasting delight of all who read their books and look at their pictures. In either case there is, I think, some sort of divine mandate for the hunter to be on the hill and the angler by the streamside. He is indeed wicked who can distill any essence of evil when engaged in such pas-

(*Continued on page 106*)

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November 4	New York	Gdynia	American Scantic	Scanpenn
November 4	Montreal	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Andania
November 4	Montreal	London	Cunard White Star	Alaunia
November 4	Montreal	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Richmond
November 4	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
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November 5	New York	Antwerp	Red Star Bernstein	Gerolstein
November 5	New York	Trieste	Italian	Saturnia
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November 5	Quebec	Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Britain
November 7	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Europa
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November 8	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Nieuw Amsterdam
November 8	New York	Haifa	American Export	Excalibur
November 9	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Roosevelt
November 9	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Transylvania
November 10	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg
November 11	New York	London	United States	American Trader
November 11	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Columbus
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November 12	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Noordam
November 16	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen
November 16	New York	Hamburg	United States	Washington
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November 19	New York	Oslo	Norwegian America	Oslofjord
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November 19	New York	Havre	French	Ile de France
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November 26	New York	Antwerp	Red Star Bernstein	Westernland
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November 18	New York	Chamical	Grace	Santa Inez
November 19	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
November 19	New York	Puerto Barrios	United Fruit	Antigua
November 19	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Brazil
November 23	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
November 25	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Clara
November 26	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
November 26	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Eastern Prince
November 30	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica

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November 5	San Francisco	Melbourne	Matson	Mariposa
November 10	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
November 11	Los Angeles	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Chichibu Maru
November 12	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Canada
November 18	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hikawa Maru
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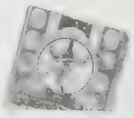

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From Europe and the Mediterranean

Steamer	Line	From	To	Date
Paris	French	Havre	New York	November 2
Empress of Britain	Canadian Pacific	Southampton	Quebec	November 3
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	November 3
Gerolstein	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	November 3
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	November 4
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	November 4
Nieuw Amsterdam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	November 5
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	November 5
Duchess of York	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	November 5
Aurania	Canadian Pacific	Havre	Montreal	November 6
Athenia	Donaldson Atlantic	Glasgow	Montreal	November 6
Georgic	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	November 6
Noordam	Holland America	Rotterdam	New York	November 7
American Merchant	United States	London	New York	November 7
Nova Scotia	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	November 7
Scythia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	November 7
Transylvania	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	November 7
Pennland	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	November 8
Washington	United States	Hamburg	New York	November 10
Conte di Savoia	Italian	Genoa	New York	November 10
Normandie	French	Havre	New York	November 10
Scanstates	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	November 10
Excalibur	American Export	Alexandria	New York	November 10
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	November 11
New York	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	November 11
Oslofjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	November 12
Duchess of Atholl	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	November 12
Antonia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	Montreal	November 13
Ascania	Cunard White Star	Havre	Montreal	November 13
Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	November 14
Laconia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	November 14
American Farmer	United States	London	New York	November 14
Ile de France	French	Havre	New York	November 15
Gripsholm	Swedish American	Gothemburg	New York	November 15
Volendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	November 15
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	November 17
Rex	Italian	Genoa	New York	November 17
Ilsenstein	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	November 17
Hansa	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	November 18
Duchess of Bedford	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	November 19
President Harding	United States	Hamburg	New York	November 19
Drottingholm	Swedish American	Gothemburg	New York	November 20
Montrose	Canadian Pacific	Antwerp	Montreal	November 20
Ausonia	Cunard White Star	Havre	Montreal	November 20
Letitia	Donaldson Atlantic	Glasgow	Montreal	November 20
Cameronia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	November 20
Britannic	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	November 21
American Shipper	United States	London	New York	November 21
Veendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	November 22
Westernland	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	November 22
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	November 22
Exeter	American Export	Alexandria	New York	November 24
Scanyork	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	November 24
Normandie	French	Havre	New York	November 24
Newfoundland	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	November 24
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	November 24
Vulcania	Italian	Trieste	New York	November 24
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	November 24
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	November 25
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	November 25
Pilsudski	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	November 26
Montclare	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	November 27
Samaria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	November 28
American Banker	United States	London	New York	November 28
American Importer	United States	Liverpool	New York	November 29
Alaunia	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	November 29
Paris	French	Havre	New York	November 30

From Central and South America

Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	November 3
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	November 6
Santa Maria	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	November 7
Eastern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	November 9
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	November 10
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	November 13
Santa Inez	Grace	Chanaral	New York	November 14
Brazil	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	November 15
Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	November 17
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	November 20
Santa Clara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	November 21
Northern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	November 23
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	November 24
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	November 27
Santa Barbara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	November 28
Uruguay	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	November 29

From the Orient—East Bound Transpacific

Mariposa	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	November 1
Empress of Canada	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	November 2
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	November 4
Hikawa Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	November 8
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	November 9
Empress of Russia	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	November 14
Aorangi	Canadian Australasian	Sydney	Vancouver	November 18
Asama Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	November 18
Hie Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	November 22
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	November 26
Empress of Japan	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	November 29
Monterey	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	November 29
Tatuta Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	November 30

Editor's Note:

On pages 61 through 64 of this issue COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN presents the annual Cruise Calendar of special winter cruises—Around the World and to the South Seas, to South America, Around South America, and Around S[illegible]rica, to the Mediterranean, and to the West Indies and Berm[illegible] Nippon[illegible]ve tried to assemble for your convenience this list of all t[illegible] Nippon [illegible] Canadian [illegible]ant cruises from November to April. Pick your direct[illegible] Matson [illegible] Canadian Pac[illegible]ur luggage, and cruise!

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YACHTING by William H. Taylor

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PROBABLY no one is going to compile any sort of record of the havoc wrought in the yachting fleet as a whole by the hurricane that swept over the eastern Long Island, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts coasts. It would be a pretty gruesome roster and would serve no useful purpose. Lots of worse things happened, of course, than the destruction of pleasure boats, but to anybody who loves boats it was a pretty sad sight to see what had been good boats of all sorts hurled together in a mass of tangled, splintered wreckage.

A good deal of the damage was utterly unavoidable, of course, especially in the track of the storm center. Some of the worst destruction occurred in snug little harbors where the ordinary gale doesn't raise as much as a good ripple on the water. But in other places a lot of boats were wrecked that shouldn't have been—I am thinking of some of the harbors at the western end of Long Island Sound, which was off the direct track. A look among the wrecks along shore disclosed plenty of moorings with too-short scope that had been picked up bodily during the high water; mooring pennants and chains that should have been replaced long since; pennants that chafed through for lack of adequate chafing gear; bow chocks that tore out because they were insecurely fastened to the deck or rail. And as usual a lot of boats that, adequately moored themselves, had been torn loose or battered to pieces by other boats. Some day maybe insurance companies will demand that yachts have adequate moorings, properly kept up. Some day maybe there will be harbor masters who will do something about badly moored scows that threaten the rest of the fleet. Even then we won't be safe from the hurricanes that strike us every few centuries, but anyhow we won't see the same sort of shambles, on a smaller scale, after every gale of the season.

Ill a wind as it was, it blew a few people some good. The boatyards that weren't wiped out themselves will have plenty of work this winter patching up such wrecks as are patchable. Designers and builders ought to get a good share of the money the insurance companies are paying out on total losses. People who still have boats and want to sell them ought to find a good sellers' market. But anybody who buys a used boat in the next few years will do well to inquire into what happened to her in the big wind and tide of the fall of 1938.

A SCOTTISH VICTORY. If anybody happens to have a good, ripe old crow around I am prepared to eat it, after looking over some of the pronouncements about six-meter boats that I, in my infinite wisdom, delivered myself of last month. I still think *Goose* is, all around and under average racing conditions on Long Island Sound, the fastest six-meter boat we have produced yet. But a faster boat, under certain conditions, sailed by a stubborn Scot who is a born boat sailor, made my implications that *Goose* and American six-meters generally are invincible look pretty silly. *Circe*, sailed by J. H. Thom, of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, richly deserved to win, as she did, the Seawanhaka Cup in three straight races. In the first two races *Circe* sailed in a twenty-mile-or-better easterly and a nasty sea—conditions unusual on the Sound but apparently right down the Scottish alley. *Circe* was the faster boat beating and running and on the one occasion when *Goose* overhauled her toward the end of four miles of reaching, Thom luffed the American boat right off the course and left her there. In the light and fluky airs of the third race *Goose* had the challenger licked to a frazzle—by five minutes at the end of the first round of the course in fact. The only trouble was that Thom somehow seemed completely unaware that he had lost the race, and he went right along, did a spot of successful wind-hunting, sailed right around the frantic *Goose* (which hadn't covered him as well as she might have), and won the third race and the series, leaving the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club weeping as it bid au revoir once more to its historic international trophy.

The Scottish victory was the best thing that could have happened to the six-meter class, which was in danger of languishing pretty badly for lack of competition. Now not only will Seawanhaka have to bestir itself and go to the Clyde next summer after the Seawanhaka Cup, but six-meter sailors in general will be encouraged by the fact that even a *Goose* can be beaten. The fact that *Circe* was a bit better sailed than *Goose*, on the whole, should cure any smugness on that score. And there is also the fact to ponder that *Circe* was designed by one David Boyd, of Sandbank, Scotland, who never had designed a six-meter before. The man must have a real talent for yacht designing.

SPEED AT ANY PRICE. There were some slighting remarks passed by sundry foreign six-meter sailors about the scantlings of our Sixes, and perhaps justly. Their hull construction is extremely light and their ballast ratio proportionately large, which means stability and speed at the (*Continued on page 104*)

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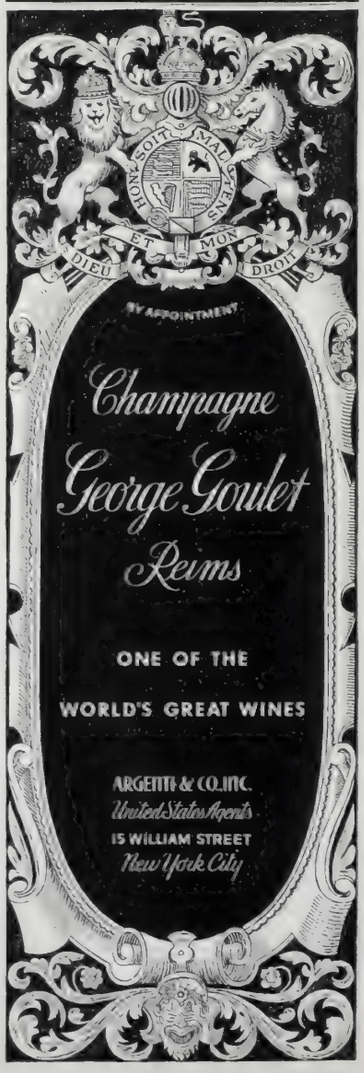

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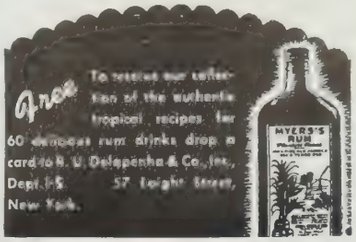


Country Life Sports Calendar

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday

1

Horse Race Meeting, Pimlico, Md. (until 5th).
Fox Hunting Begins, England.

2

Labrador Retriever Club Field Trial, Shinnecock Hills, Long Island, N. Y. (until 4th).

3

Gulf Coast Kennel Club Dog Show, Beaumont, Tex. (until 4th).

4

Fauquier County Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Warrenton, Va.
Missouri Valley Hunt Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Ashland, Neb.
Pickaway County Bird Dog Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Circleville, Ohio.
End of Labrador Retriever Club Field Trial, Shinnecock Hills, L. I.
End of Gulf Coast Kennel Club Dog Show, Beaumont, Tex.

5

National Horse Show, New York (until 12th).
United Hunts Race Meeting, Belmont Park, N. Y. (also on the 8th).
Pickering Hunt Race Meeting, Phoenixville, Pa.
Grand Rapids Kennel Club Dog Show, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Northwest Field Trial (Pointers and Setters) Anoka, Minn. (until 6th).
Richland Field Trial Club, Olney, Ill. (Pointers and Setters).
Indianapolis Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Indianapolis, Ind.
Marion Conservation Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Ocala, Fla.

6

Carlisle Memorial Field Trial for all Retrievers, Huntington, L. I., N.Y. until (7th).
Indian Hills Kennel Club Dog Show, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Reno Kennel Club Dog Show, Reno, Nev.
Boston Terrier Club of America Dog Show, Boston, Mass.
North Shore Skeet Club Tournament, Huntington, L. I., N. Y.
National Horse Show, New York (2nd Day).
End of Northwest Field Trial, Anoka, Minn.

7

American Field Quail Futurity (Pointers and Setters), Mount Vernon, Ill.
Virginia Amateur Field Trial, Camp Lee, Va. (Pointers and Setters).
End of Carlisle Memorial Field Trial for all Retrievers, Huntington, L. I., N. Y.
Northern Mississippi Kennel Club Dog Show, Clarksdale, Miss. (until 8th).
National Horse Show, N. Y. (3rd Day).

8

United Hunts Race Meeting, Belmont Park, N. Y.
National Horse Show, New York, (4th Day).
White Sulphur Springs Golf Tournament, W. Va. (until 10th).
Michigan Sportsmen's Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Royal Oak, Mich.
End of Northern Mississippi Dog Show, Clarksdale, Miss.

9

Southern Illinois Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Mount Vernon, Ill.
National Horse Show, N. Y. (5th Day).

10

Michigan Grouse Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters).
Southwestern Tennis Championship, University of Arizona, Tucson, Ariz.
National Horse Show, N. Y. (6th Day).
End of White Sulphur Springs Golf Tournament, W. Va.

11

American Chesapeake Club Field Trial, Penniman Estate, Quogue, L. I., N. Y. (until 13th).
International Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Kingsville, Ont.
Fall Regatta for Roosevelt Trophy, Essex Yacht Club, Essex, Conn.
National Horse Show, N. Y. (7th Day).

12

Middleburg Hunt Race Meeting, Middleburg, Va.
End of Horse Race Meeting, Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, R. I. (from Oct. 10th).
End of National Horse Show, New York.
United States Grouse Dog Championship (Pointers and Setters), Sanford, Mich.
Rice Belt Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Crowley, La.
Miami Valley Amateur Field Trial (Pointers and Setters) Dayton, Ohio.
Harrisburg Kennel Club Dog Show, Harrisburg, Pa.
Des Moines Kennel Club Dog Show, Des Moines, Iowa (until 13th).
Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I., N. Y.

13

San Mateo Kennel Club Dog Show, San Mateo, Cal.
End of Des Moines Kennel Club Dog Show, Iowa.
Fairfield County, Ohio, Bird Dog Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Baltimore, O.
End of American Chesapeake Club Field Trial, Quogue, Long Island.
Twin Pike Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ambler, Pa.
End of Southwestern Tennis Championships, Tucson, Ariz.

14

Kentucky Consolidated Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Crab Orchard, Ky.
Southwestern Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Vinita, Okla.

15

Royal Winter Fair Horse Show, Toronto, Canada (until 23rd).
End of Horse Racing, Pimlico, Md.

16

Horse Race Meeting, Bowie, Md. (until 30th).

17

Rock River Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Rockford, Ill.
Cumberland Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Fayetteville, North Carolina.

18

Monmouth County Spaniel Field Trial (Cockers and English Springers), Vanderberg, N. J. (until 19th).

19

Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting, Montpelier Station, Va.
Beverly Hills Kennel Club Dog Show, Beverly Hills, Cal. (until 20th).
Venango Grouse Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Fryburg, Pa.
Tacoma Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Grand Mound, Wash.
Kentucky Pointer and Setter Club Field Trial, Fort Knox, Ky.
End of Monmouth County Spaniel Field Trial, Vanderberg, N. J.

20

Blue Mountain Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Walla Walla, Wash.
Babylon Skeet Club Tournament, Babylon, L. I., N. Y.
End of Beverly Hills Kennel Club Dog Show, Beverly Hills, Cal.

21

Texas Championship Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Palestine, Tex.
Valley Forge Field Trial Assn. (Cockers and English Springer Spaniels), Ft. Washington, Pa.
North Louisiana Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Bienville, La.

22

Annual Carolina Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. (until 25th).
End of Valley Forge Spaniel Field Trial, Fort Washington, Pa.

23

End of Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, Canada.

24

Tennis Tournament, Pacific Veterans' Tennis Club. (Invitation Championships, Veterans' Singles and Doubles.)

25

Peekskill, N. Y., Horse Show (until 26th).
Horse Racing, Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La. (until March 27th).
Pennsylvania Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Harrisville, Pa.
End of Annual Carolina Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C.

26

English Springer Spaniel Club of Northern California, Field Trial (Cockers and Eng. Springer Spaniels), San Francisco, Cal. (until 27th).
Los Angeles Kennel Club Dog Show, Los Angeles, Cal. (until 27th).
Worcester County Kennel Club Dog Show, Worcester, Mass.
Horse Racing, The November Handicap, End of Flat Racing Season, Manchester, England.
End of Peekskill, N. Y., Horse Show.

27

Ballast Point—Pinellas Point Light Yacht Race, Gasparilla Y. C., Tampa, Fla.
Progressive Dog Club Show, New York, N. Y.
End of Los Angeles Kennel Club Dog Show.
End of Northern California Spaniel Field Trial, San Francisco.
Crescent Athletic Club Skeet Tournament, Huntington L. I., N. Y.

28

Arkansas Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters).

29

Continental Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Pinehurst, N. C. (until 30th).
Annual Carolina Golf Tournament for Women, Pinehurst, N. C.

30

End of Continental Field Trial, Pinehurst, N. C.
End of Horse Race Meeting, Bowie, Md.

"Black Lines" by Vasily Kandinsky

Great Non-Objective MASTERPIECES

in the SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM COLLECTION

by

BARONESS HILLA REBAY, Curator

THREE POINTS:

Famous Bauer creates an inspired bright beauty, streamlined and modern. Ninety-five non-objective works of his, including the "Triptych" and "Tetraptychon" symphonies rule this brilliant collection.

LIGHT FORCE:

Trail-blazer in the deep realm of throbbing color is the eminent Kandinsky. His powerful art takes the spectator to that elated plane heretofore only achieved in the music of a Beethoven, by painting pure light.

BLACK LINES:

An aura of full-blooded vitality envelops Kandinsky's canvases. Forty-eight important items of his grace the preeminent Guggenheim gallery composed of nearly two hundred eighty remarkable pictures.

IN PAINTING, as in music, great art consists of the faculty of inventing motifs and harmonies and composing and ordering them into a rhythmic masterpiece, but most of all igniting them with spiritual life and beauty.

It is beauty which humanity needs and wants and which matters in most things of lasting importance; in surroundings, in relationships, in our love of friends, family and nation; in actions, thoughts, and in decency of civilized races toward each other. Love for spiritual beauty is culture. A beautiful spirit ennobles even the ugliest face and gives charm to every little gesture, value and depth to actions of personalities.

A more elating beauty is found in Non-objective masterpieces after one has had long and thorough acquaintance with artistic works of all former centuries. Theirs is a world of spiritual animation, elevation and blissful oblivion to earthly reminiscence.

These pictures have no meaning, no symbols, no sense. They do not represent anything, and no form is supposed to look like anything known in nature. It is like music; it means nothing. It must be felt to be liked. With time given to their influence a sudden initiation and appreciation happens even to those who at first could not respond to them at all.

These pictures are just like music, harmonious, beautiful, restful. They elevate us into the cosmic beyond where there is no meaning, no intellect, no explanations, but something infinitely greater—the wealth of spiritual intuitive intelligence and beauty. They help us to forget earth and its troubles, something people could do only by (*Continued on page 88*)

Our Soil

Ewing Galloway

The hope of the nation is not in the city, but in the country, the land. Its intelligent, rational care means crops, food, prosperity. Its abuse or neglect means ruin—which often starts with erosion such as that shown at the right, caused by one rain on a slightly sloping field of rich farm soil

—or Our Life

Each year erosion robs our land of 63,000,000 tons of fertile soil. It is for us to say when this loss will end

P. G. CROSS, Ph.D.

As the soil is, so will the nation be. For national welfare, for enduring prosperity, for economic independence, for social security, soil is a basic necessity. The equation is: Poor soil . . . poor nation. Rich soil . . . rich nation. No soil . . . no nation.

Soil, not telephones; soil, not automobiles; soil, not airplanes; soil, not stock markets; soil, not politics; soil, not factories . . . SOIL, above all else, is imperative, vital, *if* this nation is to endure in peaceful prosperity.

The foundation of national life is not big business, industrial or commercial. In the final analysis the hope of the nation is not in the city, but in the country. The cities of man have always been the curse of his civilization. The fall of Babylon was the downfall of Babylonia. So it was with Carthage and things Carthaginian, Athens and things Grecian. Today France is Paris, Italy is Rome, England is London and, far more than we realize, New York and a few other great cities are the United States. But cities live and thrive on the country; they are the devouring vortex of life. The domination of the city is the ruination of the country. During the great Ohio Valley flood of 1937, when plain dirt farmers armed themselves to prevent the blasting of the levee and the flooding of the countryside in order to save the cities, fundamentally those farmers were right. For it has always been that way; the city thrives at the expense of the country.

This great land of ours, its natural resources sixty per cent devoured, stands at the eleventh hour of its life with a fast waning chance of salvation. As a result of our selfish prodigality, disaster—stark and inevitable—awaits us. This tragic picture can well be charged to our vaunted independence motivated by a rugged individualism which is ruthless in its methods and heartless in its objectives. In the name of independence we have ravished the land of its protecting sod and raped the forest areas of their shielding trees. Thus we have aided and abetted the lethal work of erosion, the one and only enemy which can cause our downfall as a people and our end as a nation. From this charge none can escape, for all of us are guilty, the city dwellers as well as those who live in the country, which should be both beautiful and fruitful.

The rampaging waters and the recurring dust palls are the sure signs of an oncoming doom. Less than two hundred years ago we began as a nation with the greatest potential treasures in climate, soil and forest, coal, iron and gold, that any nation ever had. Today with imperial cities creating a man-made horizon, with more automobiles, telephones, miles of railroads and highways, factories and other signs of "progress" than any other modern nation, the United States of America, blinded by material success, and deceived by industrial achievements, stands on the brink of disaster. But the record of our material success is sadly besmirched with tales of broken promises, exploiting schemes, plausible lies, political chicanery, and betrayed trusts. This generation, with its slowly awakening conscience, is in the midst of the harvest of that foul sowing.

What makes the nation's bread-basket? Soil . . . What makes a dust storm? Soil . . . What is the one essential for food crops for man and feed crops for animals? Soil . . . What makes possible industry and commerce? Soil . . . What provides the foundation for metropolitan centers? Soil . . . What is the basic wealth of any nation? Soil . . . What is the one irreplaceable requisite for the life of any nation? Soil.

From the soil we came; by the soil we live; to the soil we return. The better we understand soil, the better and richer our life will be. Money wealth is visible, but it is deceptive. Soil wealth is invisible, but, potentially, the richest of all. We can get along without banks—the majority of us do—but we cannot get along without soil. The soil problem is the key problem of life, and upon its proper solution all other problems hinge. Since soil does (or did) cover the land, north, east, south, and west, its problem is national in scope and can be handled only upon a federal basis. To grant politics and sectionalism a place in any conservation program is to sow the seeds of defeat and make sure of disaster as the harvest. The life of the nation is greater than the right of any state. Selfishness must surrender to solidarity. National loyalty must displace personal liberty if defeat is to be averted and victory made sure.

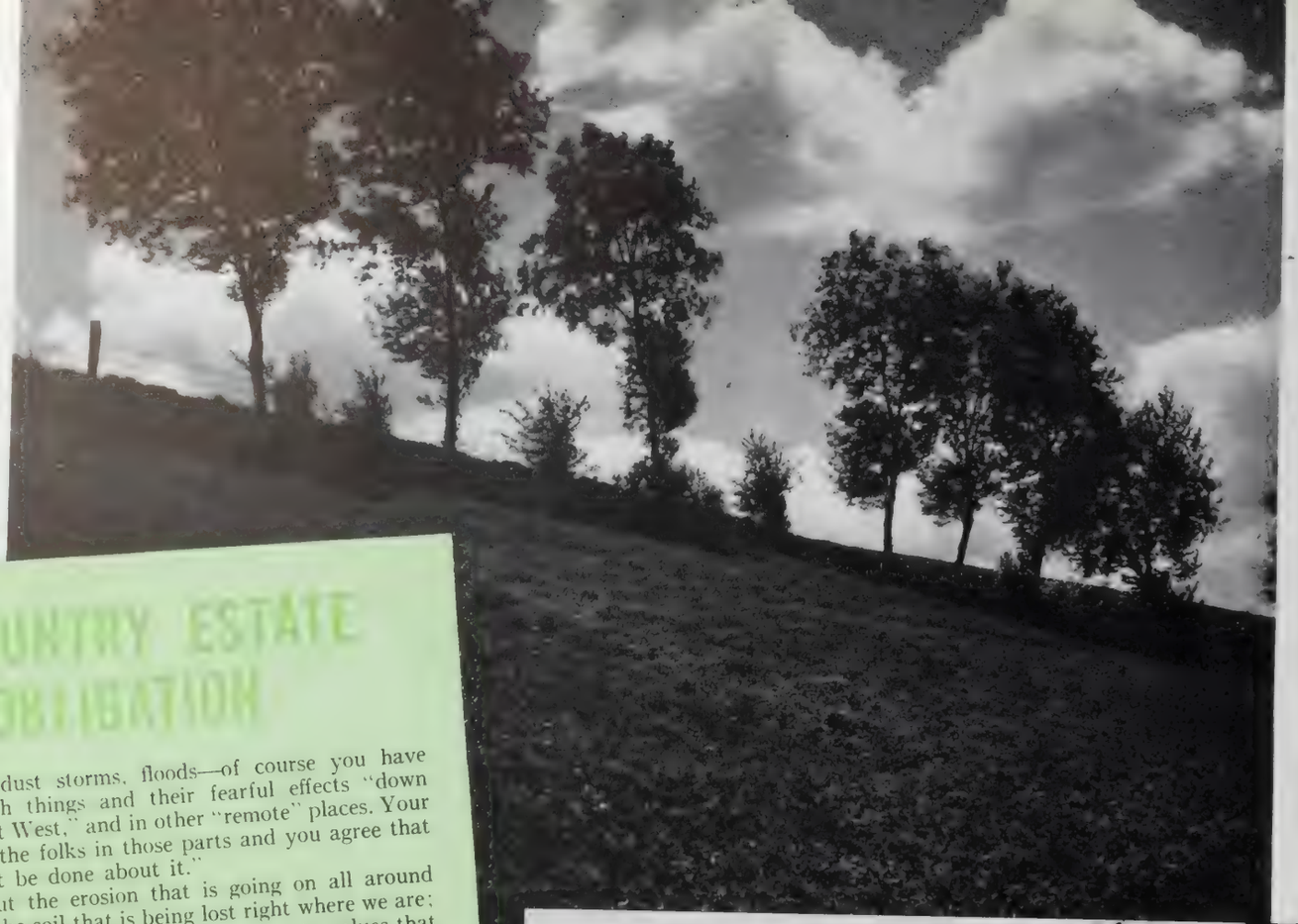
Perhaps you who read this own an estate in a section far removed from the erosion of floods and dust storms. Distance always benumbs the sense of danger, hence you are blissfully indifferent to the approach of trouble. You live in a state of pleasurable selfishness on land which you did not fabricate and which, upon your death, you must vacate. You think you are becomingly intelligent in your successful cultural methods, but your actions and attitude—and their results—prove you to be selfishly ignorant. Since this problem is national, the responsibility is individual; that is, it rests upon every individual who claims American citizenship. You simply cannot live in your own back yard and let the world go by, and be safe. Safety for citizens is founded upon solidarity of citizenship. It is not what you say that counts in the game of life, but what you do. Interest is either personal or public. We have travelled far down the way of self-interest to reap a sorry crop of deceptive results. Only as public interest becomes personal interest will victory be made possible.

The greatest loss in the Ohio Valley flood was not in homes and stores and factories, or even in human life, but in soil. That loss

This ugly gully—second stage in soil destruction—is being steadily enlarged by run-off water from a large cultivated field

Topsoil all gone—the result of unchecked erosion and gullying. Only prompt conservation measures can avert abandonment

Photographs, courtesy of Soil Conservation Service, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture



Two basic conservation practices: Keep sloping land clothed with permanent crops—trees or grass; cultivate hillsides on contours, i.e. across slopes, to prevent erosion

A COUNTRY ESTATE OBLIGATION

Soil erosion, dust storms, floods—of course you have read of such things and their fearful effects "down South," "out West," and in other "remote" places. Your heart bleeds for the folks in those parts and you agree that "something must be done about it."

But how about the erosion that is going on all around us? How about the soil that is being lost right where we are; the farms that are being destroyed; the property values that are tobogganing? What of the responsibility for all this destruction and, even more, for a campaign of practical, effective conservation here—and now?

Have you seen, in northern New Jersey, less than fifty miles from Times Square, the thousands of acres of once productive land from which the top soil has been stripped—in some cases to a depth of several feet—during the last generation? Land which, instead of supporting prosperous farms and attractive homes, has been completely abandoned. Have you visualized other millions of acres in all parts of the country that have been similarly despoiled, or are threatened with the same fate as a result of unwise or indifferent methods of soil management?

How can such things be, you ask. Well, it has been shown that, whereas continuous growing of corn on a twelve per cent slope can cause the loss of seven inches of topsoil in nineteen years (59.6 tons per acre per year), it would take 23,200 years to remove that much soil from the same slope kept in bluegrass . . . Again in New York State, a hillside potato field lost 650 times as much soil and fourteen times as much run-off water from a portion that was cultivated up and down the slope as from a section cultivated on contour, that is, across the slope. By a physical law, when the speed of water running downhill is doubled, its cutting power is multiplied by four, its ability to carry soil by thirty-two, and size of the soil particles it can carry by sixty-four!

You can see the erosion problem demonstrated almost anywhere, any time—in backyards, along roadsides, across many a tilled field, through orchards, down hillsides, in stream beds. Fortunately, much has been learned about checking and preventing erosion by improved cultural methods no less productive and no more costly than the destructive practices. These methods are not secrets; they are not patented. On the contrary, they are available, offered to, urged upon land owners everywhere. Anyone can use them and benefit from them simply by discarding doubt, prejudice, and the deadening burden of inertia and tradition. Their value is being proved on demonstration projects throughout the country by coöperating farmers who, while enjoying their advantages, are also passing them on to others.

Therein lies the opportunity and obligation of the country estate owner. His land is no more immune to erosion than the poorest farm—if wrongly managed. But because it is owned, presumably, by an educated, progressive, far-sighted, public-minded individual it is—or should be—an object lesson in the campaign for soil salvation; a standard bearer in the conservation crusade that so vitally affects us all.

Make no mistake, this is a big and difficult task. "The object of conservation is to develop an attitude of mind and a way of living." Both are needed.—The Editors

strikes at the heart of the nation. Droughts, floods, dust storms, and soil are inter-related. In an amazing program of selfish action we have fostered floods and the conditions they create. Not content with ravaging the land of its guardian trees and soil-holding sod, feverishly we have built hard-surfaced streets and highways, equipped with storm sewers and culverts, to speed the soil-laden water on its way to the sea.

Let me give a simple illustration to show the significance of rainfall. An acre of land is 43,560 square feet. One inch of rain on that area amounts to 3,630 cubic feet of water. A cubic foot of water weighs 62.4 pounds. Thus when an inch of rain comes down on an acre of land, it means 112.7 tons or 27,143 gallons of water. And that water is going somewhere; it has got to go somewhere.

Remember this; water obeys three immutable laws. First, it seeks its own level. Second, it follows the line of least resistance. Third, water in motion carries soil, debris, and disease. Controlled, water is a blessing; uncontrolled, it is a menace, a curse.

Let us shift our illustration from the surface of the land to the roof of your house. Suppose we assume that your roof runs about three thousand square feet in extent. One inch of rain falling on that area means 250 cubic feet of water—1870 gallons in volume, 7.8 tons in weight. Now let's multiply that amount by the number of roofs in, say, the Ohio Valley for, of course, every blessed home owner is just as actively concerned as you are in getting the water *off* his roof, *out of* his basement, and *away from* his land. It is no concern of his (he thinks) where it goes, so long as it goes.

Then to that immense volume, weight, and carrying power of water add the millions of gallons shed by all the square rods of hard-surfaced streets, paved sidewalks and courts, concrete service stations, etc. along all the highways. Add also the run-off water from all the sloping, cultivated farm lands and (*Continued on page 97*)

The Retriever trial season in full swing. The two lady handlers shown on this page are, below, Mrs. J. Gould Remick with her Labrador, Orchard Dan, and, extreme left, Mrs. Thomas Marshall with Champion King Erin, her Irish Water Spaniel

Jones

The Reeve entry in the family class at the Bryn Mawr Horse Show. The Misses Diana and Katherine, Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve, and Mr. Reeve. They were second to Plunket Stewart's family

THE SPORTSWOMAN

MRS. JORROCKS

LOOKING ahead, the month of November seems very peaceful and uncomplicated. Enough things to do but not so many that one is run ragged trying to keep up with them. Field trials for instance. Pleasant out-of-doors occupation with enough moving around to keep one warm and exercised. If you miss one there will be another soon and there are especially good ones at Shinnecock Hills on the 2nd for Labradors, in Quogue on the 11th for Chesapeakes and in Vanderberg, N. J., on the 19th for Spaniels. You can either go to them all or pick one for the kind of dog that you prefer to see at work. Followers of steeplechasing will have the United Hunts at Belmont Park on the 8th. A couple of Virginia Race meetings and the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto offer attractive inducements to travel. Then for eight days, beginning the 5th, there is the National Horse Show (that reminds me, I've got to get some clothes) and, besides, there is Armistice Day and Thanksgiving. A nice comfortable month. If I had planned the November calendar for my own convenience, I couldn't have improved on it.

THANKSGIVING DAY. Just now everyone is going around with a preoccupied expression on his face. You may think that it is caused by conditions in Europe, the World's Series, or the result of the last football game, but it's not. People wear the same expressions while reading their papers, listening to their radios, and watching their sporting events, and should you interrupt them to ask a question concerning current affairs they are as likely as not to answer, "Yes, blue in the bedroom, I've just about decided." Roads and streets are clogged with vans, traveling automobiles are filled with household appliances, people's minds are filled with plans, fabrics, paints, decorations, and details. Everyone is moving and everything is going wrong. It always does.

Why does moving have to take place at a time of year that is hectic enough without it? Maybe the Pilgrim Fathers set a prece-

Little Kathleen McKinney should love horses. She is the daughter of the amateur rider, Rigan McKinney, and her mother, who was Jean Regan, rides in the show ring

Left: Mrs. George L. Ohrstrom, wife of the master of Fairfield and Westchester, and Mrs. C. Wadsworth Howard. Mr. Howard was formerly the master of this pack

Below: Out with the Duckhollow Beagles. From left to right, Mrs. Renshaw Cook, Mrs. William Hall, Nelson Alexander, Mrs. George Robinson, and Mrs. David Wagstaff Jr. rest awhile

dence and started a habit but, having made one such move and settled down again after it, you would think that they would have instilled into their offspring such a dread of packing up and going to another place that each succeeding generation would have stayed put. Instead of that we have turned into a nation of gypsies that can't seem to be contented anywhere for any length of time at all. Well let's move if we must; after all there is much to be said for a new environment, once you are in it and can see the results of your plans, fabrics, paints, decorations, and details, but it doesn't take us nearly as long as it did the Pilgrim Fathers. Why can't we arrange the exodus in the nice orderly month of November, then we could celebrate our settled arrival on Thanksgiving Day as did our ancestors so many years ago.

DIGGING IN. But there are people who are not moving this fall. One family that I know have decided, or rather circumstances have decided for them, to spend the winter just where they are although their place is pretty isolated and the living there will be fairly primitive. There have been many "back to the land" movements in this generation. Remember the "Simple Life"? During that era the thing to do was to discharge all your servants, close all your houses, and get back to nature in a big way. People who had cooked steaks at picnics thought that it would be a lot of fun. Women who had thoroughly enjoyed camping trips were sure that they had souls above plumbing and every male saw himself in the role of "The Admirable Crichton." It took these hardy individualists but a very short time to discover that organizing three squares a day wasn't in the least like an occasional skirmish over an open fire. The girls were soon willing to admit that cleanliness was not only next to godliness but almost as desirable and a darn sight more difficult, and the boys found out that it was practically impossible to be boss when every-

At the Warrenton, Virginia, horse show, Morris Clark, M. F. H. Montpelier, with Mr. and Mrs. Melville Church. Mrs. Church, who was Emily North King, is a famous horsewoman

Left is Mrs. Alex C. Forbes, who is the daughter of Mrs. Warren Delano Robbins of Washington, at Tuxedo

Mrs. Walter C. Kiesel of Madison, N. J., with her English Setter, Blue Damsel of Marunal, which was a winner at the show held for this breed on the Duke property in Tuxedo Park

Left: At the Poodle Club show in Far Hills, N. J. Mrs. John Hammond of Bryn Mawr, Pa., with her American-bred Christopher of Blakeen, which won third

Left: Cynthia and Priscilla Howe, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Deering Howe of Jericho, are shown at the Meadow Brook Hunt Cup on the Clark estate in Westbury. This year marked the fortieth running which was won by John Strawbridge's big gray horse, Coq Bruyere

Left: The tennis champion, Miss Helen Jacobs, enjoys her tea at the National Open Polo finals in Westbury

Hunting at Rolling Rock. Above is Miss Catherine L. Taylor, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Taylor of Pittsburgh, Pa. Left are Mrs. Richard K. Mellon of Ligonier, the wife of the Master, and Miss Bruner Hunneman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hunneman from Berwyn

one else wanted to be too. The whole business blew up just as it was destined to do right from the very beginning.

Then there was the depression era in which millions of martyrs went into the country whether they had to or not. This was a dreary undertaking. The thing to do in those days was to have for yourself the hardest possible sort of life. To suffer more and eat less than your neighbor. To pretend to be penniless whether you were or not. To eke out the meagerest sort of existence on a mere pittance. The result of all this was that people found themselves living miserably on far more money than they had lived on comfortably before they even started to save.

There is no romance in the minds of the people of which I write. There is no spirit of martyrdom. Theirs is a courageous decision, but also a necessary and wise one and their plans for the winter are interesting. There will be no discharging of servants, in fact part of the plan is to provide a home for their loyal retainers. The house is old but well built and equipped with insulation and weatherstripping. But it is also rambling and has neither furnace nor electricity. When the plumbing was put in back in the years of prosperity it was arranged so that the pipes could be easily and quickly drained, so freezing is no problem but warmth decidedly is. Open fires won't do, even though the place provides quantities of wood, because most of the heat goes up the chimney and they are hard to "keep in," but the old-fashioned round wood stoves will help and, as they can be picked up for a song anywhere in the country, they are being installed wherever there is a chimney to hitch them to. Small, modern oil heaters, which have been tremendously improved recently, will have to take care of the rest. School is always a question in such a case but each morning the three children, equipped with lunch boxes, walk a fair distance to the bus and at the public school they seem to be learning about as much as they did at the private school they attended previously. This takes care of their mental and social life far better than would an effort to teach at home. Nor have their parents overlooked this important item of their own existence. They are going to miss their friends and the music, art, and theater which took up a great part of their leisure in town but they are identifying themselves with as many local activities as possible. Charities, civic welfare, and the church. They will make new friends and acquire new interests. Instead of sitting back and being sorry for themselves they have planned a comfortable, sound, intelligent, attractive life. Think of what a decided contrast this picture presents to that of the aforementioned "Simple Livers" and the "Depression Martyrs."

HURRICANE. Who has the best hurricane story? Everyone, because each individual is so sure that what he saw and experienced was so much worse than what anyone else did that everybody is positive that his story is the best. At one time I thought mine was pretty good. Driving a small truck full of furniture and refugees for hours through flooded roads trying to find a way to shelter of some sort that wasn't clogged with trees and wire. The sights the next day as we tried to reach our destination. The city of New London devastated by fire, hardly a house left whole or a tree left standing. The whole coast stripped of its summer cottages and furniture, roofs, boats, wires, and trees all in a snarl. A 30-foot power boat in the Stonington station and a wrecked train on the track. What could be worse? Many things, really. The lighthouse keeper who from his post saw his house and family swept into the sea. A busload of school children drowned like (*Continued on page 101*)

Left: Two stars off their courses. Miss Kay Stammers of English tennis fame with Spencer Tracy of the movies at a Long Island polo match

Right: A winner at Bryn Mawr, Daphne Bedford on Sally. Unlike most of her contemporaries this young lady from Monkton, Md., the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Bedford, prefers to ride sidesaddle

Photographs, Louis Fancher, Morgan, Jones, Rotofotos

Miss Jane Nicodemus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Nicodemus, at a meet of the Smithtown Drag Hounds. This pack hunts twice a week over a large Long Island country

The winner of the lead line class at Bryn Mawr, Betty Cheston riding a beautiful pony which was led by her mother, Mrs. Morris Cheston, at the forty-second renewal of this famous hunter show

Right is Miss Bettina Belmont, the daughter of Raymond Belmont, at the Foxcatcher races with her mother, Mrs. Arthur White of Middleburg

Right: Skeet and trap shooting become more popular each year as sports for women. This picture shows Mrs. Don Gillis with Mrs. Lee Julian at the Blue Rock Gun Club in Detroit, Mich.

LOG CABIN *in North Carolina*

Architect
HENRY I. GAINES

NATURALLY, the point of interest in describing a house is the house itself. However evident that truth, the Baumann ranch house on the Half-Circle B simply refuses to be confined within any such limitations. Lording it over twenty-six hundred acres of land on one of the only Eastern country places actually operated on Western ranch methods, its character is that of the open-hearted, open-handed informality of the West. Located strikingly atop a steep knoll, it stands well above the surrounding valley in full view of large portions of the southern Appalachians within a radius of several miles.

Four years ago in search of this location, Mr. Baumann and his architect started out on horseback through his almost roadless property. Riding through the valley, they sighted this knoll and were teased into its investigation. Though going proved rough and so steep that the architect decided to lead his horse rather than ride and risk his neck, they finally reached the top, broke their way through heavy underbrush to the knoll's edge and its far-reaching view. The site was unquestionably ideal and their search was ended.

Having lived for a great many years in Montana and other parts of the West, the Baumanns always had wished to build a genuine ranch house, so with this as their governing theme they were under way. Their subsequent utilization of materials at hand reads much like excerpts from a novel of pioneer ingenuity: logs for the house cut on the land; oaks felled and cut by mountain workmen into shakes for the

Mountain Ranch Home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Baumann at Asheville

MARGARET V. YOUNG

roof and into eight-inch floor planking at the small sawmill put up for the period of construction; stone for the chimneys, foundations, and walls gathered on the grounds; gravel for roads dredged from creek-beds; an old cabin, with more than a hundred years upon which to look back, torn down and its hewn logs used to beam the dining room ceiling, its chimney brick to build the dining room fireplace. On it goes with trimming woods cut from curly poplar. The dining room mantel was hewn from a native oak and "whittled" by a mountain boy craftsman at the Artisan Shop of Biltmore Forest, Asheville. Even some of the wrought-iron work was made by neighboring hill folk, particularly the great lantern in the chimney rock over the main entrance which was fashioned by a blacksmith iron worker up one of the coves. One of the most outstanding features of the entire house is the manner in which the building crew of some seventy mountaineers turned their knowledge of handicraft to its decoration under the guidance of the architect. These details are what give the house its character.

The greatest find of all was a good fresh-water spring on the mountain side behind the house, which was harnessed and set to work as a gravity-feed water system. Even the furniture for the lawns was made from left-over limbs and poles. Only for cement, glass, nails, some bits of hardware, and the actual house furnishings was it necessary to resort to buying any materials.

As one rounds the last sharp turn after a long second-gear climb up the canyon he comes out to find a rare sight before him—a dooryard thick with rhododendron and mountain laurel. To enter through the most used doorway of the house one crosses the sharp-sloped lawn past the banks of mountain plants to a tepee of a porch, cross-poled roof and all. There has probably been many a Cherokee tepee in North Carolina but no Cherokee ever dreamed of a tepee like this. Where the Indian used fabric, this builder executed his idea in stone; where the original tepee openings were triangles of (*Continued on page 97*)

Top to bottom: The living room fireplace with wrought-iron fire screen. View of living room looking toward the study and dining room. View of the living room from balcony showing the great window

Photographs by GERALD YOUNG

Photograph by the author

Autumn leaves, and ducks, and Indian summer —a tale of whistling wings and hidden ponds

It was Indian summer. You knew that from the scent of woodsmoke on the air, the blue-gray haze that veiled the surrounding hills. But it was not traditional weather, bearing a lurking threat of snow. November had arrived on unwilling feet at my Happy Hunting Grounds. As boldly as though the year were a full month younger the forest flaunted a mantle of ruddy gold. The air was still bland and sunny the day through, and the sky was filled with ducks.

Not filled with ducks, you understand, as your coastal skies are filled. There were no clouds of broadbill drifting over my woodland marshes; no honking geese; no teeming bands of teal. Still there were black ducks in the air, and blacks a-plenty. Big stalwart red-legs from the North. Last evening I'd watched a full hundred birds trekking this way and that against flaming November skies.

Rr-rr-rrr! Quanck! R-rr-rrr-rrrrr! It sounded like a hydroplane taking off: the pattering roar with which that big home-flock of blackies took the air. I couldn't see them from the cabin porch as they left the surface of the little erstwhile ice-pond, though I was only a few gunshots distant. It wasn't light enough to see well yet; nowhere near the hallowed opening hour of seven. And besides, no shot is ever fired anywhere near the pond or cabin. That section is reserved as an inviolate sanctuary.

I watched the ample band of waterfowl as they rose against the sky: one broad black patch which might comprise a score of birds; a string of six; two more; and four, and twelve. Some fifty strong-winged blackies—likely more—whipped up into the frosty sky and made off in one direction and another. One generous coterie perhaps was bound for Laurel Lake a dozen miles away. Those five plump birds, I thought, would drop down in the weedy shallows of Jones Pond to dabble about with wood ducks. *That* racing pair would seek out a sheltered bit of marsh along the woodland creek, to feast on acorns; and more were off for the beds of wild celery in Little Blue Lake—thus I mused as I sat there that lazy day.

So ducks were on the wing . . . the air was pungent with the smoky zest of fall . . . and those valiant grouse which just twelve months before had thundered out of every covert that the gunner sought, now were far too few to shoot . . . and one must hunt, you know, in Indian summer. . . .

An hour passed. I'd tramped a mile through woods; been watching a pair of gray squirrels snipping off seeds in a tulip tree beyond the cliff. As I stepped back into the ancient logging road and started forward there sounded a burst of wings behind a clump of mountain laurel. A burst of wings indeed! With broad pinions fairly pounding the air two big black ducks boomed up from a shallow rain pool; leaped, and crashed up through the branches with power that would have done credit to creatures twice their ample size. *"Quanck-Quanck-quanck!"* they shouted back defiantly. *Quanck!* And the first of the pair gained the tree-tops, straightened out in powerful flight through the autumn sky. The other was just too late. The gun had come up. I snapped with a close-choked barrel just as he cleared the twigs. A handful of feathers puffed out and the outstretched neck fell limp. Down through the gray branches fell a backwoods blacky, bringing a train of autumn leaves swirling in its wake.

Autumn leaves and ducks! Their combination brought forth reminiscence. For me those two must always go together because of one hunt that took place years ago. In those good days, you know, one didn't have to load and unload his gun by the watch; nor be a middle-rate ornithologist to know what he might shoot; nor yet turn philatelist to explode good gunpowder at migrant waterfowl. (I trudged on through the forest after I'd smoothed the plumage of my duck, and tucked him safely away in the hunting coat.)

In those days there were plenty of ducks and not so many hunters. The birds used to descend on the ponds and little Virginia river where we fellows hunted, in mid-October when every tree in the countryside still blazed with scarlet and gold. They came down in hundreds and thousands; gathered in great mixed flocks at every wide bend in the river where there was any (*Continued on page 92*)

The Mad Marlin of Mexico

Guaymas is the Hot Spot for Striped Marlin and Pacific Sailfish

S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

Water colors by HARRIE WOOD

The author with a 108 pound Pacific sailfish caught off Guaymas. Note large sail and ventral fins

MY INTRODUCTION to fishing in the Gulf of California off Guaymas, in the peaceful State of Sonora, was even more spectacular than I had hoped. Intrigued by the many marvelous tales of the fast action the fish in that great body of water provided, I was anxious to try it for myself and find out if good luck would favor me as it had so many other anglers who had raised fish in those waters.

The morning of our arrival, before leaving the Playa de Cortes to start out on our first trip, I was amused to see several Pacific Coast fishermen, some of them playing tennis and others sitting around the swimming pool of the hotel, who told me that they had caught so many marlin in the four or five days previous that they were taking a day off. Incredible as it sounded, it was nevertheless entirely true.

"Go sailfishing," they all advised us. "Don't bother with the marlin."

We boarded the fishing cruiser *Espada* (Spanish for "marlin"), manned by a Mexican crew, and left the dock at 10:30 to sail out of one of the most beautiful harbors I have ever visited. From the gorgeous flowers and shrubbery around the white hotel to the lofty twin peaks on the west side of the entrance to the harbor our eyes took in the magnificence of the scene. Mile after mile of brown mountains rise out of the sea, and the air is so clear that the naked eye can see the towering peaks, more than 7,000 feet high, on the Peninsula of Lower California, seventy-five miles across the Gulf.

Overhead, hundreds of pelicans flew in a formation resembling a V with a shortened side, 300 or 400 in one line and thirty or forty in the other. With perfect precision they followed their leader, imitating him exactly as he planed down to the water or pushed ahead with a rapid beat of his powerful wings. In the distance they look like brant, flying in Pamlico Sound or in Barnegat or Shinnecock bays. Fascinating birds to watch, they are to me almost as picturesque as Canadian geese. Besides these, great flocks of gannets, man-of-war birds, and cormorants wheeled overhead—beautiful against a blue sky.

After a twenty-minute run down the bay, we looked out to the northwest and I saw San Pedro Island for the first time. Only four miles offshore, it was twenty miles away, rising straight up 1,100 feet from the water. It did not mean much to me then, but it has since come to occupy a prominent place in the list of fishing spots I consider ideal.

Jig-saw mountains rise sharply behind the waters of Bacochibampo Bay

As every man who has ever visited Guaymas will undoubtedly agree, it will in a very short time become as famous as any rock or island in the fishing world.

We left the harbor and came out into the clearer water where the baits were put overboard. Exactly four minutes after they were in the water—one off an outrigger and one trolled in the wake—I was treated to a sight that I was to see well over a hundred times in the next ten days: the enormous caudal fin or tail of a big Pacific sailfish, tailing out as he swam on top of a sea with the wind.

As my Mexican crew maneuvered the boat to get the baits near him, I decided to learn for myself just what results a teaser would bring when trolled in those waters. In the East, we do not believe in teasers and rarely use them. I rigged up a dead mullet, tossed it over on a 15-foot line and started to jig it. Less than thirty seconds had passed when, to my chagrin, the sailfish grabbed the teaser and, of course, tore the mullet off the line. Naturally, he did not come back to the bait, and the crew had a hearty laugh at the expense of this American fisherman from the East.

FIVE minutes later we sighted another tail. Needless to say I didn't experiment again with a teaser, and the fish followed my outrigger bait for a couple of minutes before he struck it. The line came down from the clothespin on the tip of the outrigger and I threw off the drag to give him more line. Both Mexicans began to jabber at me, their facial expressions telling me plainly, even if their words didn't, that they considered me a rank amateur at marlin fishing. Their advice went unheeded, however, and I threw on the brake and struck the fish. Instantly a long run followed, as 900 feet of 18-thread line ran off my 6/0 reel. Then, in a long series of admirable jumps, the first Pacific sailfish I have ever hooked came out of the water.

Looking him over, I noted the marked difference between this and the Atlantic species. Long and slim, they have very large sails and exceptionally long ventral fins. Their tails are enormous. Unquestionably beautiful, they are at the same time almost pathetic, for I believe their big sails, so magnificently studded with polka dots, hinder them in a fight, and their struggles are so terrific during the first three or four minutes that they usually tire themselves badly. They are typically 9-thread fish, and the ultimate of sport should be derived from them by the use of 6-thread. But don't let anyone tell you they are easy to hook; next to the broadbill swordfish and blue marlin, I think they are the most difficult of all the billfish—even more so than their Atlantic cousins.

My fish was soon within fifty feet of the boat, where he kept cracking the leader wires with his long, tapered bill. This also differs entirely from the bill of the Atlantic sailfish and is a formidable weapon. The first sailfish I hooked was not to be mine, however, for I pulled the hook out of him at the boat. But thirty minutes later, my first one was in the boat.

These fish, incidentally, should always be released, unless the angler wishes to keep one for some specific purpose. The marlin at Guaymas are delivered by the guides to the Pan-American Fish Company, which pays a penny a pound for the fish, which are smoked and sold as canned salmon. The sailfish, however, are not put to any use, and unfortunately there is a good deal of waste.

One hour after mine was hauled aboard, Mrs. Farrington also had her first Pacific sailfish—another small one which, oddly enough, weighed exactly the same, 99 pounds. This fish made seventeen spectacular leaps before it was finally boated.

Although we were not supposed to catch marlin on the sailfish grounds off the lighthouse in Guaymas Harbor, which is five miles south of the hotel, Sherman Pratt who was with me took a 116-pound blue marlin after lunch. I am told that about one in every hundred marlin hooked

in these waters is an Atlantic blue marlin and not the common Pacific striped marlin. These striped marlin are evidently in the southern part of the Gulf of California off Cape San Lucas ten months of the year or longer and can be caught in the vicinity of Guaymas from March to November. They migrate north of Guaymas in great schools for another hundred miles or more past Tiberon Island, which has become known as the habitat of a colony of human beings with cannibalistic tendencies, though their principal foods today are turtles and fish.

ANGLERS fishing the tide rips at the north and south ends of San Pedro Island, directly under its rocky shore, will catch marlin in their migrations from both the South and the North. And what marlin they are! Averag'ng about 200 pounds, they put on a fight that consists of jumping, fast running on the surface, and hard fighting in a depth of 200 feet of water. Most of them are battle-scarred, and many have broken off bills—mute evidence of the fierce fighting that goes on among them. They are ravenously hungry, and I don't think I saw more than two dozen fish that wouldn't strike at the bait, and no more than five or six that wouldn't follow it. At least half of those that come to the baits are first seen tailing out. I counted four lying side by side, and as we put the baits in front of them, one by one they came to them and our teaser. I was assured that this was a comparatively small number to see at one time though it seemed a lot to me.

The fish are beautiful to behold, with their brilliant lavender coloring and vivid purple striping. Their pectorals are longer and their heads smaller than those of the Atlantic blue marlin—and their dorsal fin and caudals are also different. They are covered with remoras, or sucker fish, and sea lice. This last condition is a common one where great schools of marlin congregate.

But being bothered by parasites does not slow up these fish in the least. They are striped speedsters from the word "strike." If they averaged twice the size, I doubt that they would be any faster. All that I saw were hooked in the mouth, and I never saw a bleeding fish in the water. The majority of them feed on sardines, but they do not seem to have many of these fish in their stomachs. Flying fish are by far the best bait, with sierras—or "cero mackerel" to the Americans—second choice. An 8/0 to 10/0 Sobey hook should be all that is needed. I much prefer this small size and fifteen feet of the small stainless cable leader attached to 15 feet of double line on the head-end of 18- or 24-thread. A 9/0 or 10/0 reel for the 24-thread and a 6/0 for the 18 should complete a perfect and well-balanced outfit. In other words, use regulation Catalina Tuna Club heavy tackle, or a trifle lighter, and you can't go wrong.

The man who wishes to fish 6- or 9-thread for striped marlin can choose no better spot than off Guaymas. While a few sharks may be seen finning out, none of them bother a hooked fish, and this fact, combined with the shallow depth of water, answers the light tackle fisherman's prayer for a perfect marlin spot.

The largest marlin taken by rod and reel at Guaymas weighed 518 pounds and was hung by Walker Trammell of New York. Several over 400 pounds have been caught. When I left, on June 21st, the largest fish landed this year was 320 pounds. They were running a trifle smaller this season, but in two months' time, anglers fishing out of the Hotel Playa de Cortes had caught 299 fish. Add to these more than a hundred sailfish, quantities of fine line, large dolphin, and the sporty and picturesque rooster fish, and you have the big four of a marvelous collection.

Throughout the winter months there is excellent fishing for the totauva, or white sea bass, which run over 100 pounds. There is always good fishing for the baya, or Gulf grouper, some of the Jack family and many other smaller varieties. During the marlin run there are also acres and acres of skip-jacks, and several members of the bonito family are there in abundance.

Fishing in this wonderful body of water is a sport of constant thrills and action, and there is more to be seen here than at any other place I have ever visited. Loose marlin are constantly breeching in every direction as they attempt to shake off the parasites that ride them for free meals, eating the particles of food that the marlin do not swallow. In the most beautiful and graceful jumps I have ever witnessed, the fish come clear out of the water, their bodies forming an arc that resembles a lavender rainbow. Without a hook in their mouths and a heavy line dragging behind, their leaps are of course higher and more graceful. I saw one come greyhounding through the air twenty-one times within a thousand feet of the boat, but of course that had to be the day when my photographers were on another boat. I have seen three loose striped marlin jumping at once, all in opposite directions, and I saw six hooked fish from as many different boats, all putting on the most thrilling performance I have ever seen in my fishing career. I also saw two great mako sharks breeching during my stay there, but none have been caught to my knowledge.

THE Gulf of California has probably the largest devil fish, or giant manta, population in the world. They can be seen swimming in all directions, jumping and falling back into the water with a solid smack that creates a terrific splash. Rays of all kinds and description are there too, and you will see whole families of them, seven and eight in number, all jumping at once. School after school of playful porpoises, great numbers of fin-back whales, and an occa-

The dock and cottages of the Hotel Playa de Cortes, angler's haven

landed with a fish head for a bait. These two fish weighed 194 and 198 pounds.

We took Mrs. Farrington and Pam Blumenthal on board then, and they got four, three of which went over 200 pounds. Mrs. Farrington hooked the largest at half past eight, as it was getting dark and the sun was sinking over the distant peaks of Lower California. After taking the bait, this marlin swam right up to the boat. When they act this way, it usually means they will get rid of the hook. By fast reeling, Mrs. Farrington kept the slack out of the line and with repeated striking set the hook. She wiped my eye on this one, for the marlin had stolen my bait and I had missed him before he took hers in preference.

sional school of orca, or killer whale, add continuous activity to the scene. Acres of skip-jacks and bonitos jumping out of the water, flying fish by the score and great schools of sardines churning the water into a white froth as they are stampeded into mad, crazy balls by the death rushes of the hungry marlin feeding beneath them, about complete the picture on the water. I also saw the second rhinidoon typhus, or whale-shark, that I have ever laid eyes on. He was just clipping the surface of the water, and you could almost count the large white polka dots on his back. He was only a small one, approximately twenty feet in length and probably 3,000 or 4,000 pounds in weight. Fast to his back and showing up in the water like a white, waving flag was a remora that must have been at least four feet long. The great shark swam along just as unconcerned about the boat as if we had not been alongside of him. They will never take a bait.

The rocky shores of San Pedro Island are covered with thousands of sea lions, constantly frolicking in the water or climbing back on the rocks to bask in the sun. Overhead, large flocks of pelicans trade back and forth to the mainland from their island home. Man-of-war birds also have their habitat there.

The largest fish are usually raised around San Pedro as darkness is setting in. Though you can get dinner as late as ten in the evening at the Playa de Cortes, very few of the fishermen stay out after six o'clock. By that time they have probably had all the action they wanted, even though few of them arrive before ten o'clock in the morning.

The best day's fishing we had resulted in a catch of six marlin out of eleven raised and nine hooked. My first striped marlin was one of a double-header hooked on 18-thread line with a 6/0 reel, on which there was no drag. I can still remember vividly the battle he gave me, besides the language I used when the fish my angling companion Pratt had on was cut off by a Mexican sight-seeing boat that ran over his line.

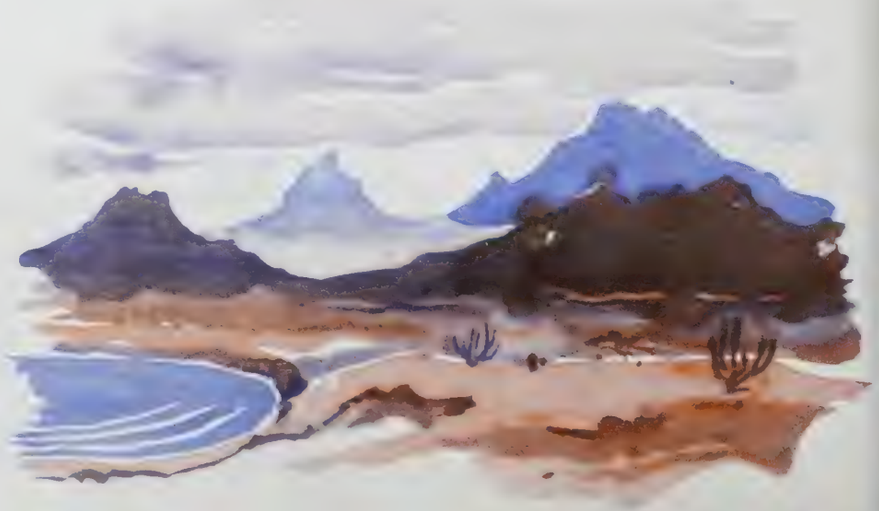
My fish was no sooner boated and new baits put out than we had two more on. Mine immediately got off. As I reeled the hook in, the head of the flying fish was still on it and another marlin came up and grabbed the remains of the first bait. I caught him, the first marlin I have ever

With some of these fish, one or two minutes will go by before they come out and the fireworks begin. This one was no exception. He rushed all over the surface of that gulf like a lavender-colored torpedo. His bill had been broken off, but he was a perfectly colored, very vivid fish, and he certainly presented a picture as the sun went down back of the mountains. He was boated after dark, at the conclusion of a fifty-minute fight. His weight was 224 pounds, the largest we caught on the trip.

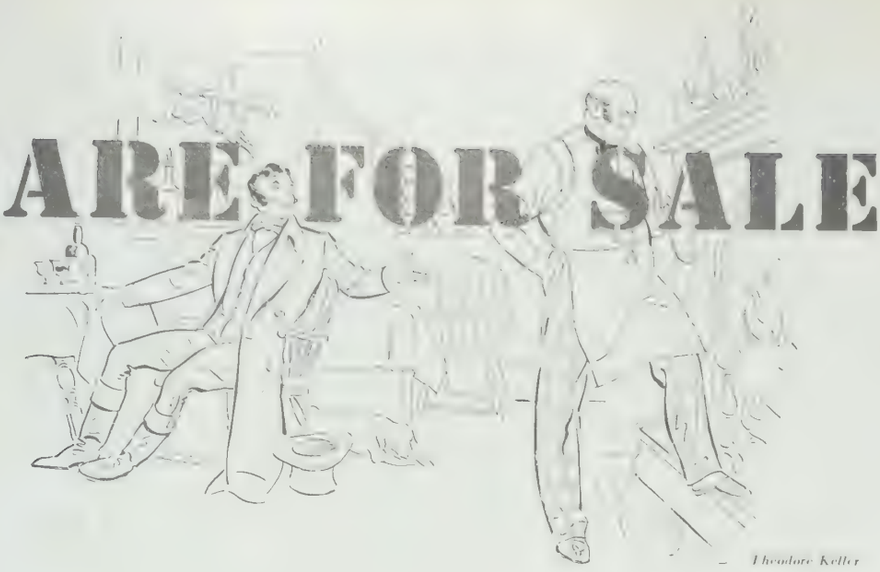
We did not get to bed until two o'clock the next morning, so did not go back to the island that day. But just to show that the marlin are also off the hotel, we caught three in five hours' fishing.

Enjoyable as the fishing at Guaymas was, the opportunity of meeting so many wonderful fishermen and fine sportsmen from the Middle West and West was even more of a pleasure. And among the people whom I wish to thank for their advice and helpfulness to me while there were Dr. and Mrs. Richard J. Sutton and Mr. and Mrs. George Dean of Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fair, two of Texas' leading anglers, from Dallas; and from Los Angeles and Catalina it was a real treat to watch George Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Swaffield, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Peeler, and Judge Meyers in action. They really can fish and they never stopped doing favors for me.

Don't miss a trip to Guaymas. For consistent action with that size of marlin you will certainly find it hard to beat. And if you by chance do go, I sincerely hope you catch the biggest marlin in all of old Mexico.



MARE FOR SALE



Disclosing Some of the Tricks of Horse Trading in Ireland

CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

THE Kilmessan Hunt makes no claim to inclusion among the famous packs of Ireland. Originally it came into being through the enterprise of two or three residents in a rather waste region of mountainy, stone wall country in the west, and although it supplied a long-felt want among the local population, it was little known beyond the confines of its own strip of territory. This perhaps was not surprising since the appearance of the fifteen couple of hounds was frankly not such as to inspire the connoisseur with a great deal of enthusiasm. There was good blood here and there, but taking them all round, hounds were a scratch lot and wild, and the country they hunted, or at any rate parts of it, was even wilder. Yet what they lacked in symmetry and grace they more than made up for in zeal, and when they got half a chance there was no living creature on four legs, from a poaching cat to a rock rabbit, but invited their prompt attention.

Many years have passed since the Kilmessan had their celebrated run; indeed, the members who recall that historic occasion are thirty years older than on that December morning when hounds found with considerably more alacrity than usual. And to this day, whenever our friends are taunted with showing poor sport, they will silence the impertinence with an account, which loses not in the telling, of that memorable day when they went away from old Anthony Connor's spinney. And they will go on to relate the whole story of the hunt.

Here I must digress a little to explain that in the season of which I write, sport had been very decidedly below par, and in consequence a good deal of grumbling and outspoken criticism had been leveled at the Master and the Secretary. Too many fox *shooters* was one of the reasons given, and the Master swore on oath that if he caught one of them at it he would shoot him. Sims-Hatton, who, in his own estimation though in no one else's, knew all there was to know about hunting and about most other things as well, had his own opinions as to why sport was bad. He wisely refrained from voicing them when the Master was within hearing. Almost everyone had some suggestion for the betterment of things, the exception being my friend Paddy Finnegan, a prominent supporter of the Hunt and the proprietor of a little shooting and fishing inn at which I was a frequent visitor. But Paddy had learned in a hard school the truth of the proverb that: "Silence is golden." As a small, bare-legged boy he had driven the ass carts in the bogs, aspiring via his subsequent employment in the stables of the Big House to the hand of the studgroom's daughter. And when that worthy man, "full of years, honour, and comparative riches," passed on, Paddy, astute in the management of his better half's goodly fortune, bought the pub and acquired a well-deserved reputation as a "warm man" in all pertaining to horse flesh.

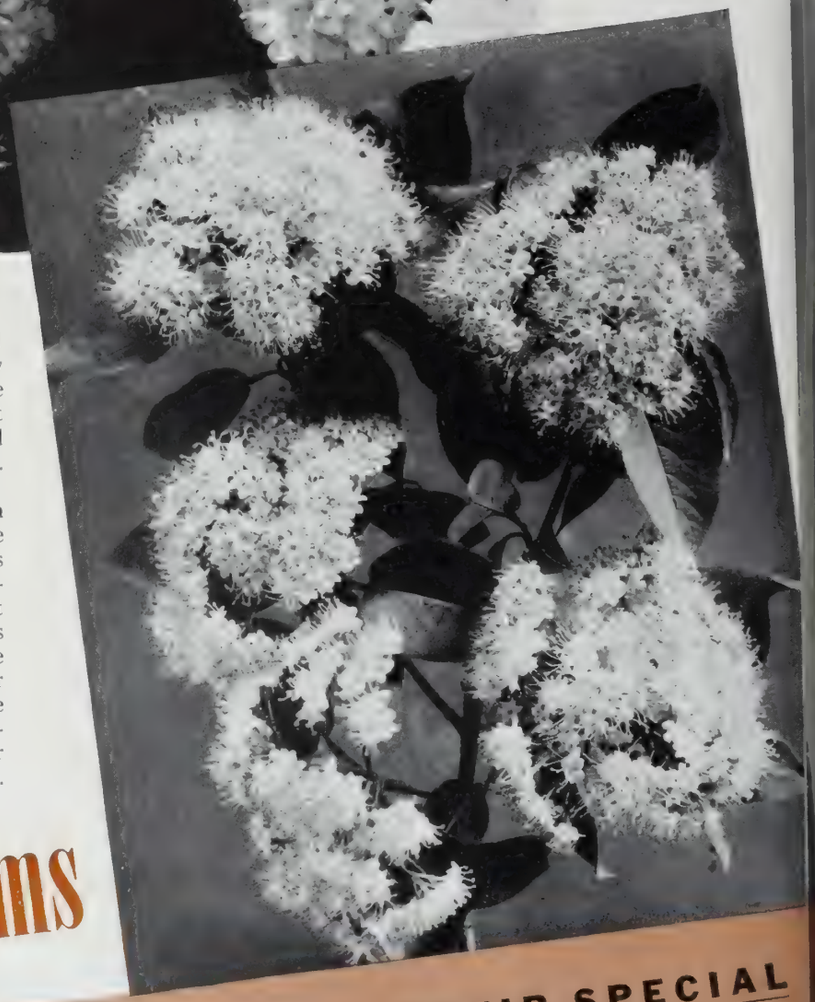
Notwithstanding his reticence on the subject, Paddy was quite as interested in the momentous question of the reputation of the Hunt as anyone else. Not altogether from the aspect of sport in its wider sense, perhaps, but because he had a mare to sell. As he confided to me in the bar parlor of the *maison* Finnegan, one Michael Feeney had cast more than one glance in the mare's direction. But Feeney was also a "warm" man where horses were concerned possibly a better—that is to say, a more unscrupulous tradesman when it came to bargain driving than my friend Paddy. And, as the latter aptly remarked, there was "devil a hope of getting the mare's price out of Feeney unless she could show herself a good goer in a real good hunt."

Well, on this day of happy memory a small field assembled preparatory to enjoying Anthony Connor's well-known hospitality. And it was peculiarly acceptable, for the December wind was keen and searching. There were meat pies and sandwiches in plenty; all kinds of home-made breads and delicious cheeses; while for drink there was a choice of whisky and porter, supported by sloe gin, and sherry wine for those who were not men enough to face up to the national beverage. And there was new milk in bucketfuls, which laced with whisky makes that most seductive of all refreshment. Our host's health was drunk and drunk again by the two dozen odd sportsmen gathered at his cheery board.

Who was out that day? Well, of course, the Master, Jim Barry, a big, hard-bitten man of whom it was said that "he was all right if you took the right way of him." Many did not, and suffered accordingly. Then there was Sims-Hatton, as usual immaculately turned out and well aware of the fact. Between the Master and Hatton there was no love lost, and that hostilities never openly broke out was solely due to the efforts of old Jack Gillespie, the Honorary Secretary, who took the Hunt and himself extremely seriously and was jealous of anything which would impair its fair fame. Blake, too, the rich magnate from the Court was out, and he had mounted one or two English visitors; there was Feeney on a nice-looking chestnut; a couple of the local militia officers and a dozen of the keen sporting young farmers of the neighborhood. And Patty Finnegan was on the bay mare, which invited a certain amount of admiration and not a little curiosity. For a mysterious rumor—the source of which could not be traced—was passing from lip to lip that on one of his seasonal journeys into Roscommon, Paddy had given 60 pounds for her at the auction of a famous hunting stud.

REFRESHED and expectant we jogged out of the well-kept farmyard to find Tim Nolan, the huntsman, his whip, and hounds waiting. A red-faced, pug-nosed chap, Tim also had his opinions about the poorness of sport, but he seldom talked much, and when he did he was careful to whom he talked. Today (as we trotted off to the plantation behind the Court Meadows to work down the oziers beyond,) there was an unusual air of expectancy about him and his son the whip, a large edition of the "Benjimin" of Jorrocks fame. They drew blank and then Tim took hounds at a quick trot to Anthony Connor's little spinney, as if he were sick of drawing and knew that here he was certain of a find. And sure enough, no sooner were hounds in than out they came and, as someone put it, were off "like a bunch of fireworks." For the first fifteen minutes it was steeplechasing and the company became select. What happened afterwards I picked up from scattered accounts, chiefly from the whip, who was known to tell the truth occasionally when not over-stimulated. The English contingent, unaccustomed to banks and doubles, was the first to drop out; Sims-Hatton was left cursing in half a ditchful of slimy ooze, and barely a dozen riders survived the first half hour, when hounds suddenly flung up their heads in a place one would have least expected the performance. A whispered few (*Continued on page 86*)

Although all viburnum flowers are white, their wide variety of form gives the group great value and charm. Left, Japanese snowball; below, the wayfaring-tree; below, right, fragrant viburnum; bottom, right, single-file viburnum



TELL me your garden problem and I'll solve it with viburnums! Not quite literally, perhaps, but in this varied and valued family there *are* representatives adaptable to many diverse uses. The richness of their foliage, the flowers of most varieties and the fruit that usually follows, and their characteristic hardy vigor commend them for their beauty, regardless of their utility, in the garden scheme. It is not necessary to look further for excuses to plant them.

In early spring, when flowers and flowerful fragrance are so much appreciated, *Viburnum carlesi*—the fragrant viburnum, "fills the bill." It is a favorite known and loved by most gardeners and besides the familiar bush type, it is also developed in a "standard" or tree-shaped form which is effective in the formal garden, where its neat outline is in accord with the surrounding symmetry. The best plants of this species are produced by grafting, and one should be on the lookout for canes from the rootstock which sometimes overpower the graft like the Biblical tares in the corn. When, therefore, one finds large, strange leaves in his fragrant viburnum, he should forthwith cut out the canes that bear them and carefully watch for their re-appearance coming either from close to or below ground level.

The Versatile Viburnums

WENDELL FRENCH OLIVER

SPECIES AND THEIR GARDEN USES

MISCELLANEOUS	BIRD SANCTUARIES	NATURALISTIC PLANTINGS	TALL SCREENS, SPECIMENS, GROUPS
HEDGES: *tinus	acerifolium	acerifolium (s)	americanum
EDGINGS: opulus nanum	cassinoides	alnifolium (sw)	dilitatum
FORMAL EFFECTS: carlesi (standard)	dentatum	cassinoides (sw)	lentago
CITY CONDITIONS: dentatum, sieboldi	dilitatum	dentatum (sw)	opulus
GENERAL SHRUBBERY: All varieties	lentago	lantana	" sterilis
	opulus	lentago	prunifolium
	prunifolium	molle (s)	sargenti
	wrighti	prunifolium	sieboldi
			tomentosum
			" plicatum
			wrighti

s—part shade
w—watersides

THEIR SPECIAL

FRUITS: RED	FRUITS: BLUE or BLACK	FOLIAGE: EVERGREEN	FOLIAGE: FALL COLOR: RED, PURPLE	FOLIAGE: FALL COLOR: SCARLET, ORANGE	FOLIAGE: FALL COLOR: YELLOW
americana	acerifolium	*burkwoodi	acerifolium	cassinoides	molle
cassinoides (b)	alnifolium	*odoratissimum	alnifolium	dentatum	
dilitatum	dentatum	rhytidophyllum	*carlesi	dilitatum	
lantana (b)	lentago	*tinus	prunifolium	lantana	
*odoratissimum (b)	molle		rotundifolium	lentago	
opulus	prunifolium		tomentosum	sargenti	
sargenti			" plicatum		
sieboldi (b)			wrighti		
wrighti					

b—changing to blue or black

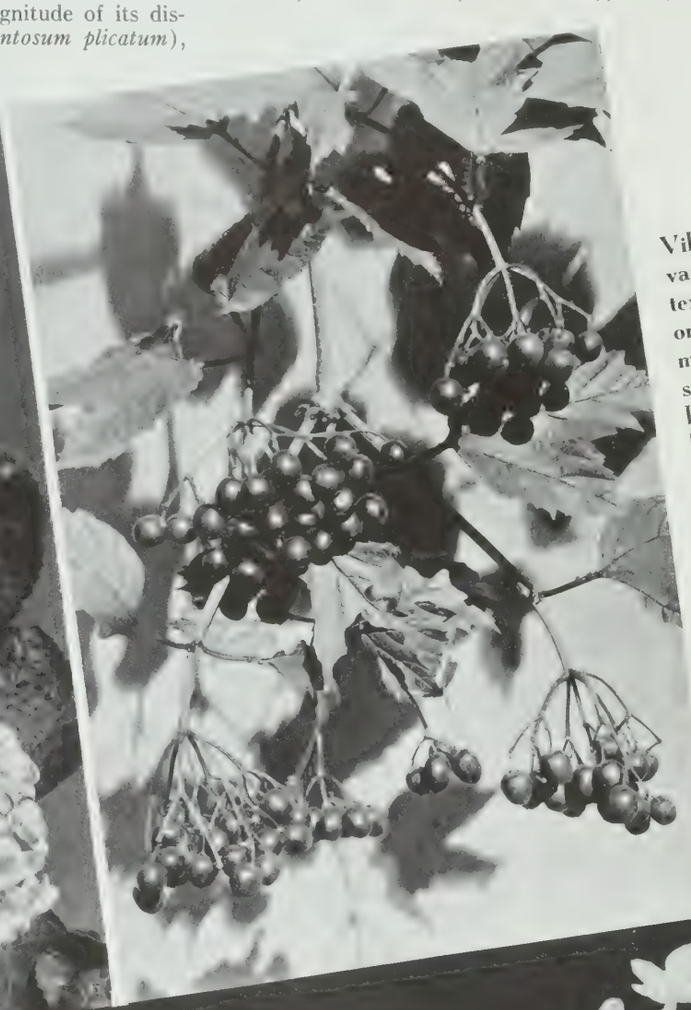
* Not hardy north of New York City

Even in winter, inflorescence is not lacking in the viburnum tribe. In the South, *V. tinus* sets its rosy buds and pink-white flowers against an evergreen foil of rich luxuriance, from November until April. Penetrating the more rigorous North to the latitude of New York, *V. fragrans* casts the spell of hyacinths and heliotrope over the winter garden. This is rated as one of the finest of all viburnums, with tubular, flesh-pink flowers. It is suggested that *V. fragrans* and *Prunus subhirtella autumnalis,* one of the lovely flowering cherries, be used to make an effective combination.

Fragrance is also a recommendation for *V. odoratissimun,* a dark, glossy evergreen form flowering in May and June and later bearing fruits that change from red to black. *V. burkwoodi,* also evergreen, blooms very early in the spring, with the fragrance and floral characteristics of *V. carlesi* which is one of its parents. Both these species should not venture much north of the District of Columbia, unless they can be given sheltered places.

While we are on the subject of flowers, and before we dip into the other viburnian virtues, let us examine other members of this genus from this standpoint. Foremost in the magnitude of its display is the familiar Japanese snowball (*V. tomentosum plicatum*), and its parent, the single-file viburnum (*V. tomentosum*), is a close second. The Oriental, pagoda-like shape of the latter, with the flowers that line the upper side of the branches and emphasize this characteristic, makes one wonder if the Nipponese architects may not have taken their cue from this shrub in their structural designs. Fruits borne on rather long stems, erect along the branches, follow the flowers and provide a temporary flare of red. "Snowballs" in looser, heavier panicles than occur in the Japanese variety are found in the guelder-rose (*V. opulus sterilis*), a European favorite often found in old-fashioned gardens in this country. Except in these three forms, the characteristic viburnum flower is a rather flat umbel of cream-white, misty-fine florets, displayed in some varieties with a prolificacy that quite compensates for the absence of more brilliant hues.

Since most of the viburnums except *tomentosum plicatum* and *opulus sterilis* are fertile, fruits follow the flowers, some in summer, but the majority in the autumn. In the red-fruiting class (and most of these carry their display into the winter) are the three cranberry-bushes; the American (*V. americana*), the (*Continued on page 109*)



Viburnum foliage also varies widely in size, texture, shape, fall coloring. And the fruits of most species are handsome and beloved of birds. These bright red berries are of the European cranberry-bush. Note beyond the small, neat, round, leathery leaves of V. carlesi

Photographs by J. Horace McFarland Co.

FEATURES

DISTINCTIVE FLOWERS

*burkwoodi
*carlesi (f)
dilitatum
*fragrans (f)
*odoratissimum (f)
opulus sterilis
*tinus (f)
tomentosum
" plicatum

f—fragrant

Left: in the winner's circle at the conclusion of a bush Derby. Right: the horse-gypsy van. With the horses unloaded, the van becomes living quarters for the crew. Bottom: Perella, eleven-year-old mare and an old campaigner in the bush circuit

BUSH RACING
or "Around the Rhubarb Circuit"

JACK WIDMER

"Don't look now, but is that a horse?" Boots, a fellow bush-racer asked, mockingly, as we leaned over the rail of the Mitchell, Nebraska, half-mile track watching the various ponies take their early morning work-outs.

It was a horse: a small, skeletonized, dun-colored colt, which seemed to lack every possible point of desirable Thoroughbred conformation. He moved awkwardly, his feet didn't seem to mate, and his protruding ribs gave evidence of extremely conservative feeding. He looked as wholly out of place on a race track as would a Pekingese with the Foxcatcher Hounds.

"Oh, him!" I chuckled. "Belongs to some old fellow who breezed in from Oklahoma yesterday driving a '27 car and dragging the most dilapidated trailer I ever saw. Actually, I was sorry for the poor devil."

"Mighty nice of you to be sorry for me, young man." A voice sounded behind me. I turned quickly, my hand fumbling in my pocket for a cigarette in an unsuccessful attempt to conceal my mortification. It was the old fellow all right, and he was smiling dryly.

"Name's Jackson," he offered his hand. "Sorry you-all don't like the colt, boys. Most people don't, but, personally, I think he can outrun anything in this country for a quarter-mile."

Broad statements are not particularly rare in this land of the "bull-rings," as the half mile tracks are termed. I had become accustomed to almost daily encounters with the owner of "the fastest quarter-horse in the world," but Boots was not, by any means, as easily satisfied.

"Wouldn't care to back that up with a little tin, would you, neighbor?" he asked. "Think we might be able to find some old skate to run at you if we had a little inducement."

The old man looked aghast, as if a wager were as foreign to his nature as playing chaperone to a girls' slumber party. Then, apparently recovering from the shock of Boots's offer, the cool, calculating look of the "shoot the works" bush-gambler came into his pale gray eyes. He dug into his pocket and took inventory of a small roll of bills.

"Let's see," he said, his eyes twinkling shrewdly. "Yep. I'll just bet you an even eighty-seven smackers that my dun colt can beat anything in the park for a quarter-mile."

"Done," was Boots's quick reply. "We'll run her off, seven in the morning." He gave me a sly wink. "Got a few chores yet to do now. See you all in the morning."

"You picked yourself some pretty fast company," I told the old man after Boots's departure. "That chap owns one of the fastest quarter fillies I ever saw in these parts."

"Do tell." Jackson seemed not at all perturbed. "It really don't matter much," he went on humbly. "I got a hankering to beat it back to Oklahoma and eighty-seven dollars never done anybody any good. You know, young man," —his voice was as low as his downcast eyes—"you know, forty years ago when I first started bush-racing, my old maw told me that some day I'd come home broke. Reckon she might finally get a chance to say, 'I told you so'."

A crowd of race-horse gypsies, apparently having heard of the impending match, came hurrying over from the stables in great excitement.

"Like to lay a few more bucks?" asked the man in the lead.

"Ain't much for cash, sonny," Jackson told him, "but I would put up my car and trailer against a couple hundred. Matter of fact, would throw in the colt for a couple hundred more."

Some of the (*Continued on page 102*)

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

THE PHILADELPHIA SKATING CLUB AND HUMANE SOCIETY

Miss Jane Vaughan, the Senior Champion

Mr. Edgar S. McKaig, President of Club

Above: Miss Eleanor Madeira in a split jump

Left: Miss Elizabeth Dripp, winner of first prize in the B Group of Juniors. Above: Mr. John B. Thayer and Mrs. Charles Myers waltz together, and Miss Edith Whetstone, winner of the Schwartz Cup. Right: Mr. and Mrs. W. Penn Gaskell Hall, 3rd, Junior U. S. Champions and the Philadelphia Champions for four years

The combination of ideas in the name "Philadelphia Skating Club and Humane Society" may seem remote to the uninitiated but it had an extremely practical origin. There was founded in Philadelphia in 1790 the Philadelphia Humane Society, whose purpose was life-saving in time of accident and emergency. With the advent of modern police force, "in the early 1800's," its history reads, "its functions became less needed." Yet its treasury remained large and the medal awarded to those who performed heroic acts of life-saving was similar to that of the Carnegie Foundation.

In 1850, in Philadelphia, the oldest skating club on the North American Continent was organized for those interested in ice skating. The members of this club frequently found themselves rescuing skaters who had fallen through the treacherous thin spots in the ice on the Schuylkill River. Indeed, their by-laws provided, and still do, "that members going upon the outdoor ice must wear the badge of the club, a small silver skate on their left breast pockets and carry a reel of cord which is looped around the wrist and thrown to the unfortunate who has broken through. Failure so to do results in fine."

Philadelphia skaters originally used the two rivers on either side of the city as well as lakes and ponds for their amusement. Today they have a magnificent artificial ice skating rink at Ardmore on the Main Line. One of the members, Nelson Edwards, was its architect. Just completed, this building is a new type of reinforced concrete construction with no truss girders to carry the roof. The three actinic glass skylights and the glass brick along the entire west wall let in a flood of sunlight. The ice surface is approximately 85 x 185 feet, with locker rooms and club quarters at one end. The new rink opened January 8, 1938, exactly 88 years after the club's organization.

Many members of the Club had been using indoor ice for sixteen years in the Philadelphia Arena so that there was a large group of enthusiastic and accomplished skaters with whom to start off the new rink. Even the children are passionate in their pursuit of this sport. Indeed, the junior and children's groups bid fair to show the skating world much well-disciplined talent in the near future. Like so much that is good in Philadelphia, this club, with roots well in the past, has been successful in merging tradition with enthusiasm and technical skill. Its determination to house all these characteristics in as modern and effective a setting as possible has made a unique contribution to the sporting life of the city.—SOPHIA YARNALL

Miss Anne Mayer was third in the Ladies Senior Philadelphia Championship. Above, she does a forward outside edge spiral. Right: Mrs. Thomas Reath waltzes with her son

Photographs by W. M. Rittase

COUNTRY GATHERINGS
WICHITA AND DETROIT

Mrs. Margaret Lewis with the young wire fox terrier Dessie Dee Sparkler, the property of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Huddleston, Wichita

Guinevere, a bulldog owned by Mrs. Berndalyn Kewley, with Nancy Spradling, the daughter of Wichita's Kennel Club secretary

Mrs. I. Schoenberg of San Antonio with h Pomeranian, Ch. Arista Baby Career, whic she exhibited at the Wichita Kennel Clu

Skeet Shoot at the Blue Rock Gun Club in Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. James McMillan, J. T. McMillan, Leroy Bier. Mr. Bier was the winner of the men's division

Gordon Piersall, of Roya Oak, Michigan, Rod Black hurst, Ed Buford, Earl Fry and Earl Feutz at Blue Rock This benefit for needy chil dren brought out 972—a recor

Left: Don Searles, Skeet Champion of 1937, shooting at the Blue Rock Gun Club's second '38 charity mee

Charles Van Studdiford, Henry Suffrin, Walter Zimmer, Ross Heilman, and Bud Young leaving the Blue Rock clubhouse. Right: John Grubaugh, Ralph Reghi, Harry W. Taggart, W. O. Gamble and Cecil A. Thompson compare scores, amusing and otherwise. This shoot, sponsored by the Detroit Free Press, is one of the most important events of its kind in the busy fall calendar

Photographs, Wichita Beacon and Detroit Free Press

COUNTRY GATHERINGS
MARYLAND, NEW YORK, AND CONNECTICUT

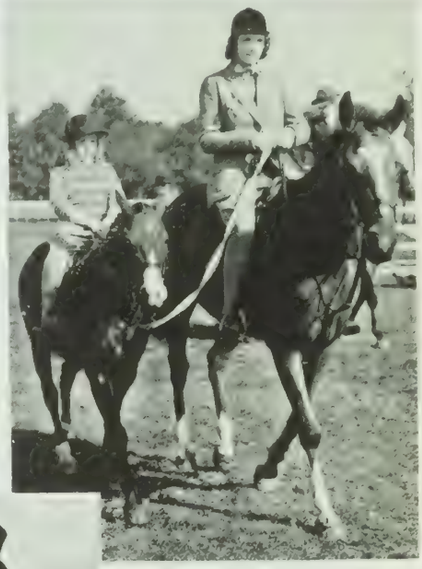
Mr. Theodore M. Dillaway Jr. from Wilmington, Miss Blair Bunting of St. Louis, spectators at Maryland

At the Foxcatcher races. Walter Wickes Jr., Arthur Hagen, Mrs. Wickes, who formerly was Aimee du Pont, and Peter Hagen sit in a row on the ground before the opening of this important Maryland event

At the Rye dog show while the obedience tests were being run. Miss Miriam Hall, who judged, Chase Herrenden and Mrs. Whitehouse Walker who is the originator of these events

Geraldine and Alice Babcock, daughters of Meadow Brook's secretary, Mrs. Richard Babcock, at the Piping Rock show

Left: Waiting at Woodland Farms for a meet of the Duckhollow Foot Beagles. Mrs. David Wagstaff Jr. and Mrs. George U. Harris, Tuxedo Park



Dolly and Kitty von Stade, daughters of the Vice-President of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, Mr. F. Skiddy von Stade

William H. Baldwin entered his "Convict" in the scarecrow contest at the New Canaan Garden Club as a figure that was suitable for a rock garden but it would probably be more efficient at scaring crows than at splitting any rocks

Left. A Wodehouse character created by Robert B. Sewell. "Gussie Finknottel" is designed for use in formal gardens. Winner of third prize, New Canaan Garden Club

Right: A first prize at New Canaan. Harry Morris with "Haymaker," and Whitney Mitchell

Left: With the Duckhollow Foot Beagles are G. F. Robinson, Mrs. Rodman B. Montgomery, Nelson Alexander and Eglinton Montgomery

Photographs by Louis Fancher, Morgan Photo Service, Ralph Morgan, and Herald Tribune

United Fruit Co.

AROUND THE WORLD AND SOUTH SEAS

FRANCONIA
Cunard-White Star, Thos. Cook & Son
New York, January 5
147 DAYS
Port-of-Spain, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Durban, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Port Victoria, Bombay, Colombo, Belawan Deli, Penang, Singapore, Bangkok, Tourane, Hong Kong, Manila, Batavia, Semarang, Pedang Bay, Kupang, Port Darwin, Papua, Sandwich Islands, Noumea, Suva, Nukualofa, Pago Pago, Apia, Honolulu, San Francisco, Balboa, Cristobal, New York

EMPRESS OF BRITAIN
Canadian Pacific
New York, January 7
127 DAYS
Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Holy Land, Egypt, Suez, India, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, Siam, Hong Kong, Manila, Bali, Java, Durban, Capetown, St. Helena, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Trinidad, Havana, New York

STELLA POLARIS
Raymond Whitcomb
New York, January 21
111 DAYS
Havana, Panama Canal, Cocos Island, Galapagos Island, Marquesas Islands, Society Islands, Tahiti, Cook Islands, Samoa, Fiji Islands, Papua, Thursday Island, Dutch New Guinea, Banda, Neira, Amboina, Alor Island, Flores Island, Bali, Java, Singapore, Sumatra, Nias, Colombo, Seychelles, Madagascar, Mozambique, Durban, Port Elizabeth, Capetown, St. Helena, Dakar, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Gibraltar, Southampton. (Cruise ends at Southampton)

LURLINE
MARIPOSA
MONTEREY
MALOLO
Matson Line, Oceanic Line
San Francisco,
Every four weeks
50 DAYS
Los Angeles, Hawaii, Pago Pago, Suva, Auckland, Sydney, Melbourne, and return via same ports to San Francisco

DREAM VOYAGES
Cunard-White Star, N. Y. K. Line
San Francisco,
Every ten days
64 DAYS (other schedules optional)
Around the World—Hawaii, Yokohama, Kobe, Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples, Marseilles, Gibraltar, London, New York

MEDITERRANEAN AND AFRICA

CONTE DI SAVOIA
Italian
New York, January 28
39 DAYS
Funchal, Las Palmas, Gibraltar, Cannes, Genoa, Naples, Phaleron, Istanbul, Rhodes, Beirut, Haifa, Port Said, Valletta, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Gibraltar, New York

ROMA
Italian
New York, February 4
40 DAYS
Funchal, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Naples, Phaleron, Rhodes, Beirut, Haifa, Port Said, Dardanelles, Istanbul, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Gibraltar, New York

COLUMBUS
North German Lloyd, Raymond Whitcomb
New York, February 4
63 DAYS
Around Africa Cruise. Casablanca, Teneriffe, Dakar, St. Helena, Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Durban, Madagascar, Kenya, Zanzibar, Port Sudan, Suez, Port Said, Naples, Villefranche, Gibraltar, New York

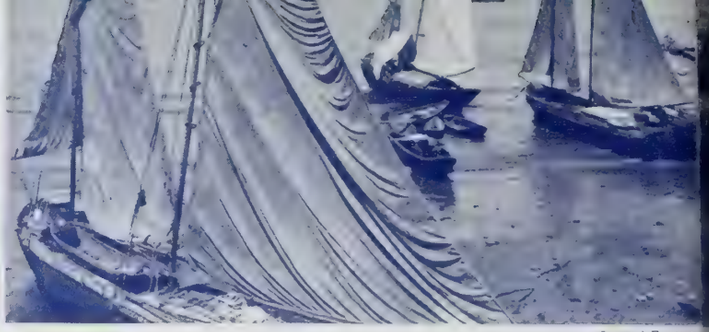
CARINTHIA
Cunard-White Star, American Express
New York, February 11
75 DAYS
Around Africa Cruise. Port-of-Spain, Rio de Janeiro, Tristan da Cunha, Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Durban, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Aden, Port Sudan, Suez, Alexandria, Athens, Naples, Monte Carlo, Gibraltar, New York

SATURNIA
Italian
New York, February 15
56 DAYS
Funchal, Teneriffe, Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algiers, Cannes, Genoa, Naples, Syracuse, Bizerta, Valletta, Tripoli, Phaleron, Dardanelles, Istanbul, Santerin, Rhodes, Port Said, Haifa, Beirut, Cattaro, Venice, Trieste, Ragusa, Patras, Naples, Palermo, Algiers, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Ponta Delgada, New York

EXCALIBUR
EXOCHORDA
EXETER
EXCAMBION
American Export
Jersey City,
Alternate Tuesdays
44 DAYS
Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Alexandria, Jaffa, Beirut, Haifa, Alexandria, Piraeus, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles, Boston, New York

OPPOSITE PAGE: Near Buenaventura, Colombia. Photograph by Eleanor Parke Custis

Panama Pacific Line from Branson de Cou



United Fruit Co

Swedish American Line

Bermuda News Bureau

WEST INDIES, HAVANA, NASSAU, BERMUDA

5 to 14 DAYS

CARINTHIA
Cunard-White Star
New York, November 5
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

ROTTERDAM
Holland-America
New York, November 5
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

CARINTHIA
Cunard-White Star
New York, November 16
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

GRIPSHOLM
Swedish-American
New York, November 18
11 DAYS
Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Havana, New York

CHAMPLAIN
French
New York, December 22
11 DAYS
Nassau, Kingston, Havana, New York

TRANSYLVANIA
Anchor
New York, December 23, January 7, January 18
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

PILSUDSKI
Gdynia-America
New York, December 24
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

STATENDAM
Holland-America
New York, December 24
9 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

COLUMBUS
North German Lloyd,
New York, December 24
9 DAYS
Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Havana, New York

AQUITANIA
Cunard-White Star
New York, December 24
9 DAYS
La Guayra, Port-of-Spain, Fort-de-France, Virgin Islands, New York

ROMA
Italian
New York, December 26
7 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

EUROPA
North German Lloyd,
New York, December 26
6 DAYS
Nassau, Bermuda, New York

RELIANCE
Hamburg-American
New York, December 26
7 DAYS
Havana, New York

MANHATTAN
United States
New York, December 27
6 DAYS
Havana, New York

OSLOFJORD
Norwegian-America
New York, December 27
9 DAYS
Kingston, Havana, New York

QUEEN OF BERMUDA
Furness
New York, January 5, January 12
7 DAYS
Bermuda, Nassau, New York

COLUMBUS
North German Lloyd,
New York, January 7
12 DAYS
St. Pierre, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Kingston, New York

OSLOFJORD
Norwegian-America
New York, January 7, February 11
12 DAYS
Kingston, Colon, Havana, New York

STATENDAM
Holland-America
New York, January 7, January 21
12 DAYS
St. Thomas, St. Pierre, Fort-de-France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, New York

PILSUDSKI
Gdynia-American
New York, January 7
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

BRITANNIC
Cunard-White Star
New York, January 17, January 25
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

PILSUDSKI
Gdynia-America
New York, January 20
11 DAYS
Nassau, Kingston, Montego Bay, Havana, New York

QUEEN OF BERMUDA
Furness
New York, January 21
8 DAYS
Bermuda, Nassau, Havana, New York

COLUMBUS
North German Lloyd,
New York, January 21
12 DAYS
Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana, New York

MANHATTAN
United States
New York, January 27
10 DAYS
Nassau, Kingston, Havana, New York

TRANSYLVANIA
Anchor
New York, January 28, February 11, February 25
12 DAYS
Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Santiago, Havana, Nassau

BRITANNIC
Cunard-White Star
New York, February 4, February 15, February 25, March 8, March 18, March 29, April 7
9 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, Nassau, New York

WASHINGTON
United States
New York, February 10
10 DAYS
Nassau, Kingston, Havana, New York

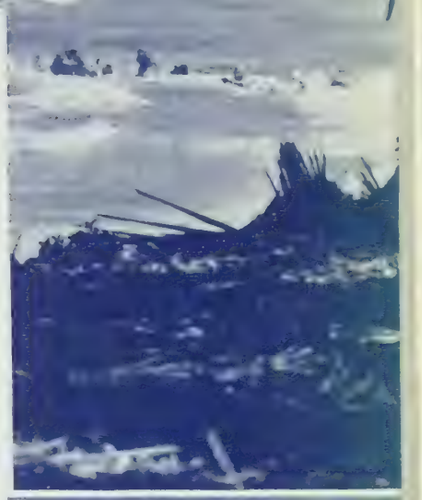
VOLENDAM
Holland-America
New York, February 12
10 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

VOLENDAM
Holland-America
New York, February 24
9 DAYS
Havana, Nassau, New York

VOLENDAM
Holland-America
New York, March 11, March 18, March 25, April 1, April 8
6 DAYS
Bermuda, New York

...nama Pacific Line

United States Lines from Gendreau



United States Lines

PILSUDSKI
Gdynia-America
New York, March 14
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

STATENDAM
Holland-America
New York, March 18
14 DAYS
Virgin Islands, Martinique, Barbados, Port-of-Spain, La Guayra, Curacao, Kingston, New York

KUNGSHOLM
Swedish-American
New York, March 23
12 DAYS
Port-au-Prince, Cristobal, San Blas Bay, Cartagena, Kingston, New York

KUNGSHOLM
Swedish-American
New York, April 6
10 DAYS
Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Havana, New York

STATENDAM
Holland-America
New York, April 8
8 DAYS
Nassau, Havana, New York

VOLENDAM
Holland-America
New York, April 15
5 DAYS
Bermuda, New York

GREAT WHITE FLEET
United Fruit
New York, Every other Saturday
12 DAYS
Kingston, Puerto Barrios, Puerto Cortes, New York

GREAT WHITE FLEET
United Fruit
New York, Every Saturday
12 DAYS
Santiago, Puerto Barrios (or Tela), Puerto Cortes, New York

14 TO 21 DAYS

NERISSA
FORT TOWNSHEND
Furness
New York, November 10, December 3, December 10, December 30, January 11, January 25, February 4, February 18, March 1, March, 15, March 25, April 8
21 DAYS
St. Thomas, St. Croix, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, New York

STELLA POLARIS
B & N
New York, December 17, January 3
15 DAYS
Miami, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, New York

KUNGSHOLM
Swedish-American
New York, December 20
15 DAYS
Virgin Islands, St. Pierre, Fort-de-France, Grenada, Curacao, Cristobal, Havana, New York

KUNGSHOLM
Swedish-American
New York, January 6
18 DAYS
Virgin Islands, St. Pierre, Fort-de-France, Port-of-Spain, La Guayra, Curacao, Cristobal, San Blas Bay, Kingston, Havana, New York

ROTTERDAM
Holland-America,
New Orleans, January 7
16 DAYS
Cristobal, La Guayra, Curacao, Kingston, Havana, New Orleans

OSLOFJORD
Norwegian-America
New York, January 22, February 26
18 DAYS
St. Pierre, Fort-de-France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Kingston, Colon, Havana, New York

NEW YORK
Hamburg-American
New York, January 27
19 DAYS
San Juan, St. Pierre, Fort-de-France, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana

KUNGSHOLM
Swedish-American
New York, January 27
18 DAYS
Virgin Islands, St. Pierre, Fort-de-France, Port-of-Spain, La Guayra, Curacao, Cristobal, San Blas Bay, Kingston, Havana, New York

ROTTERDAM
Holland-America,
New Orleans, January 28, February 22
20 DAYS
Cristobal, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Martinique, St. Thomas, Kingston, Havana, New Orleans

GEORGIC
Cunard-White Star
New York, February 4 and February 25
18 DAYS
St. Thomas, Martinique, Trinidad, Grenada, La Guayra, Curacao, Cartagena, Cristobal, Kingston, Havana

PILSUDSKI
Gdynia-America
New York, February 4
18 DAYS
Bridgetown, Port-of-Spain, Grenada, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana, New York

STATENDAM
Holland-America
New York, February 4, February 25
18 DAYS
Puerto Rico, Martinique, Barbados, Port-of-Spain, La Guayra, Curacao, Cristobal, Kingston, Havana, New York

CHAMPLAIN
French (Raymond Whitcomb)
New York, February 17
19 DAYS
Nassau, Kingston, Colon, Havana, New York

PILSUDSKI
Gdynia-America
New York, February 24
15 DAYS
Kingston, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Havana, New York

GREAT WHITE FLEET
United Fruit
New York, Every Wednesday
15 DAYS
Havana, Cristobal, Porto Limon, Havana, New York

GREAT WHITE FLEET
United Fruit
New York, Every Saturday
15 DAYS
Kingston, Puerto Colombia, Cartagena, Kingston, New York

GREAT WHITE FLEET
United Fruit
New Orleans, Every Saturday
16 DAYS
Havana, Cristobal, Almirante, Port Limon, Havana, New Orleans

SANTA ELENA
SANTA PAULA
SANTA ROSA
Grace Line
New York, Every Friday
16 DAYS
Curacao, La Guayra, Porto Cabello, Porto Colombia, Cristobal, Kingston, Cap Haitien, New York

Map courtesy of North German Lloyd Line

Swedish American Line

Grace Line

Swedish American Line

SOUTH AMERICA

SANTA BARBARA
SANTA MARIA
SANTA LUCIA
SANTA CLARA
Grace Line
New York, Every third Friday starting November 11
31 DAYS
Cristobal, Balboa, Buenaventura, Guayquil, Callao, Lima, Talara, Guayquil, Buenaventura, Balboa, Cristobal, Havana, New York

NIEUW AMSTERDAM
Holland-America,
New York, December 17, January 14
25 DAYS
Curacao, La Guayra, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, St. Thomas

GRIPSHOLM
Swedish-American,
Thos. Cook & Son
New York, January 31
56 DAYS
Around South America Cruise. Nassau, Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Cape Pillar, Punta Arenas, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Para and Amazon, Devil's Island, Trinidad, New York

NORMANDIE
French Line,
Raymond Whitcomb
New York, February 4
24 DAYS
Nassau, Port-of-Spain, Rio de Janeiro, Barbados, Fort-de-France, New York

BREMEN
North German Lloyd,
Raymond Whitcomb
New York, February 11
40 DAYS
Around South America Cruise Cristobal, Balboa, Callao, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Strait of Magellan, Punta Arenas, Mar de Plata, Buenos Aires, Montevideo Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Port-of-Spain, Nassau, New York

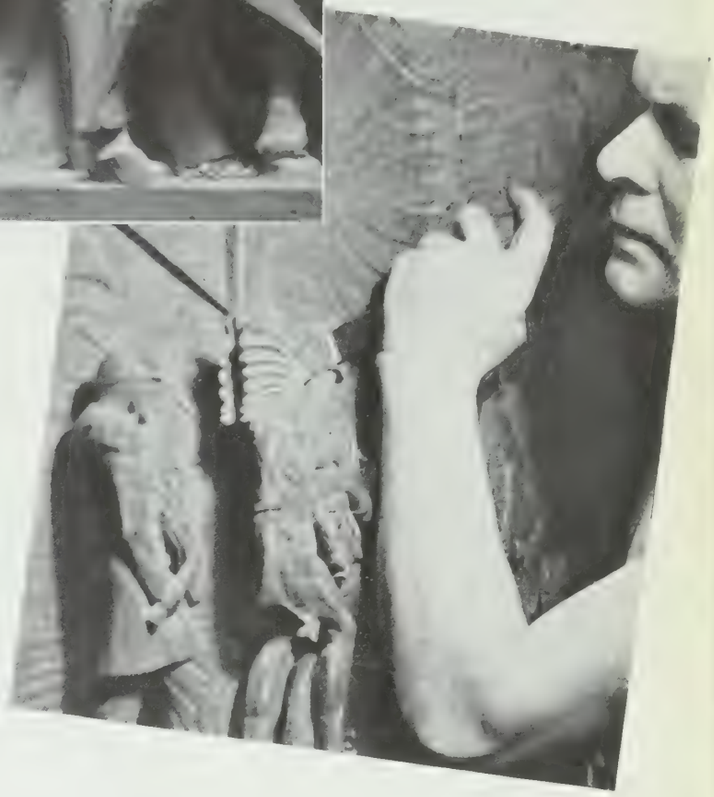
NIEUW AMSTERDAM
Holland-America,
American Express
New York, February 11
46 DAYS
Around South America Cruise Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, Valparaiso, Cape Pillar, Punta Arenas, Mar del Plata, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Virgin Islands, Nassau, New York

KUNGSHOLM
Swedish American
New York, February 17
32 DAYS
Trinidad, Para, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Martinique, St. Thomas

SANTA LUCIA
SANTA MARIA
SANTA CLARA
SANTA BARBARA
Grace Line
New York, Three times per month
38 DAYS
Cristobal, Balboa, Buenaventura, Guayquil, Talara, Salaverry, Callao, Mollendo, Africa, Antofagasta, Chanaral, Coquimbo, Valparaiso, Santiago, Antofagasta, Mollendo, Callao, Talara, Grayquil, Buenaventura, Balboa, Cristobal, Havana, New York

BRAZIL
URUGUAY
ARGENTINA
American Republics
New York, Fortnightly, Saturdays
38 DAYS
Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Trinidad, New York

A superbly carved wood panel is "The March of Time" which depicts humanity's progress through the ages. Here shown are the American figures, on which Helmuth A. Foth, their talented creator, works with chisel (see below)



The Plain Art of CHISELING

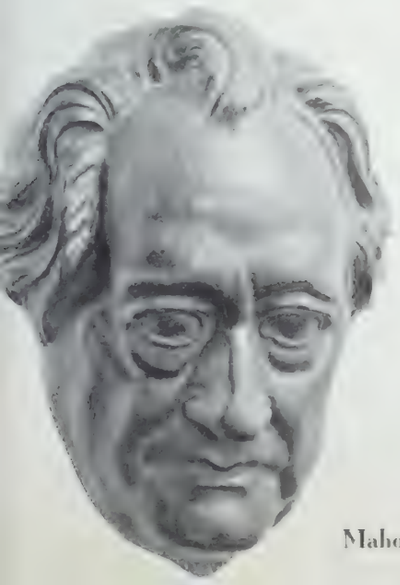
MARTHA B. DARBYSHIRE

Wood carving is one thing which people could not afford a few years back. Today, whole rooms are built of handcarved panels and decorated with furniture tediously chiseled from rare woods. The most skilled craftsman of the old wood carving art in Los Angeles is Mr. H. A. Foth. Arriving in Hollywood at the time of depression, Mr. Foth took his turn at picking up milk bottles to sell for a few cents with which to buy bread. But the tide changed. Four or five years ago he turned his talent to execute for William Haines, the interior decorator of Haines-Foster, the intricate designs of wood carving which have become identified with Mr. Haines's work. It was a day of rare good fortune when these two men started working together. Mr. Haines has an innate knack for clever, unusual ideas in his decorative schemes. He sees a smart lamp shade in a fluted garbage can, painted black, or the roof of a Nanking pergola may suggest a carved wood window cornice or another lamp shade for a Chinoiserie scheme of decoration. But Mr. Haines is not a wood carver. On the other hand, Mr. Foth, of German-Russian heritage, comes from a long line of craftsmen. His ancestors were wheelwrights. The Foth business firm, which has passed from generation to generation, made elaborate carriages, heavily carved with scrolls and emblems. Napoleon's sleigh and the carriage of Frederick the Great were two very fine pieces of its work. On the other side of the house, Mr. Foth's mother was an expert wood carver. His own education began at the age of eight. When he became an adult, he studied architecture in Germany, spent four years under a master wood carver and at the same time studied sculpture in an art academy. He was, then, the craftsman whom William Haines needed.

Not only are Mr. Foth's skilled hands quick to shape out Mr. Haines's ideas but his alert mind needs no more than a suggestion, or a rough drawing, to overtake Mr. Haines's mental process in some new creative gyration, from which point their combined thoughts take form as if the two were seeing with a single set of eyes. It is, indeed, a very fortunate blend of talent and genius.

There are two types of decoration in which William Haines is especially interested: The very chaste Greek, inspired by the heads of the horses of Saint Marks, and the Chinoiserie, or Chinese Chippendale. The latter, he feels, is especially adaptable to California. With boats coming from the Far East into port every few days, China becomes a neighbor. Too, there is a becoming lightness, a feeling of gardens in Chinoiserie decoration, which is most pleasing in the setting California provides.

A nice example of the teamwork of Mr. Haines and Mr. Foth may be seen in a charming room which Mr. Haines has recently completed. The paneled walls are decorated with hand carving and finished with a handsome cornice, carved from huge pieces of solid



Mahogany mask of the great poet Goethe

wood. Mr. Foth explains, however, that the idea that carving done from one piece of wood is finer than that done in many small pieces, such as the chandelier in the room, is a mistaken conception. To carve many pieces and put them together, according to the grain of the wood, so that they appear as one and so that they will never come apart, requires much more skill. By comparison, carving in one piece of wood becomes more or less primitive. The Indians carved a canoe in one piece because they did not know how to put many small pieces together in a way that would hold.

The chandelier in this same room is made in countless pieces; some of them, such as the bracket arms, are of pencil thickness. To strengthen these fine carvings, the pieces are laminated with a strip of the same kind of wood, of veneer thickness, cut with the grain running in the opposite way. When you consider that these delicate bracket arms must be cut in two to carry the electric wire and put together again so that they may be opened for inspection in case of a short circuit, we may have some faint conception of the skill and infinite patience which is required in the making.

The lamps in the room have carved wood shades, worked down to parchment texture and decorated with daintily carved wood tassels and carved coral figures. The clock and wall brackets are fashioned from many small pieces, all of which must be cut to match in grain when put together.

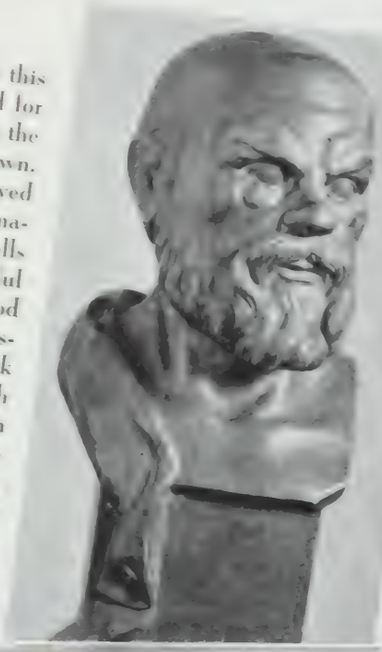
Wood sculpture, which is the most difficult of all wood carving is, of course, done from one solid block of wood. According to Mr. Foth, sculpturing in wood is much more difficult than in marble because the artist must constantly be aware of the wood grain movement. Too, he may at the last minute, after hours of work, come upon a pocket or knot. Orange wood is especially treacherous to work with for this reason. Mr. Foth was unusually fortunate in carving the torso, illustrated below, right, which is carved from an orange tree trunk. In studying the grain, he saw that it was possible to carve the figure so that the grain would run to the curved movement of the spine. As if made to order, the grain on either side of the spine flows to the center, exactly matching in design. Such luck does not often happen. However, in the case of the horse lamp bases, on page 67, the grain again runs with uncanny precision.

The mask of Goethe and the bust of Socrates are carved from a solid block of mahogany. In portraying the old masters, Mr. Foth works for symbolic compactness by accentuating the features, with the idea of portraying the powerful minds of the men rather than a minute likeness. For this reason he does not put pupils in the eyes. In the case of a personal friend, where he wants to remember a familiar face, his method is different. He not only uses pupils in the eyes but he also works for a typical expression.

There is a practical side to the work of a wood carver, too. An angle which plays an important part in our every-day life is that of pattern making. The door knob, the light fixture, the telephone, and bronze or iron grill work are all evidences of the skill of the carver. Anything that is cast in metal must first be made in wood. It is a simple matter after the pattern is once made but the pattern itself is a very delicate, accurate piece of workmanship.

Mr. Foth's bronze work has the same perfection as his wood carving. His bronze balcony or stair rails are identified by intricate lacework designs, in graceful, sweeping lines, while his individual figures are characterized by strong action caught in the flash of an eye and frozen into reality. Only recently there was a request from Germany for permission to use as an official emblem the design of the eagle shown on the book ends above. For personal reasons Mr. Foth declined the honor. Anyway, according to his custom the model had been destroyed after the original book ends were made.

Uniquely beautiful is this painted mirror, carved for use (one of a pair) in the residence of Joe E. Brown. A bust of Socrates, carved from a single block of mahogany, sculpturally tells the philosopher's powerful intellect. Preferring wood to marble, Mr. Foth transforms an orange tree trunk into a classic torso with graceful stance; the grain flows to the curve of the spine, matching on either side. Of bronze are eagle book ends, cast after the originals carved in wood



Wood craftsmanship of rare artistry is manifested in these brilliant interior accessories created by Helmuth A. Foth for rooms designed by William Haines. The twelve-branched chandelier is made of about five hundred separate pieces of Luaan wood, with nine carved coral figures, one being the Phoenix bird in the center. Equalling this fine Rococo elegance is the palm tree lamp, one of a pair, of which each leaf in base and finial is carved in three segments; a shade, bleached to match, is of holly veneer. The florescent clock with its eagle crest is carved of Luaan. Horse heads in the classic Greek tradition, carved from solid blocks of oak, then bleached, form lamps such as this one with shade of oak veneer, bleached to match, trimmed with cork mouldings

otographs by The Mott dios and Fred R. Dapprich

Of all of Mr. Foth's work the most pretentious is a wood sculptured panel which is nearing completion. He calls the panel, "The March of Time." It is carved from a five-inch plank which was cut in the middle and then put back together with the grain reversed to prevent the panel from warping. The procession of the ages starts with Socrates and Plato and goes on to depict the Hebrews, Teutons, Romans, the Middle Ages, the Puritan Age, Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, the American Revolution, the Age of Napoleon, and on to the wars of liberation, including the Indian War in America and the Civil War. The next step is the Victorian Age, on to the World War, portraying the American, German, and French soldiers marching together. This historical event is followed by the Post-War period, characterized by the cripple, and then on again, to the coming age in which we hope to evolve to better and higher stages of freedom. It is a masterful portrayal, carved from one single piece of wood.

Although each period of time may mean headaches to those in the thick of it, it is agreed that running time, reviewed over a period of say 2500 years, moves along fairly evenly in much the same steady tempo as is seen in the trotting figures of the panel. Purposely, Mr. Foth has crowded the events of 2500 years into the first of the panel while he covers only the passage of a hundred years in the last half. The reason is that our conception of history is telescopic, but we see the immediate past and present in detail.

The architectural background, beginning with the sphinx and ending with modern industrial buildings, corresponds with each age depicted, while out of the clouds of the past a figure shapes up which culminates in the head of blind future striving toward light, with Father Time dominating the entire picture. Each figure of the panel stands out in sharp, true form as if it had been hidden there in solid wood, waiting to be released by the magic of the carver's tools. So far, Mr. Foth has spent eight hundred hours on the panel. Three hundred more will finish this great work. (*Continued on page 96*)

Can you handle your dog

DAVID D. ELLIOT

Photographs by Jones

1. The start of a perfect retrieve: the bird is picked up

2.—and is tenderly and quickly carried back to the handler

3. With head held high, the Labrador brings the bird to hand

ONE of the most critical periods in the career of a field trial or shooting dog is the time that he goes back into the hands of his owner after having been at "school" with a professional trainer—unless, of course, said owner has had previous experience handlings dogs. If, as is frequently the case in these days of increased popularity of field trials and the sporting breeds, the owner is a newcomer to the game, his first attempts at handling his newly trained dog can be a pretty crucial time in the career of the trainer too. His reputation, as well as the future of the dog and the peace of mind of the owner, is at stake. This state of affairs is due largely to the fact that there isn't any school that I know of—except the school of experience—where humans can be taught how to handle dogs. Where they can learn what can be expected of a dog and what can't, and in general be made to realize what the trainer has been able to do with his dog and what he, the owner, must do to carry on from there. The only way to avoid misunderstanding and disappointment is to maintain the closest possible coöperation between owner and trainer. I cannot stress this too strongly.

Of course, some people can never learn to handle dogs, just as there are people who can never learn to manage horses, or lions, or other animals. This type of person sends a dog to a professional trainer with the complacent belief that it will be returned to him a smooth-running machine, a machine which will obey his every whim—do a considerable bit of mindreading too, and do it without any guidance or enforced discipline. This theory sounds fine, but dogs being what they are it just doesn't work out that way. Since it doesn't work, and the owner finds that he can't get the same response that the trainer could he accuses the trainer of not doing a thorough job. He decides that his dog isn't any good, perhaps feels that his money has been taken under false pretenses, and seldom or never places the blame where it belongs—on himself.

Happily, however, this type of person is in the minority. Most novices possess an innate understanding of dogs and can become quite successful handlers if given the opportunity to be schooled in the practice of maintaining the discipline that their dog has received from the professional. The rules are quite simple but they must be strictly adhered to, for no matter how well trained a dog may be, he will take advantage of a novice almost every time. Dogs are quick to detect a tone of command that is indifferent and lacks authority. In fact, the slightest neglect on the part of the handler will be made the most of, and if he fails to bring the dog to book for each indiscretion, the dog will soon be worthless.

A good example of the wrong way to get started with your dog is the instance of a person who purchased a partly trained one. It was young and, though not a finished article, had received sufficient work to be fairly steady to shot and to know what it was all about. It was a good worker too, and merely needed more experience to be classed as a finished performer. The trainer gave a demonstration and explained fully how to handle the dog. The purchaser was very much taken with the dog's performance and could hardly wait to own him. Before he took him home the trainer placed a collar, stamped with the kennel name and address, on the dog's neck just as a precaution against his getting lost while still a stranger to his new owner. The owner was told to watch him for a few days until he was sure the dog had settled down in his new surroundings. He was also warned to keep him on a leash whenever he took him out. Well, the owner took him home and immediately let him run free, explaining to some friends who were watching that the dog wouldn't go away as it was under perfect control. However, the dog had other ideas and upon gaining his freedom bid his new owner farewell and started out to find his old home. His purchaser seemed to look on this behavior as entirely inexplicable and uncalled for. He had seen the dog under perfect control with the trainer and couldn't comprehend why it wouldn't respond to him in the same way. Eventually the dog was found and returned to the kennel of his former owner, supposedly for a few days—this all happened

after he has been trained?

months ago and the dog is still there. The present owner has made no move to take the dog back home and get acquainted with him. Yet he fully expects to use him as soon as the shooting season opens in his part of the country. This is just one of many similar occurrences, though I wouldn't go so far as to say that they all measure up to this standard of ingenuousness.

Of course, it's up to the trainer to be sure that the owner is thoroughly familiar with his system. In many cases of misunderstanding the trainer is at fault for not being sure that every detail is clearly understood, and the owner is justified in his feeling that the money spent in having his dog trained has been wasted. The handler should also give the owner all possible information regarding the ability and peculiarities of his dog, and above all should not be afraid to admit that his charge is not making the progress in training that might be expected, if such is the case. In this way the owner will not be left with a dog that the trainer knew from the start would never give satisfaction. A good dog will help to train the novice, and the wise novice will benefit by such knowledge. Whereas if the trainer returns a mediocre dog to him it not only tends to discourage him but leads him to form the opinion—and not unjustly in his case—that the training game is crooked.

In return for an honest and straightforward opinion on the progress of the dog from the trainer I would suggest that the novice go whenever possible and watch his dog being trained. I cannot recommend this too highly. This advice doesn't apply solely to novices either. It is a tremendous help to anyone to have a practical demonstration not only for the purpose of becoming familiar with the commands and signals used but to get an insight into the weaknesses and strong points of his own dog, the better to understand how it, as an individual, should be handled. It will save the novice much disappointing trial and error. He should go as often as possible and note carefully what to do and what not to do—and when to do it. If there is anything that isn't clear he should ask questions—as many as he likes. The trainer will be only too glad to give all the assistance possible, for certainly his greatest satisfaction lies in the success of his pupil after it finally leaves his hands.

As a matter of fact, if all owners could or would go to the training kennel to watch their dogs being worked and be instructed themselves, trainers would have much less to worry about. Unfortunately it is often impossible for the owner to be on hand, and in these cases it is necessary to rely entirely on written instructions, a difficult method unless the owner has had considerable previous experience. It brings little satisfaction to either party and is the breaking point of many a good dog. Still, you can overcome some of the difficulties of written instructions (if the owner has some ability and the desire to learn), and at this time I think in fairness to both novice and professional it would be highly appropriate to give a few hints that will apply in practically every case.

Most trainers, I am sure, give a complete list of handling instructions when the dog is returned and I want to again stress the fact that these are far more than empty words and may mean the difference between keeping up the standard of efficiency that the trainer has instilled and letting it all go simply because you feel that the instructions are not of sufficient importance. First do not take your dog out unless you have him on a leash until you feel that he has accepted you as his new owner. During this time do not call upon him to go through his paces just for the benefit of your friends for you cannot at this stage expect to get even a fair performance. It will take only a few days for you and your dog to get together and understand each other, so it is worth your while to wait until this understanding has arrived and you can justly ask a fair performance. When you first start is the time above all others to follow instructions to the letter. If you haven't received them, write for them immediately and in the meantime don't try your own methods. You may start off on the wrong foot and undo all the good that has been done.

If your dog has been trained to the whistle ask your trainer to get you a whistle of the same kind. This is important, for it will take some time to get your dog used to a different tone, and it is also important to imitate as closely as possible the manner in which your trainer blows his whistle. It is a well-known fact that a trainer can give both dog and whistle to a stranger (*Continued on page 101*)

4.—while the handler waits to receive it, a cock pheasant

5. The dog stands in front of him until he grasps the bird

6.—then it is dropped unmarked and unruffled into his hand

What It Takes To Win—at a Major Horse Show

ELIZABETH GRINNELL

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN is elaborately decorated for the occasion. Boxes and seats are filled with expensively dressed people, jewels, furs, and brocades. The flags of the foreign nations screen the ends of the buildings, and scattered through the audience and on the promenade move the uniforms of the foreign officers. Down in the arena magnificent horses compete. Dozens of miniature hackneys or brilliant saddle horses. Hunters carrying their scarlet-coated riders, jumpers clearing amazing heights with astonishing accuracy, or the International classes with their fantastic fences. A sensational show. Almost anyone might wish to have a horse of his own and become a part of this picture—to ride a magnificent hunter or drive a high-stepping harness horse which, at the end of the class, would parade proudly out of the ring wearing a blue ribbon. It looks easy enough, as though, given sufficient funds, almost anyone might do it, but horseshows of any sort are far more than glamorous social occasions. They are most definitely a competitive sport and, as is the case in any sport, to win, when pitted against the very best, takes much time, more experience, and endless hours of practice. People who own show stables like this competition, just as a championship tennis player likes a tournament, but their real pleasure lies in the preparation. Nine owners out of ten are very much a part of their own stables. They spend a great deal of their time with their horses, watching them, riding or driving them, hoping for them, and learning from them the invaluable lessons they have to teach. They love their game just as the tennis player must love his if he is going to play it well. Much more than money goes into the winning of a blue at the National, although it takes plenty of that, too, because exhibiting a stable of horses at the country's largest shows is one of sport's most expensive pastimes.

Consider the years of anticipation that go into the making of a show horse. Since the ring is the aim and the chief reason for breeding the American saddle horses

and hackneys, the life of a horse in the saddle and harness sections begins before he is born. Proved stallions command high stud fees and mares that are good enough to show are treasured for their value as producers. Blood lines are carefully studied and the results have become so definite that almost any unpracticed eye can distinguish either of these breeds at a glance. Practically all saddle horses have the same high-headed, peacocky airiness and all hackneys have extremely high action and compact conformation. A slightly different system prevails in the hunter and roadster classes since both the Thoroughbreds and the Standardbreds, on which these divisions depend for many of their entries, are from race track stock. But although the hunter or roadster may be purchased in infancy at the Saratoga or Old Glory sales, picked up at a paddock auction, or drafted from some racing stable by private arrangement, perfection of conformation, soundness, and disposition are of first importance. Recently great strides have been taken in the breeding of Thoroughbreds especially for hunting and year by year more show horses come from this foundation.

Given all the right ingredients to start with it takes years of expert conditioning, training, schooling, bitting, and experience to bring a show horse to the top of his form. They are started as babies, often shown by their mother's side, then in hand as yearlings and two-year-olds. At three they go in special junior classes, under saddle or in harness, so it is not until their fourth year that they really start regular competition and then usually only in the less important classes. They may not step into the front line until much later and even then they may not win any championships for years—if they ever do.

Occasionally some sensational horse will be discovered that will win at his very first outing but the majority of champions at the major shows follow, in some section of the country, the career described above. People who follow the shows remember Dicksfield Farm's harness pony, Highland Cora, at Devon some six years ago. Just a tiny baby she was then, about as big as a medium-sized dog but, trotting around on the end of a lead, she had all the personality of a full-fledged champion and her little legs worked with such an extreme precision of perfect action that it was laughable in anything so very small. They knew her parents, too, for she was a daughter of the reigning and practically unbeaten champion, King of The Plain. From that time her career was watched with the greatest of interest—her gradual improvement in manners, action, and conformation as she went her winning way graduating from the breeding classes to the juvenile and her first appearance in harness. Then to the novice and the limit classes and finally to open competition, where she found her toughest adversary in her own father. These two fought many a battle royal in the ring and although the King won most of them he was growing older as Cora was growing better with every meeting, so it was always a question of what would happen next time. Cora, five years old, was the National's 1937 champion but, in all fairness, it must be added that the King was not there to defend his throne.

Before Cora was born Mrs. John Hay Whitney had started trying to win the National hunter championship with her favorite horse, Gray Knight, by the race horse sire Royal Canopy. He won at many of the largest shows but year after year this sensational but temperamental animal would make just enough mistakes in the Garden ring to keep him from taking this one most coveted award. Seven years ago, when he made his first attempt, he was an iron gray. Last fall Gray Knight was almost white but, steadied and controlled by years of experience, he won, at last, the tri-colored ribbon his owner wanted so badly.

Only the lucky ones climb straight up the ladder of success and are a source of constant joy to their owners. Even in the best of hands disappointments are many. A horse may be the best yearling imaginable, carry out his promise at two, and then start growing in all the wrong directions. Possibly his disposition may go haywire and his heels become a constant threat to any harness or wagon. He may become so temperamental that he won't hold any gait consistently and sometimes no amount of bitting, shoeing, and balancing will make him move like a show horse, or he may turn out to be an utter failure over fences. Recently two beautiful Thoroughbred colts, that had won in yearling and two-year-old classes at some of the largest shows, were purchased for big prices with high hopes. The following winter both of them caught distemper and the disease affected their wind so that they will be useless for showing. There is another case of a big price being paid by an experienced owner for a two-year-old hackney pony that showed every sign of becoming one of the very best but as she grew older she became so willful that it was impossible to do anything with her. The number of horses that eventually become champions is relatively small when compared to the number that started out with that hope in view. It is pretty difficult to estimate exactly the number that an owner must buy or breed in order to get one consistent winner. Sometimes the very first horse will turn out to be a great success but on the other hand there are cases of a lifetime being spent in the game without ever owning a really top horse. It might be said that out of every ten or fifteen horses that are aimed at championships possibly one may hit the mark. But this is, after all, only the dark side of the picture. It would take more than disappointments such as these to dim the pleasure that goes hand in hand with the ownership of a stable of show horses and there are many exhibitors that feel that they have had their money's worth of anticipation no matter how much they paid for a horse or how badly he turned out. There have been horses that have gone straight through from novice class to championship with a clean list of wins. A horse may do badly for some time and then have the complete reversal of form that will change him from a disappointment into a success. A little more experience may improve another's manners, a bit more condition may correct faults in his conformation, a little more schooling may make him a good enough jumper. Hope can, and does, spring eternal in the heart of the show ring (*Continued on page 99*)

Sketches made at the 1937 National Horse Show by Frank Boyd

It's an Old Southern Custom

L. S. CAINE

Photographs by the author

Here dey come!

It is the custom in the South, among the outdoor element, to set aside Thanksgiving Day for a dove shoot. It hasn't quite come to the point where the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation contains an order for all able to bear arms to go dove shooting, but that may come any year.

Below the Mason-Dixon line we get our doves when they come to feed on seeds in the fields. When such a field is *right,* doves come from miles around, usually in the early morning and late evening. The gunners disperse through the field just at daylight, taking trees, bushes or brush-piles as blinds. With the first shooting light the doves come drifting in by ones and twos and flocks.

They curve and swoop with the deceptive pace of a slow-pitched ball until shot at, when they shift into a high gear which is the maximum combination of straight-out speed with elusive shifts of direction and elevation. Many a gunner who is a respectable shot on ducks or quail has left four empty shells in the field for every dove he has carried out of it. They seem like such a set-up, as they gracefully drift and float toward a blind, that a gunner's only thought is which of the flock to take first, so as to leave a sure shot for the second barrel. And very often the first barrel is a miss for a reason which is never comprehended, a secret of the dove's trade, and the second for the plain and simple reason that the bird is just going too fast by then to swing a gun on him. All of which means it is good sport.

A dove shoot is of necessity a sociable affair. It takes some twenty men to shoot a hundred-acre field. If a single man tries it, he gets little shooting. The doves will sail into the field and alight, only by luck passing close enough to give him an occasional shot. When he tries walking them up, he finds himself shooting about a sixty-yard rise, for the birds are wary feeders. If there are enough shooters, on the other hand, wherever a dove attempts to enter the field someone will get a crack at him and if he misses, the dove, instead of feeding, will circle about and usually afford one or two of the other guns a shot.

There is one man who seldom enjoys a dove shoot. That is the host, or the man who has arranged it. Once he has issued the invitations, all hold him responsible for showing them a good day's sport, and if the doves leave the field before the day of the shoot, mute guns and reproachful faces make the sponsor of the "bust" feel like another Benedict Arnold. Intentions don't count; it's only doves those ingrates want. Even if it happens to be one of the warm, still days on which doves don't fly, the blame is squarely fixed on the man who discovered the field.

Early in November twenty huntsmen had accepted my invitation for Thanksgiving to shoot a hundred-acre melon patch on which I had shooting rights. All through October and early November it had been a dove center, but as Thanksgiving approached it seemed to my anxious eyes that there were fewer doves day by day. I had been very bullish on the patch when issuing the invitations, advising four boxes of shells to the hunter, and now I became uneasy.

The Sunday before Thanksgiving Fred and I, on the way out to shoot quail, stopped to scout the patch, hoping for many doves and no trespassers. To my consternation, there was hardly a dove in sight. "Looks to me like you've invited the boys to a washout," commented Fred. "If you weren't counting on me, I guess I'll just take these dogs next Thursday and get out of the way."

"What a pal!" was all I could think of to say in answer.

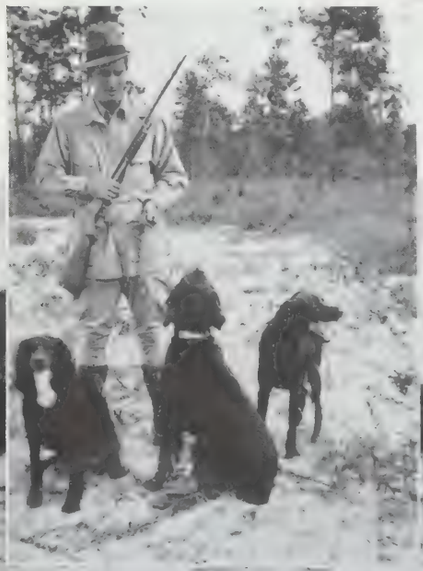
"Oh, I'll come if you say so," said Fred. "I just thought maybe you'd rather handle the excuses alone."

Then my spirits started up. A flight of perhaps a hundred doves cut across a corner of the patch. They cut the corner and made a circle—but not into the melon patch! They lit a quarter of a mile away.

As fast as we could cover the ground, Fred and I followed the doves, our hearts in our mouths, to appraise (*Continued on page 106*)

Getting ready for the pay-off

Irish setters make fine retrievers



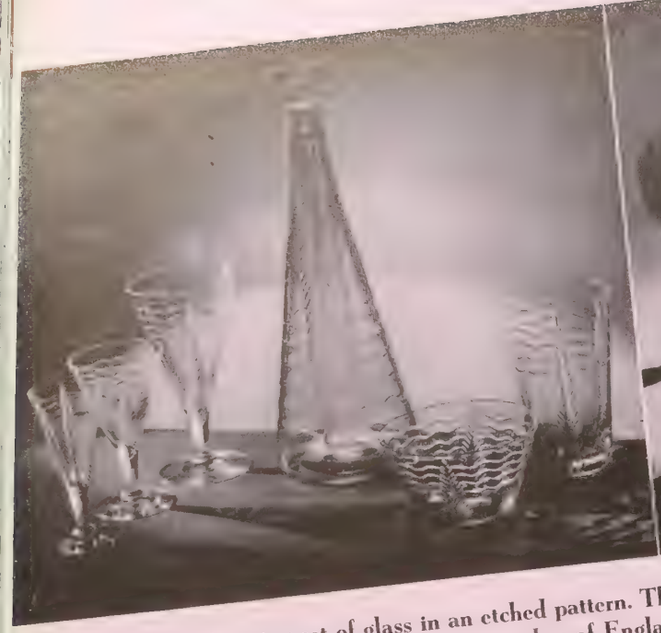
Often a tree makes a fine blind

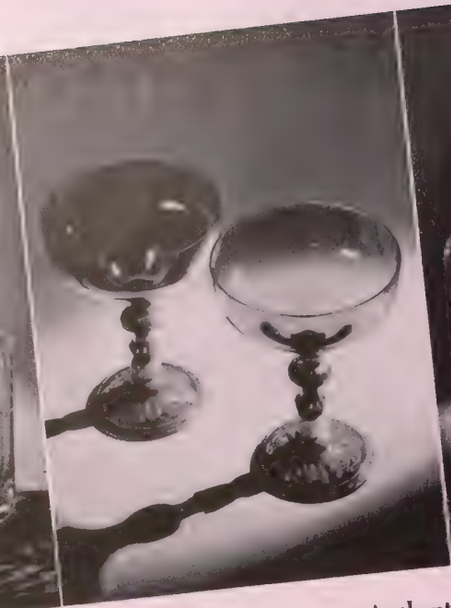
Country Life Portfolio

F. M. Demarest *Underwood & Underwood*

A supremely lovely cloth of gold silk marquisette and peach satin, with gold embroidered laurel leaves to match center panels of the crystal plates of Dorothy Thorpe's original service. Glasses and clear glass urns have gold buttons. Napkins have double bands of the satin. Flat silver is Dirigold, a non-tarnishable gold-silver metal. All are from Carole Stupell

This is an excellent example of table glass inspired by early English designs. Again the simplicity of the design emphasizes brilliance and clarity of this hand-made crystal. Steuben Glass Inc. Silver worthy of the name is not found everywhere. The new collection of Peter Guille Ltd. includes a set of three castors made in London during the reign of William III in 1700 by Joseph Sutton; the octagonal silver bullet tea pot, London, 1730, by John Eckford in the reign of George III; the silver bowl was made in London during George II's reign, by Wm. Shaw, in the year 1727. Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham have fascinating china. Your choice: pink Spode, Minton in green and white, or a new stoneware Lowestoft in Copeland's Spode



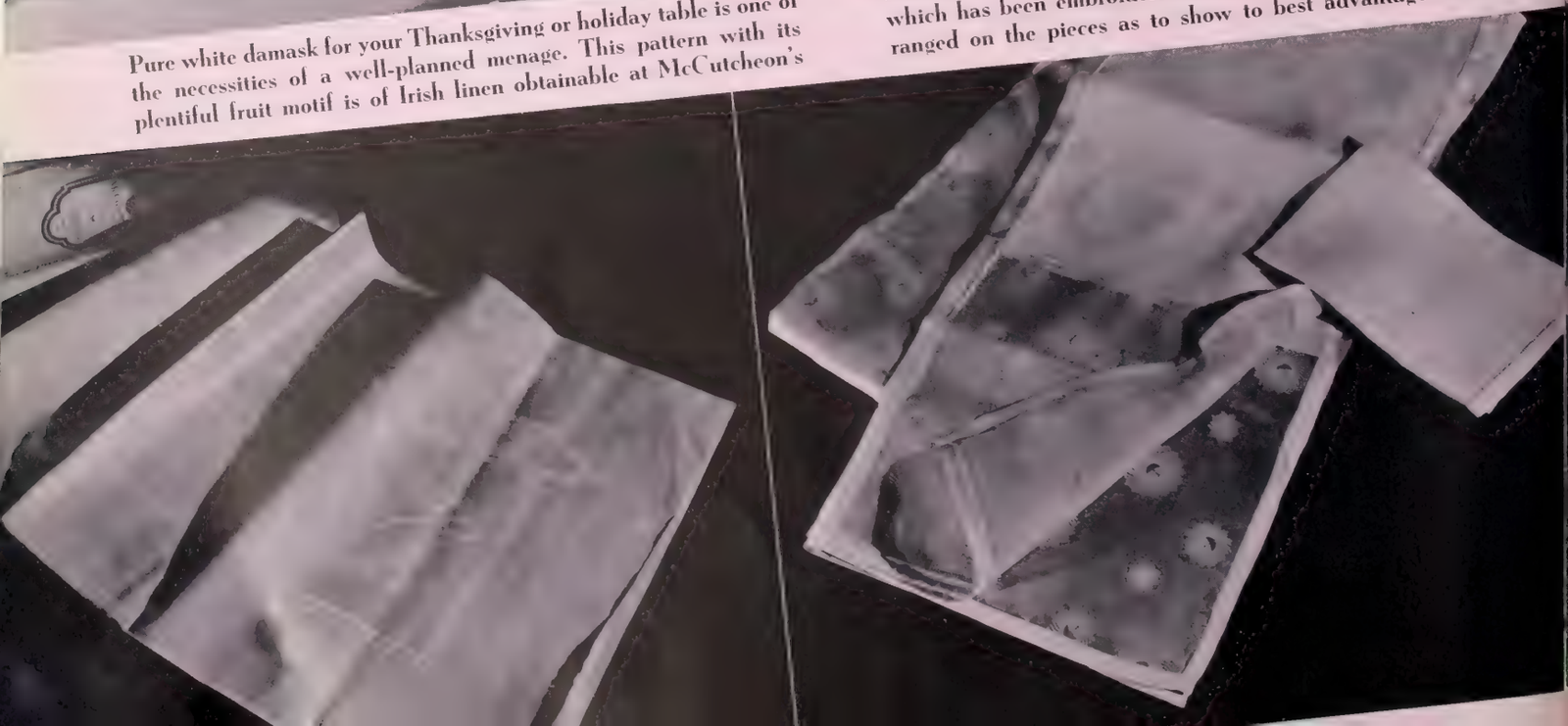


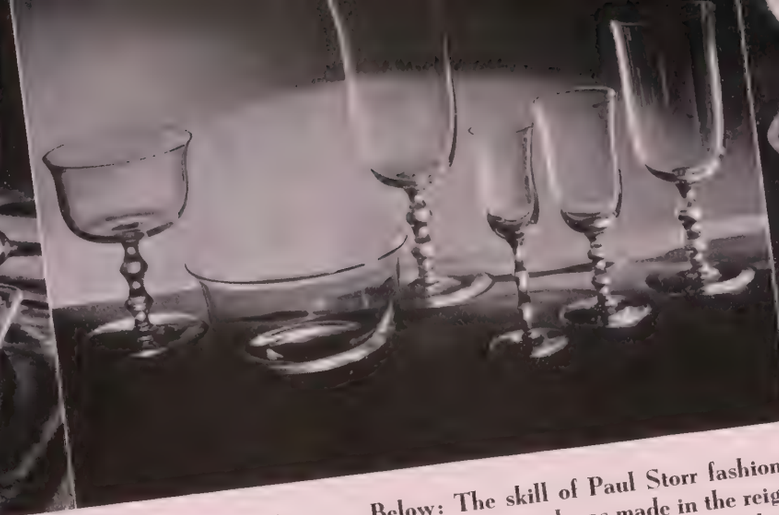
Above: A charming set of glass in an etched pattern. These are from Alice Marks and it is rumored that a member of England's reigning house uses them on her own table. Yamanaka and Co. have perfectly exquisite ruby glass champagne cups with jade and carnelian stems. They cost about nine hundred dollars the dozen, but their fragile beauty is worth the price. These Fostoria glasses from R. H. Macy are suitable for still wines, champagne, brandy, Cointreau, and Benedictine

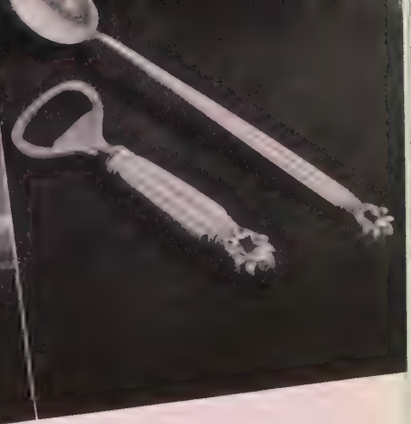
Below: Authentic old Sheffield candlesticks and bowl (c. 1800) from Robert Ensko. A coffee pot from Peter Guille made in London during the reign of Queen Anne, 1712, by Richard Watts shows exquisite workmanship. Entirely handwrought from the Arthur J. Stone Work shop (Leah K. Curtiss at the gallery of Mrs. Tysen) this group include a two-handled sauceboat with Fiddlehead ladles; a pair of boat-shape salts and a chocolate pot resembling the Pygan Adams coffee p

Pure white damask for your Thanksgiving or holiday table is one of the necessities of a well-planned menage. This pattern with its plentiful fruit motif is of Irish linen obtainable at McCutcheon's

Maison de Linge are combining the most fragile linen with organdy which has been embroidered in tiny circles. The motifs are so arranged on the pieces as to show to best advantage on the table

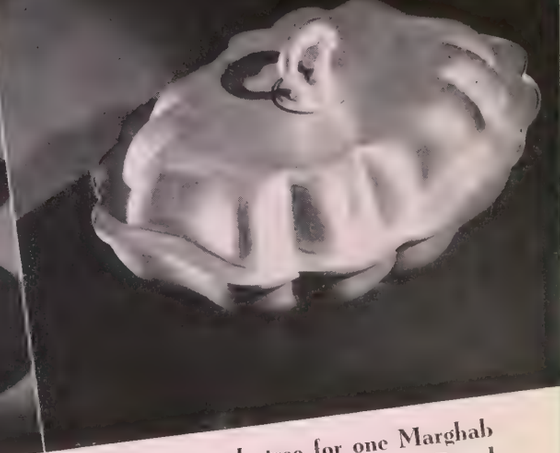






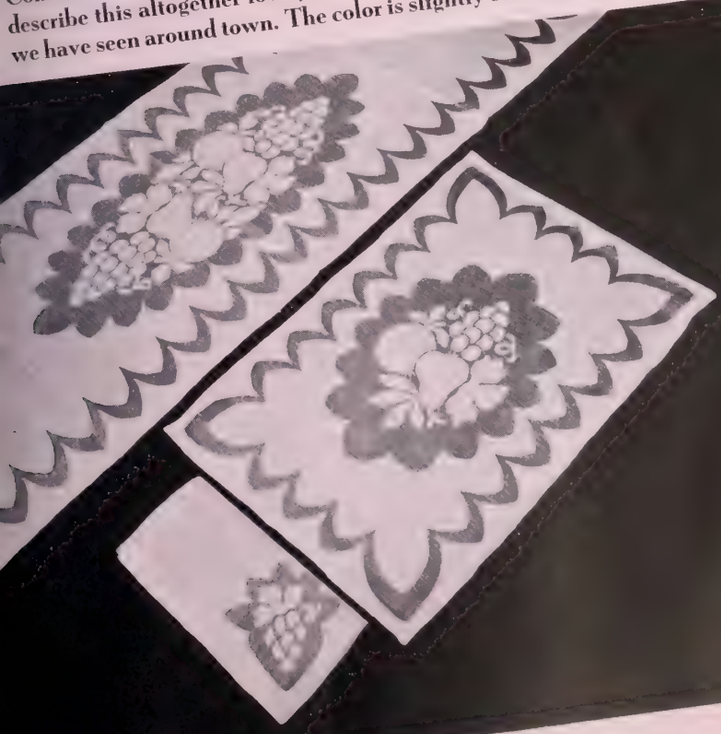
Above: An all-over etching, "First Love," on Terrace stemware and plate from Duncan and Miller was made to harmonize with a silver pattern of The International Silver Company. The Swedish glasses and finger bowl come in sepia and white and were designed by Simon Gate for Van Dugteren. An appropriate present at any time for a man or an accessory in your own dining room or bar is this set of handmade silver from Jensen—a stirring spoon and bottle opener

Below: The skill of Paul Storr fashioned this hot water jug, a very fine specimen, and was made in the reign of George III in London, the year 1809; with the original spirit lamp. Arthur S. Vernay. Three after-dinner coffee cups from Copeland and Thompson are exact reproductions of Spode in the following periods: vine pattern 1808; rose 1810; apple 1810. All in sepia. The double vegetable dish is an International Silver Company design from Wm. H. Plummer and Co.



Combined linen and organdy in a fruit motif does not adequately describe this altogether lovely set, which is one of the most beautiful we have seen around town. The color is slightly off-white. Mossé Inc.

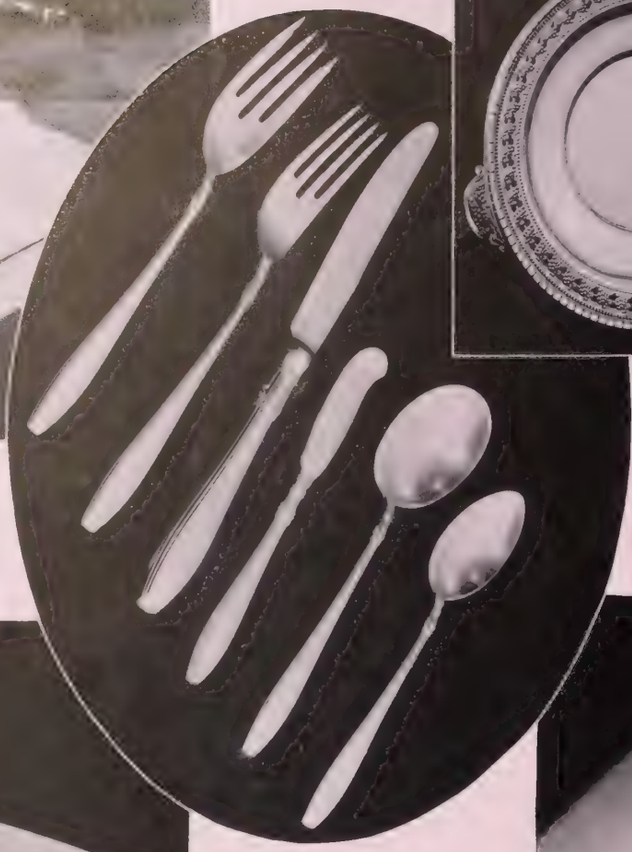
Against a pale green ground a white Jacaranda tree for one Marghab linen; the other inspired by the trumpet flower. One plate—Royal Copenhagen place service; the other Flora Danica. Georg Jensen Inc.



Demarest

Photographs by F. M. Demarest

Appropriate country service in huge cabbage leaves for plate, server, and salad bowl shown on a linen crash mat brightly colored with vegetables. A clover leaf glass. W. and J. Sloane



Gorham silver comes in a new, suave pattern called Nocturne. Simple with a chaste design of which you will not tire, it has the advantage of improving each time it is used. This silver lends distinction to whatever table it graces—every day meals or state occasions

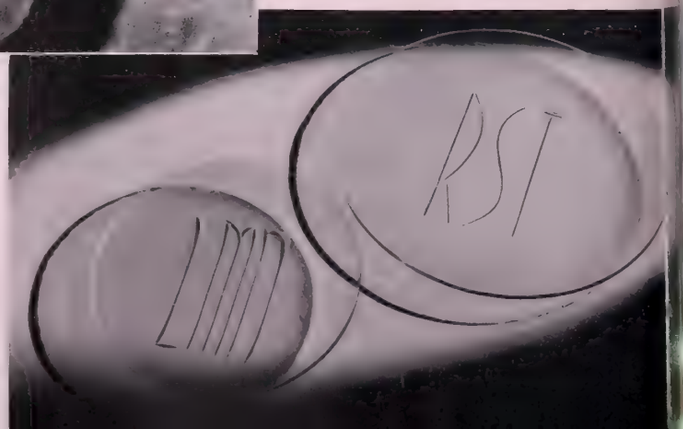
One cannot have enough servers for hors d'oeuvres or tea sandwiches and these from R. Wallace and Sons Mfg. Company show clever workmanship. The small buffet tray is Nordic in design with tab handles; the larger one is semi-ornate

Table cloths come in a diversity of colors. Leron has powder blue for a background with a feathery scroll design; Grande Maison de Blanc a cream ground with shaded orange and yellow blossoms

A varied collection of linens comes from Schoenfeld & of Carlsbad. One here has graduated squares for the design on a dainty tea cloth; another has small flowers equally fragile. Both are white. Eileen Allen

One of a kind crystal can always be found at Rena Rosenthal's. Grapes for glass plates; figure type is most decorative and glasses simple and lovely

Two types of plates from Plummer: Crown Staffordshire in blue and gold with exotic birds in panels; blue grapes in the Minton plate



Making them yours and yours alone, the crystal monogram plates are definitely modern, but can be a contrast when used with traditionally

Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

As I write these lines which are supposed to be cheerful comments on observed sporting events, the world hangs on the edge of suicide. We in this section stand amidst the ruins of our goodly places. By the waters of the Connecticut and the Merrimack and the Nashua and a hundred other streams, and by the shores of the sea, we sit down and weep when we remember thee, oh New England! No such catastrophe has ever before visited us and we were unprepared. Yet I have never been prouder of my countrymen and women than I was on that baleful Wednesday night, September twenty-first, and on the following days when the extent of the damage was ascertained. The self-control, the courage, the honorable qualities which were displayed by all sorts and conditions of people were really beyond praise. My own experiences during the hurricane were trivial and my danger practically nil. I was on a train marooned by fallen trees near Waltham, Massachusetts. It was a typical commuters' train, filled with business and professional men, stenographers, secretaries, clerks, and students returning home after their day's work in Boston. When the gale reached hurricane force and trees began to fall all around us, the passengers showed no sign of panic or excitement. A lady sitting in the seat in front of me was evidently watching the storm and she saw a large pine tree falling slowly toward the section of the car where she was, so she jumped to her feet and ran down the aisle. The tree fell, doing no damage, but her action made me duck from the newspaper I was reading and in a split second after she had risen three or more slates from the roof of a barn about 150 feet away exploded like a shell through the thick glass of the window by which she had been sitting. I went back to the end of the car to ask her if she had been cut by the flying glass or slates. She was calmly sitting there. "Oh, no," she said, "not at all." As long as I live my hat will be off to that unknown lady, who escaped death by inches.

We pulled down the curtains on the windward side and, although the train rocked perceptibly, we had no other sharp incidents other than falling trees. But the spirit of all hands was magnificent, giving one new hope for the future of the republic. It *was* an ordeal particularly for young women and boys who had never met danger and faced it before, but they did it with a *sang-froid* which had no affectation in it.

In the Hurricane's Wake

But, oh, the wreckage when I reached home late the next day! On our place and in the lovely village of Groton simply innumerable trees uprooted or broken with, however, little damage to houses. In falling, the great elms seemed to dodge the houses. The odds were a hundred to one, but God directed them to fall to the right or the left of human habitations and they obeyed. But our old town was certainly a shambles wherever you went and still is something to wring your heart.

The tragedy of our trees is a small and insignificant thing compared to the dreadful havoc and loss of life in the coastal towns and cities where sea waves took their deadly toll, or to the ruin of those unhappy communities where flood and fire were added to the horror of the hurricane. One feels a sense of betrayal by the elements just as one feels betrayed by a foolish generation which does not know the law. Kipling wrote—and his words apply both to the physical and the spiritual case in these days:

"Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes the galloping breakers stride,
And their overcarried spray is a sea—a sea on the landward side.
Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves, going they snatch with their teeth,
Till the bents and the furze and the sand are dragged out, and the old-time hurdles beneath!

"Walking along the wreck of the dykes, watching the work of the seas,
These are the dykes our fathers made to our great profit and ease;
But the peace is gone and the profit is gone, and the old sure day withdrawn . . .
That our houses show as strange when we came back in the dawn!"

I walked through the town on Thursday, the day after the hurricane, and saw—among other things and people—a gray-haired villager whom I did not know busily sawing away at a great fallen tree in front of his little house. I raised my hands and shook my head.

"It's terrible," he said.

I answered, "It's terrible."

He surprised me, for in our section we are not given to displaying emotion, by saying, "The beauty of Groton is gone. You live outside the town and probably you don't know how proud we were of our old trees." And he turned away so that I could not see the tears in his eyes.

We are all unconscious egotists and our own troubles loom large in our minds, however much we sympathize with others in greater misfortune. And the immemorial elms of Groton and Lancaster and Cambridge and scores of other New England towns were lovely and beautiful things and we shall never see them again.

"For a Glory to Groton"

I tell the following story with a good deal of diffidence and embarrassment for my memory is notoriously inexact about things which happened yesterday, and these things happened twenty years ago. However, only one living person can dispute me and if he does my defense must be that the story is told as the events were seen and heard by me.

Among the three founders of Groton School was the late Reverend Sherrard Billings, "Mr. B." to generations of Groton boys. He was a very small man, with bristling, aggressive eyebrows and beard, and the loveliest nature in the world. No boy or man in trouble or in doubt ever went to him and came away uncomforted. He was simple and wise and good, a faithful Christian and a truly faithful friend.

He taught Latin—among other things—and he taught it with ingenious devices and catch phrases which would stick in the memory and make the dreariest piece of Latin grammar at least mildly interesting. If you recall your school days you will remember, of course, the "ablative absolute" and perhaps another strange grammatical device, the "double dative." The latter Mr. Billings illustrated by the (*Continued on page 98*)

"Or did you want just an ordinary lawn mower?"

H. WILLIAM
MAIER

Our host is a wild-fowler par excellence and a gentleman with a worthy respect for tradition. At his duck dinners the birds are prepared as tradition dictates: high, having been hung undrawn for eight days; hot and crusty, having been rushed to the table from a piping hot oven; rare and juicy under the crust, having spent exactly fifteen minutes in said oven.

Everything is according to rule. The salad is made of oranges and chopped celery and watercress, with a dressing of olive oil and brandy. There is wild rice, with a tang that is reminiscent of that of the birds. There are finely chipped potatoes and braised celery and currant and cranberry jellies and a carefully prepared lemon sauce for the ducks. The Burgundy is good Burgundy, a little warm, as it should be.

If our host has been careful to invite only confirmed traditionalists like himself, everything will be lovely; together they can enjoy their dinner, licking their chops as the red juices ooze from the half-cooked birds. But to the uninitiated, the ordinary eaters who prefer their meats cooked, the dinner will be nothing but a manful attempt to look happy and appreciative, delicious as the salad, rice, and Burgundy may be.

For it's a sad fact that only purist sportsmen and gourmets of the old school find wild ducks palatable when they are prepared in the approved, rare-and-high manner. To simple, untrained palates a nice slice of roast lamb would be infinitely more acceptable.

Far be it from any rank amateur of the table to argue with the connoisseurs. As the old Romans and a number of other people have said, there is no disputing about tastes. Let's just leave it that there seem to be a lot of people in this world for whom a little gaminess in their wild birds goes a long way.

Fortunately it is quite possible—if not always easy—to prepare wild ducks so that the gaminess is merely a tang, a little added spiciness that you don't get in domestic birds. And so prepared you can serve them to ordinary people, people who think that black ducks are black and who have never heard of Sauce Diana, with reasonable assurance that they will not be longing for that aforementioned piece of roast lamb.

The one real difficulty lies in guessing just how gamy the ducks you have shot will be. Once that has been determined, it is comparatively simple to treat them in such a way that the gaminess will be retained and still be under proper control.

Cook books have a way of listing the species of ducks in the order of their edibility. Such lists invariably begin with canvasbacks, run down through the redheads, pintails, mallards, teal, and black ducks, and end with a note that scaups and goldeneyes are barely edible. If the mergansers and scoters are mentioned at all in the lists, it is simply to say in quite emphatic terms that they should be thrown away as quickly as possible.

These lists undoubtedly serve a useful purpose, but they can be extremely misleading, as the flavor of a duck depends more on its diet than its species. The canvasback is an epicure's delight only when it has been feeding on its favorite foods of wild celery, wild rice, and waterlilies. In salt water bays it often eats fish and mollusks, and then its flesh becomes decidedly fishy. Goldeneyes—"whistlers" to everybody but the ornithologists—are pretty rank, as the cook books say, after they have been diving for mussels in the salt water for a couple of months. But when they first arrive from their inland breeding grounds in the North they can be as tasty a little bird as you could ask for.

Scoters and mergansers—"coot" and "shelldrake" to most gunners—do live largely on fish, crayfish, and mollusks and are therefore strongly flavored, but the natives of the islands and coastal sections of New England have ways of treating them which make them entirely palatable—if not, perhaps, in the same class with the more famous table birds.

In general, gaminess, strength, fishiness, or whatever you want to call it varies directly with the proximity to the salt water. On the coast only fresh arrivals from the interior will be mild in flavor. A mallard that has been feeding in the cornfields of the Middle West is only a little stronger than a corn-fed domestic duck. It's the subtle flavor imparted by a diet of wild rice and wild celery that makes the famous table ducks famous, and the flavor of minnows and mussels that keeps the sea ducks in their lowly niche.

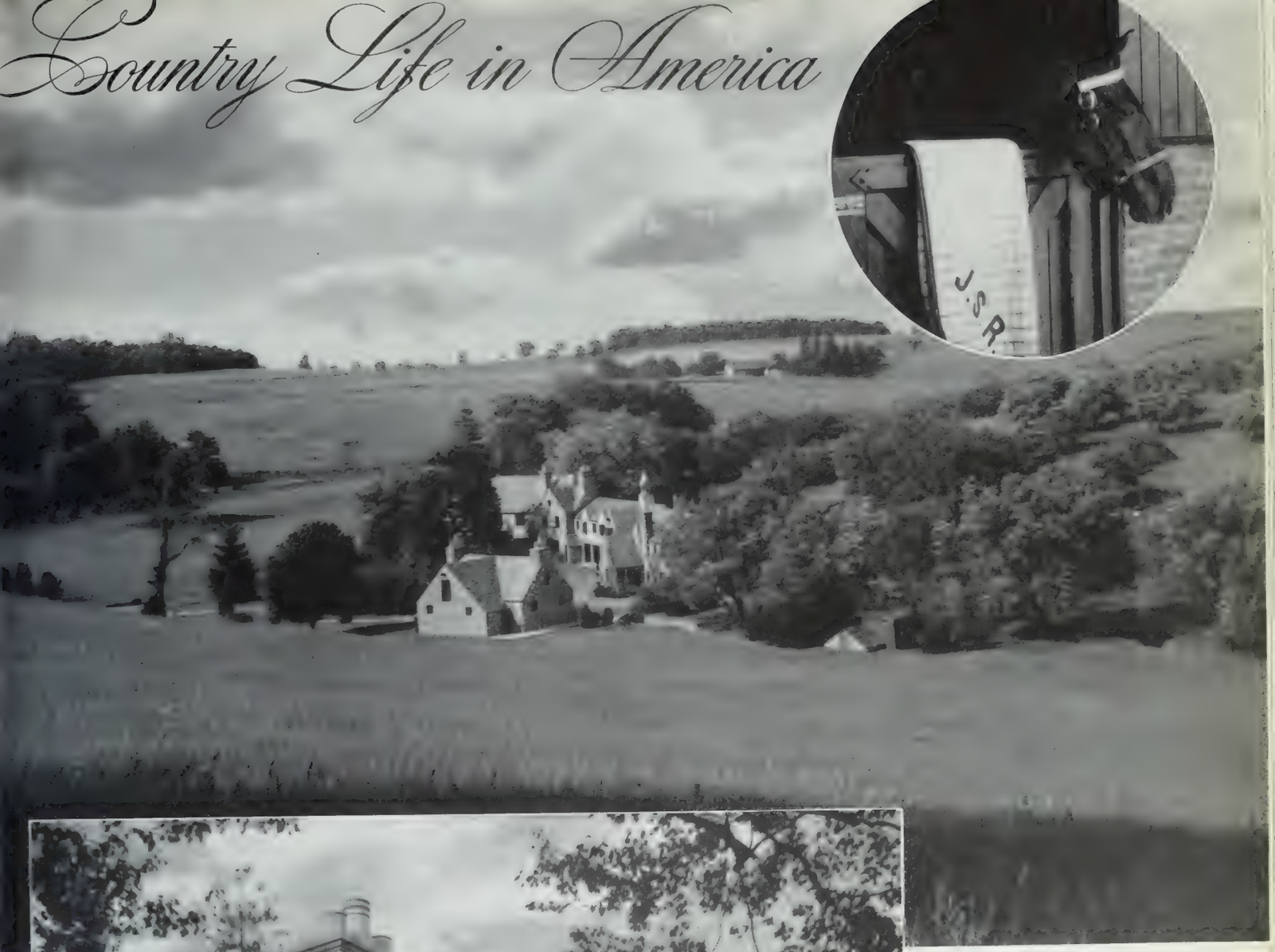
The more one knows about the diets of the different species and the available wild-fowl food supply in his locality the better, but it is not necessary to be an ornithologist or a seasoned hunter to estimate how gamy the birds will be. Guides and native gunners can give valuable hints, and a little intelligent experimenting and observation will go a long way.

Suppose we now consider a wild-fowler with less regard for tradition and more for the tastes of his guests. Being a law-abiding citizen in this Year of Grace 1938, he has not shot many canvasbacks or redheads. Perhaps he has been shooting black ducks near the salt water fairly early in the season. They will be gamy to be sure, but not excessively so.

"High," according to the dictionary, means tainted, and he is not anxious to serve his (*Continued on page 94*)

Decorations by HARRIE WOOD

Country Life in America



No. X in a Series

"RUNNYMEDE"

THE HUNTING BOX OF MR. AND MRS. J. STANLEY REEVE

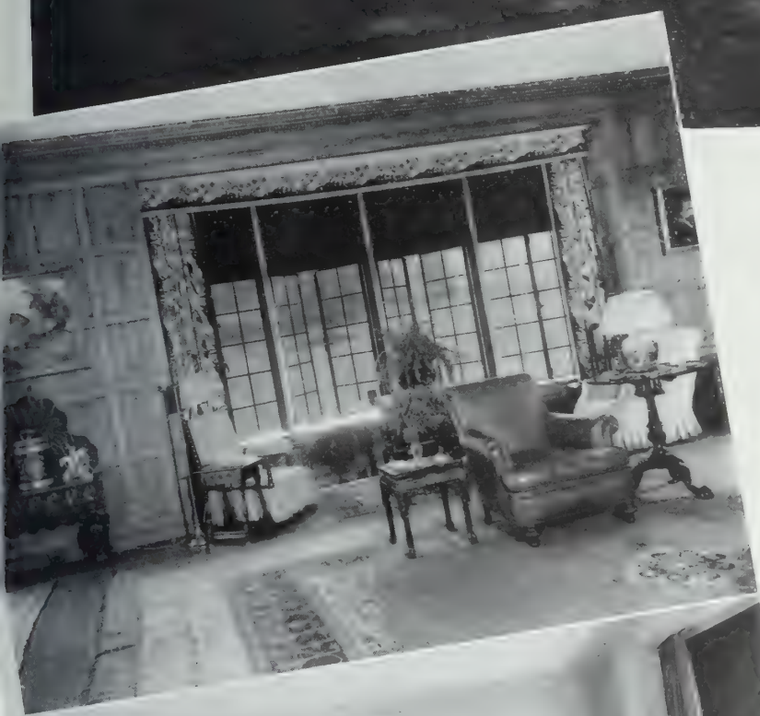
UNIONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Tucked away in a fold of the Cheshire County Hills lies the hunting box of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanley Reeve. The location, selected after years of searching, is in the exact geographical center of Plunket Stewart's celebrated Cheshire "country." The name Runnymede was given to this tract by the Maule family, who emigrated from England to America and bought this property in 1823. On the left, the living room windows look north

SHEPPARD
& STEARNS
Architects

At the top of the page the smaller five-stall stable includes kennels for Mrs. Reeve's spaniels and greyhounds. In the foreground is the unique circular mounting block. The approach to the front door above shows clearly the detail of the iron work made in York, Pennsylvania, characteristic of that part of the state a century ago. The house itself is constructed of greenish gray dressed stone which is also local. From top to bottom at the right we see first of all a view of the main stables, with water buckets standing in front of the stalls, initialed for the hunters to which they belong. The longer view of the front approach shows the terraced steps and below we see the stud groom's quarters.

Through the green Runnymede meadows the Doe Run meanders for a mile and a half. Here, at the top of opposite page, it comes murmuring to the lawn's edge. On the far side the Cheshire Foxhounds have their Monday meet, with a field of over seventy in scarlet making a picture worthy of any English hunting print.



The corner of the living room above boasts the Lawrence grandfather clock from Groton, Massachusetts, which has been in Mrs. Reeve's family for two hundred years. The fox's head doorstop fits in the hunting atmosphere. From this oak-paneled living room you look out through wide casement windows over the lawn to the well-shaded and well-watered fields where the Reeves' hunters enjoy their well-earned summer's rest. On the left of the casement windows hangs "Constant Companion" considered one of the best works of the celebrated English painter, Lynwood Palmer. On the right is a portrait of Van Dyke by J. C. Wildens. Done in the same perfect taste as the rest of Runnymede, the charming dining room with its soft pastel green walls reflects the real hospitality of the lord and lady of this beautiful manor.

POLO

from the Near-Side

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

Above: The winning Aknusti team upset Old Westbury in the finals of the Waterbury Cup: Bobby Gerry, Pat Roark, Robert Gerry, Sr., Ebby Gerry, Raymond Guest

Above: Spectators at the Waterbury Cup, Miss Beatrice Brown, Mr. Edmund P. Rogers

Above: Miss Le Brun Rhinelander and her fiancé, Mr. William G. McKnight, Jr., watching the polo tournament at Meadow Brook Club

Left: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rathborne of Old Westbury, with Cocie Rathborne turning spectator for a day

Right: Spectators on the sidelines were Mrs. Ivor Balding and her sister-in-law, Judy Balding

Photographs by [illegible] Rotototos, [illegible] and Levick-Jones

THE dear old upset reared its head on historic International Field at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, on Sunday, the second day of last month, when the Eastern high-goal season came to the close of one of its most successful years with the best game of the 1938 tournament schedule. With 10,000 surprised and enthusiastic spectators, wrapped in overcoats and blankets, in the big stands, Aknusti fought its way through to a glorious triumph and by virtue of a great victory over Old Westbury rode off the field as titleholders of the famed Monty Waterbury Memorial Cup, symbolic of the United States Handicap Polo Championship.

At the end of eight blistering periods during which the score had been tied seven times Aknusti was on the front end of an 11-to-8 score. The winners were allotted two goals, which apparently they didn't need, at start of play because of respective handicap ratings, and the game was a scorcher throughout. Not until the end of the seventh chukker was either team more than one goal in front of the other. Then "Ebby" Gerry made it 10-to-8 for Aknusti and Ray Guest's final period shot straight through the pylons cemented the well-earned win.

As mentioned before, the result was something of an upset. It had been expected that Aknusti, after stopping Greentree in a more decisive defeat in the semi-finals, would give Old Westbury a stiff battle. But the latter team—probably because it carried the same celebrated name as the 1937 and 1938 U. S. National Champions—was the favorite. In that final big game of the year, however, there can be no question about the best team winning, on that day anyway, as they truly deserved And not because of any lack of effort or "off day performance" on the part of the losers. They went down like champions, fighting every inch of the way and contributing their full share to a game that kept the excited fans sitting on the edge of their—well, chairs—until the final whistle.

One of the extraordinary reactions that a casual observer might have noticed afterwards around the clubhouse was that everybody seemed quite happy about it. Of course, Old Westbury wasn't too happy. But even those tired warriors were quick to flash the keenest sporting instincts by generously acknowledging a truly great exhibition on the part of Aknusti. And Stewart Iglehart, the ten-goaler who was as brilliant all afternoon in defeat as he has been so often lately in continued conquests, probably summed up the losing team's gallant post mortem when he entered the dressing rooms with a broad grin and said cheerfully, "We did the best we could, but every one of those Aknusti-ites *sure* played polo!"

Yet the Old Westbury riders must have been disappointed . . . They came so close to winning . . . And it was "anybody's game" all the way . . . a hard one for either side to lose. Incidentally, the tournament committee—though it really isn't incidental—must have felt kind of sorry too, or at least a bit regretful. Not because of Aknusti's startling upset of the favored Four, but because, ironically, the way they did it and the manner in which Old Westbury fought back doggedly at every turn of their ponies was the type of breath-taking, bruising, bumping, hell-for-leather polo at its best that tremendous crowds love to witness. It was too bad therefore that only a slim gathering was on hand, as compared to the 37,000 that jammed every nook and cranny of the rambling robin's-egg-blue stands for the Open Final. But you never can tell when they're going to happen, these upsets, and a great deal of the appeal of high-goal polo lies in this fact. With two teams of spirited thoroughbreds, men and beasts, going "full out," with nerves and over-taxed muscles under pressure and tempers at the breaking-point for seven-and-

a-half minutes of eight periods of grueling, intense action, so much depends on temperament. And anything is liable to happen.

One of the jobs of a so-called polo writer is, we presume, to try and explain how such things could happen. . . . And, at any rate, in this case the job is not so difficult. Here was Old Westbury hailed by the morning newspapers the following day as a team up until that day undefeated in any sort of practice or tournament polo since August of 1937, and Aknusti, a team of three highly-strung players whose faint knocks on the door of fame in the preceding Open event certainly weren't anywhere near loud enough to gain admittance, and whose fourth player and star, "Pat" Roark, was only this past summer dropped to a six-goal rating in England. How could Aknusti possibly beat Old Westbury, and with all the riders on the Old Westbury side playing extremely well, mind you? Old Westbury from the above lines, would seem to have had an almost sure chance of adding the Waterbury crown, which they won last year, to their 1937-38 Open titles.

Well, there are two answers to that question, we think. The first one is "Pat" Roark, whose more conspicuous name is Capt. Charles Thomas Irvine Roark. And the second one is Cecil Smith, regular 10-goal No. 2 on the championship Old Westbury team, who was conspicuous by his absence.

The defeat of Old Westbury in the Waterbury therefore, to our humble way of thinking, was not, after all, such a mystery. The most mysterious thing about it in fact would seem to have been the newspaper accounts the following morning—not one of which bothered to mention the fact that Old Westbury really wasn't Old Westbury at all, since they rode without Cecil Smith. Doubtless the newspapers, good-naturedly, didn't care to detract in any way from Aknusti's splendid victory or the fine all-around play of Smith's substitute, Ivor Balding . . . A worthy thought and one in which we heartily agree. However, for the benefit of some possible reader thousands of miles away, who didn't see the game, faithful reporting would seem to make it perhaps unpleasantly necessary to say here that Ivor Balding would be the first to tell you that the secret of Old Westbury's outstanding success has been the combination play of the two ten-goalers, Smith and Iglehart, making up the strongest combination in the middle of the game in high-goal polo today. Only last month, in describing Iglehart's and Smith's marvelous game in the Open Final, we told you that "neither one of them could have done it alone. Together they couldn't fail." And despite Ivor Balding's fine work—and he is, of course, one of this country's, and England's, most useful players, make no mistake about that—it must in all fairness be admitted that this season his general brand of polo has been about four-goals lower than Smith's consistent standard—and four goals in that ball game on Sunday, the second of October, would seem to have been about all Old Westbury needed.

YET the defeat of Old Westbury was undoubtedly unexpected. Maybe Bobby Gerry, who with his brother Ebby, was that day one-half of a superb pair of forwards, expected it. We told you way back in September in these columns that young Gerry said, "I may be goofy, but I really think we have a chance this year!" And he certainly played that way. And we don't mean goofy. We told you Aknusti, if they had the "cattle," might pull a Stagehand and come from far back for a "photo-finish" and fool everyone. And we also told you that we thought Pat Roark, despite rumors as to his mediocre play abroad, if properly mounted, would play as well as he ever has on Long Island—and darned if he didn't—in fact he played such magnificent polo all season that he will undoubtedly be left at his current 9-goal American rating by the U. S. Handicap Committee. And perhaps Pat Roark expected an Aknusti triumph, and maybe Ebby Gerry did. But few others did. Raymond Guest didn't, until they took Greentree into camp and he gained that confidence which controlled his shots of tremendous distance; stopped him hitting wildly all over the field as he did in the Open; and turned him into the most sensational Back seen in America this year.

The night before the Aknusti win over Greentree, which was also somewhat of a surprise, Pat Roark, the Irish veteran (one hopes he won't be insulted at being called a grand old veteran) told us: "If I can get these kids calmed down so that they'll go out there and play the kind of polo they *can* play, we'll take 'em!" And in that remark the baffled scribe trying to explain why Aknusti won the Waterbury has something to hold on to. Roark, one of polo's greatest horsemen and tacticians, *made* this Aknusti team; steadied them down; made them go out and play the top polo of which they were capable. He knew they were all really good players and dour fighters. And he knew, too, Aknusti had the equipment in the form of beautiful American-bred pedigreed horseflesh—most of it raised on the Gerry-Harriman farms in New York State—to take those Old Westbury prize mounts (Argentines, Chileans, English-bred, the same ponies that have been acclaimed all year as (*Continued on page 1*

Mike Phipps, winner of the polo pony race at Piping Rock, accepts the Will Rogers Cup from Mrs. Walter B. Eaton

Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson of Manhasset arrives at the Meadow Brook Club with her son, Danny

Right: Mr. and Mrs. George E. Kent, Jr., of Jericho arrive at the polo matches. Mrs. Kent was the former Miss Mary Gawthrop

Left: Miss Mary F. Pitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Pitney of Morristown attends the Waterbury Cup matches with Mr. Philip R. Fell, of Woodbury

Right: Three enthusiastic spectators at the Waterbury Memorial Tournament were Mrs. Robert Strawbridge, Jr., Mr. F. H. Prince, and Mrs. R. Strawbridge, Sr.

W. NEWBOLD ELY, R

Below: Miss Mary Mather, Master of the Brandywine Basset Hounds, with her Felicia, which won the title for the best Basset bitch

Below: Mrs. Alfred Bis[illegible] of Wilmington, Del., wh[illegible] her Stockford Gamestar, [illegible] champion Basset doghou[illegible]

Top of page: Jack Carson, huntsman, accepts the trophy for the Foxcatcher thirteen inch Beagles as they won over all other Beagles. Richard V. N. Gambrill is presenting the cup

Left: Jean du Pont poses with Merrymaker, from her mother's Foxcatcher Beagles, winner of the fifteen inch unentered dog class and also the champion fifteen inch dog

With the Hounds at Bryn Mawr

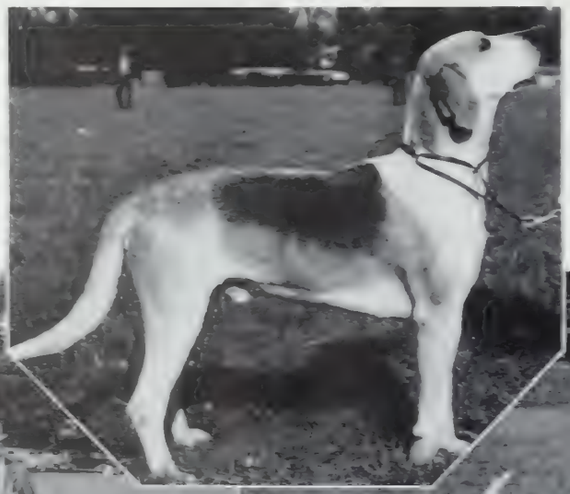
Although the American Hounds as usual had the largest entries, Wednesday, American Hound Day, came during the terrific storm and the few local photographers equipped with water wings got only vicarious murky shots with flash bulbs under the Stygian cold moist folds of the gigantic tent.

In spite of the northeaster, however, huntsmen and whippers-in from the leading American packs gamely waded around the ring with their charges which were in the opinion of the judges, Mr. Algernon Craven and the writer, the best lot they had ever judged. The bitches were especially high quality—in fact several which just got placed would have actually won a championship ribbon in some other years. Vicmead Ranter, a red hound rather on the big side, but sound as a dollar, won the champion doghound with Fairfield and Westchester Tinkle, the New York Hound Show Champion, leading bitches and winning Best American Hound. This "Best Hound" Class, by the way, to my mind should go the way of appointment classes, as it's like deciding whether Clark Gable or Myrna Loy is the better looking. Hound shows do not need the build-up for the gate or the dispersing of various colored ribbons which call for quarter finals, semi-finals, finals, etc., at the dog shows.

The veteran Orange County Jubilee, an old favorite of mine, looking very well preserved, won the stallion hound class for the third time. The pack class was easily won by Millbrook with an even dog pack with every hound carrying a gay stern. In the English hounds the Shelburne won the champion dog with imported Cattistock Alton. The Cheshire won the bitches and the pack class for English hounds. The Meadow Brook won the champion crossbred dog and bitch with Factor and Gratitude, as well as the crossbred pack class.

The Welsh Challenge Cup went to Pantysgallog Nimrod which my friend Herbert Rees sent over to me this summer. The Foxcatcher made a clean sweep in the Beagles with Skippy, Merrymaker, Mary and Merix. Stockford Gamestar and Brandywine Felicia won top Basset honors.

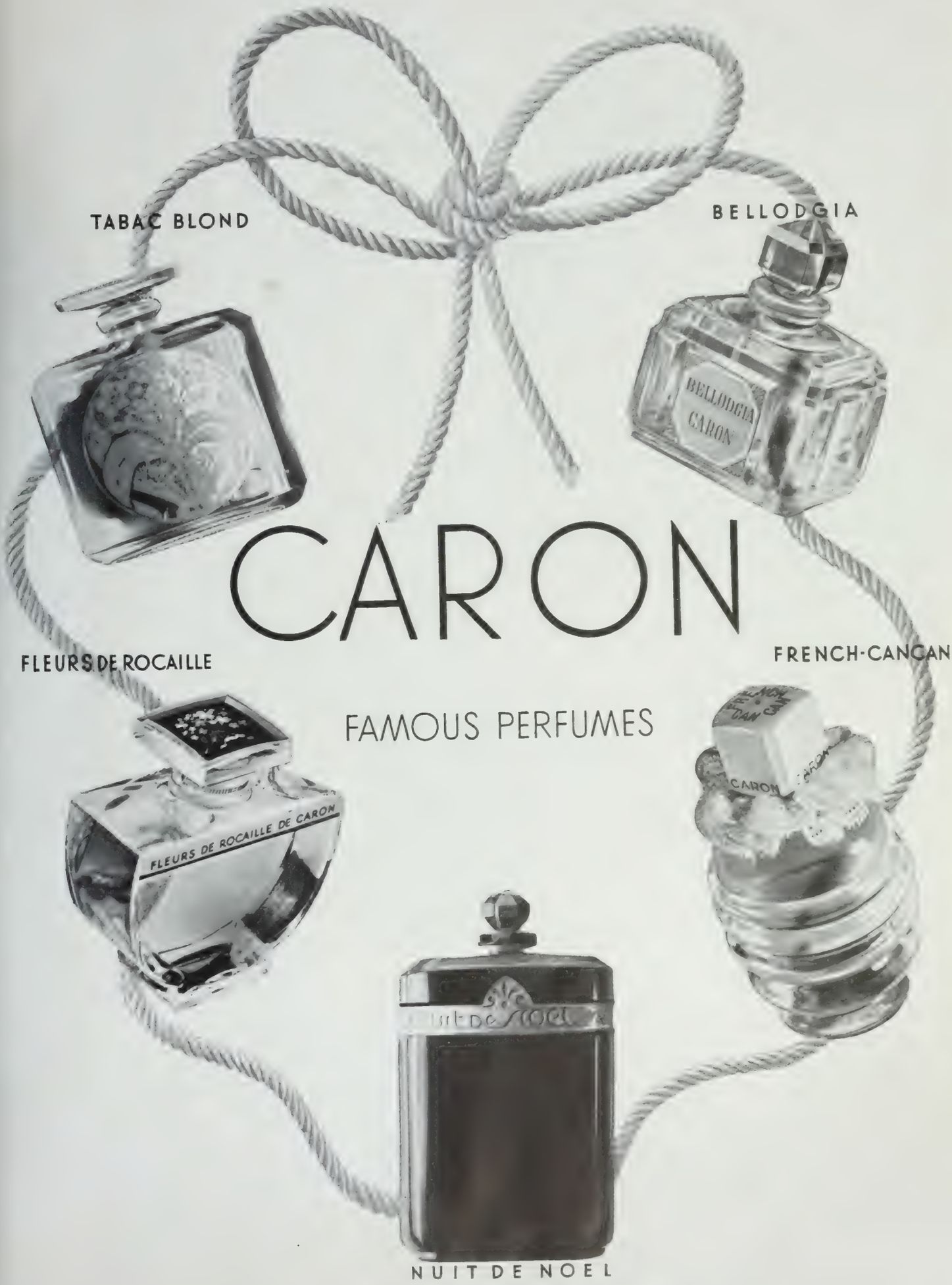
Shelburne's Cattistock Alton, bred by the Duke of Beaufort and sent to Watson Webb by Alex Higginson, won the champion doghound cup at Bryn Mawr



Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds took the honors as Best English Pack. Left to right below: Mrs. Watson Webb, Richard V. N. Gambrill, Dean Bedford, C. Smith, Lord Barnby, and Stanley Reeve

The Meadow Brook crossbreds can hardly be told from English hounds. Carrying a lot of Curre Welsh blood, they have the English good looks, and their huntsman, Tommy Allison, proudly poses with them

Photographs by Morgan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Mare for sale

(*Continued from page 53*)

words from his whip and Tim lifted his hounds on through a stackyard in face of much protest from Sims-Hatton who by this time had arrived again on the scene to point out that no fox had ever run that way before. However, the Master clinched the argument by bidding Tim get on with it and consigning Sims-Hatton in no printable terms to an unhuntable country. In an instant hounds were off with almost the original field together once again; on they went with varying fortunes and in varying shape over narrow-topped banks, most of them rotten, and stone walls; just skirting the dreaded Blackwater Bog, and running in an extraordinary good line of country. How far they went or where, few of the field ever knew; hounds were in front and they hung on like grim death. They were up and down; grief was almost universal; their horses were cooked, and with the Master, the huntsman, and half a dozen others, among whom was Paddy Finnegan, hounds suddenly flung up their heads near the foot of Ardtullagh Mountain and could not hunt another yard.

The run was put at three hours by the huntsman, at three and a half by the whip, but as I could not believe either of them, that point is left to the indulgent reader's imagination. Still, it was a great hunt, which became all the greater in retrospect when after an hour of tea and whisky, and whisky and tea at Brogan's hostelry the "field" turned their tired horses homeward. And when Sims-Hatton got home, having missed three quarters of the hunt, he never rested until he had written (for the Kilmessan Free Press) a full description of the run, which was considered quite a masterpiece of sporting literature by those best qualified to judge.

On the following evening, as Paddy Finnegan and I were chatting in his bar parlor, the arrival of Michael Feeney on important business was announced by one of the daughters of the house. A portentous wink from Paddy suggested that the visit was not entirely unexpected, and hard on the tracks of the announcer followed Michael, accepting the offer of a little liquid refreshment and a chair, on which he sat for several minutes in silence eyeing his host like a boxer summing up the physical proportions of an antagonist.

When the silence had become oppressive he looked up. "'Tis a dam fine night," said he. "It is so," said Paddy. "Yer girl is growing up fast," continued Michael. "She is," replied Paddy and possessed his soul in patience. "And she's a dam fine girl, so she is," vouchsafed Michael. "Is it driving five miles ye are to be tellin' me what I know meself," responded Paddy, "or what was it ye wanted in the name of God."

Thus brought into the realm of stern reality Michael cleared his throat. "There was some of thim telling me ye wanted to sell that bay mare ye had out yesterday," he said opening the proceedings under duress and with the time-honored lie with which such negotiations invariably begin. "She's a trifle onsteady at her banks, but sure, 'tis the same with all these half-bred ones. I was thinkin' I might be offerin' ye 30 pounds for her." The first sum mentioned in a deal of this kind is merely a feeler with no bearing on the eventual issue, and Paddy made the obvious counter to the offer by declaring that the sale of the mare had never even so much as crossed his mind. He also inquired politely who was responsible for broadcasting the nefarious lie that she was in the market.

Prepared for this inevitable question from the start, Michael gave him chapter and verse, names and addresses, coupled with his apologies that an ingenuous belief in the trustworthiness of his fellow men had led to his making so grave an error. "But sure," he went on, "there's no ill feelin', and I'll be takin' the road home again. I'm only wastin' yer time, and I wid a cow that'll be calving on me sure the time I'd be gettin' back to her."

This was again the correct lead in the game, for had Paddy now shown any anxiety to detain his visitor, it would be taken as an admission he was out to sell at near the offer made. He returned the lead by inviting his guest to more refreshment before his homeward drive. Michael sat down again. At this stage I deemed it tactful to retire, and in about an hour's time, making sure the business was concluded and feeling in need of my "night-cap," I again sought the bar. I opened the door just in time to hear Michael proclaim that "She was a dam fine mare, and were it not for the taxation that had him desthroyed, he'd be willing to go to nigh on a hundred for her. But seein' the times that was in it, the very limit he could go to was sixty-five pounds."

Paddy was gazing into the fire as though utterly oblivious that the other had spoken. Unlike his visitor, he had a head like iron, and presently reaching forward he refilled two glasses. "The little mare could likely throw a good foal" he remarked reflectively to no one in particular. Probably the cumulative effect of an hour's potations, materially assisted by the last "four fingers" out of a bottle which, as I knew very well, contained more than a lacing of poteen, conduced to recognition of the fact that strict concentration on business or anything else was rapidly becoming impossible, for suddenly Feeney pushed back his chair with a flourish.

"Sivinty pounds," he said, "that's me last word." This was the moment for which Paddy had played a waiting game, and quick as thought, lest delay should lead to reconsideration, he put out his

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Original water colour by *Aiden Lassell Ripley*. Size, framed, 28 by 23 inches. $150.00.

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Of the many fine wedding gift suggestions now on view at Mr. Guille's Galleries, four outstanding utilitarian pieces are illustrated above. They are identified as follows. (*upper left*) George II Silver Coffee Pot made in London in 1730 by Matthew Lofthouse. (*upper right*) Queen Anne Silver Coffee Pot with side handle made in London in 1709 by J. Clifton. (*lower left*) George III Silver Coffee Pot made in London in 1780 by George Smith. (*lower right*) George III Silver Coffee Pot made in London in 1763 by Thomas Powell.

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hand. "That's a bargain," said he, as he lifted Michael to his feet, "and a betther one ye never made, though be the Powers that cow will be calvin' triplets be this time." Escorting Michael to the door, he heaved him into the car. "Are ye right now?" he asked. "Faith I am," replied Michael, "the old horse knows betther than meself the way of the road."

Paddy watched his departing guest reflectively and a smile broadened on his face. "The old stuff is none so easy come by nowadays," he murmured, "but it has great value, the way it would contint both parties to a deal."

"Is it true, as they were saying yesterday, that you gave sixty for the mare?" I asked. Mine host winked solemnly. "Well now that's telling," said he, "but betwixt yerself and me, there was thirty-five she cost me and two pounds ten to get her here, not forgettin' the pound I gave Tim Nolan's youngsters to be layin' the strongest drag from Connor's spinney that any foxhounds ever followed or ever will."

Great Non-objective masterpieces

(*Continued from page 39*)

looking up into the vastness of the starlit sky. You do not ask there for either meanings, symbols, titles, sense of intellectual explanation. You look up and feel the vastness and the beauty of the infinite. When your eyes return to the ground, its importance and troubles seem much smaller to you. The same lovely relaxation happens when you loose yourself in Non-objective, unearthly spirited pictures. Their beauty wins by liberating you from the heaviness of earth to unknown eternal worlds of spirit. Their vastness lies in their infinite rhythm and a spiritual life which only a true master can create.

When a composer speaks through music, instruments and tones are only the mediums to reach our soul. It is the spiritual force of a genius' creative inventiveness and superiority of dramatic composition which transfixes a spellbound audience into ecstasy. And so it is with Non-objective masterpieces whose spiritual force reaches us through color, form, and space composition.

The beauty in these unearthly pictures is their harmony. To give time to concentrate on such a work of art and therefore to increase the enjoyment of it is to penetrate into the realization of its singular beauty, and its cosmic, intuitive, clear order. This order in return influences people's inner balance and capacity for real pleasure. Destructive materialism can be overcome by the constructive spirituality of life.

Spiritual life is the secret of power in us as well as in creative pictures. A living reality, it is entirely different to the dead boredom of reproductive lifeless paintings to which most people have been accustomed. Non-objectiveness takes hold of our consciousness from which immense pleasure is derived by those who become acquainted with pictorial individualistic creativeness. Spiritual experience can happen to all. Even the people who are at first entirely opposed to Non-objective paintings are subconsciously influenced and may become elevated to a higher plane beyond the memory of earth. As in musical composition, pictures have different keys with different motifs. Each of them has its own law and a different organization not seen anywhere before. Different pictures appeal to people differently. Yet almost anyone can find one among all of them which appeals to his personal taste and sense of color and rhythm. To see such a picture often results in the elevating influence which important art brings to humanity, its most important education. Education of the intuitive capacity brings culture and develops the faculty for leadership.

Non-objective pictures contain no intellectual subject nor any similarity to any known object. Colors, forms, and motives are combined to create a unit; measurement of line and interval, form and color create rhythm and cosmic life. It is this spiritual life which gets hold of us when we live with them. Like electricity, it spreads upon those who expose themselves to their companionship. Once familiar with the beauty of these pictures they become restful because they elevate beyond earth. The great value of these pictures is not alone their beauty and their faculty for uplifting us to the beyond of spirit and life, but that they have been created by masters of great intuition. Through them we can contact this powerful, superior intuition simply by joyful contemplation of such timeless ever-ready creations.

For this reason the existence of non-representative and purely creative pictures and their influence are of world importance. Future education, science, and intellect can only come through advancing our development for intuitive power. The progress of humanity is only possible through spiritual development.

There always will be people who will love old-fashioned pictures; yet they are not those who represent their time or fulfill the requirements of progress; therefore they fail to create character, style, and importance in the culture of their own period. These people cannot even recreate former centuries. Unimportant to future generations, they are already forgotten by their time while living. Real life is to live in one's own time and proclaim with the present the strong, individual deep-grounded expression of ourselves and spiritual betterment of all. To be one's own self is to be natural and organically subdued to the rhythm of eternal order which molds all characters to beauty. The style of our period, if rhythmic, is organi-

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cally distinguished in beauty. A perfect spiritual organization is always beautiful through the distinction of its harmony.

The intuitive creations of Non-objective paintings have nothing to do with the intellectual conception of mathematical calculation. Mathematics or patterns of mechanical symmetry or intellectual abstractions are not art. They are easily produced by the thousands. Masterpieces are so rare that they can hardly be found.

Twenty thousand years ago, long before mathematical science was devised or used, the sun and moon demonstrated to cavemen the perfect form of a circle without any intention of being mathematical.

Inartistic people are of course against creative art because it is beyond their comprehension and they are unable to realize the joy which real art can give. Yet considering the amount of merely decorative patterns and tasteless superficial nothingness which many painters put out, and the over-indulgence of concentration on mass-production instead of on the singleness of gems, the public has a right to distrust art exhibitions. Respect for a high goal and a capacity to reach it is reserved for genius alone. This is why masterpieces are so rare.

The sensation of the object has outlived itself, as there is not any surprise left in it, and the mind is tired of too much reality. Too much reproductive sensation of earthly happenings in the world is brought before our eyes daily by an overabundance of photographs, color-prints, and motion-pictures, all full of meaning and reality, but without any uplift.

However extraordinary it may seem, Utopias do come true. One of them is the great Solomon R. Guggenheim Collection of Non-objective masterpieces. Considering the incredible fights which even impressionistic paintings brought about thirty or fifty years ago, it is remarkable that Non-objective art, which is so contrary to all former expressions of painting, should be accepted and loved by so many today. Materialistic unrest leads many to the realization of the value of restful spirit and the necessity of order and balance. The superior help of spiritual life is the only real help which truly matters.

From earth to heaven, from intellect to intuition, to spiritual rhythm and mental quiet, Non-objective pictures strengthen our spiritual self, the only self which matters. To rule by intuitive feeling makes us wise, while intellectual thinking makes us fallible.

Non-objective art is the culmination of spiritual powers made visible to intuitive vision. The forms and colors we see are secondary to their spiritual rhythm which we feel. If this spiritual rhythm is lacking, a Non-objective painting is no masterpiece; if anything at all, it is, at best, just a nice pattern or a boring decoration.

All the layman has to give to a masterpiece is companionship. In time it sends its appeal into his higher self, when he may be least aware, or forgets to use his intellectual guarding wall by not looking for earthly objects. Meanings are intellectual crutches which prevent his higher worthwhile spiritual life, from vision—the highest faculty which eyes can reach.

A new nation with as many creative ideas as Americans have, and with as many cosmopolitan talents can lead in this creative Non-objective art; while the reproductive era in painting has been exhausted by replicas which do not even surpass old masters.

If a beautiful rose remained immobile over a long period of time its very existence would become so unbearably dull that one could no longer endure the sight of it. Reproductive paintings bring to us the same boredom through the same immobility, whereas, Non-objective painting is full of life through its many colors and for some it is fascinating.

After the dark age of Materialism comes the bright Millennium of Spirituality. While Objectivity is earthly, Non-objectivity is unearthly, eternal in the spirit of perfect beauty, balance, rhythm, and form. *(Copyrighted, 1938, Hilla Rebay.)*

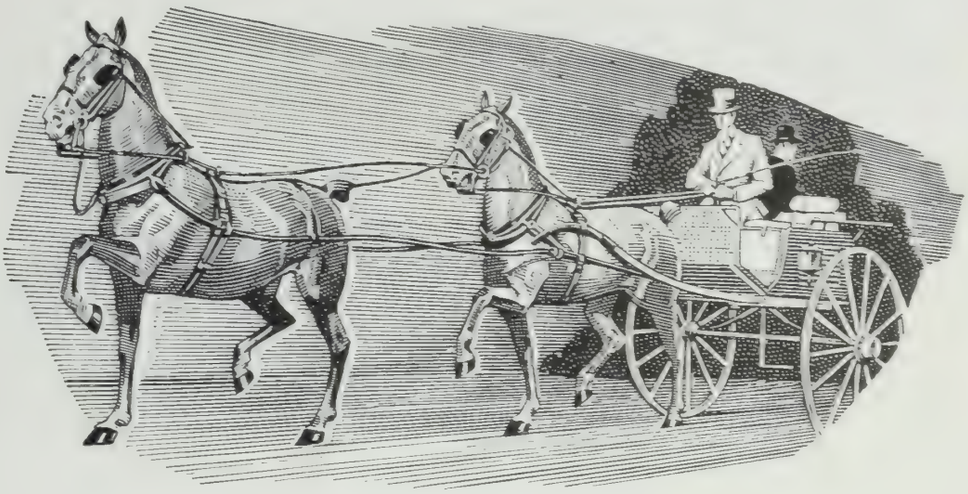
Horse notes and comment

(Continued from page 22)

than satisfactory campaigning for Mr. Crispin Oglebay of Gates Mills, Ohio. Before these last two great shows he had won four championships, eighteen firsts, six seconds, and two thirds for Mr. Oglebay since he purchased him last spring. Possibly he may add the National Championship to this list of laurels and so complete the "triple crown" of the hunter division as did Chatter Chat. He will meet the excellent competition that the National usually provides, reinforced, after a lapse of many years, by Mr. Isaac Clothier's Sunnybrook Stables. Mr. Clothier owns a remarkably beautiful lightweight named Joshua that might beat anyone's horse provided he feels like jumping at that particular time.

NATIONAL PROSPECTS. Getting on with the Garden, it looks as if it would offer some very interesting classes this year. Advance information indicates that the harness pony division will make history with Mrs. James B. Johnston's King of The Plain, Dicksfield Farm's Highland Cora, and Glenholm Farm's Stonehedge Temptation, to name just a few of the tops, and it is possible that Belbrook Stables will bring their ponies, headed by the stake winner Harviestoun Elva, from California. Mrs. A. McLean is entering two four-in-hands of ponies and Mr. Whitney Stone, Mr. Dean Bedford, Mrs. William MacColl, and Mr. Adrian Van Sinderen one each, making six in all, for the Vernon Manor Challenge Cup,

"Keeping up with the Joneses? ...I am Jones!"



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TRUST GRANT RICE to know what's what in sports. Tops among sports scribes, he fishes and hunts with sports figures whose names make news. And what shell does Grant tuck in his Remington pump gun? Nitro Express, of course. But let Grant tell you:

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BALANCED PATTERNS . . . Nitro Express shells have balanced patterns at all ranges, with no fringed edges and no holes for game to slip through.

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DU PONT

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and this promises to be such a colorful class that the management has arranged for other special exhibitions of these tiny teams.

There will be six teams in the International Military events, quite a showing for these troubled times. Ireland, Canada, the United States, Mexico, Chili, and Cuba. It looks as if those of us who are interested in uniforms had better brush up on our Spanish.

BELMONT FINAL. October 1st, the day on which Belmont Park offers the best day's racing program that it is possible for any track to give its patrons, didn't turn out quite as well as it usually does. America's Grand National brought forth only three starters and two of them were from Mr. Thomas Hitchcock's barn. Mr. F. Ambrose Clark's Brimingham fell on the back stretch the last time around leaving Rioter and Annibal to decide which of them wanted to win and, apparently, it was Annibal for the simple reason that Rioter's jock dismounted at the next to the last fence.

With no El Chico (who, by the way belongs to Mr. William *Zeigler* Jr.) in the Futurity and Porter's Mite's recent record for the distance in doubt, Belair Stud's Johnstown was made favorite. I don't think he "ran his race" but Porter's Mite did because he won; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, after being haunted for weeks by both Seabiscuit and Stagehand, turned out, in the absence of both of these adversaries, to be just a canter for War Admiral. Now Pimlico is going to stage the "Race of The Century" on November 1st. This contest between War Admiral and Seabiscuit has had so many postponements that it begins to resemble the filming of "Gone With The Wind," and by the time it comes off—if ever—I'm afraid that people will be about as much interested in who wins as they will be in who takes the part of Scarlett O'Hara in the picture. None of it seems very vital any more. My vote has always been for War Admiral but there is always the track question. If they ran the race on a railroad track, for which Seabiscuit must hold an all-time distance record, I would bet on him.

HUNT MEETINGS. Just about the time one reaches the conclusion that timber racing at the hunt meetings is due to die a gradual and natural death from lack of entries, a whole new crop of horses comes along. The maiden race at West Hills was well filled, the Meadow Brook had nine entries with some unfamiliar names among them, and, although the races over timber as a whole haven't been exactly bothered by too many horses, still they manage to carry on with enough to keep them going. Mr. J. W. Y. Martin's Comonhome, a winner at West Hills and Rolling Rock, is one of the nicer newcomers. The Rokeby Stables' Faction Fighter made a good showing in the Meadow Brook and won at Rolling Rock and Mrs. E. S. Spillman's Atherton promises to be something to conjure with when he settles to his work. However, the freshmen haven't, as yet, brought out anything that is likely to displace Mr. John Strawbridge's Coq Bruyere, the winner of the Meadow Brook, in this fall's classics. This gray horse deserves a place among the great timber horses of all time.

If the spark of life still glows in timber racing, a good healthy flame burns in brush, hurdle and flat events. Winners of some of the important brush races were Mr. F. Ambrose Clark's Paper Maker in the Hayes Memorial; Groton Stables' Santi Quaranti the Connecticut Cup at one of the most successful meetings the Adjacent Hunts has ever held; Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's Torturer was the best of seven in the Rolling Rock Cup on the first day of the fifth anniversary of the popular Ligonier meeting, and Mrs. Lewis A. Park's Crooked Wook qualified for Aintree's Grand National by winning the International Gold Cup on the second day. But although brush races still hold the prestige it is strange the way the entries for the hunt meetings are apt to come in inverse ratio to the plan for which the sport originated. Flat races collect the most, as a rule, hurdle races next, brush races have plenty of starters but timber races only a few. There is something wrong with this picture. It still makes the "meetings" all right but the "hunt" I'm inclined to think questionable.

Backwoods blackies

(*Continued from page 48*)

food. (I could see through the bare-limbed trees ahead, the glistening water of little Jones Pond. I wondered if a trio of blacks might not be dallying somewhere in the shadows of the blueberry brush that cloaked the shore.)

And brightest of all I recalled one gay October day—the best of all ducking days that mortal man has ever known. A balmy blue-sky day when all the ducks in the world seemed to have swooped down onto our little river alone, just because we had a holiday from school, and three of us had been out in the canoe with guns since well before daylight. We heard a giant flock gabbling at the mouth of Turkey Run before ever we rounded the bend, beached the canoe, and slipped Boone-like through the frosty brush until we were fairly above the birds, just half a gunshot distant. The sunlight looked like pale gold shining on the water, I recall, and the maples glowed like something dipped in blood.

Then we rose, we three, like a single hunter, and the ducks roared up. A couple of hundred there were in all, birds of a dozen sorts·

(*Continued on page 95*)

Gunning is perhaps the most ancient—and the most popular—of all the sports in which America engages today. Figures indicate that approximately six million hunting licenses are issued each year...at a total annual cost, including Federal duck stamps, of nearly ten million dollars. The additional cost of outfits and equipment is another important item in the sportsman's annual budget. Here at Brooks Brothers...where we have made and sold shooting clothes ever since 1818...you will find everything that the most exacting requirements may demand, and in a sensible range of prices.

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Ducks high and low

(*Continued from page 78*)

guests tainted fowl. So he draws the birds at the first opportunity and hangs them in a cold room, or puts them in the ice-box. Thus drawn and hung, the length of time they are left hanging is not important; they will taste much the same after two days as after two weeks. A quartered onion or a peeled carrot, placed inside the bird, is said to draw out some of the fishy taste, but it is not vastly important to use either if you prefer not to.

Cleaning the ducks as soon after they are shot as possible is what really counts. Even a 150-mile ride in the trunk rack of an automobile on a warm fall day can turn an undrawn duck into a most unsavory sight, leading to very unappetizing reflections on the merits of "high" game. Too much cannot be said on this subject, unpleasant as further discussion of it might be. Ducks should be drawn at once.

The rest is easy. Wipe the bird thoroughly inside and out with a clean cloth, and season inside and out with salt and pepper. They will take a lot of each. Shocking as the idea will be to the traditionalists, a stuffing, just an ordinary stuffing such as goes into the Thanksgiving turkey—going a little strong perhaps on the chopped onions—is delicious in roast duck.

Bacon or thin slices of salt pork are placed over the breast and the bird is put into the oven. Three quarters of an hour in a hot, but not excessively hot, oven—say 400 degrees—will leave the breast slightly red but not juicy. The wild flavor is retained full strength. This is the way that people with a reasonable fondness for the taste of game will want them to be cooked.

A full hour should turn the breasts brown, and longer roasting in a medium-hot or medium oven will make the taste milder. Two hours in a medium oven might be good for initiating doubtful beginners into the delights of wild duck, hoping to woo them gradually to the one-hour or three-quarter hour roasting, although longer cooking tends to make the birds somewhat tougher.

For the accessories to the feast, the thoughtful host can do no better than to follow the example of the traditionalist, with his orange salad, wild rice, currant jelly, and Burgundy, although there is some doubt about the wisdom of impairing the taste of roast duck with a lemon sauce—or any other kind for that matter.

As the season progresses, however, and the wild-fowler's luck in the blind continues, there are a number of ways in which he can vary the menu. Baked apples or applesauce go well with roast duck, as do tomatoes, stewed or fried. A mushroom sauce will not kill the taste of the birds. Celery in salads or in stalks is always particularly good.

As the season progresses and the supply of vegetable food for ducks decreases, he may also have to vary his methods of cooking to compensate for the increased fishiness of the meat. Soaking overnight in soda and water, or salt and water, with the skin punctured or with the meat cut off the bones, tends to draw off the blood and soften the flavor. Longer cooking in a moderate oven will also help, but the advantages of parboiling and of two and three day soakings are really very much overrated in our estimation.

For scoters, mergansers, and other ducks which are really strong in flavor, the safest procedure is to use only the meat from the breasts, making sure not to cut too far down the breast toward the stomach. The skin should also be removed. The breasts are soaked in soda and water for a day, changing the water frequently, and then fried.

THERE is some difference of opinion as to whether the fishy taste of a scoter lies in the bones or just under the skin. Adherents of the first theory claim that the cooking of the bones is what gives the birds their rank taste; if the meat is removed from the bones, they say, the fishy taste disappears. Holders of the second theory skin the birds and then sear them on a very hot stove. After that they can be stewed with vegetables, the famous "coot stew" of the cape and island gunners, or cut up and broiled. The wisest course, obviously, is to remove both skin and bones before cooking operations begin.

Perhaps it would be safest to do your experimenting on scoters and mergansers and late-season whistlers in the bosom of the family, limiting your hospitable activities to the better-known table ducks. But such experimenting is still well worth doing, especially in these days when it's not always easy to choose the kind of duck you want to shoot. The flavor of "shelldrake" breasts is distinctive, and therefore not so universally popular, but it is definitely palatable. And when you are in doubt about the recent diet of the ducks you have taken, a knowledge of how to handle the fishier species will surely come in very handy.

The variations of species and methods are endless, and in the final analysis there is no substitute for a little experience and a lot of common sense. If your common sense happens to dictate that wild ducks should be untainted and thoroughly cooked, you must be prepared, of course, to face the scorn of those who know, of the real gourmets who learned to eat ducks back in the Nineties when refrigerators were scarce and stomachs were strong. But the chances are that your guests will have tastes just as low and vulgar as your own, and perhaps that thought will give you courage to withstand the scorn and disdainful sneers of the connoisseurs.

Backwoods blackies

(*Continued from page 92*)

green-wing and blue-wing teal; a band of widgeon; gadwall; pintails; and mallards by the score. Our fusillade rang out three single-barrels strong. And when the last of the migrant horde had strung out in thrilling procession against the autumn sky, floating on the lazy current of the little Buckhannon River we saw . . . (Look! Three blackies cupping their wings and zigzagging down to the far shore of Jones Pond!) . . . we saw one lonesome green-wing drake!

Those were the days! But I'm not kicking, you understand, on the changes that time has wrought in American hunting. I'd howl loud enough if that could bring back the old order; but it can't. This world has changed too much for that. There's been too much drought, too much agriculture, too much burning of powder; too much taking 'em out and not enough putting 'em back. Six hundred thousand hunters kicked in with a dollar each last fall, for a federal duck-stamp. And for that modest fee many a man of the lot killed a limit bag of a hundred and fifty ducks and fifty geese. Still we hear commercial propaganda aimed at "nuisance" regulations! Unhappy talk, I'm afraid, from people who'd shoot the last goose that lays golden eggs. (But I'm close to the Pond; and thoughts like that make me hot under the collar. I'll just cool off, by your leave; drop gracefully down on my midriff and worm up to the shore through the laurel.)

Worm through the laurel I did. For one full hour . . . up a half . . . and a quarter, I slithered through the tangled underbrush which fringes Litchfield County ponds. It wasn't easy crawling, as anyone will tell you who has tried it when the ground is full of frost and there are numbers of timid wildfowl disporting themselves within earshot—for I'd glimpsed black ducks in plenty, surging over the water a few rods off.

An inch at a time, head down, almost unbreathing, I wriggled snakewise toward the game. Now and again I paused in my slinky advance to retrieve shells or like impedimenta dropped in the carpeting oak leaves; or to cast bloodthirsty glances at one or another blacky rising erect on the water to shake his silvery wings. Then suddenly I was there. I knew that one of those super-shells I'd bought against my better judgment would more than cover the distance between me and the lusty black ducks dabbling about there; or the quartette of mallards; the couple of snow-trimmed whistlers which were plain to be seen.

I saw all of those birds. I watched no less than thirty fat wildfowl swimming this way and that (tipping up from a banquet of pond-weed); lunging at one another when courses collided; rising to flap their wings in the pallid sunlight; cocking their heads warily to appraise that untoward something in the underbrush which was the writer. Then to top it all off I heard from the sky a sudden guttural *quanh-anhck!* Out of the fleecy clouds to eastward I watched a close-knit flock of ten glittering blackies come zipping down.

"Zooks, man," as Fra Lippo Lippi cried, "I'm only flesh and blood." So up I sprang. What if the distance from me to fowl was greater than I'd reckoned from my laurel-cloaked survey! What if I did discard for the nonce such hypothetical dignity as convention accords to my thinning pow! Up I went of a sudden, and dashed pell-well through dense underbrush. In a trice (as olde raconteurs have it) I was at the brink of Jones Pond. And the ducks were aloft with a mighty clatter of wings.

Ka-*boom!* the old twelve rang out. Boom! (Then I slipped in fresh shells.) Bang! Bang! And some dozens of wild, wild Litchfield waterfowl streaked off through the air with a strumming of wings and a resonant cry of *quack! quack!* But stay! Not all of the lot streaked off. Floating peacefully on the limpid surface of Jones Pond—when the smoke of battle had cleared away—I spied the torso of a lone black duck!

That was just about all for that Indian summer day when the autumn leaves were still waving above Connecticut's woodland ponds. There was the gaudy cock pheasant, of course, which rose from the pondside swamp with a challenging cackle and a flirt of his streaming tail; the trio of quail which buzzed out of the frost-blackened ragweed by the one-time stagecoach road; and the lone old partridge which zoomed from the shelter of gray boulders beneath the cliff. But I misssed the pheasant; and held my fire from the other old warriors, since quail are too few for the time being, in New England coverts; and Old Partridge deserves all the help he can get in these days of grouse depression.

There was that last woodland flock of black ducks, to be sure: the party of seven big birds which flew low overhead as I trudged back through the sphagnum swamp, bound for the cabin, a roaring log fire and perhaps a drop of sherry. That last flock of blackies which passed twice overhead as I crouched in the naked birch brush. I heard the whisper of their wings before ever I saw them: a winnowing *wss-wss-wss* of wings, and the chuckling quacks of an unwary hen. A cock grouse was drumming a nostalgic hymn of summer at the moment, I remember; and a red squirrel in the old-field butternut was wailing like a banshee. I'd stopped to listen to both of them.

Then the ducks had come. Lower and lower they circled, contemplating, I would opine, good things tumbled into rain-pools in the woods. Lower and lower. A sweep around; another and another. Suddenly the ducks were

MY! MY!

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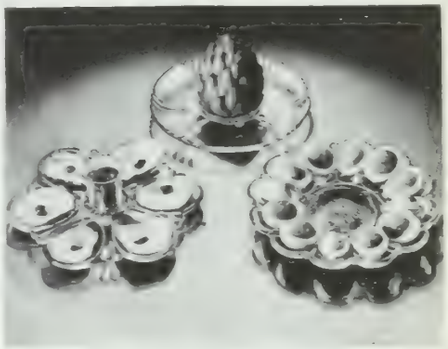

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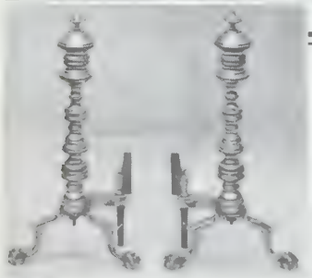

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within gunshot and I leaped out of my happen-so blind and let fire at the last bird. His white underwings showed silver in the shafts of yellow sunlight as I swung the bead a mite ahead. Then from the gun, a roar which made the chilly woods and hills reverberate. The big bird crumpled in mid-air and pitched down at my feet with hardly a flutter.

I got along then, fast and noisily, toward the little back-road cabin. Bag-limits, like par, are not for me. Three ducks, I think, are plenty in these days, and I wanted Satan well behind me if another flock should happen through the sky. The sun had not yet set when I trudged in, tired and well content. I strung my birds up from the porch edge, and they looked that pretty hanging there that I snapped their picture against the blaze of an Indian summer sunset.

I reflected then that I would buy another dollar duck-stamp on the morrow. Maybe, I thought, if another dollar or two dribbled in to a straight-shooting government department, three extra ducklings might grow up on some sequestered marsh to northward in the spring. And those three pay-back ducks, it seemed to me, might yield someone a bit of good sport with blackies on the backwoods—no farther than a pleasant drive from old New York.

And if the dollar does that—since I spent it—I hope that *you* with a load of sixes will catch one of the trio as he flares wide and handsome against the splendor of a next Indian summer's sky.

The plain art of chiseling

(*Continued from page 67*)

In individual pieces of wood carving such as the painted mirror which Mr. Foth created for Mr. Haines, shown on page 66, a wood frame was first made to receive the glass, over which was laid the delicate wood carving. There are at least twenty separate pieces in the carved lace work, all put together so deftly as to defy detection at a single union. The mirror is one of a pair used in the home of Joe E. Brown.

Mr. Haines reminds us that wood carving in California is made doubly tedious, and even treacherous, by the wind and dryness which is characteristic of certain seasons of the year. Paneled rooms will spread wide open unless the wood is doweled, double doweled, and laminated.

The woods which Mr. Foth uses mostly are oak, mahogany, Luaan, pear, lime wood, poplar, pine, and alder. His tools are interesting from the standpoint of the few kinds that are required. Regardless of how difficult the job may be, he uses but three tools—the gouge, the chisel, and parting tool. When it comes to varieties of each tool, that is another story. Mr. Foth uses about three hundred varieties of chisels and gouges. He could, he says, if necessary, get along with twenty-five. Ninety tools is considered an average good-sized kit for a master carver. An interesting thing is that the handle of each cutting tool is different. A carver knows his tools by their handles. This saves time in selecting the tool needed at the minute.

Studying the work of a master wood carver, it is apparent that wood carving is a difficult, intricate art and yet scores of people have taken up wood carving as a hobby, and a most interesting one at that. One old carver tells us, "Wood carving is a cure for many of our social ills. There is a tonic quality in the feel of the chisel against the block, in that contest between your mastery of the tool and the wilfulness of the grain that renders you for the time being wholly oblivious to all earthly cares." He tells us that wood carving has delights and surprises all along the road from novice to expert. It is one of the most rewarding of the crafts—clean, honest, sturdy, and truly of distinguished lineage.

As a hobby wood carving is, however, a very different problem than it is for the artist. An amateur is content to create forms which show the earmarks of the finished craftsman as compared to the ordinary hammer and saw work. The fine, delicate designs he is usually content to leave to professional hands. And yet one never knows until he tries what talent may develop. As Mr. Foth reminds us, all artists were in the beginning apprentices, who by their own initiative and ambition have gone on to develop varying degrees of perfection.

Mr. Foth, from time to time, has given personal instruction to pupils. There is, he says, a wide margin for creative work in wood carving. Drawing ability is essential, but wood carving is not what may be called laborious, hard work. The opportunity for instruction today under Mr. Foth is limited. With fourteen skilled men working under him, he is carving not only for William Haines but for architects and decorators all over the city. Countless Southern California homes have been made more beautiful by his skill.

There are, he tells us, several different types of wood carving to interest the beginner. Scratch carving, or chasing, is the simplest and is usually the first step. Another of the more simple types, which at the same time is very attractive, is chip carving. Low relief carving, which is the probable next step on toward bas relief, is more difficult and need not be attempted for years to come unless the novice is especially talented or ambitious.

But what of professional wood carvers? There is at this time no immigration of foreign craftsmen. Wood carving is a promising art, and yet American boys are not showing much interest in the trade. The explanation is the time element required for apprenticeship. The average young American, Mr. Foth tells us, who takes up wood

carving works probably six months. When he has learned to carve some one design well, such as scrolls, he takes a job in a furniture factory where he can make money, even though he must go on carving scrolls for the rest of his life. In Europe it is different. A young man looks upon his three or four years of apprenticeship much as a boy in America thinks of four years in college as preparatory to his life's work. But Europe and America may not be compared. With the American penchant for speed, it is not likely that a guild of wood carvers, as Mr. Foth knows them, will be forthcoming.

In Europe an apprenticeship of several years is not the end of study. Even after a man has become an expert carver, he considers it more or less imperative to give up a little time of each year to study. Subsequently he tosses a knapsack over his shoulder and starts out. In his travels he may work in the shops of several well-known master craftsmen. Rarely is a floating member of the guild turned away. He may not stay long in any one place, but wherever he goes there is usually work.

"How long then, does it really take to learn to be a master wood carver?" we asked Mr. Foth.

"A lifetime," was his answer.

Our soil or our life

(*Continued from page 42*)

the answer, the grand total, the utterly tremendous total, is . . . ONE FLOOD!

Well, what are *you* going to do about it? Why, they are building dams and levees, you answer; what more is needed? But levees and locks and dams will *not* meet the advancing flood conditions. The higher we build our levees, the higher we raise our river beds—and some day the limit will be reached. Never will I forget the day, some twenty-five years ago, when I stood on the sidewalk of a Mississippi river town while Ol' Man River was on one of his rampages, and gazed at river packets moored to the levee with their bottoms *above the level of my head!*

No, not flood control, but flood prevention is the complete answer to the nation's flood problem. True, under conditions created by our selfish prodigality, levees and locks will have a place, but not the principal place. Erosion must be reduced to a minimum; conservation must be developed to its maximum. To attain that dual result, merit, efficiency, experience, and technical training must do the work and dictate the way; and education and the creation of a powerful public sentiment must follow close behind or alongside. Ignorant land tillage must be halted. No farmer can farm to and for himself alone and leave the nation safe. No citizen can cut down trees regardless of the consequences and permit the nation to prosper. Land must be tilled so as to combat erosion. Land suitable only for grazing must be left with its protecting sod and not broken up for dry farming. Side hills, unfit for another agricultural use, must be replanted to trees.

Sixteen million tons of rain and snow fall upon this earth of ours every second of every hour of the twenty-four. Wisdom dictates that we recognize that fact and plan and work accordingly. To ignore it is silly—and fatal. Almighty God requires anywhere from four hundred to one thousand years to create one inch of top soil. In time, one thousand years; in soil, one inch—which can be destroyed by one flood in the twinkling of an eye, with the guilty responsible party identified as man.

Erosion has already devoured one hundred million acres of farming land; it is well started on another hundred and twenty-five million, with still another hundred million seriously endangered. To that ominous fact add this: Each succeeding year erosion bites from the productive land area of the United States sixty-three million tons of soil. This soil is, literally, devoured, dispelled; it disappears; it is gone from the fields forever. With the help of sheet and gully erosion, the Mississippi River, like a thief in the night, carries away, year after year, some four hundred million tons of life-sustaining soil, to deposit it in the Gulf of Mexico where it does no one any good. All the rivers of the United States combined dump each year into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans eight hundred million tons of soil. And so the unequal contest goes on, with erosion steadily gaining and man as steadily losing.

Rains and snows, falling upon our plowed lands, our streets, roads, and roofs, speed on their eroding way insidiously bringing disaster upon us. Will this nation, which started out so bravely with its immense resources and matchless possibilities, write a new page in world history by saving itself before it is too late, or will it go the way of all the nations that have gone before? The answer to that crucial question rests with us—with you.

Log cabin in North Carolina

(*Continued from page 47*)

tenting tied back, this architect employed a principle at which experienced builders shake their heads—arches in stone, constructed, not upon the traditional principle of the arch, but as arches on a circle. Through this tricky porch the dining room is reached and as soon as one steps across the threshold he begins to realize why the Baumanns were so delighted at the discovery of their homesite. Opposite the entrance is a single, large pane of plate glass through which the mountains beyond become a mural decoration for almost an entire wall, and what a mural it is! Never the same, for with the constant changing of weather conditions over the moun-

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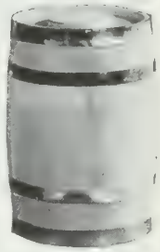

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tains, the panorama goes on in endless variety; it is a perpetual motion picture. Almost as quickly as one is overcome with the beauty of the view he realizes a sensation of warm color. By long search and careful selection a rug was found which, alone, achieves this suggestion of cordiality. It is a large Persian whose basic coloring is an exceptional variation of burnt sienna which, when reflected from all-white wall surfaces, transforms the oak-beamed, oak-furnished room into a space alive with a warm apricot glow, an effect which persists even on the darkest days. Around the dining room walls illumination brackets light silhouettes of wrought-iron cowboys swinging lariats at wrought-iron steers across the way. At one end near living room and study is the fireplace with its hand-carved mantel and century-old brick. Its carving represents a roundup roping scene against a background of mountains.

Through the open end of the dining room, past the fireplace, leads a hall or stair landing from which one has his choice of mounting to the balcony and study at his left or of descending half a flight into the spacious living room below. Should the latter be his choice he would once again find himself in a room almost half of which is glass, for an entire wall at the far end is a single expanse of great, curved window. Likewise, to the right, great plate glass panes and French doors open out upon a long porch. By standing before these windows to the southwest Mr. Baumann has only to raise his powerful binoculars to acquaint himself with the status of his ranges and herds miles away toward the Great Smokies, where all during the summer months imported Montana cow hands ride herd over his grazing hundreds of purebred Herefords. Particularly valuable to him is this convenient arrangement because the ranges are inaccessible except by horse and the lengthy trip is undertaken only at widely spaced intervals as necessity demands.

To sit before these great windows through the progress of an entire storm is an indelible experience—to see a solid wall of slate gray rain move like a stage curtain shutting off the sight of Pisgah, then of the nearer hills and the road below; and finally to hear the rain drenching the roof while thunder intermittently pulsates, making the house quiver, and the lightning slashes a lampblack sky from top to bottom; to feel the swift change of air from hot to cold, and at last to sit, spellbound, while the process reverses itself. The sun breaks through to shine first on one hilltop and then another until Pisgah again returns to view behind a gauze curtain of scattered rain drops on which is projected a perfect rainbow. So long a description may easily seem sentimental and foolish, but so much is it a part of this room and of the house itself that the digression would seem to be entirely justifiable.

With the passing of the storm, one turns instinctively to the massive stone fireplace before which stretches a fine tiger rug. The point of interest here, however, is the fire screen which is hinged directly to the sides of the opening and which is decorated with a wrought-iron scene depicting the cooking of grub over a campfire while a burro packed with prospector's equipment stands with characteristic listlessness beside the towering cacti of the southwestern deserts. Beside the fireplace on a peg in the peeled-log wall hangs Mr. Baumann's elaborately tooled Western saddle ready for use.

Living room walls are the exposed peeled and varnished inner sides of the logs from which the house is constructed and are left with the white chinking showing between. Stair rails, too, are of pole-logs as is the balcony railing.

Up the stairway again and to the left off the balcony is the master's study lined with his library of fine first editions and with his collection of pistols. The pistol collection includes many varieties varying from the many types of flintlocks, among which are the ornate gold-inlaid duelling sets, the old pirate bluderbusses, and some of the earlier military types, to the numerous kinds of more modern firearms. Comprising the remainder of the house are four large bedrooms, three baths, and the kitchen.

Though not a large house it is unique because of the manner in which was accomplished the incorporation of the handicrafts for which the southern mountain region is so noted, and because of the unusually complete utilization of materials at hand.

Seen and heard

(*Continued from page 77*)

phrase, *"Ulmi sunt gloriae Grotoniae"*—The elms are for a glory to Groton." His voice was so entirely distinctive and his intonation so characteristic that boys tried to mimic him, without much success, and no phrase of his was more popular than "The elms are for a glory to Groton."

When we went to war he volunteered as a chaplain, was sent to France and assigned, I think, to the hospital at Toul. How many good and helpful things he did there, only God knows. One day he stopped by the bedside of a young wounded officer who had just arrived from the field hospital. He was so badly hurt and had lost so much blood that his case seemed desperate. He was swathed in bandages and his features were invisible. Mr. Billings said to him, "My boy, is there anything I can do for you?"

A very small and feeble voice came through the bandages. It said, *"Ulmi sunt gloriae Grotoniae."* The wounded officer was Captain Archibald Roosevelt.

Duty amidst gloom

No, just at this moment, with everything heading apparently for a hideous war in Europe and I, sitting like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, surrounded by fallen trees which no longer are for a glory to Groton, I can't get excited over Mr. Budge's quadruple crown or Mr. Turnesa or Miss Patty Berg or the Old Westbury polo team or the winner of the Belmont or the World Series or the prospects for the football season or foxhunting or any of the pleasant personalities and recreations of a normal world. It is unfortunate for all hands that I write these dutiful paragraphs, as it were, on a stricken field. All I want to do is to find a nice, dark, obscure corner where I can hide and lick my wounds. The mood, to use Mr. Samuel Johnson's famous phrase—and you can only use it before you have had your first cocktail—is one of inspissated gloom.

New Books

"Tournament Polo," by General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (Charles Scribner's Sons, $4.50). A technical book on the theory and practice of polo by a *pukka sahib,* who has had great experience in the game in India and elsewhere, both as a player and a coach. This is not a book for the general public, but the keen polo player will find it interesting and instructive. It is well illustrated by Maurice Tulloch.

"Zaca Venture," by William Beebe (Harcourt Brace & Co., $3). The writer is incapable of passing on the scientific abilities or achievements of Mr. William Beebe, which may or may not be important. Of his ability to write a vivid and distinguished narrative there can be no question. The present book describes a two months' cruise in the Gulf of California, in which particular attention was paid to the differences between fishes in the Pacific and those in the Atlantic. Whether Mr. Beebe is writing about deep sea fishes or pheasants in the Orient, he tries to throw an aura of romance about his subject. This book is particularly good reading.

What it takes to win at a major show

(*Continued from page 71*)

exhibitor—maybe the next time.

If it takes five years to make a champion show horse, it takes at least three or four times that long to acquire the art of showing them. Even though he has ridden all his life, any owner who wishes to ride or drive the horses of his own stable in the ring must take the matter seriously. He must know them thoroughly and work with them to correct his own faults as well as theirs. Each horse is a separate individual requiring different handling and even after a perfect performance has finally been accomplished on the home grounds there are still to combat the excitement, stage fright, and confusion of the unusual conditions encountered in the ring. Ring generalship, the job of keeping a horse always where the judges may see him and having him at the top of his form when they are looking in his direction, is an art in itself. In a ringful of horses it is very difficult to be always sure that your horse has room to move at his best pace and is never covered at crucial moments by others passing him. And since brilliance is of prime importance an exhibitor must use discretion as to how his horse is to be saved or spent. Different judges like different things, too, and the wise exhibitor shows them what they want to see if he can manage to do so. Only in the school of experience are these things to be learned, but it would be a grand world if all schools were as interesting and all experiences as exciting as the anticipation of final achievement makes the school of the show ring.

The price of show ring "prospects" varies tremendously according to their age, accomplishments, and probabilities for the future and also according to the division in which they are to be shown. There are so many hunter shows that an exhibitor can "pick his places" and win quite consistently with a fair kind of horse. Some $3,500 would be about an average price for such an animal but in the harness classes, which are only included in the larger shows, and especially in the pony division of this section, it would take $6,000 to $10,000 to buy one that would have a chance of being in the ribbons consistently. Naturally, good horses have been purchased for less and much more has been paid for failures, but these prices give an idea of what should be fair.

A developed or "made" horse that already has a list of blues and championships at major shows to his credit, no matter in which division he has won them, is a pretty expensive animal. In the first place they are seldom for sale. Their owners, knowing only too well how hard they are to come by, are loath to part with them, but occasionally a stable is dispersed for one reason or another and under these circumstances an ambitious exhibitor can be moderately sure of owning a winner without the time and chance it takes to develop one for himself. Such a horse will probably cost in the neighborhood of $10,000, and prices as high as $25,000 for real champions have been rumored.

No guarantee of future blues goes with these horses however. It takes an expert to keep them in winning form. A few years ago a horse that had won many championships changed hands and, under his new ownership, never won a single ribbon. The owner felt cheated, naturally, but actually it was his own fault. His once resplendent horse was lazy, dull, and looked half sick. All the

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things, barring his beautiful frame, that had once made him invulnerable were gone. Once more the horse was sold but this time he went back into good hands. His old form returned and he started winning again. Under these circumstances it doesn't take much imagination to realize that a good stable manager is worth his weight in gold. There isn't much sense in showing horses unless they win some of their classes, and they can't win unless they are properly trained and shown. The owner himself is not apt to have either the ability or time it takes to get them and keep them in the ways that they should go. Nor is it only for the horses that a good man is necessary, for the owner profits by his instruction as well.

Because of the harness and carriages, as well as the purchase price, harness horses and ponies are the most expensive division of the shows. Five hundred and fifty dollars is about what those neat little bicycle wheeled wagons cost and if a gig or some such conveyance is to be made to order it might cost as much as a good automobile — say $1,200. Sometimes a gig or phaeton can be bought secondhand for three or four hundred dollars but since they would have to be reconditioned the price when ready for the ring would be pretty nearly doubled. A single show harness costs $275 and that must be multiplied many times for a stable of any size. Hunter and saddle horse equipment is much cheaper. A good saddle costs around $100, a snaffle bridle about $25, and a double bridle about $35, but whatever sort of horse you own must have all sorts of clothing—sheets, blankets, coolers, and hoods. They must be of the best and they are all expensive.

On the road, counting manager, grooms, tackmen, and riders, a "man a horse" must go along with each stable and these men must be supplied with liveries and boarded while away from home. Of course everything must be kept in apple pie order and it is useless to try to run a show stable short handed. In fact if one sat down with a pencil and paper and added up the cost of running a show stable, horses, salaries, equipment, shipping, feed and board would come to a staggering sum. When you go to the National look over the prize list and find the amount that is paid in prize money—the chance for return on the owner's investment—and I think you'll decide that the show ring is a thoroughly sporting game. But almost every exhibitor will tell you that it is a game that is worth the candle. The planning, hoping, trying, and care that make up the preparation; the glorious moments of achievement when man and horse have reached the perfection of understanding of themselves, each other, and their individual ability and are rewarded with the emblem that proclaims them the best—these things make the time, worry, and money more than well spent. Once I asked the owner of one of the best stables on the circuit if he had ever run across one of these "bargain horses" one hears so much about.

"I can't tell you much about bargain horses," he said, "because I don't believe I have ever got something for nothing, but I do believe that everything I have bought has turned out to be a bargain regardless of the price."

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 83*)

the best in the galloping game) over the boards and then turn inside of them quickly and race them neck and neck, and usually beat them in the long emerald stretches of wide International Field.

As far as horseflesh is concerned, Aknusti was the first real team Old Westbury met all season; even with Cecil Smith it is doubtful if Old Westbury's usual long hitting would have been as effective; the Aknusti mounts were "getting to" the Old Westbury players *before* those hits were ever made!

All this they (Elbridge T. Gerry, Robert Gerry, Capt. C. T. I. Roark, and Raymond Guest), playing in that order for Aknusti did; and all that Pat Roark, defeating Old Westbury (Michael Phipps, Ivor Balding, Stewart Iglehart, and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney) did—not single-handed by any means but by single-fingered play on the reins of the great little team in which there was full credit for all hands. If there seemed an extraordinary number of people rather indecently elated over Old Westbury's defeat, a thing not easy to understand since individually they represent as popular a group as there is in the game, it must have been, no doubt, because of this man Roark and because the Gerrys and Guest tried so hard to deserve to come into their own at "long last." As dashing a figure on the field as that other great Britisher, the late Capt. Leslie St. Charles Cheape, killed in action in the World War, Pat Roark has been built up by well wishers in this country during his frequent appearances on this side of the Atlantic into something the British handicappers have been trying to say lately he is not. And the fact that Roark himself, so far left off of next year's British International squad, has taken his temporary "set down" so gracefully has added wholeheartedly to his popularity with the fans.

He whom they call a six-goal man abroad has been the best player on the field in almost every game he has played in this country this season. Excuses were made for him last summer in England; he wasn't mounted well; he wasn't hitting well; just naturally wasn't trying; fooling around. That is what they always say when a nine, or ten, or even an eight-goal star appears to slip a bit in an occasional game and it may be true, though one may be permitted to doubt it. At any rate, there was no

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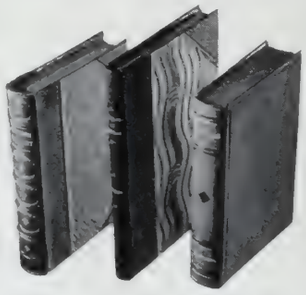

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fooling around over here. From now on the British attitude is going to be harder to explain. Pat Roark is once more one of the world's great stars to whom everyone among the leaders of the game must give serious consideration. When the crises arose he was alway there and he played with his head all the time. He proved conclusively that he can still play ten-goal polo when given ten-goal mounts to ride. The Gerry brothers gave him ten-goal mounts to ride. If the British have as good horseflesh as they are planning to have for next June's Internationals and they don't call on Capt. Charles Thomas Irvine "Pat" Roark, well, it's certainly nobody's fault but their own.

But before this final game of the year where the Gerry brothers, Roark, and Raymond Guest hit their stride and for the losers Iglehart was again a stirring figure at No. 3, "Sonny" Whitney again a 7-goal Back and Balding did his full share (and that despite a bad fall early in the game); and Phipps forgot his bruised collarbone to break through for several of his sparkling runs — the tournament went along about true to form, with the exception of Aknusti's upset of Greentree and the Ramblers' defeat of Aurora, another team which was expected to go farther on handicap basis.

There were several postponements due to the usual unsettled fall weather and then Aknusti beat the Jaguars (Hon. Keith Rous, Gerald Balding, Eric Tyrrell Martin, and Gerald Balding) 16 to 9; the Ramblers (W. Reynolds, G. Smith, R. E. Strawbridge, Jr., and J. C. Rathborne) won over Aurora (S. H. Knox, F. S. von Stade, Jr., Lewis Smith, and Ricardo Santa Marina) 12 to 11; Old Westbury defeated Roslyn (E. W. Hopping, J. H. Phipps, E. A. S. Hopping and J. Schiff) by 16 to 13 after giving them 10 goals at start of play; Aknusti then galloped ahead of Greentree (G. H. Bostwick, Roberto Cavanagh, T. Hitchcock, Jr., and J. H. Whitney) 13 to 9; Old Westbury vanquished the Ramblers, 19 to 11 and then went down, without Cecil Smith, who had chipped a bone of his right elbow in the Open, before the sensational play of an inspired Aknusti Four by the aforementioned score of 11 to 8.

Can you handle your dog?

(*Continued from page 69*)

and the dog would never lift his head when the whistle is blown. I could not move your dog with your whistle, and you could not move my dog with my whistle unless we each knew the other's particular call. It has been by experience with sporting dogs that a short, sharp blast of the whistle gains quicker recognition than a long soft call. The sporting dog is not as sensitive to the call as the greyhound or sheepdog, and one is required to put more authority behind the call. Why prolong the task of trying to train a dog with a long low call when the sharp command is so much easier and more effective?

It is apparent that the owner or person who is to take charge of a shooting or field trial dog after the trainer is through has a very definite responsibility. He must be interested in the dog in question and be a true lover of sport afield and in the duck blind. He must have an understanding of dogs if he is to meet with any success at all, for he must follow directions and make his dog toe the mark. If this advice is followed there is no reason why many who are novices at present should not know the keen delight of days afield with a really good dog that does his job as it should be done. Handling dogs is an absorbing sport and an exacting one, it permits no halfway measures. You should go into it wholeheartly or not at all.

The sportswoman

(*Continued from page 45*)

rats in a trap; eight feet of water in the main square of a city like Providence. It is all hard to believe even now. Things like that just don't happen in New England. But there was the lighter side. The man who refused to be rescued. "Thanks no," he said, "I'm swimming home for exercise." A road swept bare of trees and not a hundred feet away acres of green houses with not one single pane of glass broken. A church completely collapsed except for the wall that held a stained-glass window upright and intact. One woman had to swim from her home to the safety of higher land and as she crawled out she saw beside her, still swimming, two rabbits and one skunk. All of this I heard; some of it I saw, so it must have been true, and it served as a reminder of other things that have been in the past.

ARMISTICE DAY. Many years ago there was a family that owned a vast and beautiful estate. Their life was constructive and happy except for a warlike tribe, from whom part of the estate had previously been taken, that constantly threatened their borders. There was not combined strength enough in the family to subdue these annoying neighbors so they sought the assistance of stronger friends living at some distance who sent envoys to the chief of the tribes requesting a settlement. The chief was antagonistic. The tenants of the outlying districts, he said, were loyal to him and unhappy under their present landlords. To make things right for them he was ready to put his whole force to war and take by force the orchards and fields that once were his and which these unhappy people tended. Should the chief attack, the family that owned the estate would be wholly wiped out along with their tenants both happy and unhappy. Should their powerful friends, who

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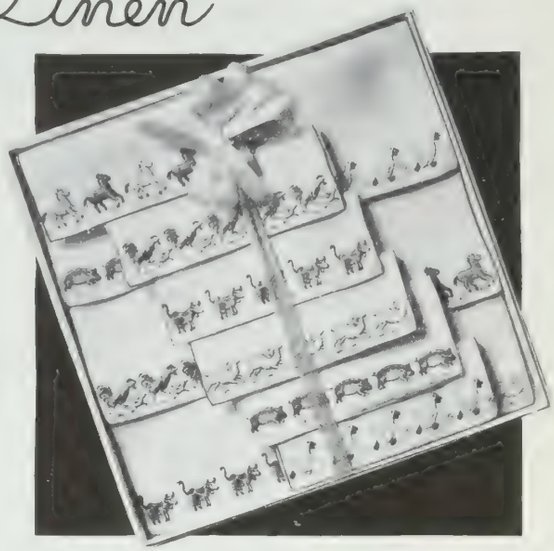

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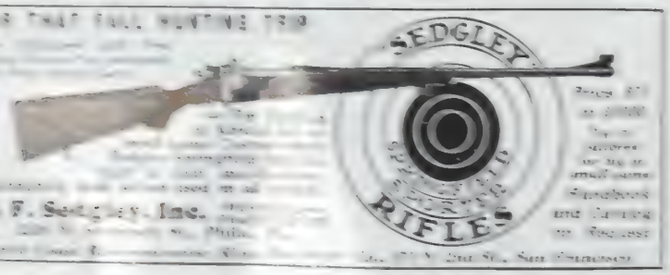

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had plenty of troubles of their own to attend to, come to their assistance the result would be chaos in many lands longing for peace. Even should the chief be conquered in the end after many horrible years of destruction all that there would be left of the estate would be a devastated country and a ruined population. To avoid all this the chief was given back his people and the orchards and fields on which they lived. He claimed to be contented. He would, he said, trouble his neighbors no more. The estate is much depleted but what is left of it is in order and secure and its people and their possessions are whole. The powerful friends have not had to desert their own families and their troubled countries to the unpredictable things that might happen in their absence and give their lives for a foreign cause. Thus history was made, peace was preserved, and war averted.

Those who question the wisdom of this extraordinary decision must be too young to remember a quarter of a century ago when what we had to do was easy, safe, and comfortable compared to what others were suffering. That was the worst of that time. The knowledge of the others, the people that were being killed and maimed and the constant, terrible, tense apprehension. In that vicious circle no one could let anyone else down and everyone became a cog in the great wheel of perpetual motion. It seemed as if it would go on forever, that it would never stop; but it did. That in this last crisis it didn't even start seems to me something to celebrate on Armistice Day.

Bush racing

(Continued from page [illegible])

boys got together to cover the old man's bets, and by the following morning at race time, Jackson had put up everything he possessed with the exception of the clothing he stood in, and a large, foul-smelling pipe. All of us had taken as much of Jackson's money as we could get, and as the horses started parading to the quarter-post, a long, lean stranger joined the tense throng around the finish line.

"What's going on?" he inquired. Somebody told him.

He carefully studied the horses for a moment.

"Kinda fancy the little dun, myself," he said.

The boys pounced on him like a pack of W. P. A. administrators on a brand-new billion-dollar allotment. The stranger flashed an imposing roll of bills, covered all bets, and as the bangtails reached the starting pole my none too efficient mathematical mind was quick enough to compute that Jackson and the stranger had put twelve hundred of the best dollars in the world on the little dun's nose.

There is no need to go into the next few seconds which, incidentally, will haunt me to the grave. It will serve no purpose to give a Clem McCarthy description of what happened. Let us merely state that a miracle was performed when the starter gave the word. The little dun seemed to grow a foot. His hoofs were mates again, and as he flashed past the finish line he looked like a streak of axle-grease sliding down a lightning bolt.

Jackson, still apparently dazed by the little colt's performance, collected his winnings and departed for some unmentioned destination. By some strange coincidence, the long, lean gentleman who had joined us at the finish line accompanied him. Between them, they left town with all the loose change to be found on the grounds.

Weeks later I encountered an old friend at the Greeley, Colorado, meeting who told the most amazing story of a little dun horse who had cleaned up the racing fraternity at Hot Springs, South Dakota. Halfway through his story I stopped him:

"Did a long, lean lad come up just before the race and offer to take a few small bets?"

"How in the . . ." he stopped to study me with a coldly interrogatory stare.

I grinned and walked away.

And so it goes. Broke on Sunday, worse on Monday. A thousand in the kick on Tuesday, a new horse in the stable on Wednesday. Car and trailer in hock by Thursday; a winner in a tank-town derby for $400 on Friday. Car and trailer out of hock by Saturday. Broke again by a week from Tuesday, and a horse in the paddock to pay the long overdue feed bill. And in the stable the swipe sings merrily: "No get-away money—no place to go."

If—oh, it's a great word in the rhubarb. If I'd only gone to Billings instead of coming to Rapid City . . . If that fifty-dollar skate hadn't fallen into that hole in the backstretch . . . If I'd used blinkers like I wanted, instead of listening to that half-baked jock . . . If I'd only had sense enough to have stayed home this summer and worked the farm instead of being eight hundred miles from the family fireside, not to mention the well-laden table,—broke, no gas, and but two notches left in the belt.

Yet the fascination of the little world of the bull-rings holds its growling family year after year. They can never forget the story of the gelding, "Pat Crow," purchased for one hundred dollars, who earned over $5,000 for his owner in two years of racing. It is difficult for them to forget that the year before last they came home with over $3,000 in profits, nor can they ever give up the hope that one day they'll acquire a colt for next to nothing, to discover they have a potential Derby winner that can be sold to some owner, racing on recognized tracks, for a really fabulous profit.

However, grumbling and long tales of woe are generally considered essential to the average bush-racer, trainer, and jockey. "I'm never coming back to this cheap little burg," is as universally known as is. "My friends—"

Nearly every conceivable type of conveyance at all suitable for the moving of horses is employed. Some of the larger stables (five to seven horses) move in luxurious vans, the interior often being used for living quarters for the men after the horses have been stabled. Some of the smaller outfits pull trailers holding from one to four head. For even smaller starvation stables, pick-up cars are remodeled to accommodate from one to two. Styles in living quarters fluctuate in ratio to the bank-roll. Blankets are carried in case of complete deflation of the money bags, while only the most elaborate hotel in town is good enough when Lady Luck has at last struck home.

The speed of moving from meeting to meeting is phenomenal. The last race of a program will be run at 5 P.M.; horses, tack, and crew (with a handful of hamburgers and a couple of bottles of pop) will be loaded and on the road by seven. Next morning, some three to four hundred miles away, the kinks will be worked out of the horses, they will be blown out, and by 2 P.M. when some Nebraska tank-town band plays "In My Old Kentucky Home," the ponies are out to run the "derby" for love, honor, and sufficient lucre to help feed themselves and the fasting trainer-owner.

During the past five or six years tremendous strides have been made in improving the quality of the bush horse. Higher purses, recognized racing in Nebraska, Montana, and several other Western states have been an inducement for bringing in higher class platers. Many small stud farms throughout the Middle and Far West have been producing reasonably good stock, and the day of the cold-blood winning all the money in quarter-mile races is gone. A great percentage of fairs and meetings now stage mile "derbies" and races upwards from a half-mile.

Many platers, not quite fast enough for the "big time," and others needful of considerable "fixing up" have come from the Eastern tracks. These horses are traded freely among the rhubarb fraternity and are run in claims at five hundred and down. A colt that can do an average half-mile bull-ring in under fifty seconds is good enough to win, and many higher class horses, accustomed to gradual turns on longer tracks, find it extremely difficult to do a half in anything near that time.

A greater percentage of the race meetings are held in conjunction with country fairs, the races being run between events of bucking horses, clowns, bareback riders, and sword-swallowers. The majority of fair associations are in moderately good financial condition: however, the wise bush-racer always makes it a point to be very conspicuous until the prize monies have been handed out. Races of almost any length from a quarter to a mile and seventy yards are offered, yet the race that is always tremendously popular with the peanut-and-lemonade trade is the relay. This event, a carry-over from the Pony Express, offers the best speculation chance for the crowd to see a little blood.

In the larger shows five to seven strings are entered. Teams are made up of three horses and one rider, each animal racing a half mile, with lightning changes of both rider and saddle from mount to mount. Special saddles with stiff, curved cinches have been devised for rapid transfers, and riders have become so efficient that four-second changes are not uncommon. Horses for this event are usually Thoroughbreds with enough "head" to learn to stop when they charge into the relay stations.

Relay riders, as a class, are considered the "screw-balls" of the entire crazy bush-racing society. No one has ever figured out if the highly nervous and dangerous riding makes them that way, or if, in the first place, they have to be moderately insane to take up the profession. Possibly the best example to prove this point occurred in the Cheyenne Frontier Days' Park a few years ago.

Boots was broke again. A combination of sick horses, bad luck, and a series of poor bets hadn't done him any good.

I saw him on the track early in the morning of the last day of the Frontier Days' show.

"Got to hit today," he said. "Relay's my last chance to make get-away money to send me into Montana."

"How's your chances?" I asked.

"Good," he replied. "I've got Curly, the best darned relay rider in the country. I'm a cinch for that three hundred first money if he doesn't go screwy."

"Screwier, you mean!" I retorted, for of all the relay screw-balls, Curly was the most notorious. When "right," he was the fastest change artist in the country. When "wrong," he was apt to do anything from going the wrong way to forgetting to come into his relay station. None of us would go so far as to claim him ready for a strait jacket; but it was universally agreed that a touch of the sun or too much excitement dried the oil out of his mental gears.

"Kinda taking a chance," I told Boots. "He might ride, and then again, he might not."

"Chance?" Boots laughed. "Never took anything but chances since I hit this racket. Don't worry about Curly, he's been tops for months."

Afternoon, and the temperature well over a hundred. The stands of the park were crowded for the finals of the Rodeo. Punchers brought out the most wicked broncs in captivity. Brahma steers pitched riders into the dust and calves bawled to heaven as ropers tied them up in record time.

The flat races had been run, and the crowd waited tensely for the relay to get under way. Six teams were on the track, each at their respective stations, with Boots's string directly before the center grandstands. His horses looked fit and eager to run, and Curly paced

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nervously up and down in the dust waiting for the bugle.

Finally the call came, and the lead horse of each team was brought to the post.

"They're off!" The crowd let out a roar.

The bangtails tore around the track at breakneck speed. Through the backstretch, around the home turn and into the stretch. Long before Curly reached his station for the first transfer, his cinch was unbuckled. As Boots's handler grabbed his horse by the bit, Curly swung off, tossed his saddle on number two, buckled the cinch with one motion and with a foot in the stirrup was off in a flash. My watch had caught him in a three-and-a-half-second change!

The crowd roared mightily. Curly, well out in front, rode the stirrup through the swirling dust to the first turn before swinging into the saddle, a good six lengths in the lead.

Down the backstretch he flashed, and as he came into the last turn, the crowd started shouting his name. Boots kept poking me in the ribs, between slaps at his thigh.

"I told you! I told you!" He strained his words through his macerated cigar.

"Yeah! Yeah!" I shouted over the din of the frenzied crowd. "He's better than ten lengths in the lead!"

Coming down the stretch, Curly reached down, unbuckled his cinch, and as he came into the station for the last change, he swung off and headed in the *opposite* direction for his final horse that was being held waiting for him.

Instead of making for the big chestnut, he tore for the outside rail, threw his saddle over the post, buckled up the cinch, swung on and started whipping the rail for all he was worth.

Boots groaned, and as the other horses flashed by to make the last lap, Curly woke up. He shook his head and looked across at the horses making their way down the backstretch. His hand went to his face to cover it.

Boots turned to me and tried to smile. He struck a match and held it to the cigar butt that hung from one corner of his mouth.

"Wouldn't lend a fellow about ten smackers to get up to Montana, would you, pal?" he asked. "They're staging a meet at Billings that really ought to be a cinch for me."

I extracted two five-dollar bills from my wallet that contained an even twenty. Tomorrow — always tomorrow, I thought as I handed them to him. Hope—always hope. Hope and despair and failure, and then hope again. That's what it takes to ride the dizzy merry-go-round of the rhubarb circuit.

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 11*)

best in show at Westminster this year, since when he has been in retirement, sallied forth at the Poodle Club of America specialty show of 141 entries and led the lists in what was described by the Judge, George S. Thomas, as the greatest assemblage of the breed ever seen anywhere in the world. The winner he described in similarly glowing terms. The competition for best standard Poodle brought forth four blacks—Curly, as he is familiarly known, Mrs. W. French Githen's Ch. Carillon Corbeau, Mr. B. H. and O. H. Rogers' Ch. Ambroise of Misty Isles, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Smith's Ch. Cartlane Bijou; also four whites—Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Ch. Blakeen Eiger, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Greiss' Ch. Amour of Misty Isles, Princess du Labory, and Chosen Dame of Salmagundi. But Curly had yet another contest to win before being awarded best of breed and this was against Mrs. James M. Austin's Ch. Cheri of Misty Isles, adjudged best miniature. Mrs. Smith's Hillandale Punch was winners dogs and Mr. and Mrs. Greiss' Happy Choice of Salmagundi winners bitches and best of winners.

Yachting

(*Continued from page 32*)

expense of durability. Some of 'em do leak like baskets when you soak it to 'em, they tell me. The difference is that most foreign six-meter owners want a boat built to last them a few years whereas most of the Americans who indulge in racing in that class—and in most open classes for that matter—don't care much how long a boat lasts as long as she'll win 'em some races before she comes unstuck. As long as owners are willing to pay designers fees for boats that will beat the boats the designers turned out last year, or last month, you can hardly expect the designers to overlook any chances to beat the rules.

There is to be held in London the latter part of November a meeting of the permanent committee of the International Yacht Racing Union and it seems that if the British and Scandinavian six-meter men want certain standards of construction or a certain minimum of hull weight to total displacement that would be a good time to do something about it.

MEASUREMENT RULES.

Another thing that meeting is going to take up is the possibility of an international measurement rule for ocean racing. The clubs most influential in that branch of the game in various countries have been asked for their coöperation and suggestions, not with any idea that such a rule could be put in force in the immediate future, but to establish it as a practical ideal. Maybe it is, but somewhat closer to home at the moment is the plaint of sundry skippers in our home waters that they have to have a different measurement certificate for every overnight and coastwise race they go in because each club has a different idea on the subject. Why the current Cruising Club Rule, used in most

of the major long-distance and cruising races, isn't more generally used by some of the clubs that now have their own private rules I don't know. On the other hand there's the thought that if a boat goes to enough more handicapped under enough different rules some time he's going to hit one under which he boat rates low enough to win.

STAR CLASS. *Pimm*, the German Star boat sailed by Hutschler and Weise, which won a moral victory in the Star class World's Series of 1935, fulfilled many predictions by winning an actual one in this year's series at San Diego. Most of the credit for the German Star's remarkable showing last year was given to her revolutionary rig with its flexible spars, cripple-two bent spars and numerous rigging. Since then most of the leading skippers in the class in this country have been experimenting with the German rig, or variations thereof, but none of them were able to equal the performance of the same German entry this year. This seems to back up the pronouncement of the veteran Star skipper at the end of the 1935 series, to the effect that there were only two things the German boat had that her rivals couldn't match, her skipper and her crew. The only boat that gave them a real battle among the twenty-two entries was Harry Nye's *Gale*, from the Southern Lake Michigan fleet, which has been cleaning up in her home waters and also in the Cuban Series and others last winter and spring. *Pimm* and *Gale* each had two first and two second places and what decided the series was that in the third race *Pimm* finished third and *Gale* 17th, leaving the total point score for the series 106 to 104 in the German's favor. Third place went to the West San Francisco Bay entry, *Mercury*.

There were some monstrous big mainsails broken out in that series, some of them even outdoing the German sails according to beholders and one of them, with a 22-foot mast, gave fine place in the third race to the Cowie brothers' *Rambunctious* of Santa Monica.

THE WEEKENDERS. Something that ought not to pass without notice is the performance of Drake Sparkman, sailing *Southwind* in finishing the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. championship with a perfect score of 1000 for the nearly twenty races sailed in the Weekender one-design class. This is a pretty rare occurrence, and can be explained by the fact that Sparkman is and has been for many years a crack racing skipper, whereas most of the Weekender owners are either beginners or cruising men to whom the fine points of racing are either mysteries or not worth the trouble. Even so, it's quite a record.

FISHERMEN'S RACES. If the editor would postpone publication of this issue for a week or so—a thing editors seem to be loath to do—I'd like to include a complete story on what will probably be the last international race of fishing schooners, the 19 or 20 the best I can do is to generalize from the last race between the Gloucester L. Thebaud, of Gloucester, and the Bluenose, out of Lunenburg, N. S., of Boston, which was won by the Gloucestersman to the surprise of most of the spectators.

Captain Joe Zinck, in the *Thebaud*, sailed a splendid race, and in the last one in her time prove she appears to be right as to ballast and trim. She was just a shade the faster boat against the big Lunenberg saltbanker sailed by Captain Angus Walters. In the next few days she doesn't reverse the verdict of their last meeting, in 1931 off Halifax, and win the North Atlantic Fishermen's Trophy, at least she will have put up a noble scrap against the world larger Lunenberg schooner which has held that trophy against sundry Gloucester challengers ever since she was first built way back in 1921.

All-sail fishing vessels may be as anachronistic in our waters today as square-rigged cargo ships, but the race still means a good deal to the fishing communities and to all sailors of the sea. The last race off Boston brought out a fleet of more than 150 spectator craft, ranging from small power boats through larger yachts and party craft to a dozen big steam and Diesel trawlers loaded to the guards with guests. The *Thebaud* is the idol of Gloucester today. When she sailed in the harbor there the day after the last race old men lined the rail-ings of the wharves to greet her and reminisced on the days when they used to sail the heavy fishing schooners, and younger fishermen whose experience has all been in power-driven vessels watched her and regretted, fleetingly at least, the passing of the days when they would have followed their sires in such vessels. The fisherman's prize will always hold a hallowed place in the memories of those who have sailing vessels, and it was a generous act of Angus Walters, who had already attained permanent possession of the North Atlantic trophy, to risk it again for a renewal of the old rivalry.

NEW WATERLINE LIMITS. The New York Yacht Club has succumbed to the trend of the changing times and lowered the maximum waterline length requirements for racing sloops in the Bishop Cup. The new limits, 27 and upwards for Class A and 31 for subsequent years, will let ketches, were primarily set to allow the participation in the race of the twelve-meter class yachts, all the fine power-driven fleet of racing sloops. It will also open the gates for a number of smart two-stickers of various rigs, yawls, ketches, etc. and be an incentive to all new

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Guns and game

(*Continued from page 26*)

times in such environments. Even I, when I enter a bit of woodcock cover, feel the glands of charity and tolerance burst open, flooding my being with so much good will that if given an opportunity right then to slug my worst enemy I'd wrap the lead pipe in an evangelical tract before patting him on the head with it.

BIRD BANDING. Doctor Frederick C. Lincoln, of the Biological Survey, is the Federal Government's migratory bird traffic officer, although that is a descriptive rather than an official title. He thinks it's the most fun in the world to trap a live bird, put a little aluminum garter on its leg, and release it unharmed. He has bird banding stations scattered over the length and breadth of the continent where other enthusiasts are engaged in similar activities. Altogether, Dr. Lincoln and his assistants have initiated 3,000,000 birds into the ornithological Order of the Garter, and because of it we have come into possession of a vast amount of knowledge that is of great practical benefit to ourselves and to the birds.

When, in 1934, the Survey was given money and means to start a great national system of waterfowl refuges, the bird banding records and mapped flyways showed exactly the locations where these refuges should be established to be of greatest usefulness. There are many other matters discovered, or learned about, through bird banding that are of practical value to all of us. There are many curious and incredible things disclosed, too. The little aluminum band confers upon its feathered wearer no immunity from accident or sudden death. Many of them are shot; many die from other causes, and some are re-trapped in other banding stations. In most cases the bands are recovered and returned to the Survey as requested by the legend each bears, and it is from these returned bands that Dr. Lincoln and his assistants get at the secret of the flight habits of the birds.

Here are a few of the instances of bird flights of more than usual interest:

A great blue heron banded at Hat Isle, Lake Huron, on July 1, 1936, was killed at Pinar del Rio, Cuba, on January 11, 1938. Another heron banded on June 25, 1937, at Hog Island, Wisconsin, was liquidated in November of the same year at Belize, British Honduras. A mallard personally banded by Dr. Lincoln at Browning, Illinois, on November 18, 1922, successfully ran the shotgun gauntlet for fifteen years and ten days, and was killed at Beardstown, Illinois, on November 28, 1937. Another mallard banded on Cuivre Island, Missouri, February 23, 1923, was shot August 15, 1937, at Peace River, Alberta. There are other records of mallard ducks that lived ten years or so after banding—proof conclusive that we don't shoot at every duck, or else (and a horrid, incredible alternative it is) that we don't hit every one we shoot at. No. B-691900 was a redhead who must have had an adventurous career. She was banded at Ithaca, New York, on April 18, 1926, and the advantages of university training kept her out of trouble for nine years, when she was trapped again on Thief Lake, Minnesota, on April 29, 1935, and awarded a new band. In October, 1936, the old girl was shot away up on Lake Manitoba. A greater scaup duck, banded at Mohler, Oregon, on December 23, 1926, was re-trapped and released at the same place on March 3, 1927; again on February 17, 1928; again, and at the same place, on January 3, 1935; and again on January 5, 1938, and so far as is known is still sound of wind and wing.

A dowitcher banded and released on Cape Cod on July 31, 1935, must have found the experience alarming, for he turned up only three weeks later at Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadaloupe Island, 1800 miles away.

A laughing gull banded at Cobb Island, Virginia, on July 15, 1937, was caught with a fish hook six months later at Cristobal, Canal Zone. And so it goes through 175,000 bands that have been returned to Dr. Lincoln out of the 3,000,000 attached to the birds. Each of these 175,000 circlets brings in its story of travel, of adventure, and usually of the grim spectre that stalks us all one by one and writes the last line in our dossiers. They lay bare the secrets of migration to our eyes with scientific exactitude, and disclose its mysteries, only to leave us with the realization that this strange and beautiful phenomenon is a great deal more wonderfully mysterious than we had ever imagined.

It's an old Southern custom

(*Continued from page 72*)

the rival attraction. We arrived there, and our worst fears came true. The air darkened as doves got up all over the place. A cowpea crop had matured, and in the last two weeks apparently had become better dove-food than our melon seeds, which probably had been rotting and becoming less palatable in the meantime.

"It's easy," said Fred. "Just see the owner and get his permission to shoot the field. We'll leave a couple of men in the melon patch to keep them flying and get them wherever they come."

I smiled at this childish display of ignorance.

"Oh, sure it's easy. Remember when we were bird shooting over here last winter, and an old fellow kicked us out? And you said, 'Okay, Old Sourpuss, I wouldn't eat a quail that had been feeding on your land'?"

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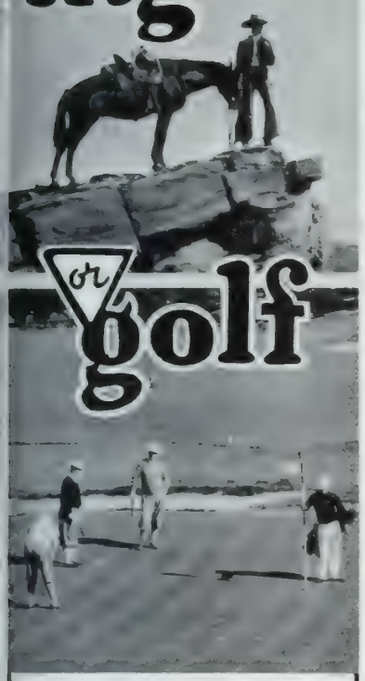

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Fred's bearing at this reminder.

"Well," I concluded, "this field belongs to Old Sourpuss."

"I see. Makes everything nice, doesn't it? Does the old—shall we say, gentleman, enjoy shooting?"

"Oh, yes indeed, very much—at trespassers."

Next morning I went by myself to extend a flag of truce to Mr. Jones, alias Old Sourpuss. When I left I was a thoroughgoing bear on the dove market. It seemed he remembered the quail incident very well. He quite understood that my friends and I would like to shoot his field. He thanked me for telling him what we had in mind so the he could be on hand to see that not one of us sneaked over the fence. He concluded with the remark that when he was a young man in Georgia (Gawgia to him) they used to have *real* dove shoots, and that they wouldn't have bothered about a field with only a few hundred doves in it.

I became more than bearish—dove stock positively hit the toboggan. Such of the invitees as I saw I told just to bring a few odd shells because there probably wouldn't be a thing to shoot at—in fact, maybe we ought to get up a golf game. Nobody seemed inclined to call off the shoot, and I reconciled myself to the embarrassment of a "bust."

My final act before the close of business for the holiday was to purchase a few pints of a locally popular beverage, to which we in the South are prone to turn in moments of defeat and remorse, thinking that perhaps my crime would go less noticed if the disappointed hunters could be persuaded to accept one or two adult doses of the "Remorse Remover."

Just before daylight Fred and I arrived at the edge of the patch. A procession of headlights followed us through the dark, bobbing and winking as the autos negotiated the narrow woods road. When all were present I explained the situation. About the only shooting would be on the edge of the patch nearest the pea field, but I warned everyone that Old Sourpuss meant to see that there was no trespassing on his land. Those who knew him agreed that he undoubtedly meant what he had said.

The day dawned clear and calm, which is unauspicious for a dove shoot. I had hoped a stiff wind might have the doves flying so briskly that there would be an overflow of birds out of the field and into our patch. The weather now appeared ideal for those who contemplated a quiet game of croquet.

A quarter hour passed. One or two desultory shots were heard in the patch, but they were one or two where I had hoped for fifty. I felt like an actor who had hoped to "wow" the house and who hears only one or two snickers. And to make it worse, off toward the pea field swarms of doves could be seen lazily rising from the ground, circling as doves do when feeding contentedly, and alighting farther along. A thousand doves must have been gobbling peas in that field.

A few minutes of silence passed, with my face getting redder. Then a solitary shot rang out—in the field. A black cloud of doves rose with a whistling of wings which could be heard for half a mile. My heart sank with fear that some of our party might be trespassing there. Where Old Sourpuss was raised they think a load of buckshot is the way to make an intruder understand he isn't wanted.

A minute later another solitary shot, and again a few hundred doves rose and wheeled in the air, settling still in the same field. When doves make up their minds to feed in a certain place, it takes real opposition to stop them. They were in there in sufficient numbers to make shooting for twenty men, but one man was helpless, for while they would not leave the field they would keep getting up just out of range. In doing so they would have afforded real shooting to a dozen or so men concealed about the area, but they were baffling this lone hunter.

Fred wandered by, and together we watched the futile chase. Then Fred guessed it. "It's Old Weasel-puss. He came out to shoot poachers, and seeing all the doves awakened the Georgia Cracker in him."

A rising storm of doves in the nearest end of the field indicated Mr. Jones's progress in our direction. He fired his fourth shot, apparently without avail.

"Of course, he can't kill doves with that gun," said Fred. "It's probably loaded with about nine pellets of buckshot—meant for us. Look! He's headed this way."

We walked to meet him at the edge of the patch. In the back of my mind were faint hopes of a truce, but the expression on Jones's face was not encouraging.

"Well, Mr. Jones?"

His aged jaws were champing.

"Git your pants over that fence into my field, suh! Ain't no doves heah!"

"But last week you said we couldn't shoot in your field."

"A-a-h!" snarled the old fellow, shaking a silver-mounted old hammer-gun. "Don't mess around talking! Git your backsides over the fence and we'll give those doves the devil. They been making game of me, suh! Positively making spo't of me! I'll settle that!"

Fred was gone at a field-trial pace, gathering up the boys, and shortly a goodly scattering of guns was ranged over the field, leaving two or three behind in the melon patch, to which we guessed the flights might turn when they found the peas getting too hot.

And now a new chapter begins in our story. Each rising flight furnished sport for one or more blinds. It still was far from one-sided, for there never were enough guns to take more than a few accidental doves out of a terrified, wind-splitting flock in full career. But shell-pockets grew lighter, game-pockets heavier, and many a chance for a shot was missed for inability to reload as quickly as a new flight raced by.

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Here and there a high-flying single would afford a conspicuous opportunity for an individual to show whether he "had what it takes," and whether he had or hadn't, he got an appropriate hand from the field. Now and again like a giant among pigmies, the 12-gauge of Old Weaselpuss would boom out over the twenties and sixteens which the present generation affects for doves, and the general rule seemed to be that the dove in the limelight at the moment folded his wings and obeyed the law of gravity. Once a little breeze blew me the words, "Make game of me, hey, you scoundrels?"

One by one the shooters dropped out, with the bag-limit in pocket, and Jones was not the last to shoulder his gun. When he left, I wandered to his side to see whether he had had a permanent change of heart or whether this invitation was a brainstorm of the moment. I asked him if he had enjoyed the sport.

"Humph! It'll pass, but it'd be a sorry dove shoot in Gawgia, suh, back in the past century. And these lady-guns you boys use! Humph! Back in Gawgia, suh, a ten-bore was a man's gun. I had this little twelve because I was just a young'un when I left!"

"Those must have been great days, Mr. Jones," I agreed as one does who wants further favors. I drew from my game-bag one of the pints, together with a leather-cased drinking cup. Pouring a moderate "touch" for the old fellow, I offered it with the words:

"I've heard that up in Georgia, in those days, it was customary to finish off a dove shoot with a drink."

"That is correct, young man," said Old Sourpuss. "But in Gawgia, suh, in the past century, we were not accustomed to drink out of a lady's thimble. Kindly have the hospitality to pass me that bottle, suh!"

Fox hunting

(*Continued from page 24*)

Meadow Brook First Chance 1936 (V.W.H. Cirencester Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly); Meadow Brook Graceful (Shelburne Admiral—Meadow Brook Glitter), Meadow Brook Granite (Shelburne Admiral—Meadow Brook Glitter); 3rd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Waitress 1934 (Cheshire Sanford—Witty), Sandal 1937 (Whistler—Sunbeam); Winnifred 1937 (Whimper — Waitress), Woodbine 1937 (Whimper—Waitress). BROOD BITCH: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds:—Meadow Brook Gratitude 1935 (Shelburne Admiral—Meadow Brook Gainful); 2nd—Meadow Brook Hounds: — Meadow Brook First Chance 1936 (V.W.H. Gallant—Meadow Brook Folly); 3rd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club:—Waitress 1934 (Cheshire Sanford—Witty). Champion Bitch—Meadow Brook Hounds Gratitude. Reserve: Meadow Brook Hounds Glamorous. Best Cross-Bred Foxhound: Meadow Brook Hounds Gratitude. Reserve. Meadow Brook Hounds Factor. "THE THIRD MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS' CHALLENGE CUP" for pack of Cross-bred Hounds: 1st—Meadow Brook Hounds; 2nd—Meadow Brook Hounds; 3rd—Green Spring Valley Hunt Club.

WELSH FOXHOUNDS

Judge: Dr. Thomas Butler Snyder, Kimberton, Pa.

DOG HOUNDS: 1st—Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds Pantysgallog Nimrod 1936 (Guider—Countess); 2nd—White Marsh Valley Hunt Club:—Crier (Chaser—Gwalia); 3rd—Myopia Neptune 1935 (Danger—Necklace). BITCHES: 1st—Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds:—Lord Davies Gypsy 1934 (Pantysgallog Gelert—Lord Davies' Gwalia); 2nd—Terwood Hunt:—Chorus (Rockwood — Lily); 3rd — Mr. Valentine's Hounds:—Pantysgallog Melba 1935 (Player—Truly). THE WELSH HOUND ASSOCIATION OF WALES: Trophy for the Best Welsh Foxhound:—Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds:—Nimrod.

BEAGLES

Judge: John W. Scott, Earlville, Maryland.

UNENTERED DOGS, 13 Inches: 1st—Stockford Beagles:—Stockford Rattler 1939 (Navesink Ranter—Stockford Rapture); 2nd—Stockford Beagles: — Stockford Rascal 1938 (Navesink Ranter—Stockford Rakish); 3rd—Pemberton Beagles:—Captain 1938 (Canter—Countess). ENTERED DOGS, 13 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Pioneer Skippy 1935 (Culner's Short Shorty — Pattie Pitcher); 2nd — Pemberton Beagles: — Trader 1936 (Tattler—Caper); 3rd—Pemberton Beagles:—Raveningham Halyard 1936 (Minstrel—New Forest Harriet). UNENTERED DOGS, 15 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Merrymaker (Foxcatcher Merryman—Charmac Judy); 2nd—Vernon-Somerset Beagles: — Ledger 1938 (Collegian — Lotus); 3rd — Meadow Lark Beagles:—Meadow Lark Brevity Breve (Ch. Meadow Lark—Meadow Lark Rachel). ENTERED DOGS, 15 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Meadowlark Draftsman 1937 (Meadow Lark Wiseman—Meadow Lark Dawn); 2nd—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Messenger 1937 (Delco Minor—Walkamac La Mere); 3rd—Duckhollow Foot Beagles:—River Park Jim III 1937 (River Park Some Boy—River Park Missie). STALLION BEAGLES, 15 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Delco Minor 1931 (Shady Shore Sagacious—Shady Shore Show Maid); 2nd—Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Curate 1935 (shown with Cleric and Cloister 1938) (Flagrant—Comical); 3rd—Meadow Lark Beagles:—Ch. Meadow Lark Watchman 1927 (Meadow Lark Toiler—Meadow Lark Bridesmaid). STALLION BEAGLES, 13 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Pioneer Skippy 1935 (Culner's Short Shorty—Pattie Pitcher). STALLION BEAGLES, Open To All: Foxcatcher Beagles: — 1st — Meadowlark Draftsman 1937 (Meadow Lark Wiseman—Meadow Lark Dawn); 2nd—Foxcatcher Beagles: Delco Minor 1931 (Shady Shore Sagacious—Shady Shore Show Maid); 3rd—Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Collegian 1932 (Flagrant—Comical). FIELD TRIAL CLASS, DOGS: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Pioneer Skippy 1935 (Culner's Short Shorty—Pattie Pitcher). CHAMPION DOG, 13 Inches: Foxcatcher Beagles: Pioneer Skippy. Reserve: Stockford Beagles: Stockford Rattler. CHAMPION DOG, 15 Inches: Meadow Lark Beagles, Draftsman. Reserve: Foxcatcher Beagles, Merrymaker. COUPLES DOGS, 13 Inches: Stockford Beagles: — Stockford Farmer 1937 (Stockford Flyer—Dr. Park's Matchless), Stockford Rascal 1939 Navesink Ranter—Stockford Rakish). COUPLES DOGS, 15 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Messenger 1937 (Delco Minor—Walkamac La Mere), Foxcatcher Major 1937 (Delco Minor—Walkamac La Mere); 2nd — Vernon-Somerset Beagles: — Curate 1935 (Flagrant Comical), Confidence 1934 (Flagrant—Cautious); 3rd—Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Cleric 1938 (Curate—Lofty), Cloister 1938 (Curate—Lofty). UNENTERED BITCHES: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Meadowlark Rival II (Meadow Lark Wiseman—Meadow Lark Rakish); 2nd—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Joyful (Foxcatcher Merryman—Charmac Judy). ENTERED BITCHES, 13 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Mary 1936 (Delco Minor—Delco Winsome); 2nd—Meadow Lark Beagles:—Meadow Lark Diana 1937 (Ch. Meadow Lark Wiseman 2nd—Ch. Meadow Lark Dawn); 3rd—Whiteoakes Foot Beagles:—Whiteoakes Wanton 1937 (Whiteoakes Workman—Whiteoakes Stella). UNENTERED BITCHES, 15 Inches: 1st—Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Hilda 1938 (Monarch—Honey); 2nd Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Choir Girl 1938 (Curate—Lofty); 3rd—Whiteoakes Foot Beagles: — Whiteoakes Flemish 1938 (Whiteoakes Guardsman—Whiteoakes Flaxen). ENTERED BITCHES, 15 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Merix 1934 (Delco Minor—Delco Winsome); 2nd—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Master Key Nuggets 1937 (Madden's Minor—Master Key Bubbles); 3rd—Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Lapwing 1932 (Larker—Huntress). BROOD BITCHES, 15 Inches: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Merix 1934 (Delco Minor—Delco Winsome); 2nd—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Master Key Nuggets 1937 (Madden's Minor—Master Key Bubbles); 3rd—Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Lofty 1932 (Larker—Huntress). BROOD BITCHES, 13 Inches: 1st—Whiteoakes Foot Beagles:—Ravish 1935 (Meadow Lark Wiseman—Meadow Lark Rakish); 2nd—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Culner's Charm Charmer 1937 (Seibold's Panel—Culner's Kit); 3rd—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Mary 1936 (Delco Minor—Delco Winsome). FIELD TRIAL CLASS BITCHES: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Harriman's Pride 1936 (Harriman's Har-Harter—Stoltz's Page). CHAMPION BITCH, 13 Inches: Foxcatcher Beagles, Meadow Lark Rival. Reserve: Foxcatcher Beagles, Foxcatcher Mary. CHAMPION BITCH, 15 Inches: Foxcatcher Beagles, Foxcatcher Merix. Reserve: Vernon-Somerset Beagles, Hilda. COUPLES BITCHES, 13 Inches: 1st—Whiteoakes Foot Beagles:—Whiteoakes Ravish 1935 (Meadow Lark Wiseman—Meadow Lark Rakish), Whiteoakes Wanton 1937 (Whiteoakes Workman — Whiteoakes Stella); 2nd—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Harriman's Pride 1936 (Harriman's Har-Harter—Stoltz's Page), Harriman's Suzabella 1936 (Harriman's Har-Harter—Stoltz's Page). COUPLES BITCHES, 15 Inches: 1st—Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Lovebird 1934 (Layman—Lofty), Mistress 1934 (Melton—Dulcimer); 2nd—Foxcatcher Beagles:—Foxcatcher Fantasy 1937 (Pioneer Skippy—Foxcatcher Fairy), Master Key Nuggets 1937 (Madden's Minor—Master Key Bubbles); 3rd—Vernon-Somerset Beagles:—Alma 1938 (Harper—Angel), Autumn 1938 (Harper—Angel). VERNON-SOMERSET CHALLENGE CUP for the best five couples: 1st—Foxcatcher Beagles; 2nd—Whiteoakes Foot Beagles; 3rd—Vernon-Somerset Beagles. THE HENRY WUHL DILLARD, 3rd, MEMORIAL CUP for the Best 13-Inch Pack, Presented by the Subscribers of the Trewerys Beagles:

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BASSET HOUNDS

Judges: Dr. Thomas Butler Snyder, Kimberton, Pa
Harry Peters, Jr., 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

UNENTERED DOGS: 1st—Stockford Basset Hounds:—Stockford Gamester 1938 (Westerly Linguist—Stockford Lady); 2nd—Bijoux Bassets of Banbury Cross:—Bijoux Diamond of Banbury Cross (Chasseur—Stanco Lady); 3rd—Bertram Lippincott:—Trumpeter 1938. ENTERED DOGS: 1st—Stockford Basset Hounds:—Stockford Doctor 1937 (Stockford Duke—Diamond of Roselane); 2nd—Brandywine Basset Hounds:—Bugler 1937 (Kilsyth Broker—Kilsyth Brevity); 3rd—Mr. Bertram Lippincott:—Raffer. UNENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Stockford Basset Hounds:—Stockford Vanity 1938 (Westerly Linguist—Vanity); 2nd—Brookdale Bassets:—Stanco Coco (Chasseur—Stanco Lady); 3rd—Stockford Basset Hounds:—Stockford Gadfly 1938 (Westerly Linguist—Stockford Lady). ENTERED BITCH HOUNDS: 1st—Brandywine Basset Hounds:—Felicia 1936 (Ch. Reddy II—Walhampton Victory); 2nd—Brookdale Bassets:—Bittersweet of Reynalton (Loyalty of Reynalton—Ch. Walhampton Nightshade); 3rd—Mr. Frank B. Carter, Jr.:—Fallowfield Frolicker 1936 (Walhampton Abbott—Music of Woodleigh).

Versatile viburnums

(*Continued from page 55*)

European (*V. opulus*), and Sargent's (*V. sargenti*). Of these, the first and last are the best, for *opulus* (and also *opulus sterilis* previously mentioned) are badly affected by aphides.

Siebold's viburnum (*V. sieboldi*) bears a crop of small red to black berries, that soon disappear, but the umbels of small red fruits of the Chinese cranberry-bush, the linden-leaved viburnum (*V. dilitatum*) and Wright's viburnum (*V. wrighti*) are carried into spring, feeding the cardinals and cedar waxwings in winter and even banqueting the returning robins.

Flat umbels of fruit that ripen progressively, so that there are, simultaneously, in the same cluster, green, yellowish, pink, red and blue berries in striking contrast, add particularly to the display value of the wayfaring-tree (*V. lantana*) in July, of the withe-rod (*V. cassinoides*) in September, and of the nannyberry (*V. lentago*) in September and October.

Because of their fruit, the viburnums are useful for attracting birds to our gardens. Some twenty-eight kinds of birds feed upon their berries, including bluebirds, cedar-birds, crows, grouse, quail, robins, sparrows, brown thrashers, woodpeckers, grackles, flickers, finches, grosbeaks and catbirds. The species especially recommended for the bird-sanctuary garden are *acerifolium, cassinoides, dentatum, dilitatum, lentago, opulus, prunifolium,* and *wrighti.*

Nowadays our appreciation of the viburnums is primarily aesthetic, and our interest in their usefulness from the standpoint of our gardens; but it was not always so, as is indicated by some of the common names. Thus the long, straight canes of the arrowwood (*V. dentatum*) were shot from the bows of the Indians, and the name withe-rod (*V. cassinoides*) refers to the tough flexibility of canes suitable for binding things together. Going still farther back, one John Evelyn, addressing the Royal Society of England in 1662, had this to say about the varied usefulness of this genus:

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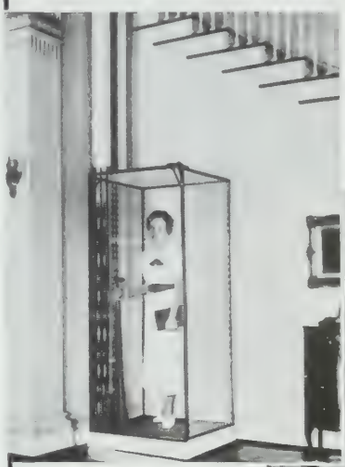

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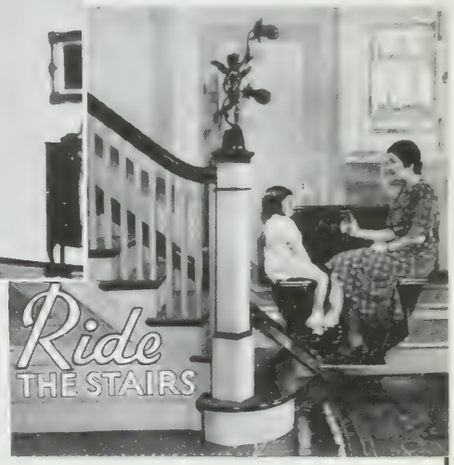

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"The viburnum, or wayfaring-tree, growing plentifully in every corner makes pins for the yokes of oxen; and superstitious people think that it protects their cattle from being bewitched, and place the shrub about their stalls; it certainly makes the most pliant and best bands to fagot with. The leaves and berries are astringent, and make an excellent gargle for loose teeth, sore throat, and to stop fluxes. The leaves decocted to a lye not only color the hair black, but fasten the roots; and the bark of the root, macerated under ground, well beaten, and often boiled, serves for bird-time.

Returning from the past and from some of its lore to our garden needs, we find viburnums among the best shrubs for foliage effects. With the exception as to aphid susceptibility, above noted, the group is singularly free from injury caused by insects or disease. A wide range of foliage texture and color contrast is possible, from the dark, heavy leaves of *plicatum* and *tomentosum* Siebold *molle,* and *lantana,* through *dilitatum, wrighti, dentatum,* and the native and European cranberries to the shining oval leaves of *lentago, cassinoides,* and *prunifolium. Carlesi* is possessor of the smallest leaves.

Even an evergreen planting can be made from viburnums, as already intimated, through the use of the two rather tender forms mentioned and the hardier variety, *V. rhytidophyllum.* This is a large, handsome shrub with dark, deep-veined leaves somewhat like those of the Japanese snowball, flat umbels of yellow-white florets, and red berries. It is equally valuable for adding an evergreen note to mixed shrub plantings and for providing variety in groupings of other broad-leaved evergreens.

In the matter of autumn foliage color, the viburnums rank among the leaders. For rich red and purple hues, plant *acerifolium, alnifolium, carlesi, tomentosum, plicatum, rotundifolium, prunifolium* and *wrighti.* For bright scarlets and oranges there are *cassinoides, dilitatum, lantana, lentago, dentatum* and *sargenti. Viburnum molle,* the Kentucky viburnum, gives us a clear yellow autumn foliage effect, as sometimes also occurs in *dentatum* when planted in the shade. Incidentally, sunny exposures produce the richest autumn color displays. *V. acerifolium* is extremely variable and colors ranging from cream, through reds and pinks, to richest purple occur on plants seemingly growing under identical conditions.

In habit of growth, and hence in their landscape uses, we find a wide diversity among the members of this family. Often listed as very large shrubs, the species, *prunifolium, lentago,* and *sieboldi* really come under the head of flowering trees in their mature stage. The last named is especially desirable for planting in city yards and other difficult situations, for it is a tolerant and thrifty grower. The others are fine for naturalistic as well as gardenesque use and *V. prunifolium,* especially, is a worthy companion for the dogwood. As it stands shearing well, this species can be used very attractively for formal effects.

Among those suited for specimen use are the trio just mentioned plus *dilitatum, wrighti, sargenti, tomentosum,* and *tomentosum plicatum.* The red-fruited forms in particular, and those which in general are rich in autumn color look well against a background of pines, hemlocks, or other tall evergreens.

All of them, of course, fit into the shrub border and are useful for screening and for contributing their verdure to the walls of your outdoor living room. In the shady portions of the planting area, *dentatum cassinoides, alnifolium,* and *acerifolium* are especially to be recommended. Mention has been made of naturalistic effects, and certain forms recommended therefor. Those just noted, together with *lantana* and *molle* are likewise suited for this informal use. *V. cassinoides* ranks high as a waterside plant; in nature its shiny leaves, changing fruit, and autumn color are reflected in many a placid pool. *V. alnifolium,* the "witch hobble," is pleasing in winter along streamsides among low branched hemlocks and pines because of the prominence of its cinnamon-colored terminal buds.

At the other end of the scale from the naturalistic is the matter of hedges and edgings, and even here we find adaptable viburnums as, for instance, the Species V. *tinus* of the South, beautiful as either a formal or an informal hedge. Then there is the dwarf cranberry-bush (*V. opulus nanum*) a hardy, low, deciduous shrub without flowers or fruit, but assuming a hassock-like form, with small dark, rich green leaves shaped like those of its parent, the high-bush cranberry. It makes interesting, more or less formal mounds and is adapted for low hedges or, when closely clipped, for edgings after the manner of boxwood. The new growth on the twigs is bright red so that the *en masse* effect in the wintertime is most cheerful.

In this brief monograph, we have made no attempt to run the gamut of all existing varieties, preferring to confine ourselves to those which are generally "in the trade" and therefore readily available from nurserymen for garden planting. Hybrid cranberry-bushes with yellow fruit have been developed, but they have not as yet found their way into the market. It would be an interesting and profitable hobby to assemble a complete collection of those sorts now offered and to keep pace with such new ones as may from time to time appear. The results of such a hobby would be a rise in the average quality of the shrubs upon your place and the added enjoyment that would come from the all-the-year-round attractiveness that many of them possess to such a high degree.

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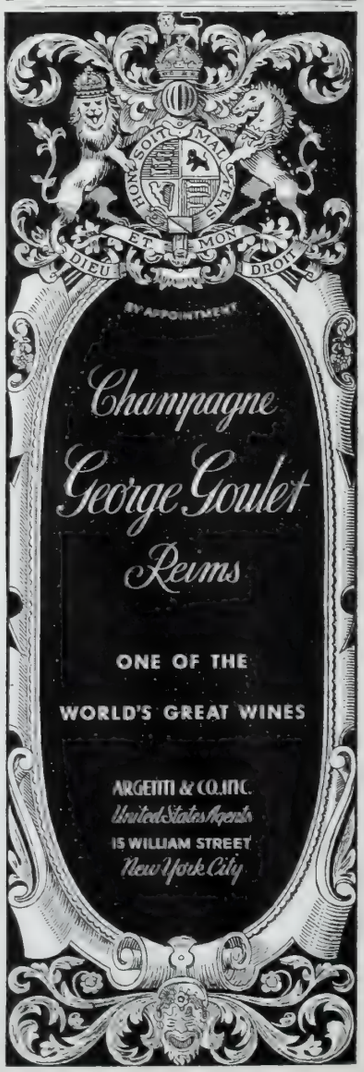

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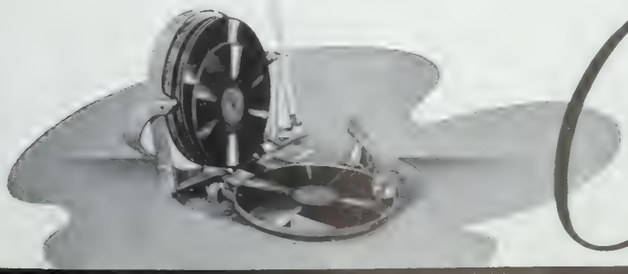

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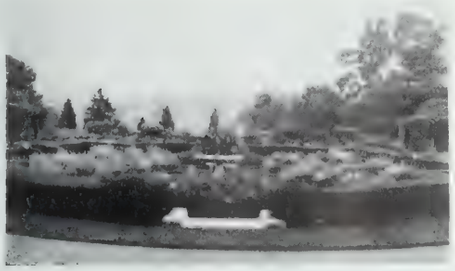

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Show Dogs . . . Mongrels vs. Pure-breds
Saint Bernards . . . Smooth Foxterriers

FROM remarks frequently overheard at dog shows it appears that many of the casual visitors at these events think of pure-bred dogs which they see at pose and pace in the show rings as little more than living puppets and that the owners and handlers of these dogs regard them in no different light than they would rare stamps or pieces of antique furniture. But that conception is known to be completely in error, if one is familiar with the exhibition of pure-bred dogs or conversant with the stories which reach the American Kennel Club regarding what is happening on the various show circuits. The regular showgoer knows and the consensus of these stories proves that there is nothing cold nor automatic about the sport of showing dogs and that the dogs usually enjoy the game quite as much as their owners. Indeed, in many instances, the dogs become quite spoiled by the constant attention they receive from their solicitous owners or handlers. Before an event the dogs receive a careful going over to clean and put their coats in fine form and this is repeated again at the show to furnish the final finish before entering the ring. Then there is the trip to the show, usually by truck, and the more seasoned campaigners know and are anxious to enter their individual crates. Arriving at the show, they seem equally anxious to display themselves in the ring and hold court on the bench. Altogether these initiated show dogs seem to take the entire proceedings as a constant round of pleasure.

HUMAN SOCIETY PREFERRED. It is not at all surprising that show dogs always welcome trips to shows, for it means release from the monotony of their home kennels which they do not particularly like after having experienced the hurly-burly of exhibition. There are plenty of dogs at an average show and breeding kennel, some of the larger establishments numbering from fifty to a hundred, but dogs prefer human society. So when a dog is taken on an extended show campaign he is in a sort of canine seventh heaven. There have been innumerable instances of strong bonds of companionship between owners or handlers and their dogs during their peregrinations over show circuits. At the present time there is one particular dog which is scoring a sensational series of successes throughout the country and he is constantly in the company of his handler. Although he has his own individual crate he invariably rides on the motor truck seat beside his handler, they share hotel rooms together and even when the latter goes to a barber shop for a shave or haircut the dog is not satisfied unless he can occupy an adjacent chair to view the operation; all of which is done in becoming behavior. The dog is the Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, at the present writing the leading group winner for the American Kennel Club prize for best American-bred dog of all breeds. The handler is Hans Sachers.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS. Then also there are the extremely close friendships formed between animals. This is quite a usual occurrence with race horses and dogs. Some of our greatest Thoroughbreds have had their canine pals which accompanied them to every race meeting, slept in the stalls and were practically never separated from them save when the horse was working out or racing on the track. An odd instance recalled of this animal companionship was that of a Thoroughbred and a small nanny goat which followed the horse wherever he went, in fact the horse insisted on this patronage.

An oddity in canine companionship was that of Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's great Pointer, Ch. Nancolleth Marquis, winner of twenty-five best in show prizes, and a small Schipperke, for which he had formed a strong attachment. Although the latter was seldom shown, he was invariably taken along on extended campaigns to keep the big bird dog in good spirits. Reverting to the penchant canines develop for attending dog shows there occurs the case of a dog which had been retired after having won all manner of laurels. Upon seeing some of his kennelmates crated and placed in a truck for a show circuit, an oft-repeated experience to him, he would become so morose, nervous and thin at being left behind that it was finally decided to carry him along just as a spectator and for over a year he traveled many thousands of miles as a companion to his handler and the competing dogs. Throughout all of the many activities of pure-bred dogs it can never be forgotten that the dog is happiest when with human beings.

CHANGES IN FORM. If pure-bred dogs were the automatons which a large portion of the lay public imagines them to be, there would be little reason for holding the hundreds of dog shows which are staged annually under the rules of the American Kennel Club. But, like race horses, or even humans in competitive branches of sport, dogs have their good days and their bad ones. A dog that goes best in show one day, may barely manage to place in his variety group a few days later. This may be due to a letdown in spirits, style, and ring manners, and if the period of interim be longer, to a failing in coat or physical condition. Due to some such cause, a famous ringster frequently will be beaten by one which has never before figured prominently among the major prize winners; yet on the day the placing will be correct. Due to these rapid changes in form undergone by the majority of show dogs, the American Kennel Club must exercise great care in the assignments to judges. No man or woman is permitted to judge too often and at too frequent intervals in the same section of the country where he or she may be confronted by the same dogs. It is the desire of the governing body to have the dogs come before as many different authorities as possible in amassing extensive winning records and only in this way is the actual merit of outstanding champions established.

ON AND OFF DAYS. Dogs which are exhibited often and in different parts of the country supply, by the long run of their performances, much valuable data to the governing body. Through the wins and losses of these dogs, and through a study of their opposition, it is possible to form an opinion of the caliber of the judging. This system of check-ups on judges has been in force for some time and as a result, the quality of the judging at the present time is considered to be the finest in the past half century of dog shows. In speaking of the on and off days, or the ups and downs, of famous ringsters and the incessant and grueling tests which they must face in connection with the judging, there occurs the case of James M. Austin's Smooth Fox Terrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, which, imported from England, started his American show career during the early part of 1937. Since then Saddler has won thirty-six best in show victories, to say nothing of many more best of group and best of breed awards, and stands as the greatest best in show winner in kennel annals. In creating the latter record he has come under the judgment of considerably more than thirty-six judges, which indicates that he has had his off days or did not meet with the approval of all of these adjudicators. In fact two judges who awarded him highest honors at two important shows failed to do so at two later and less keenly contested events, which would seem (*Continued on page 12*)

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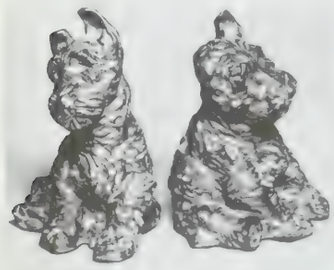

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to prove that he was not up to his finest form. His worst setback was at the Rhode Island Kennel Club show, Portsmouth, R. I., when he was pegged down to fourth place in his group. However, that was also an off-day for such other famous ringsters as Mrs. Annis R. Jones's Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton and Mr. Ernest E. Ferguson's Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Aplomb, which had to be content with third places and Mrs. H. W. York's Great Dane, Ch. Monarch of Halecroft, with fourth place in their respective groups. On the other hand, it has been demonstrated in hundreds of cases that, over a long campaign, regardless of the judges, the best dog always wins the majority of honors and Saddler's record approximates this.

MONGRELS VS. PURE-BREDS. One of the questions most frequently flung at breeders and exhibitors of pure-bred dogs concerns the relative intelligence of the mongrel and the so-called "show dogs." By far the greater portion of the lay public believes that the mongrel excels the pure-bred dog in mentality. Repeatedly, the case of the pure-bred dog has been patiently explained but either through ignorance or obstinacy the majority of persons, who have had little or no experience with pure-bred dogs, will insist that they are beautiful but dumb and that mongrels have a monopoly on brains. In summary, pure-bred dogs, as a whole, are far superior to mongrels in intelligence. Tests made in the research laboratories of a number of universities have established the position of the pure-bred and thousands of pure-bred dogs give daily evidence of their superior mentality in the field trials, obedience, and police tests. Mongrels may, at times, seem possessed of great intelligence but these dogs are the exception to the general rule. Of course, they must have a certain degree of intelligence to survive at all. The preservation of life is the most important thing to them. Some of these mongrels fall into the hands of people who are especially gifted at teaching tricks—but the dogs, not the masters who have trained them, usually get the credit.

TRICK DOGS. As far as trick dogs are concerned, centuries of circus and stage history have proved that the most reliable dogs to train are the pure-bred specimens. For instance the Poodle, from time beyond memory, has ever been regarded as the premier performing circus dog. In fact the very form of his elaborate coat with a full combed out forepart, ringlets round his ankles, and rosettes on his hips is said to have originated in imitation of the circus clown's customary burlesquely beruffled costume. But the circus idea is a prostitution of the Poodle's intelligence and true vocation which is the hunting and retrieving of water fowl. Also Foxterriers and several other breeds have gained considerable fame as performing dogs but they likewise possess a proficiency for more utilitarian purposes. Pure-bred dogs seen at the dog shows are never taught to perform tricks, because when they learn tricks they are apt to lose their interest in the ordinary lessons of the show ring and becoming behavior in every day life. However, nearly every kennel of pure-bred dogs has at least one or two dogs that remain at home as pets. In many instances these dogs are fully qualified to successfully compete with any mongrel that has been taught tricks.

SAINT BERNARDS. Three recent Saint Bernard importations from Switzerland by Edward L. Winslow, owner of the Waldeck Kennels, New Canaan, Conn., have strengthened this establishment to what is now probably the best assemblage of the breed in America and ranking it with such famous kennels of former years as the Hercuveen and those of Colonel Jacob Ruppert. The most noted of the trio is Apollo von Rougang of Waldeck, a champion of Switzerland, who quickly completed his American championship at the Westbury show. Along with Apollo came his son, Danton von Hogerli of Waldeck, who has been consistently winning first prizes and advancing to reserve winners. The third, Flora Douglas of Waldeck, a daughter of Apollo, has been doing a bit better than her brother with almost the necessary number of points for the title and best of breed at Lenox. Ch. Emir von Waldeck, a son of the great Ch. Rasko von der Reppich-Waldeck to whom he bears a marked resemblance, heads the stud. There are many more splendid specimens of the saintly breed at Waldeck and of the bitch brigade Ch. Della von Waldeck is the most sensational, having gained her title at the age of fourteen months. Although Mr. Winslow's chief objective is the improvement of the Saint Bernard breed, he has a speedy sled team of five huskies for the sport of dog racing which is becoming increasingly popular. Of these, Kazan, in addition to his ability as the lead dog, recently did some remarkable rescue work at Westport, Conn.

SMOOTH FOXTERRIERS. It is not always true that great show dogs prove to be equally great as sires but it seems that James M. Austin's Smooth Foxterrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, who now holds the record as the greatest best in show winner in American kennel annals, may gain the grade. At the fifty-eighth annual specialty show of the American Foxterrier Club at Cleveland, O., Saddler's sons and daughters made a sensational showing and with his brothers and sisters accounted for firsts in twelve of the fourteen classes. At no specialty show of any breed and equal importance has a family of dogs ever so com-

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pletely dominated the competition. Furthermore, considering the entire rank and file of both the smooth and wire-coated varieties of the breed, it was the consensus of opinion that the former outclassed the latter. This is indeed unusual and should prove a big boost for the Smooths. The sensation among the Smooths was George H. Hartman's Stepping Stone of Wireheart, a ten-months-old daughter of Saddler, which won the puppy, American-bred and winners bitch classes and best of winners. Not until she met her sire was her advance halted.

Although Stepping Stone went farther than any of her brothers, sisters, or near relatives, she was not the only get of Saddler to distinguish herself. In senior dog puppies Saddler's sons, E. B. Douglass' Tamenend Traveller and Frank Baer's Stagehand, were first and second; in novice dogs Mr. Austin's Leadrein of Wissaboo won with Traveller placed second; in bitch puppies the first three were Saddler's daughters, Stepping Stone, Mr. Austin's Sidesaddle of Wissaboo, and Mr. Baer's Mae West. While Saddler's progeny were winning among the juveniles, his brothers and sisters carried on in the more advanced classes. His full brothers from a later litter, Nornay Senator, won open and winners dogs; Nornay Sensation, limit and reserve winners dogs, and his full sister from the same litter, Nornay Symphony, reserve winners bitches. All are owned by Mr. Austin. To complete the family sweep of successes Saddler sallied forth and defeated his daughter, Stepping Stone, for best Smooth and Mrs. Flagler Matthews' Flornell Show Girl, the winning Wire, for best of breed. The latter is a truly typical little bitch of very varminty character. To top the Wires, Show Girl had to beat T. H. Carruthers' Hetherington Surprise Model and S. B. McClausen's Dogberry Sir Launcelot, the winners and reserve winners dogs and Mrs. F. K. Floren's Good News of Florenda, the reserve winners bitch.

BEST IN SHOW WINNERS. Some of the dogs which have won best in show awards throughout the country are James M. Austin's Smooth Foxterrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler at Wilmington, Del., Reading, Pa., Alexandria, Va., and Annapolis, Md.; Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jungfrau, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. William du Pont's Beagle, Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman, Roanoke, Va.; C. N. Myers' English Setter, Ch. Modern Boy of Stucile, Durham, S. C., and Lansing, Mich.; E. Bornstein's Doberman Pinscher, Ch. Troll von Engelsburg, Wichita Falls, Texas; L. K. Gentry's Pointer, Pin Jim Leo, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Lee Turnbull's and L. S. Broesmer's Wire Foxterrier, Ch. Rosebud of Research, Jackson, Michigan.

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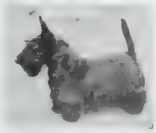

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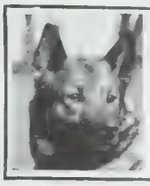

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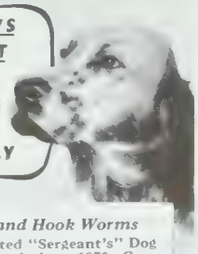

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Month in the Field by George Turrell

Spaniel Trials—Hot Springs

Cockers . . . . Fishers Island

You will find, if you should happen to glance through the following that we have omitted a great many highlights of the fall field trials. The fact of the matter is that in the confines of this department it would be quite impossible to describe all that has gone on in the field trial world this autumn. There have been so many trials for so many breeds of sporting dogs, and so many excellent dogs competing that it would take volumes to do them all justice. Naturally too, there have been a lot of conflictions, an unfortunate condition that exists each spring and fall. So, under the circumstances we have decided that the best thing to do this time is to go into what we consider some of the outstanding spaniel happenings and save the retrievers for next month.

By the way, we are going to have plenty to say about the retrievers too, for more interesting things have happened in this field this season than in any similar period we can remember. There are, for instance, the two Labrador brothers Glenairlie Rocket and Freehaven Jay, derbies that take All-Age stakes in their stride, and Nigger of Barrington which has proved himself to be one of the greatest retrievers that ever lived. The usual comment when the eight-year-old Nigger works in a trial is "well you can't beat perfect" and you can't as he has proved in nearly every trial in which he has run this year. Nigger has failed to place first or second only once this fall and that was in the Carlisle Memorial Stake just finished at this writing. He was ruled out of the stake for breaking from the blind. We don't think it was a deliberate break at all, though the judges of course had no alternative in their ruling. Perhaps Nigger mistook a wave of Francis Hogan's hand for the signal to go. In any case we are pretty sure he was high dog in the stake when it happened. He is the fastest, most stylish, tenderest retriever that—but enough of this, you'll have to wait until later. Don't get the idea from the above tirade that we are completely pro-West. There are still plenty of magnificent Eastern dogs and we will try to do them justice—next time.

HOT SPRINGS. One of the pleasantest autumn gatherings we have attended this year was the Bath County Spaniel Trial which is held each October down near Hot Springs, Virginia. There was a good entry, including a lot of promising new dogs, as well as the old familiar performers. There was as always a large gathering of the leading lights of the spaniel game on hand, and though the weather was hot, the cover, birds, and all other details which go to make up a successful trial were above reproach. Not the least of the charms of this event is having headquarters at The Homestead. After you have followed a lot of Springers or Cockers through heavy cover from the crack of dawn until late in the afternoon, it's a great consolation to think of the abundant hospitality and good living waiting for you. This cheerful fact quickens the step of even the most footsore.

Hot Springs, reading down: Joseph Carpenter with Ring of Rufdale, Buell Hollister with Queen's Courageous and Queen's Fearnot Rouge, A. M. Lewis with Latch Up George, and Henry L. Ferguson with Fleet of Falcon Hill. Across: Dilwyne's Chesabob, scenes at Fishers Island, right, Prentice Talmage's Lenoir

NEW CHAMPION. The All-Age for Springers this year was an auspicious event, for a new and very popular champion was crowned. Buell Hollister's hard-working little bitch, Queen's Fearnot Rouge, familiar to all who follow Springer trials, came through to win gloriously after a rather tense third series with Robert McLean's Pheasant Run Jil. We personally, and we believe everyone else present as well, were highly pleased at this for we have seen this championship coming for some time. Incidentally, third in this stake was also won by a bitch, Joseph Quirk's Dainty Damsel of Greenfair, always one of our favorites. In other words it was "Ladies' Day," for the only member of the stronger sex that got anywhere was Mrs. Wm. A. M. Morin's Champion Fast which brought up the rear with fourth place.

The Non-Winner's was a hard luck stake if ever we've seen one, although it was to us the most interesting of the trial, bringing forth as it did a lot of new prospects. Among those dogs that we noted for future reference were Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Horn's Finglen Johnnie of Strawberry Hill, and Sherbourne Prescott's Dalshangan Tracker. The former dog is a new one to us though he won first in the Non-Winners at Albany the week before and has since confirmed our good opinion by winning the All-Age at Saybrook. Tracker we have seen in other years, but he seems to be a new and much improved dog this year. Tracker was doing remarkably well in the Non-Winners. Indeed it looked to us as if he had the stuff to win the stake until he broke and chased. You could hardly blame him, for things were happening thick and fast at the time. He had just finished a perfect but short retrieve and been sent on when he found a bird that had evidently been "rocked" too much. He picked up this bird, brought it in and as he started out again another bird went out from under his nose. It was the old story of too much temptation.

COCKERS. The cockers didn't produce so much at Hot Springs. We're sorry to say we haven't seen or heard of a really good Cocker stake this year. However, Rowcliffe Black Fury, the winner of the All-Age, is always worthy of mention, for he is one of the few really good field trial Cockers we have these days. Also there was a little fellow that we liked named Speckles Heap Brave, owned by Mrs. Donald Coyle. Both owner and handler were brand new in the field trial game and judging from the way they worked together both should continue. We were glad to see Mrs. Coyle get second in the Cocker Non-Winners with her little dog.

FISHERS ISLAND. Last year in telling about the Fishers Island spaniel trial we mentioned the fact that a storm raged the day

the Open All-Age was run, a really terrific one, and we made some remark about it being a wonder that the fauna and flora of the Island didn't blow off into the sea. This remark, an attempt to be facetious and exaggerated as it was at the time, proved to be a grim prophecy. The hurricane, commonly referred to in these parts as the big storm, hit the Island with all its fury, leaving behind it wrecked buildings, uprooted trees, sunken boats, much pheasant cover ruined by salt water, and many of the pheasants themselves dead or nearly so. To our way of thinking it was a great credit to the field trial committee that they were able to run the trial at all. Yet a scant month after the storm it went off as usual except perhaps for minor inconveniences. In fact so smoothly and successfully did everything run that we suspect that few appreciated the effort and expense it must have cost those in charge.

ALL-AGE. Work was made difficult by the midday heat and the fact that the pheasants were all in large flocks, probably because they had been released such a short time before—as we said above the storm killed off a large proportion of the birds put out earlier in the season and they had to be replaced shortly before the trial. Consequently it was often a long time between birds and when the dogs did catch up with them, a covey, or whatever you call a bunch of pheasants, would clatter up all around to the confusion of dogs and guns alike. Nevertheless eleven dogs managed to get back in the second series, and it wasn't until late in the afternoon that this number was cut down to six. These were called back for a third series down on the "Middle Farm Flats," an extensive marshy field quite different from the briars and bayberry brush of the hills out beyond the club where most of the work is done.

The six in at the finish were Hollybrook Abandon, Morewood Rush, Trex of Chancefield, Hollybrook Day, Fleet of Falcon Hill, and Ring of Rufdale. In our estimation Fleet was the dog of the day until that third series. As usual he won the hearts of the gallery with his amazingly intense way of going. He bustles and wriggles through the cover in the most approved spaniel fashion, and he and his master Henry L. Ferguson are an example of that mutual understanding between master and dog that is so hard to beat. Mr. Ferguson told someone that he knew Fleet was going to break when he was run down on the flats —and he did. This, of course, put him out of the running and made one more in the long list of our favorites that have gone haywire. The eventual winner was of course Hollybrook Abandon, another great Springer that came through for the second year in succession.

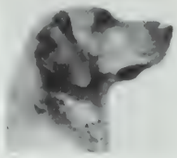
The final event at Fishers Island was the combined Walton Ferguson Jr. Memorial Stake and National Amateur Stake, a slightly confusing combination but one that apparently works out quite well. This stake was finished early Sunday afternoon, and long before the judges had finished their conference and announced their decision to the waiting crowd the winner was known, for the brilliant work done by Trex of Chancefield had left little doubt in anyone's mind. Trex is unquestionably one of the outstanding field trial Springers of all time when he wants to be, and even when he is having an off day he is a thrilling dog to watch. He and his owner trainer-handler Mr. Francis Squires are another example of man and dog each with a thorough understanding of the other. Trex went through what, for him, must have been an excruciating experience in the All Age the day before his big win. He had to sit still while his bracemate rummaged around in a bayberry patch for a bird that had fallen right under Trex's nose. Anyone who has seen him work knows how excited he must have been for he was sure he knew just where the bird was. Nevertheless he was true to his training and stayed put. He rated third in the All-Age by the way. He muffed a bird somehow or other in the second series. The next day he couldn't be beaten.

It was most appropriate that Trex should win the Walton Ferguson Memorial, for he was bred by the late Mr. Ferguson, and presented by him to Mr. Squires. It was a touching moment indeed when the presentation was made, for winning that particular trophy probably meant more to Mr. Squires than any other honor in the field trial world. We think that this little ceremony made us realize more than ever before that the annual meeting of Spaniel lovers at Fishers Island is more than just another field trial. It is a tradition and ritual.

MORE ABOUT CANADIAN TRAINING. Our correspondent who got us started on the discussion of the Canadian training situation now submits the following for the perusal of those interested in the matter. Space doesn't permit the inclusion of more than a skeleton of his remarks, but we feel that these comments are most pertinent. They are statements that we have not verified, but we certainly have no reason to question them.

(*Continued on page 108*)

AT STUD



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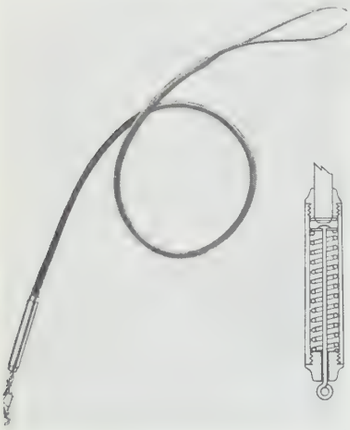

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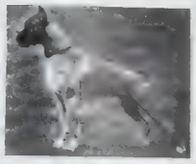

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Young canvasbacks — *Lorene Squire*

ONE of the most effective means for reducing thirty days to the extreme brevity of a whoop and a holler is to sign a note at a bank. Another and more enjoyable method is to spend the time gunning for grouse, woodcock, and black ducks. It seems only a few days ago that we left these dingy environs for fairer scenes, stopping only to pick up Capt. Michael Gannon who thereafter sat in the Seat of the Penitents—which is the rumble section of a streamlined roadster. In covering five hundred miles to our shooting grounds most of Mike's sins were washed away or atoned for and he even thought of some new interesting ones to commit on the credit he had established in heaven. The cherished month went by so fast that like Captain Eyston's racer it really needed three men to observe its passage; one to say, "Here it comes!" the second to announce, "There she goes!" and a third to say, "Hell fire!"

GROUSE SHOOTING. It has turned out to be a grouse per mile season despite the earlier optimistic reports that we might expect a three grouse per mile year. Something—the grouse disease, or the recent hurricane, or the invasion in increasing numbers of the dirty gray fox—has done the damage. The grouse were not so scarce as I have known them to be, but neither were they so abundant as I have seen them. It took a lot of tramping to make a decent bag, and the tramping was unusually difficult because of the blow downs resulting from the hurricane. We earned our grouse. Grouse shooting, it seems to me, is a matter of walking and climbing and fighting brush and briars until one comes across the rare bird which makes a mistake by flushing so that the gunner gets a decent shot. Very few of them do this, but occasionally if you are a persevering man you will get within range of an indiscreet grouse which hasn't completed his study on the use of cover and is in a spot from which he can't retire without exposing himself. Then, maybe, you get a bird. More likely you do not because the strain of keeping alert and instantly ready becomes insupportable after half an hour or so and when the bird gets up it is likely to find you at a moment when you are all unready and relaxed with your gun at the trail. But I bear Mr. Grouse no enmity on account of the many occasions when his superior intelligence has made me look and feel like a fool; rather, I rejoice in the bird's ability to survive in a too hostile world.

LAST DAY REFLECTIONS. The woodcock didn't disappoint me, bless their strange little hearts, not even on the last day when, toward sunset, I made my annual sentimental pilgrimage to the Grapevine Cover, a fine stretch of birches, alders, and pines which lies high on a hillside. From it one may gaze down the valley over old fields, woods, and humble homesteads to the rugged majesty of the Adirondacks above Ticonderoga. It is a perfect spot in which to linger with the wistful reflections that come at twilight on the last day of the season when one is faced with the immediate prospect of return to the dull necessities of life and of saying a long farewell to all the splendor and beauty of the ancient scene. One's reason informs him that one of these "last days" will really be The Last Day. Is this the one, or will it be next year, or the year after, perhaps? In any case, sir, you will do well to draw into your memory all that you may of this fading, evanescent beauty, its dimming colors, its sweet, homely sounds coming up from the valley, the scent of pine and of newly fallen leaves and of the moist black earth beneath the birches where you ardently hope to find one last woodcock to rise whistling among the stems and hover for one moment against the twilight sky to complete the rhapsody for you. Here, indeed, are his markings, the broad white splashes without offense, and here along the margin of a tiny pool is the pattern of holes neatly drilled in the soft soil. The bird is near. Another step and up he comes with a querulous whistle and a muffled sound of wings as he spirals up through the birches. A drift of brown feathers coming slowly back through the branches informs you that it is Sir Woodcock's Last Day—whether or not it is your own. You almost—but not quite—wish you hadn't fired.

INTERLUDE. It may add but little to the prestige of COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN to have it known that one of its notable staff has recently been detained on suspicion of having committed robbery and murder; on the other hand the information may stimulate a certain amount of morbid interest. Returning from the scenes just described, Janet and I were halted in Pennsylvania by a member of that commonwealth's excellent constabulary who asked to see my registration card. After considerable delay the card was fished out from a wad of shooting and fishing licenses, religious order membership certifications, and obsolete telephone numbers of obsolescent bootleggers. It satisfied the officer but not our curiosity. So we inquired the reason for our detention.

He grinned and explained that a man and a woman in a car like ours had held up a bank the day before, shot the cashier, and gone away with $11,000 cash. But we were clear of conscience for we hadn't held up a bank or shot anyone in four or five years—gave it up, in fact, when devaluation of our currency made it impracticable to haul enough away from a repository to enable us to live decently and honestly. But all the rest of the way we kept looking at one another for signs of vicious, criminal tendencies. We found quite a few, too.

BOOK REVIEWS. The shock of landing from the recreational stratosphere was considerably lessened by the proof—or part of it—of Mr. Richard Ely Danielson's new book, "Martha Doyle," published by the good old Derrydale Press in all the excellence of printing, binding, and make-up which distinguishes Mr. Connett's work. It seems that there is more to the book than the chapters on "Firing" and "Fishing" sent me by a COUNTRY LIFE editor who evidently thought, and rightly, that the stuff was much too good to be monopolized by just one reviewer. The missing chapters evidently have to do with horses. Mr. Newbold Ely drew that assignment. I'm not quibbling, but I do wish it known that I have knowledge of horses, too, and have had my head walked on by as many Thoroughbreds, Percherons, hackneys, trotters, and pacers as (*Continued on page 22*)

On the Country Estate by George Turrell

Duke of Windsor, yearling from the Village Farm, and a friend

The Old Glory Sale

HEADLINED in the trotting horse world these days is the Old Glory Sale, an event that for some two score and three years has been as much a part of Thanksgiving to trotting horse men as roast turkey has to the rest of the nation. At this writing with the forty-fourth renewal soon to get under way we are told that new records are in the offing. Some 150 young Standardbreds are being taught the rudiments of their artificial gait, and while more horses have been sold at the Old Glory sales of other years than will go on the block this year, everyone in the sport agrees that it is the old story of quantity and quality. Today's Standardbreds are so much better than their forebears that a comparison is difficult. Furthermore if amid the war scares and falling markets of late September the Walnut Hall Farm of Donerail, Kentucky, could sell ninety-five head for the highest gross they have ever established, it would seem certain that the Old Glory would do as well for the Village and Hanover Shoe Farms to name but two leading consignors.

VILLAGE FARM. Gage B. Ellis is the master of Village Farm located in the Delaware Valley country of Pennsylvania close to the New Jersey line. As the squire of this spacious farm, crisscrossed with gleaming white fences and overlooked by the mansion house built in 1776, Mr. Ellis carries on a tradition founded by his grandfather, Frank H. Ellis, of Philadelphia, a prominent owner of harness horses for many years. The Village Farm was actually started about ten years ago as a result of the intense interest stimulated in young Mr. Ellis by the history of his grandfather's Grand Circuit performers. Now, while Gage B. Ellis doesn't race any stable of his own, he not only entertains every spring the opening race meeting of the Penn-Jersey Circuit, of which he is president, but his nursery contributes the greater share of the top-flight pacers. As a matter of fact, his beautifully maintained breeding farm holds the unquestioned leadership of the trotting horse turf in the production of "sidewheeling" colts. This year, Mr. Ellis is sending twenty-eight yearlings to the Old Glory by the following prominent stallions: Abbedale, 2:01¼, 16 colts; His Majesty, 1:59¾, six; Red Aubrey, 2:05¼, four; and one each by Peter the Brewer and Calumet Adam. There are now nearly sixty brood mares at the Village Farm, and Mr. Ellis reports more of them in foal than ever before at this time of the year.

YEARLINGS. The Duke of Windsor is one of the twenty-eight yearlings to be trucked to the Old Glory from the Village Farm. He is a full brother to the Duke of York, which during 1938 earned a record of 2:08½ and proved one of the outstanding juvenile pacers of the past season. His Majesty is another brother of the Duke of Windsor, not to mention another brother His Eminence, 2:05¼. With this sort of family background Squadron Armory is certain to hear some big bids for this handsome chestnut colt. Battleship is another Village Farm yearling that should be a hard one to beat in next summer's races. This bay colt is by His Majesty and out of Widow Grattan, 2:00, who, incidentally, is the dam of The Widower, 1:59½, a strong contender on the Grand Circuit this year. Toro, a brown colt, also by His Majesty, is going to give the Old Glory auctioneer a workout, since his dam is Elmina E, 2:07¼, and she is by Napoleon Direct, 1:59¾. That stallion, in view of the fact that he sired Billy Direct, 1:55, which is the world's fastest harness horse, is now a byword of the American trotting turf. So, naturally any of his relatives will be rated high for many seasons to come. A favored colt by Abbedale, regarded as the Village Farm's best stallion, is Skytop. This black youngster is out of Beckie Beall a full sister to Scotland, 1:59¼, and Highland Scott, 1:59¼, which Mrs. E. Roland Harriman drove to a world mark at Goshen. A daughter of Red Aubrey, Allie Watts Aubrey, is another Old Glory candidate from Village Farm. This brown filly is out of Allie Watts McKinney, 2:03½, prominent race performer, which means that she will draw plenty of attention Thanksgiving Week.

HANOVER. The bluegrass region of Kentucky is usually considered the most famous area for breeding farms of great race horses. Nevertheless, Pennsylvania is becoming more and more renowned as the birthplace of fine trotters and pacers. Besides the Village Farm there is the Hanover Shoe Farms; eighteen hundred acres of rich, rolling country near Hanover comprise this famous nursery for Standardbreds. Three past winners of the Hambletonian are stabled there, namely: Guy McKinney, 1926; Hanover's Bertha, 1930; and Shirley Hanover, 1937. McLin Hanover, who won at Good Time Park, Goshen, in 1938, and was sired by Mr. McElwyn, one of the Hanover stallions, has just been sold abroad by the farm. Hanover Shoe Farms is owned by three sportsmen, H. D. Sheppard, C. N. Myers, and the former's son Lawrence D. Sheppard. It is the latter who is most active these days in the management of the nursery, and Henry Thomas is in charge of the racing stable.

Hanover is consigning more than forty head to the Old Glory this fall. The aim of the farm is to raise its quota to 100 and since stallions and brood mares are being added constantly that day is not far distant. Last November brought a market up-swing in the value of Hanover-bred colts. In 1936 the average was $509. (*Continued on page 22*)

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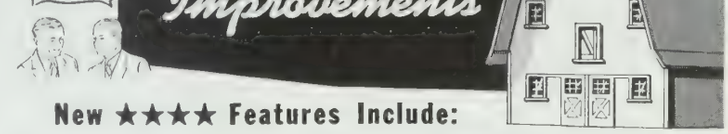

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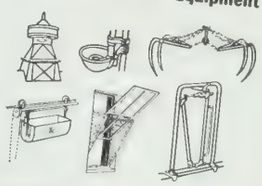

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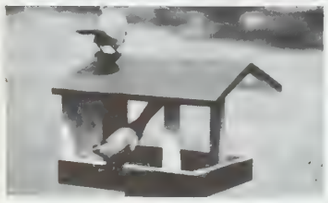

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of COUNTRY LIFE and THE SPORTSMAN, published monthly at New York City, New York, for October, 1938. State of New York, County of New York.

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. H. Eaton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Country Life and The Sportsman and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers, Country Life-American Home Corp., 444 Madison Ave., New York; editor, (Mrs.) Jean Austin, 444 Madison Ave., New York; business manager, W. H. Eaton, 444 Madison Ave., New York.

2. That the owner is: Country Life-American Home Corp., 444 Madison Ave., New York. Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock are: W. H. Eaton, 444 Madison Ave., New York; W. H. Eaton, voting trustee for: Mrs. Jean Austin, Henry L. Jones, all of 444 Madison Ave., New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent, or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) W. H. Eaton, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1938.

(Signed) Theodore F. Gloisten
Notary Public Nassau County, No. 1502
Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 596, Reg. No. 0-G-375
(My commission expires March 30, 1940)
[SEAL]

Last Fall the average jumped to $1,200. This year, still in the offing as we write, the gains are expected to be even greater. Five famous stallions are represented at Hanover this fall with Guy McKinney, 1:58¾, sending the largest number to the sale with a total of fourteen sons and daughters. Sandy Flash, 2:14¼, is next with twelve head; Calumet Chuck, 2:04, with ten; Peter the Brewer, 2:02½, with seven; and Mr. McElwyn, 1:59¼, with two. All but two or three of these youngsters are expected to be sent to the Old Glory.

Some prospective buyers of Hanover colts may think they are seeing Greyhound at the Old Glory when Schuey Hanover, by Sandy Flash and out of the Grey Express, goes under the hammer. This colt much whiter than Greyhound was when he was sold as a yearling for $900 is closely related to Dean Hanover driven by little Miss Alma Sheppard last year. The dams of both are by Atlantic Express.

TOP COLTS. It's pretty hard to pick the colts that will bring the top prices at the Old Glory at this point, though by the time this reaches you they will be known to all the world. However it's quite certain that Edgar Hanover, bay colt by Calumet Chuck and out of Hanover's Bertha, 1:59½, has an excellent chance to go to the top. First of all his dam is the world's champion two-year-old trotter at 2:02 and holder of the world's record for three-year-old fillies at 1:59½. Hanover's Bertha also is the winner of the 1930 Hambletonian and the dam of Shirley Hanover, 2:01½, the 1937 winner. Bertha was undefeated as a three-year-old and is the largest money winner of any harness horse of that age. Evening Hanover can just about match Edgar for high-class parentage. This chestnut filly is by Guy McKinney, winner of the first Hambletonian stake in 1926; and out of Charlotte Hanover, 1:59½, joint holder of the world's record for three-year-old fillies. These are only two of the two-score Hanover prospects.

The next heaviest consignment to the Old Glory auction will come the longest distance. J. J. Mooney's prominent Peninsular Farm at Freemont, Ohio, will ship ten head to the Armory with every expectation that they will continue the trend and show a steady increase over preceding seasons. Mr. Mooney's leading stallions are Real Fresco and Vologda. The fact that the former sire accounted for Dell Fresco, 1:59, champion three-year-old-pacing filly of '38 will help raise that stallion's average considerably.

So when the latest edition of the Old Glory comes to an end the hopes and fears of many new owners of young trotting horses will begin. The colts that make the headlines Thanksgiving week may or may not make them again when the grand circuit and other racing circuits open next June. That's the gamble of the Old Glory and it is part of the fascination of the great and increasingly popular sport of breeding and racing Standardbred horses.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 19*)

anyone of my years ever has.

These chapters on Firing and Fishing are most certainly different from anything previously written on shooting and angling. I have sound assurance that the author is a much, much better field shot and a more expert angler than he pretends to be in these entertaining philosophical discussions. I don't, for example, give much credence to the ferret shooting episode—though I feel that all the bloody little cutthroats deserve to be shot. There are described other experiences in the sporting field as naïve as any credited to Mr. Snodgrass by that unsophisticated person's creator. However unsure Mr. Danielson may profess to be with gun and rod, he certainly cannot pretend to any degree of uncertainty in dealing with our language and with literary style. His essays need none of my praise. There's a lot of fun in these two chapters—and there's a lot of beauty, too, and a profound and decent feeling for all of Nature's works that cannot be concealed from the reader. When you

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have the book in hand I wish you'd remember that I recommended reading Mr. Danielson's description of his South Carolina scene and of his "fishing" trips with his father. I'm going to read them again just as soon as I finish this. Every time a book of this sort comes out—and that's not often—I feel like doffing my cap to the author, and I feel, too, that another sound stone has been laid to the foundation of the fine genuine structure which in three or four hundred years, perhaps, will represent a sporting tradition of our own.

The town of Dardanelle, Arkansas, may be notable for many reasons for all I know, but even so its citizenry may well be proud of the fact that three great fox hunters called it home, and that each of the three wrote one great fox hunting story. These stories are now collected in a single volume, "The Stranger," published in de luxe and regular editions by Lippincott. There's another fine job of bookbinding and printing.

Col. Marcellus L. Davis wrote the first story years ago and called it "The Stranger." It appeared in the "Congressional Record" on November 1, 1921, and set a standard of literary worth for that curious journal that has never been challenged by any of its contributors and never will be. "The Stranger" is a symphony in three parts. I am one of those poor wights who are enthralled by harmonious sounds. I know that while others were on deck to receive their talents I was listening bemused to the morning stars in their chorus and so came shirtless to earth with nothing more valuable about me than a deep and poignant reverence for music. I find it in "The Stranger," and so will you, whether you hunt or not.

Colonel Davis on a pale and shadowy mount now listens nightly to his spirit pack in a glorious realm where there is no wire. Old friends, comrades of the old brave days, ride home with him at dawn to a hunter's breakfast and, no doubt, a horn of neat brandy after the custom of his hardy generation. Peace to his spirit.

Charles T. Davis, the elder son who wrote the "E String" story, is a newspaper editor by vocation. He is also the author of two volumes of verse that kept me up until four o'clock in the morning reading them.

Henry Davis, the younger son and author of "Tate's Band," is known to COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN folk as one of the top flight field trial judges of America. He's a friend of mine, too. Gave me five hundred dollars once upon a time. Confederate money, confound him.

The illustrations are done by a New Orleans artist, Fred F. McCaleb, of whom we shall certainly hear much more as time goes on. You'll know why when you see Mr. McCaleb's foxes, hounds, horses, and men moving in grace and strength and beauty across the pages beneath your eyes.

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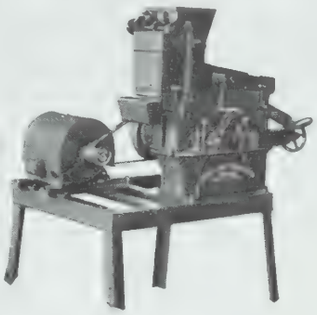

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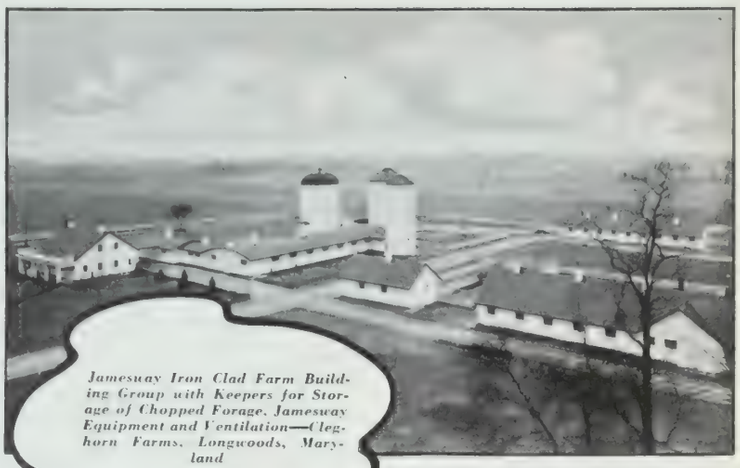

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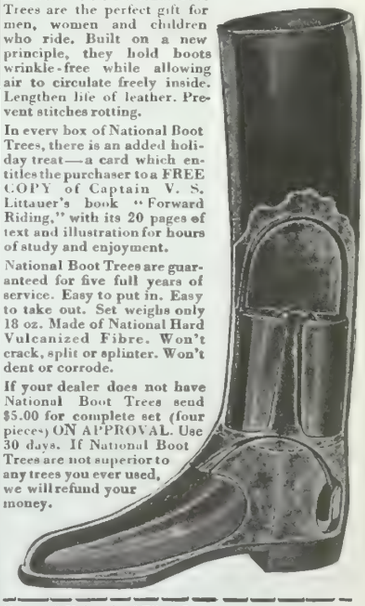

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FOX HUNTING by W. Newbold Ely, Jr., M.F.H.

"Martha Doyle," a literary treat

Tumorous Dogs . . . Hunt Reports

Tattooing . . . Fox Studies

Louis Fancher

The Westchester and Fairfield Hounds move off from Bedford Green

USUALLY the expert fills "special editions" or "trade papers" with consecutive somniferous paragraphs, or else an agile penman who can make the English language dance around like nobody's business pecks and pounds at his "portable" on a subject about which he knows next to nothing. Once in a proverbial blue moon, however, there comes along a man who is (a) an expert on a subject, and (b) can also write entertainingly. There could be no happier combination of this *rara avis* than Dick Danielson and hunting. Right at the start I shall take up the challenge of being prejudiced or partisan. I am both and then some. Dick and I are friends, fellow masters, joint editors, and even some sort of cousins, but were we mortal enemies I could not refrain from giving a glowing review of his new book "Martha Doyle." After the chapter on this mare's hunting career the author apologizes for having kept her hunting, and never having trained her for Bryn Mawr, Devon, or the National. But I am sure that Martha would have preferred it the way it was. She was a hunter and any hunter must feel as absurd without hounds as a foxhunter would on a beach pony ride. And we shall all hope that the Groton master and Martha shall meet again as he hints—in the Elysian Fields where "her ears will prick forward once more to the cry of hounds." The advice on starting a hunt will give many more appreciation of the literally thousands of calls to be made on the farmers, to say nothing of the calls on the check book. The quiet afternoons with Fred Armstrong, watching the clouds and hounds at play, all these Groton vignettes portray Dick's charm and knowledge. But we can not so gracefully or peacefully review the Lake Titicaca Fox Hunt episode. It is a positive riot, and only lacks having each member of the Ritz Brothers and Marx Brothers clan with a leg up. Don't miss it.

TUMORS AND CANCER. Some months ago we referred to the work which the scientists Whitney and Strong were doing at the Yale Medical School, and Dr. Lentz at the Veterinary School at Pennsylvania, on tumorous dogs. The response to that paragraph was most gratifying in the animals sent these gentlemen, but more dogs are needed and everybody should pass the word along and keep their eyes open for dogs with tumors. Such patients will be treated free of charge, and the results of these different treatments to date have been most gratifying. Of course back of it all lies the close connection between such tumors and cancer, and all who send in dogs will not only be helping their own pets to recovery but will be automatically contributing toward the fight against the dread cancer itself.

HUNT REPORTS. Official reports of the hunts: No. 1—Young entry doing well. Hounds in good condition. Good sport. Fields larger and more enthusiastic than ever. Goodwill among landowners never stronger. Scent fair. Panelling expanding. No. 2—Young entry doing well. Hounds in good condition. Good sport. Fields larger and more enthusiastic than ever. Goodwill among landowners never stronger. Scent fair. Panelling expanding. No. 3—Same as No. 1. No. 4—Same as No. 2. Nos. 4 to 126 same as No. 4.

TATTOOING. In the September issue we again advocated tattooing all hunting dogs and hounds and pointed out the advisability of a registration bureau in each state allotting letters or numbers to the respective owners. The "Readers Digest" has commented on the increasing racket in stolen dogs, with actual farms being established on which to hide them. A collar and license are not only of no protection against a thief, but collars are often actual handicaps to hunting dogs, some dogs having even been choked to death when caught in fences. The tattoo mark stays with the dog through life, and in each community the tattoo mark of the local hunt could become as well known as a local brand in the West.

FOX STUDIES. There are two quite controversial subjects which we have often touched on in these columns. One is whether the red fox in America is indigenous or not, and the other and more important one, what comprises his menu. Both of these questions are ably answered by my good friend Clifton Lisle in a paper prepared for the Academy of Natural Sciences, a paper which space unfortunately prohibits us from quoting at the present time. So, without wishing to interrupt the quiet tranquility of Clifton's foxes, the traditional freedom of the American press (although some of this front page "freedom" rather affronts our olfactory nerves) demands that we pass on the news from Sam Wooldridge, Kentucky's noted M.F.H., who received the following note from a friend whom Sam endorses as follows: "A man I know very well, a mail carrier, honest, upright and has the best hounds money can buy." The remarks of the gentleman in question read: "Our foxes are going mad and biting dogs, hogs, and men. I never believed it before but I know of over fifty fox that was killed in our country this summer that were mad. They bit several dogs that went mad, it looks as if my county will loose out in foxes." This reminds me of the huntsman who shot a hound for chronic backtracking and a neophyte in the field asked him if the hound was mad, to which he replied, "Well, I don't suppose he liked it especially."

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YACHTING by William H. Taylor

Barrett Gallagher

The "Gertrude L. Thebaud" from the after-deck of the victorious "Bluenose"

Fishermen's Races

In British Waters

International Star Class

MY ESTIMATE of a week for finishing up the Fishermen's Races, in last month's article, turned out to be the height of optimism. It took nearer three, and as everybody who reads the papers knows the affair turned into a miracle of mismanagement, with Captain Charles Lyons, federal steamship inspector and dictatorial head of the Race Committee, doing the mismanaging aided and abetted by the Boston civic organization which had taken over the management of the series on the theory that they were going to raise enough money to finance it, a goal of which they had fallen short by some sixty per cent the last I heard.

There were some good races, when they got around to racing. Two of them were held in breezes of around twenty miles an hour—"fishermen's race weather" that both skippers asked for—and were won by the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*. The other three were in lighter weather and the old *Bluenose* with her thousand feet more sail drifted around to victory.

So the old salt banker from Lunenburg will go to her grave as the undefeated champion of the banks, and Gloucester will have the satisfaction of knowing that in "fishermen's weather" they had the faster vessel. Whether the *Thebaud,* even in a breeze, is faster than the *Bluenose* was in her prime I don't know. In the eighteen years of her life the big salt banker has managed to soak up some thirty tons of salt, water, oil, fish gurry, or whatever in her bulky planking, frames, and ceiling. That meant thirty tons less ballast she could carry, and that in turn made her tender. After her designer, William J. Roue, showed up on the scene in the middle of the series and got her in the best trim he could under the circumstances, she did better, but still in a breeze she was most certainly no match for the trim *Thebaud.*

SAILING TACTICS. Captain Angus Walters sailed his old schooner well, as he always has, but no better than Captain Ben Pine sailed the *Thebaud* in the early races nor than Captain Cecil Moulton, the *Thebaud's* regular fishing skipper and a newcomer to the international schooner racing game, did after Ben was dragged off to the hospital for a bout with his old enemy, sinus trouble.

Yachtsmen are wont to sniff at the fishermen's tactics and maneuvers in these races, but it is a supercilious attitude based largely on ignorance. Sail in one of them a few times and you'll know why they sometimes appear slow and clumsy. The gear is several times heavier and more complicated than that of the biggest racing yachts and the crew of thirty men haven't a single winch to help them work ship. Considering everything, the fact that they could tack the *Thebaud,* hard full to hard full, in under half a minute at times is a really astonishing feat.

Angus's frenzied juggling of ballast in contradiction to the rules earned him the abuse not only of Gloucester but of the general public as well but, again, anyone who has had a hand in these affairs understands the psychology. Fishermen sail these vessels their own way, as they sailed them in the old days on the banks, and to a man with Walters' mental slant on the game a rule that prevents him from getting the utmost speed out of his vessel is an unjust rule and one to be broken if you can get away with it.

An old Gloucesterman, sitting on the *Thebaud's* main hatch one day and watching the *Bluenose* coast by us, growled to me, "Look at her. A good three inches deeper in the water than she was yesterday. The lousy Lunenburg so and so." And then, reflectively, "Yes, and if there was anything we could do to make this one go faster we'd do it, too." The one exception to this natural if unethical psychology is Ben Pine, who for years has not only played by the rules but leaned over backward to let Walters get away with his little tricks in the interest of international amity. But his crew isn't always so good-natured by any means.

Properly run, the series would have got along faster, despite a run of light weather, and with a good deal less bickering, though of course it wouldn't have been a fisherman's race if there hadn't been a row of some kind raised by the fiery Angus. But as it was . . . Captain Lyons (doubtless an estimable steamboat inspector) knew little and cared less about sailing vessels, fishermen's races, or any thing else in connection with the event, and managed to override the wishes and advice of the rest of his committee and the contestants most of the time. The officials started races when they shouldn't have, postponed them when they should have sailed them, made a terrible mess in the matter of courses, did nothing about enforcing the rules, lost the trophy that was entrusted to their care, and generally made a mess of the whole business. If by any chance there are any more fishermen's races—a most improbable contingency—for Heaven's sake let's let the fishermen run them, with the aid of a yachtsman or two who has had ample experience in running races and knows the fishermen and their problems as well, and leave Chambers of Commerce and steamship inspectors out of it.

IN BRITISH WATERS. The twelve-meter invasion of British (*Continued on page 28*)

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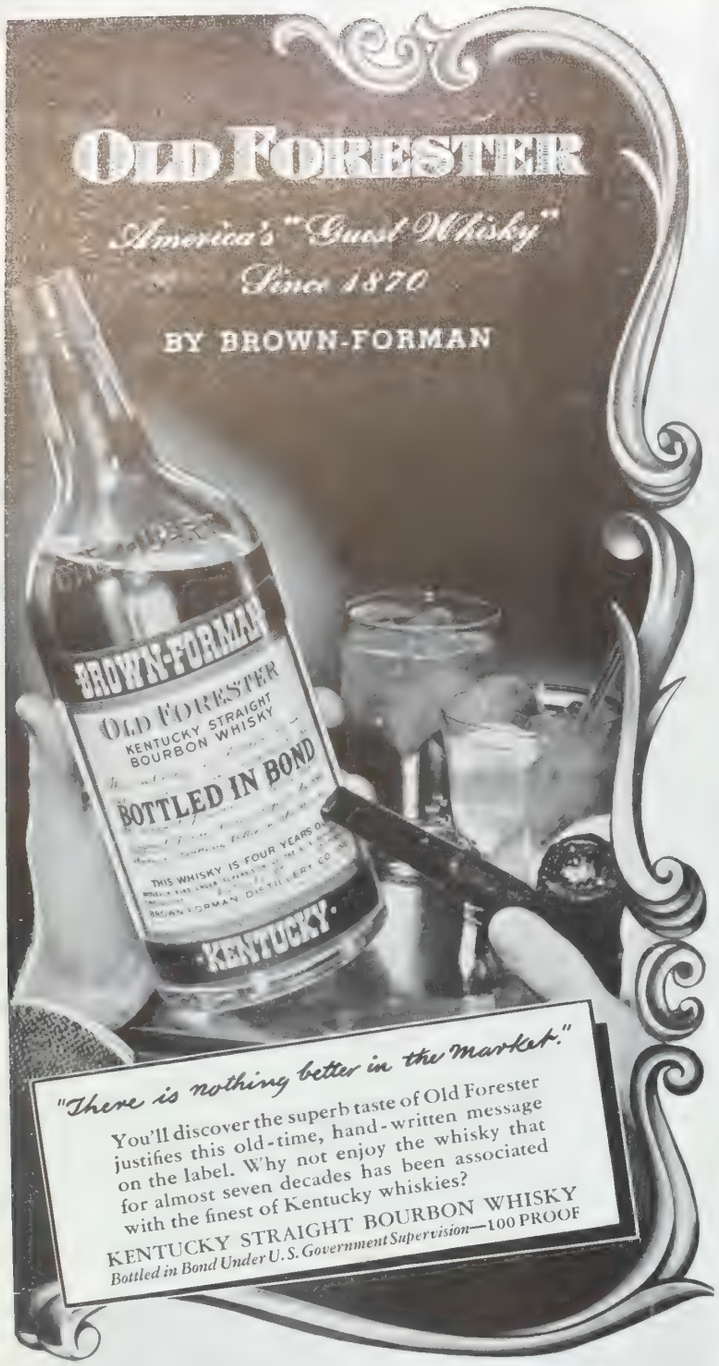

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Yachting

(*Continued from page 26*)

waters in 1939 is shaping up as a two-boat expedition, with A. L. Loomis's *Northern Light* and Harold S. Vanderbilt's new Twelve bearing the standard. It ought to be a good team. *Northern Light* won her class championship last summer. Vanderbilt's boat, designed by Sparkman and Stephens, is still in the model-tank stage at this writing, but she's sure to be as fast a boat as the *Light*, and having Vanderbilt at the helm won't slow her down any.

It is reported that the British are inviting Norway, Sweden, France, and Germany to join the party and planning a swing around the coast with regattas at the major yachting centers—a program such as Gerard Lambert took part in with *Yankee* three years ago. The chances are, though, that Loomis and Vanderbilt will pack up their boats in mid-season and ship them home in time for the New York Yacht Club cruise and allied events in August. Maybe they might even induce a British or two to come back with 'em.

Another Vanderbilt-Sopwith meeting is in the cards, as T. O. M. Sopwith, whom Vanderbilt twice defeated for the America's Cup, is one of the British twelve-meter skippers. At least two new Twelves are being built in England in anticipation of the invasion, one for Sir William Burton, who sailed Sir Thomas Lipton's fourth *Shamrock* in the 1920 America's Cup races, and one for Hugh Godson.

Except for *Yankee*, the Twelves will be the biggest American yachts to race in British waters in many years, though our ocean racers have several times raided the Fastnet Race and come home with plenty of loot and the six-meter class in a trans-Atlantic commuter.

INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS. The Rome-Berlin axis seems to be giving the International Star Class Y.R.A. a little trouble enforcing its rule against team racing. It seems that in a race at Kiel a Dutch Star was leading the series with an Italian boat a point behind her going into the final race. Whereupon another Italian boat covered the Hollander tack for tack in the last race, booted her around unmercifully, and both of them finished down at the bottom of the fleet for the day, with the result that the first Italian boat won the series. The Hollander protested but the race committee — presumably Nazi — disallowed the protest and gave the Italian boat a clean bill of health in the matter. The Hollander appealed to the I.S.C.Y.R.A. whose decision was recently published in the class's magazine "Starlights." Reading between the lines, it seems that the I.S.C.Y.R.A. Governing Committee would have liked to crack down on the team racing tactics under the rule adopted after Adrian Iselin was sailed off the course in a similar affair three years ago in California, but that they were bound to make their finding according to the facts furnished by the race committee and in this case the race committee had whitewashed the offending Italian boat completely. Page Mr. Chamberlain.

SIX METERS. American six-meter class officials made a nice gesture when they offered to return the Scandinavian Gold Cup to its home waters for competition next summer, and needless to say the Scandinavians, after sending their boats over here two years running in vain quest of the trophy, were delighted to accept. The nation whose boat wins the trophy is entitled to defend in its home waters the following year, but Phil Roosevelt, head of the North American Yacht Racing Union, Van Merle-Smith, commodore of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and others feared that a third pilgrimage to this country, after two beatings by George Nichols' *Goose* and Briggs Cunningham's *Lulu*, might be too much for the Scandinavians' enthusiasm. So Finland will hold the series next summer, with an American boat undoubtedly going over to defend the cup which has been in our possession for two years.

Norway has challenged the Royal Northern Y.C. for the Seawanhaka Cup, so Seawanhaka won't get another shot at that until 1940 when it plans to challenge either the Royal Northern or the Royal Norwegian, whichever has it then, and race for that trophy with one of the boats that goes over that year for the team series.

Meanwhile 1939 looks like a rather slim season on the Sound for the Sixes. They'll start with the usual series of events at Bermuda in April, and will doubtless have some sort of elimination series to pick the boat to go to Finland, but after that, judging from its record in past years when there was no international racing here at all, it is likely to languish.

SIGNALS. The Long Island Sound Y.R.A., at its fall meeting, received a highly constructive suggestion regarding the displaying of shortened and reversed course signals and postponements. Under the present rules these signals are hoisted on one of the regular five-minute guns of the starting schedule, coinciding with someone's warning, preparatory or start, and frequently, in the excitement of getting away, are overlooked completely. A much more desirable method would seem to be to hoist such signals between the regular guns and call attention to them by a special audible signal such as two guns or two whistles, or some such thing. The Y.R.A. is to mull over the problem during the winter and it is certainly to be hoped that they take favorable action at the spring meeting.

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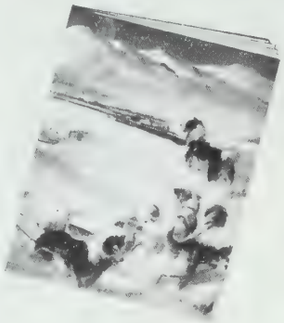

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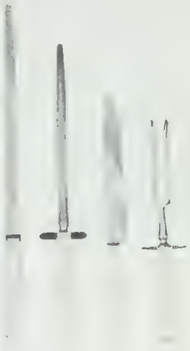

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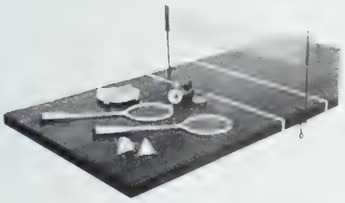

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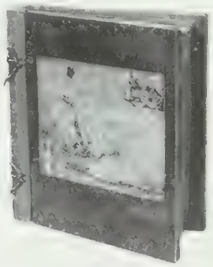

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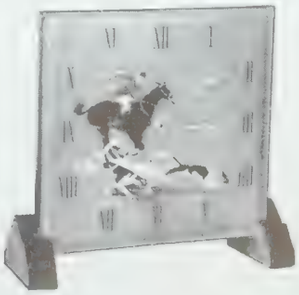

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Steamship Sailings

To Europe and the Mediterranean

Sail	From	To	Line	Steamer
December 1	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Alaunia
December 1	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg American	Deutschland
December 2	New York	London	United States	American Banker
December 2	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
December 2	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Samaria
December 2	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
December 2	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanyork
December 3	New York	Havre	French	Paris
December 3	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Shipper
December 3	New York	Antwerp	Red Star Bernstein	Gerolstein
December 6	New York	Haifa	American Export	Exeter
December 7	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg
December 7	New York	Genoa	Italian	Conte di Savoia
December 7	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Roosevelt
December 7	New York	Copenhagen	Swedish American	Gripsholm
December 7	New York	Oslo	Norwegian America	Stavangerfjord
December 8	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Aurania
December 9	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Caledonia
December 9	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanmail
December 9	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of York
December 9	New York	London	United States	American Trader
December 10	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Noordam
December 10	New York	Antwerp	Red Star Bernstein	Pennland
December 10	New York	Havre	French	Normandie
December 10	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Georgic
December 10	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
December 12	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia-America	Batory
December 13	Montreal	Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Richmond
December 14	New York	Hamburg	United States	Washington
December 14	New York	Genoa	Italian	Rex
December 14	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen
December 15	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Ascania
December 15	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Atholl
December 15	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Scythia
December 15	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	New York
December 16	New York	London	United States	American Merchant
December 16	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
December 17	New York	Havre	French	Ile De France
December 17	New York	Antwerp	Red Star Bernstein	Ilsenstein
December 17	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Importer
December 17	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Volendam
December 20	New York	Haifa	American Export	Excambion
December 20	Boston	Liverpool	Furness	Nova Scotia
December 21	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Harding
December 21	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Ausonia
December 22	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hansa
December 23	New York	London	United States	American Farmer
December 23	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
December 23	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanpenn
December 24	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Laconia
December 24	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Veendam
December 25	New York	Antwerp	Red Star Bernstein	Westernland
December 26	New York	Havre	French	Normandie
December 29	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Alaunia
December 29	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Deutschland
December 30	New York	London	United States	American Banker
December 30	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Samaria
December 30	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
December 31	New York	Antwerp	Red Star Bernstein	Gerolstein
December 31	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Shipper

To Central and South America

December 2	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Maria
December 3	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
December 3	New York	Puerto Barrios	United Fruit	Antigua
December 7	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
December 9	New York	Chanaral	Grace	Santa Rita
December 10	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Northern Prince
December 10	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
December 14	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
December 17	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica
December 17	New York	Puerto Barrios	United Fruit	Antigua
December 17	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Lucia
December 17	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Argentina
December 21	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
December 23	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Barbara
December 24	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Western Prince
December 24	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
December 28	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
December 30	New York	Chanaral	Grace	Santa Inez
December 31	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Brazil
December 31	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui

Pacific Sailings

December 1	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
December 2	Los Angeles	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Tatuta Maru
December 2	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hie Maru
December 6	San Francisco	Melbourne	Matson	Monterey
December 10	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Japan
December 15	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
December 21	Vancouver	Sydney	Canadian Australasian	Niagra
December 21	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Heian Maru
December 22	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
December 24	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Asia
December 27	Los Angeles	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Chichibu Maru
December 29	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia

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Incoming Steamships

From Europe and the Mediterranean

Steamer	Line	From	To	Due
Gerolstein	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	December 1
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	December 1
Scanmail	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	December 1
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	December 2
Columbus	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	December 2
Stavangerfjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	December 2
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	December 3
Duchess of York	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	December 3
Conte di Savoia	Italian	Genoa	New York	December 4
Noordam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	December 5
American Trader	United States	London	New York	December 5
Georgic	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	December 5
Caledonia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	December 5
Pennland	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	December 6
Aurania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	December 6
Excambion	American Export	Alexandria	New York	December 8
Washington	United States	Hamburg	New York	December 8
Batory	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	December 8
Normandie	French	Havre	New York	December 8
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	December 9
New York	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	December 9
Duchess of Atholl	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	December 10
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Southampton	Montreal	December 10
Rex	Italian	Genoa	New York	December 11
Scythia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	December 12
Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	December 12
American Merchant	United States	London	New York	December 12
Volendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	December 13
Ile De France	French	Havre	New York	December 13
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	December 13
Nieuw Amsterdam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	December 14
Oslofjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	December 15
Kungsholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	December 15
Ilsenstein	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	December 15
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	December 15
Scanpenn	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	December 15
Hansa	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	December 16
President Harding	United States	Hamburg	New York	December 17
Transylvania	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	December 18
Montrose	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	December 18
American Farmer	United States	London	New York	December 18
Nova Scotia	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	December 19
Laconia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	December 19
Veendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	December 20
Westernland	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	December 20
Champlain	French	Havre	New York	December 20
Ausonia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	December 20
Roma	Italian	Trieste	New York	December 21
Statendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	December 21
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	December 22
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	December 22
Pilsudski	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	December 22
Normandie	French	Havre	New York	December 22
Exochorda	American Export	Alexandria	New York	December 22
Empress of Britain	Canadian Pacific	Southampton	Halifax	December 23
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	December 23
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	December 23
Montclare	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	December 25
American Banker	United States	London	New York	December 26
Samaria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	December 26
Alaunia	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	December 27
American Shipper	United States	Liverpool	New York	December 27
Scanstates	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	December 29
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	December 29
Gerolstein	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	December 29
Cameronia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	December 30
Duchess of York	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	New York	December 31
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	December 31

From Central and South America

Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	December 1
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 1
Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 4
Santa Rita	Grace	Chanaral	New York	December 5
Western Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	December 7
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 8
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 11
Santa Lucia	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	December 12
Argentina	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	December 13
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 15
Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	December 15
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 18
Santa Barbara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	December 19
Southern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	December 21
Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 22
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 25
Santa Inez	Grace	Chanaral	New York	December 26
Brazil	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	December 27
Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	December 29
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	December 29

From the Orient and the South Seas

Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	December 8
Heian Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	December 11
Empress of Asia	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	December 12
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	December 16
Niagara	Canadian Australasian	Sydney	Vancouver	December 16
Chichibu Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	December 24
Mariposa	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	December 27
Empress of Canada	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	December 28
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	December 30
Hikawa Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	December 31

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Horse Notes & Comment by Elizabeth Grinnell

Flat Racing . . . . Steeplechasing . . . . Horse Shows . . . . Equitation

"Now winter nights enlarge the number of their hours"; and in all branches of horse sports the season is drawing toward its close. In January, with records complete, the statisticians will have their day, but before they get to work there is time for each individual to pick his or her own favorite and to plug for it until proved wrong. Not that the pickers will ever believe that the compiled records prove anything; in fact one of the best parts of these "Great Autumn Handicaps" is the fact that everyone has a perfect right to his own opinion and is not going to loose any money on it.

FLAT RACING. Let's begin with the big tracks and offer Mr. William Zeigler Jr.'s El Chico as the most outstanding two-year-old of the year. That is so easy I doubt if there is any argument at all against it. He met the best of his age and went the season unbeaten which stamps him champion without question. I would be completely at a loss for a three-year-old were it not for Mr. Joe Palmer of the "Blood Horse" who is fast becoming my favorite commentator. "Menow," says he "for the first mile, Jacola for any farther distance." I wish I had thought of that. It fits the situation the way a missing section fits into a crossword puzzle and makes you say "Of course—how simple." But once more there is a fly in the ointment. Up to the time Mr. Palmer made his choice Mr. Edward Friendly's Jacola had never run a bad race, but just as soon as he published it she did just that. However, considering the number of bad ones all of the other three-year-olds have run, here and there and now and then, I think she still deserves consideration. And Mr. Headly's Menow always did his best until he broke down at the very end of a season of honest racing.

If I had known what was going to happen at Pimlico on November 1st I most certainly would have gone down there. As it was I received the surprise of my life and saved a lot of money. I suppose the licking he gave War Admiral should make Seabiscuit the all-age champion but how can he be quite that when so many horses have beaten him?

STEEPLECHASING. Of the big track steeplechasers the best was undoubtedly Mr. Thomas Hitchcock's Annibal. Even if he didn't beat a very impressive field in America's Grand National, he so definitely proved his superiority in other races that I doubt if there is any question about this choice, but when you move on to steeplechasing at the hunt meetings the task of picking the top horse isn't quite so easy. For his win of the Foxcatcher National Mr. S. A. Warner Baltazzi's Ad Lib must be mentioned, but as he is a big track horse and this National is a special course I hardly think it fair to name him champion of the hunt meetings. In fact, the choosing of a horse to wear this crown has me in something of a quandry but I am inclined to believe that Mrs. Lewis A. Park's Crooked Wood is the best horse racing this year over brush at these events even if he has hardly raced enough to prove it.

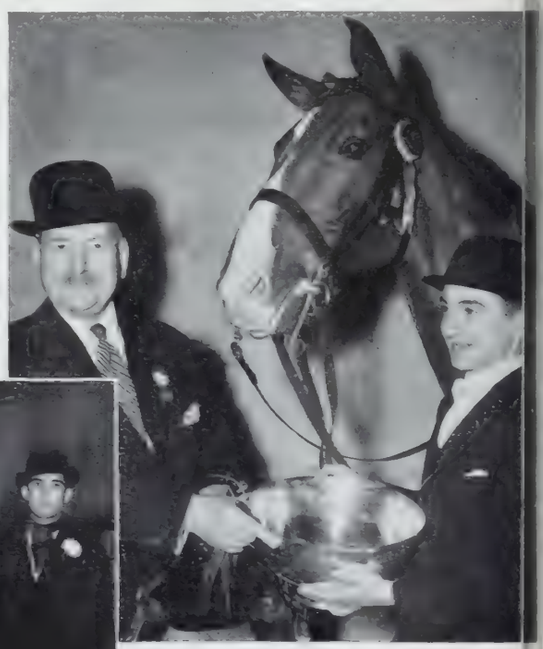
Mr. John Strawbridge's Coq Bruyere is easily the champion over timber. One by one he has taken practically all of the classics for which he has raced and although he didn't start in The Maryland he gave the winner of that event, Mrs. Read Beard's Blockade, a beating in the Monmouth Gold Cup.

I am at a loss for a horse to fill the place in the flat races at the hunt meetings left vacant by Toolbox. The winner of the Peapack at the Essex meeting in Far Hills often deserves the title of champion but this year it was Northwood Stables' Barrystar. Up to that time Barrystar had never won enough to be singled out as a top horse and at the United Hunts a week or so later another hunt meeting horse, Mr. Walter Jefford's Warspite, won with Barrystar so far back in the field that it would be silly to pick the latter for the title. One way and another I feel that if anyone wants to pick a horse for this place he is welcome to do so.

HORSE SHOWS. Moving on to the shows, I find some of their divisions pretty well sorted out. Who is going to question the choice of Dicksfield Farm's Highland Cora as the best harness pony now showing, for instance, or Leisure Hour Stable's Midnight Star as the best five-gaited horse? Red Top Farm's Golden Avalanche must be given the three-gaited crown because although my own favorite, Fair City Stables' Moreland Maid, has met him over and over again, she has still to beat him. In the harness division my choice is Mrs. Loula Long Combs' beautiful chestnut mare Captivation. Vanity, the lovely mare which Fair City Stables recently purchased from Red Top Farm is the best fine harness horse, and on his triple crown of Bryn Mawr, Piping Rock, and the Garden, not to mention his many other championships, Mr. Crispin Oglebay's Holystone undoubtedly deserves the hunter award.

EQUITATION. In horsemanship I believe the two winners at the National were worthy of their titles. There is no doubt but that Arthur Plaut has earned his place on the Good Hands Cup. An excellent, hard working, consistent rider with a thorough understanding of horse psychology as well as the fine points of equitation, he is the sort that any judge can depend on to do in the best possible manner what is asked of him. Archie Dean, winner of the Maclay Cup for horsemanship over fences, is an extraordinary young rider, as good as many of the experienced amateur and professional show ring exhibitors and better than a lot of them in either a jumping or walk trot.

Photographs by Morgan



Winners in the horsemanship classes at the National Horse Show. Left: Arthur Plaut Jr. receives the Good Hands Cup from Mr. Richard Welling. Center is the best team, Vera Jean Steele, Muriel Arthur, Carol Jane Adler, and F. J. Carroll. Right: Mr. Alfred Maclay gives the Maclay Cup for hunter riding to Archie Dean

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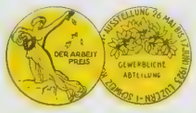

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Country Life Sports Calendar

DECEMBER

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 Pointer Club of America Field Trial (Pointers and Setters) Amateur Stakes, Pinehurst, N. C. (until 3rd).	**2**	**3** Kennel Club of Phila., Pa., Dog Show. Santa Clara Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, San Jose, Calif. (until 4th). End of Pointer Club of America Amateur Stakes, Pinehurst, N. C. Towson Skeet Club Tournament, Towson, Md.
4 Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami, Fla. (Winter Series). North Shore Skeet Club Tournament, Huntington, L. I., N. Y. End of Santa Clara Valley Dog Show, San Jose, Cal.	**5** Mississippi Amateur Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Jackson, Miss. Pointer Club of America Open Stakes, Pinehurst, N. C. (until 9th).	**6** Tennessee Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Jackson, Tenn. Winter Sports Show Madison Sq. Garden, N. Y.	**7** Florida Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Orlando, Fla. Kennel Club Show, Olympia, London, Eng. (until 8th).	**8** End of Kennel Club Show, Olympia, London.	**9** End of Pointer Club of America Open Stakes (Pointers and Setters), Pinehurst, N. C.	**10** Newark Kennel Club Dog Show, Newark, N. J. Northern California Field Trial Club (Cockers and English Springer Spaniels) Rolph Ranch, near San Francisco. Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I., N. Y. End of Winter Sports Show, Madison Sq. Garden, N. Y.
11 Bronx County Kennel Club Dog Show, Bronx, N. Y. End of Northern Cal. Spaniel Field Trial, Rolph Ranch, near San Francisco. Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta (Winter Series). Twin Pike Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ambler, Pa.	**12** Gamecock Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters) Sumter, South Carolina.	**13**	**14**	**15**	**16** Equestrian Gymkhana, Southern Pines, N. C.	**17** Brooklyn Horse Show, Brooklyn, N. Y. Long Beach Tennis Club Tournament, Long Beach, Cal. Official Opening Winter Sports Season, Lake Placid, N. Y.
18 Babylon Skeet Club Tournament, Babylon, L. I., N. Y. Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta (Winter Series).	**19** Tropical Park Horse Race Meeting Begins (until Jan. 10th).	**20**	**21**	**22**	**23**	**24**
25	**26**	**27**	**28** Annual Midwinter Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. (until 31st). Annual Christmas Golf Tournament for Women, Pinehurst, N. C.	**29** Christmas Regatta, Newport-Balboa, Calif. (until 31st). College Women's Ski Tournament, Lake Placid, N. Y.	**30** College Men's Ski Tournament, Lake Placid, N. Y.	**31** Santa Anita Horse Race Meeting (until March 11th). End of Christmas Regatta, Newport-Balboa, Calif. Golf Tournament, Sea Island, Ga. End of Pinehurst Annual Golf Tournament. Orlando Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Orlando, Fla. College Men's Ski Tournament, Lake Placid, N. Y.

"Hang the Hall

"THE holly and the ivy of all trees wear the crown." And never more becomingly than at Christmas, when in the family of every countryman, in the very air, there is festivity. The Feast of Lights returns to grace the year and touch with its lovely hands the strange things that we all have let our civilized and sophisticated life do to us. For this one time out of all the months the gentle ways and sentimental traditions have precedence wheresoever we are. Deck the house with laurel ropes and boughs of evergreens, light the gardens with lanterns and candles, feed the birds and squirrels and other pests, do a schottische in the great hall, hang a wreath on every stall and kennel, and a smile on every face.

Simply to have someone see that there are enough strings of lights and that all the bulbs are functioning, simply to trim up the largest spruces on the place is not enough at Christmas. Just to have someone else do it all is not anywhere near enough. A little imagination at Christmas, a little open sentiment, plain and fancy, is as becoming as anything on earth can be. Lay aside the new, the clever and the amusing thing, and somewhere in the memory there will stir a pleasant nostalgia, pungent as the scent of boxwood and pine, shining as the leaves of holly. There is the guiding genius for the house with a holiday face, a house for country living wherever it is—a house where the young come swooping home and the countryside collects.

Evergreens and still more evergreens and candlelight. On either side of a wide entrance stairway, in a bright and welcoming row, set tall, fat, enormous candles in hurricane glasses on every other step—right out in the snow (the kindly weather willing) to burn for hours and hours on Christmas Eve and all through the holiday week. Beside the doorway, in big red tubs, stand great Christmas trees of spruce or hemlock with single stars at their tops, hang fat ropes of laurel in swags above the door frame—and then, the crown of the holly and the ivy—a tremendous, untrimmed wreath on the door itself.

RRIE WOOD

AN OLD sleigh, with luck one that has seen lots of family sleigh rides, one with brilliant decorations, roses and gold trimmings on its sides and scarlet runners, should hold the guest of honor—the Christmas tree itself. Trim the tree with sleigh bells shined and polished and jingling at the lightest touch.

with Holly"

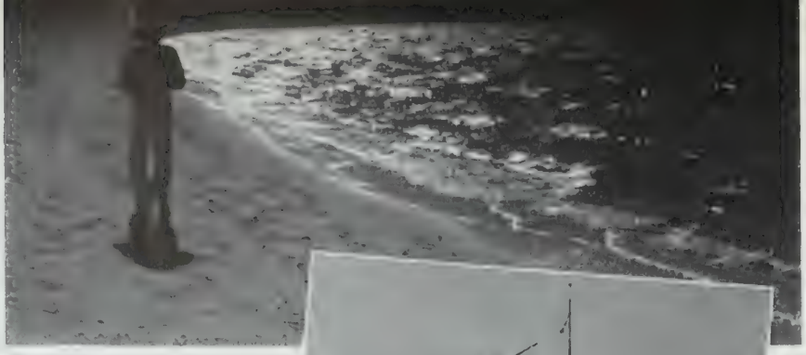
HANG yards of laurel roping in swags on the main entrance gate festooned to repeat the design of the wrought-iron gates between brick pillars, and wreaths of boxwood to give even a formal gateway a part of the Christmas gaiety. No matter how long and winding a drive to the main house, no matter the type of gateway, give it a holiday air. The simplest gate in the world, just the barway of a post and rail fence, should wear a green and gay Christmas coat. Give every entrance,

to the grounds, the stable, the garage, even the henhouse, its part; string Christmas tree decorations and evergreens into wreaths for every gate post, and put a bow of red, something like oilcloth that will take the weather, on the gates.

Whenever the landscaping will lend a hand, wherever there are small evergreens grouped near buildings, hang them with silver swags made of strings of tinsel twisted together into a thick rope. Make bunches of silver balls for the tops of the larger evergreens.

EVEN the hitching posts, especially if they are composed of small Black boys can have a part in the holiday decoration, for holding aloft small Christmas trees securely wired to their hands and lighted with long white candles, they seem to be the attendants of Saint Nick's reindeer. Put an earthy halo around each garden figure, or a wreath of candles, again those short little slow-burning candles in thick glass cups, in a double row right on the ground at the base of each figure. Or hang a lei of Christmas tree decorations, small green and blue and silver balls strung on tinsel with silver leaves around their necks, or give each one a crown of silver stars and pine cones for his head.

Candles set in a row all along the paths in the garden will pick out their designs and make them too a part of the general festivity. Light all the available small evergreens, junipers, yew, boxwood, as well as the larger spruce and hemlock and majestic pine, for, after all, it is the Feast of Lights. So hang the hall with Holly and let the Christmas carols ring out clear.



CARLETON MITCHELL

SOUTH'ARD TO THE SUN

EVERY winter finds a greater number of yachtsmen following the sun southward. The anchorages of Miami and Palm Beach are crowded with yachts of all types, but many owners do not realize the cruising possibilities that are easily available to them. Indeed, the Florida resorts are departure points for the finest cruising grounds in the entire world. No other locality can offer such ideal weather, short open stretches of water, and more perfect harbors at the end of them. The skipper of a sailing yacht will find steady, dependable winds, and the owner of a power boat of limited cruising range will find distances within his fuel capacity. Those on larger vessels, either sail or power, can make more ambitious runs, but, regardless of the cruise chosen, everything that combines to make yachting a perfect sport will be found.

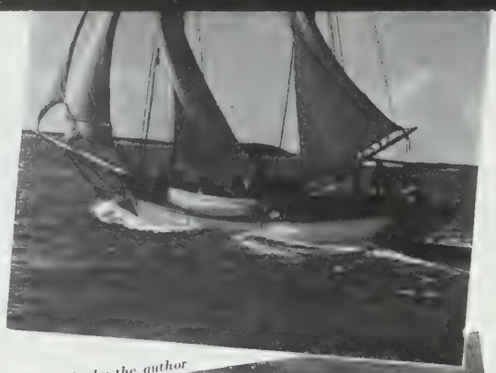
The choice of destinations is almost unlimited: a chain of islands and reefs curves gradually southwestward from Miami, making possible a sheltered passage to Key West; from Key West the magnificent ruins of Dry Tortugas are easily accessible, or it is possible to continue on around the west coast of Florida to St. Petersburg. Also, from Miami, the Bahamas can be reached by a short dash across the open water of the Gulf Stream; after arriving at Bimini the skipper has a simple voyage to Nassau where he has a selection of near-by cruising grounds offering infinite variety. Beyond the Bahamas, the owner of a larger yacht finds the whole sweep of the West Indies. He can either follow the line of islands as far south as he desires or can make a circular cruise that includes the Bahamas, Haiti, Jamaica, Grand Cayman, Isle of Pines, and Cuba —a truly memorable voyage, and one that is not too difficult.

It is the purpose of this article to suggest three different cruises, bearing in mind type and size of yacht, seaworthiness of ship, and seamanship of crew. The first two will be possible for owners of small boats—either sail or power—and will not include any great distances of open water or demand more than a casual knowledge of dead reckoning navigation. In most cases it will be possible to time runs so that harbors can be made at night. The third cruise is more ambitious and should only be undertaken in a fairly large power yacht, or husky deep-water type of sailing yacht — regardless of size — manned by an experienced crew. In the first two, the length of time necessary can be regulated to cover only a couple of weeks (less if desired), but the third should have an extended time allowance to be really enjoyed.

It must be understood that it is impossible to give full sailing directions for all cruises. Distances (in nautical miles) and courses are only approximate and should in every event be checked. Before beginning any cruise, pilot books, light lists, and charts should be aboard in addition to various necessary navigation instruments.

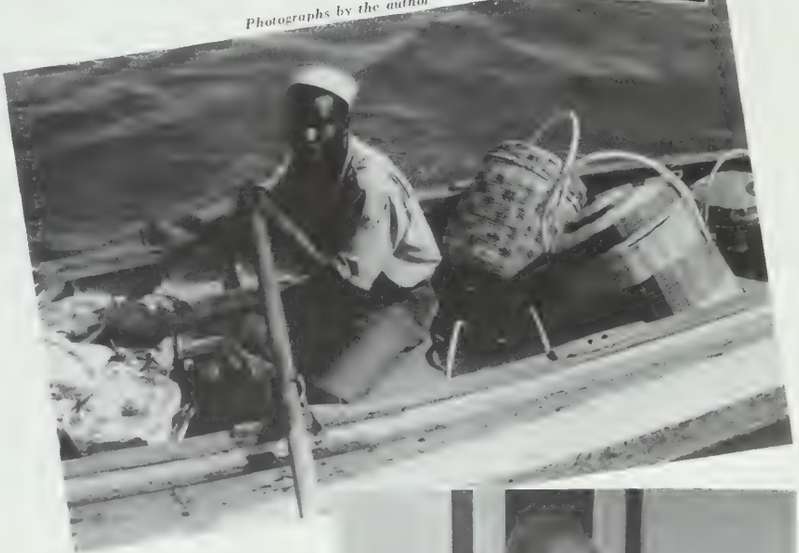
Prevailing winds are from the east over this entire area. Hurricanes during the winter months are practically unknown and can safely be discounted. The only really heavy weather likely to be encountered are the "northers"; these are not very frequent and usually give ample warning. However, harbors should be chosen that give protection from winds from this quadrant, especially if an extended stay is contemplated. Boats making the first two cruises have such short open water jumps that they need not worry. Weather forecasts are broadcast daily from Miami.

Whenever reference is made to "shoal draft" boats it means those having a draft of less than six feet. As it is assumed that only "healthy" cruisers will be used, it is understood that those having a draft of greater than six feet will be capable of going "outside." Some boats of less than six feet draft can safely go out, of course, but these will have a choice.



Above: Lonely beaches of white coral sand, one of the greatest lures of the tropics. Right: An Abaco fishing schooner heading for Nassau, the Berry Islands to windward

Photographs by the author



A floating shop comes alongside in Kingston with baskets, hats, and handbags

Luncheon as usual in the Gulf Stream aboard a fifty-foot schooner in a breeze

Nassau Harbor, with the British Colonial Hotel in the center of the picture

CRUISE I: MIAMI TO ST. PETERSBURG

(Practical for small boats, either sail or power.)

Shoal draft boats, leaving Miami en route for Key West, may run south in Hawk Channel, following the channel markers. (See "Inside Route Pilot—New York to Key West" and "Atlantic Coast Pilot—Section D") This inside route distance is about 133 miles; its greatest advantage is that boats using it avoid the adverse current of the Gulf Stream, and, as the outlying reefs give protection, it is possible to anchor almost any-

where except in cases of extreme weather. *Note:* Between Alligator Reef Lighthouse and American Shoals Lighthouse a few rough spots are sometimes encountered but only during the rare southerly blows.

Although the channel is easy to follow, boats should not attempt it under sail with a head wind as there is not enough room for tacking. There are good anchorages at Cape Florida, Caesar Creek, Key Largo, Turtle Harbor, Tavernier Key, and Knight's Key. Fishing and swimming are good all along, and there are several places where fresh stores and gasoline may be purchased. This inside route demands no knowledge of navigation, but proper books and charts must be at hand.

Deeper draft boats should go outside at Miami. From Fowey Rocks on down there is a string of lighthouses that is utterly simple to follow. By day it is only necessary to hug the shore line (within reasonable limits, of course) and by night the light ahead is picked up before the one astern is dropped—these lights have red danger sectors, so that it is almost impossible to go wrong. In the event of a blow it is possible to duck in behind the reefs at several places (see "Atlantic Coast Pilot—Section D") and anchor comfortably.

Key West has an excellent yacht basin with full facilities for small boats. The town itself is fascinating and has a completely foreign atmosphere, being quite like Havana. Spanish is spoken almost as much as English. Since the new Overseas Highway has been completed the old town has been given a new lease on life. If you like Cuban cooking, or want to sample it, try Delmonico's restaurant—and have a green turtle steak, too!

Before heading for St. Petersburg, an interesting side jaunt can be made to Ft. Jefferson, Dry Tortugas. Situated as it is at the extreme western end of the Florida Barrier Reef, it is one of the most amazing ruins in the United States. Its history, although without a real war record, is long and bloody: originally built to be the "American Gibraltar," controlling the commerce of the Straits of Florida, it was completely ineffective. During the Civl War it was in Northern hands and was used as a base against Southern blockade runners; after the war it was one of the most terrible prisons in the history of the world, where men died by thousands. It was here that the famous Dr. Mudd made his heroic struggle against injustice, and his cell can still be seen. The fort is a truly stupendous place. A huge pile of masonry rising sheer out of a lonely ocean, grim and forbidding and forgotten, burned by sun and swept by hurricanes, and watched only by wheeling frigate birds, it is a tragic reminder of human folly.

The trip to Dry Tortugas is not recommended for the smallest boats, especially power, as it involves over 75 miles of open water. The course is amply lighted, and the central island of the group, Loggerhead Key, carries a lighthouse. After arriving at the group the entrance and channel to the fort is well marked and easy to follow, but under no circumstances should it be attempted at night. Anchorage for even deep draft boats can be had right off the fort, but, as the channel is narrow and the bottom sandy, it is well to spread-eagle two anchors.

Those who desire and whose boats are equal to the trip can make St. Petersburg in one jump. Ft. Jefferson to Egmont Key, at the entrance of Tampa Bay, is about 175 miles all in the Gulf of Mexico.

Those who wish to go directly from Key West to St. Petersburg can make their first jump to Everglades City, about 80 miles north of Key West. The area around Cape Sable, Shark River, and the Ten Thousand Islands is one of the most desolate spots in the United States, as it is our nearest approach to a real jungle. The water is dangerous, being practically unbuoyed and unlighted, and all shoals are sandy and subject to change. It should not be attempted without a local pilot. However, those who like wild country will find it here, and the waters teem with fish. Pilots can be secured at Key West or Everglades City. Stops above Everglades City can be made at Ft. Myers and Sarasota to break the journey to St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg itself is an enjoyable resort and has a wonderful yacht basin. It has one of the most active and courteous yacht clubs in the South. Near-by places of interest: Clearwater, Ybor City, and Tampa.

CRUISE II: MIAMI TO NASSAU

(Practical for small cruising sail and medium-sized power boats.)

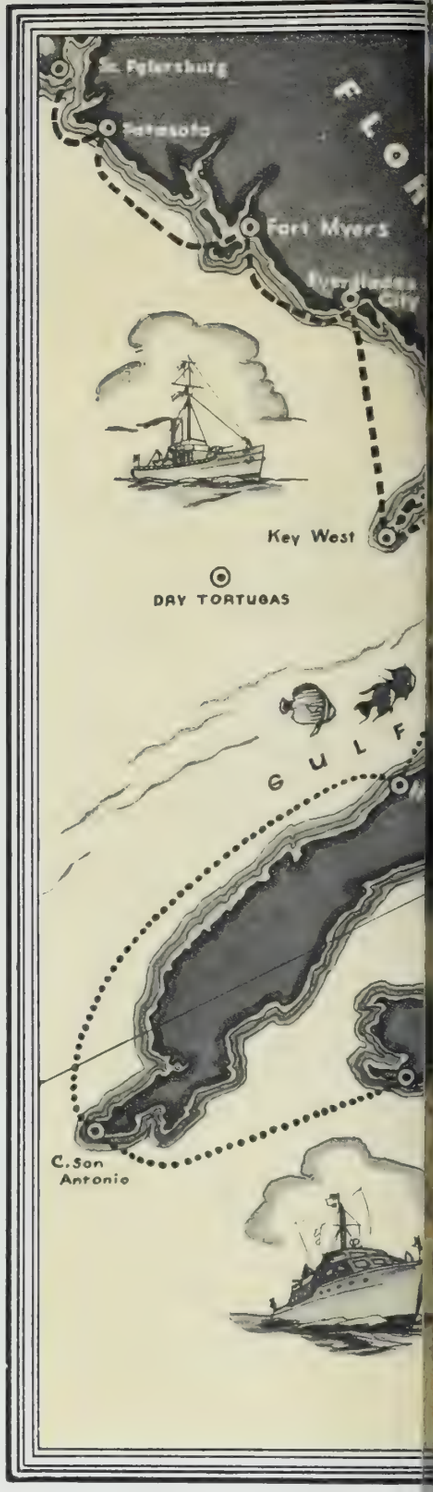
Between Florida and the Bahamas flows the Gulf Stream, fabled in song and story. Many owners of yachts perfectly capable of making the trip to Nassau hold back because of fear of the Stream. This is wrong: the Stream should be respected but it need not be feared. The passage across is too short—it is only a case of waiting for weather. When conditions are favorable the crossing is a matter of a few hours.

The best time to leave Miami by sail or slow power boat is just after dark, as then the lights furnish a check on Stream drift. Guessing the rate of flow of the Stream at any given time is largely a matter of luck, but, for practical purposes, an average allowance of 3.2 miles drift per hour will be close enough. Or, many skippers who don't bother to lay down a course simply steer southeast. After all, it is only about 45 miles from the Miami sea buoy to Bimini, and, by leaving Miami at dusk, the Bahamian lights are visible soon after dropping those on the Florida coast. Sometimes, when conditions are right, the lights on both sides can be seen at once. Fast power boats need not allow so much time, of course, and can well leave in the early morning.

By taking a departure from Miami at dusk an ordinary five or six knot cruiser steering southeast will pick up either the Bimini or Gun Cay light shortly after midnight, and then there is no doubt about the future course. It should be at anchor shortly after dawn. Entrance can be made at either Cat Cay or Bimini but the latter is recommended. The harbor is good and almost all supplies (especially liquid!) are available. Fishing, including bonefishing, is certainly the best in the world.

Right here it is necessary to digress and make a few remarks on Bahamian cruising and pilotage. The Bahama Group is surrounded on all sides by deep water; it is composed mainly of coral, sand, and rock, so there is almost no dirt in the water, which is therefore inconceivably clear. Further, there are formations known as "The Banks," which are extensive sandy plateaus that didn't quite reach the surface of the water, and these are covered to an average depth of from one to three fathoms. Except in certain places, clearly shown on the charts, the Banks are free from rocky heads and coral patches, so a shoal draft boat can safely cross them, anchoring at will. Being shallow, it is hard for a real sea to make up, so they are easy sailing. Further —and this is a point that applies to all Bahamian cruising—pilotage can be effected by the color of the water. As the water has no color of its own, its shade is governed by depth or the character of the bottom. A deep channel shows blue (darkness of blue depending upon the depth), shoal water ranges from brilliant green to pure white, coral heads are purple, and grass patches greenish-brown. In an amazingly short time the skipper learns just what these various colors signify and can be reasonably certain of his pilotage.

But to return to Bimini. The yachtsman mak-

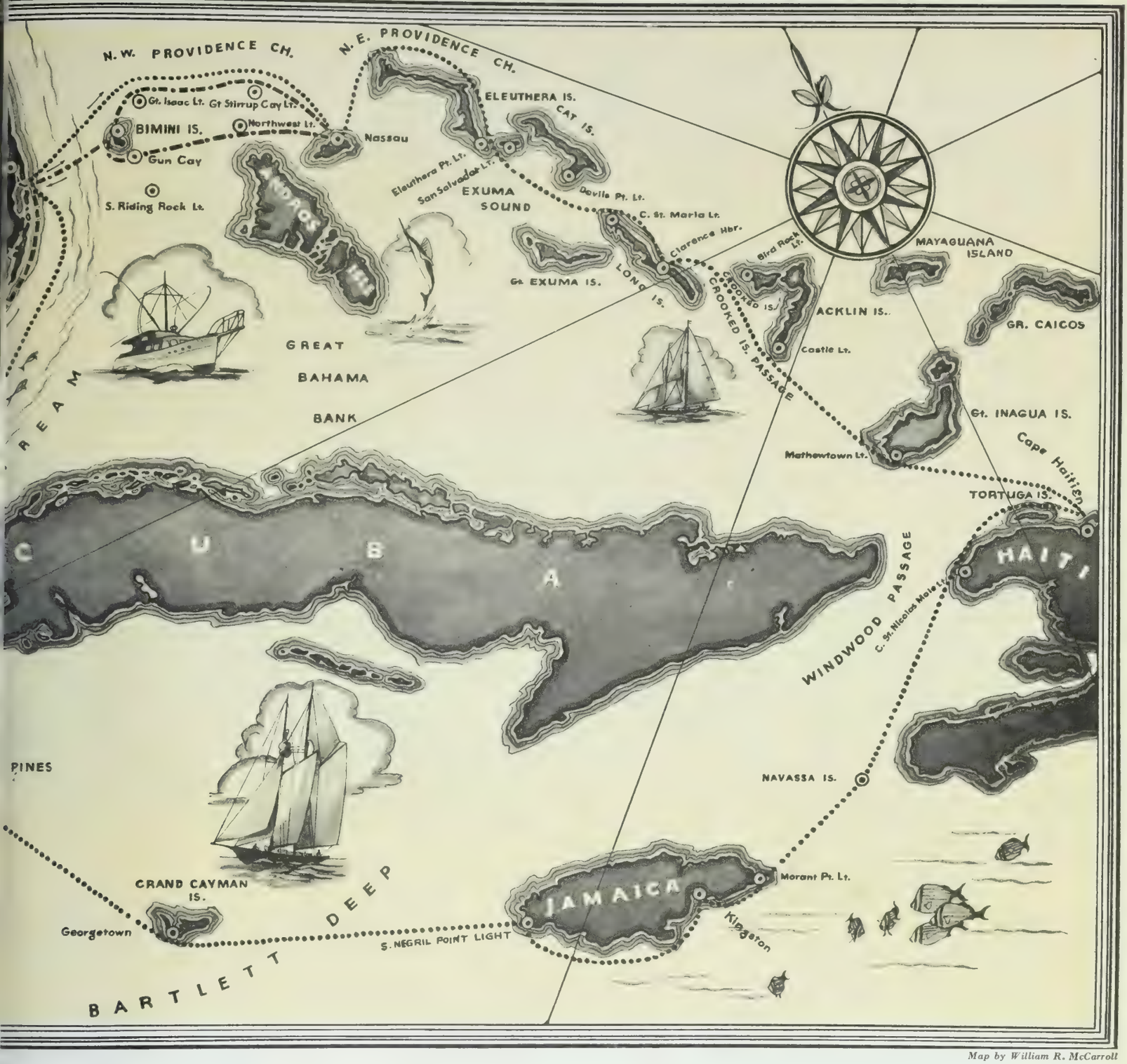


Legend

----Cruise I. Miami to St. Petersburg with suggested ports, for small boats, either sail or power

-----Cruise II. Miami to Nassau. With alternate routes from Bimini to Nassau. For small cruising sail and medium-sized power boats

.....Cruise III. Miami to Miami, via the Bahamas, Haiti, Jamaica, Grand Cayman, Isle of Pines, and Cuba. For medium and large cruising sail vessels and large yachts



Map by William R. McCarroll

ing his first trip has got over the sight of his anchor on the bottom and is tired of reading the labels on the cans he has thrown overboard. Time to get in the hook! There are two ways to go to Nassau; the first, across the Banks, is urged for all power boats drawing less than seven feet and the smallest of sailing boats; the second, through the Providence Channels, should be used by large power yachts and almost all sailing craft. *Note:* Required reading: "West Indies Pilot, Volume I."

ROUTE 1—Go south from Bimini, keeping close to the cays (c-a-y-s from now on, but pronounced the same as the Florida and Yale varieties) to avoid the Stream as much as possible. Soundings are clearly visible. Enter the Banks through the cut between Gun Cay and Cat Cay, a distance of about 10 miles from Bimini. A stop can be made at Cat Cay—and well worth a stop it is—before heading out across the Great Bahama Banks. From Cat Cay the next run is easterly to Northwest Light, a distance of about 70 miles, all in shoal water. Northwest Light to Nassau is another run of about 55 miles but across deep water. No gasoline or other supplies are available between Cat Cay and Nassau.

Also, from Cat Cay, a run of approximately 22 miles southward along the edge of the Stream brings the yachtsman to South Riding Rock Light. From here it is also possible to lay a course to Northwest Light (about 62 miles). There is probably a little more water on this particular route, but otherwise it has no advantages.

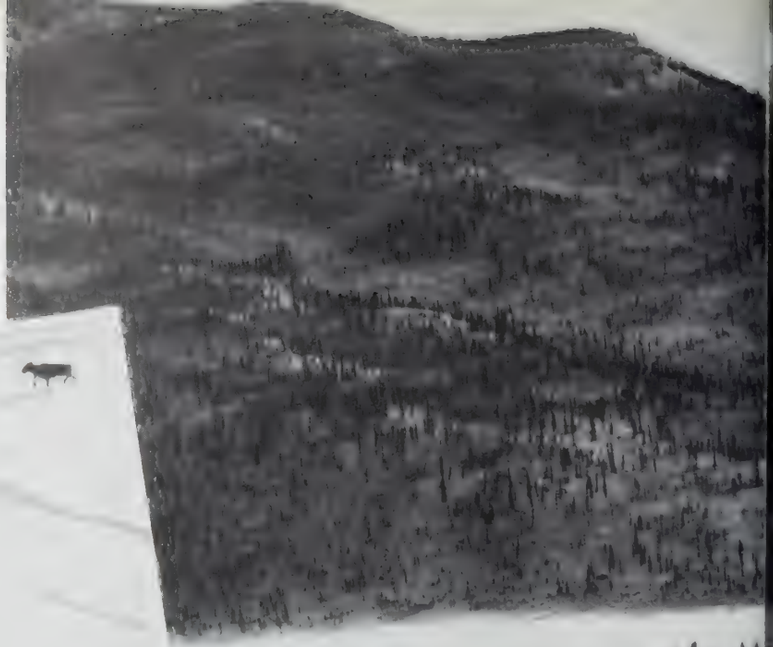
ROUTE 2—Leaving Bimini, sail northwards about 23 miles to Great Isaac Light, keeping well offshore to benefit from the Stream. The light is situated on a low, desolate rock behind which, however, shelter may be had in the event of a "norther" (detailed harbor chart available) but otherwise anchoring is not recommended. The next run is easterly about 75 miles through the Northwest Providence Channel to Great Stirrup Cay Light. Behind Great Stirrup Light is an excellent harbor, sheltered in all winds, and worth a stop if time is not pressing (detailed harbor chart available). *Note:* Extending about 35 miles eastward of Great Isaac, beyond The Brothers and Little Isaac rocks, is the Gingerbread Ground, an extremely dangerous, unlighted reef; as the tides set off and on, an ample berth should be given it, especially at night.

From Great Stirrup coast southward along the Berry Islands about 18 miles to Little Harbor Cay, staying fairly close to soundings. Results of the last two Miami-Nassau Races seem to indicate a favorable current along this shore. From Little Harbor Cay there is a 35 mile run to Nassau and a direct course should be laid.

Nassau has a light on a water tower that is visible at a good distance; during the day the water tower itself is the first landfall. The harbor may be entered at night on range lights. Small yachts usually anchor off the British Colonial Hotel just (*Continued on page 117*)

CARIBOU TREK

LESLIE ROBERTS



Above: A photographer catches caribou on an Arctic lake. Right: Over the caribou country

Above: Loading the huskies into the plane before the take-off from Cameron Bay

Photographs, Associated Screen News, Ltd. and Eldorado Gold Mines Ltd.

WYLIE, the bushman, thrust his head into the plane and yelled: "All ready for the dogs?"

A voice called back: "Okay. Let's have 'em!"

One by one Wylie boosted through the big air freighter's loading door the four huskies which had been sleeping columnwise beside it. A carryall sled followed. Then Kennedy, the pilot, waved to his passengers and we waddled like obese charwomen, inside the countless layers of wearing apparel which intervened between parkas and epidermis, to take our turns at the steps and climb aboard. Five minutes later we were taxi-ing onto Cameron Bay's hummocked runway to take off on our expedition in search of caribou.

The Caribou party, from left to right: Jimmie Cowan, the author, Pilot Marlowe Kennedy, Charles Lillian Harry Snyder, and the photographers for the expedition

On two previous occasions I had caught glimpses of this great migration, once at Goldfields on Lake Athabaska and again on the lower reaches of the Slave River, around Great Slave Lake. But other preoccupations had prevented examination of a semi-annual forced march beside which the movement of human armies in the field seems insignificant. So when the chance came to eye-witness one of the animal kingdom's most remarkable phenomena at close range in the company of a Canadianised American, Harry Snyder, who has made northern wild life his hobby and probably knows more about the subject in the scientific sense than any man now living, I jumped at it.

Edmonton, capital of the Province of Alberta, three days from New York by rail, had been our rendezvous. Thence we had flown due north to Fort McMurray and over the Athabaska and Slave Rivers to Fort Smith, a matter of six hundred miles north of Canada's northernmost trans-continental railroad. Our hope had been to pick up the migration about two hundred miles beyond Smith, around Great Slave Lake or the Yellowknife country. But we had passed far beyond that, down to the rim of the Arctic itself, for the spring suns had come early and the herds were traveling two weeks ahead of normal schedule. As we flew north, pausing at trading posts and prospectors' camps to make inquiry, we had learned that the main herd must be somewhere in the vicinity of Great Bear Lake and the Circle. Finally we had caught up with its rearguards and laggards in country as far north of the Canada-United States boundary as Denver is west of New York and, as Wylie thrust sled-dogs through the plane's loading door, we hoped that we were about to embark on the last lap of a journey which had brought some of us across a continent.

Flying north, we had seen traces of the migration for the last three hundred miles. First, we had passed occasional stragglers, groups of two and three black dots against the flat white background of sub-Arctic lakes. Then we had flown over larger groups; ten and a dozen animals. Through Snyder's strong binoculars we could see that lake surfaces had been beaten to cement hardness by the pounding of thousands of hoofs. Now and then we had seen files moving in disciplined fashion through long draws and over snow-covered river bottoms. During the last hour of flight we had passed herds a hundred and two hundred strong, loping steadily northward or grazing amongst the stunted evergreens on the hillsides. Obviously the main body (*Continued on page 112*)

The dictionary calls caribou an American species of reindeer, but they stand in appearance and stature somewhere between the deer of the northern states and its Laplander cousin. The heft of a yearling calf, the shoulders of a young bull moose, the antlers and head of the reindeer, the gait and speed of the deer. By rough count six millions of them inhabit the vast sub-Arctic and Arctic wilderness which lies between the Yukon on the west, the Arctic Ocean on the north, the west coast of Hudson Bay on the east, and the northern boundary of Canada's prairie provinces: the vast expanse of country which geographers always call the North-West Territories.

Twice each year these twelve hundred million pounds of wild animal life break up housekeeping wherever they happen to be and go places together en masse, on their twenty-four million hoofs. As the brief Arctic summer ends they move out with the freeze-up which makes it possible for them to travel the lakes and rivers, taking up winter grazing quarters well to the south of the Arctic Circle and the timber line. When days begin to lengthen and the sun to honeycomb the top layers of ice and snow, they move again, returning to the Barren Lands and the coastal region for the summer.

The manner in which these six millions join forces, first in groups of ten or a dozen, then in herds of a hundred, two hundred, and five hundred, until they merge into one vast animal army, moving inexorably towards an uncharted destination, is incredible. What their signal system may be, I cannot tell you. How they agree upon meeting places at which to converge, I do not know. But neither does anyone else. All I know is that it happens year in and year out.

Above: Taking off at Fort Smith, six hundred miles north of Canada's northernmost trans-continental railroad. Right: Home again, unloading and making camp

THE SPORTSWOMAN

At the Women's Field Trials in Huntington, L. I. Above left is Mrs. Prentice Talmage of Mount Kisco, N. Y. Right: Mrs. Clarence C. Pell Jr. of Westbury, L. I., and opposite, left, is Mrs. C. Arthur Smith, of Oyster Bay, and her Irish Water Spaniel, Irish Singer, which showed good form

MRS. JORROCKS

The country is the place to spend Christmas and while there may be slight variations in festivities according to the ages and tastes of the participants, the general pattern of the holiday should always be the same. Do you remember how important the routine was to you when you were a child? How you looked forward to every moment of it? My earliest recollection of Christmas is of being held high on my uncle's shoulder in the hall outside of the nursery door. It was unusually dark in the hall and the customary smell of carbolic acid from the medicine closet was almost drowned by a fresh, warm, exciting piny perfume. Below me people moved and whispered in the dusk—parents, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, and uncles, and we were all breathless with anticipation. If I close my eyes good and tight I can feel it all now.

On our calendar presents were always delivered the day before Christmas and it was much nicer when snow was on the ground. The jingle of bells on the sharp, frosty air; the ring of the snow under the runners. A sleigh built like a Victoria and drawn by a pair of beautiful brown horses. The coachman and footman wore huge, great bearskin capes and the bridle fronts and saddle pads of the harness were of the same fur. One skin hung down over the back of the seat while another covered the occupants, and stuck in every available place were white tissue paper bundles, tied with red ribbon and decorated with holly. The sound from the chimes on the horses' backs filled the air with merriment. Magnificent! How glad I am that I can remember the days before the automobile cleared the roads of such equipages. My feet couldn't touch the floor nor my shoulders the back of the seat. It was terribly hard to keep the heavy rug from slipping off my legs and almost impossible to keep the presents from sliding from the rug but it was all very wonderful.

Stockings should not be hung up until everything else has been done—there is time then to choose one's largest and longest, and at the last minute, just before the lights are turned out, is the time to read "The Night Before Christmas." Then the first light of the dark winter morning and the limp dangling stockings are changed into fascinating, lumpy objects. What horrible looking legs they make with a doll, a horn, a book, and a "musical" instrument sticking out of each. Breakfast—sausages and "fried 'cakes"—then every one, including dogs and domestic staff, gathers outside of that mysterious closed door which opens suddenly to disclose a familiar room in masquerade. Its center is a fantastically lighted forest, the floor a carpet of snow and even the old, comfortable furniture looks strange in its unaccustomed positions. Everywhere are brightly tied, fascinating bundles which arouse the curiosity to an almost unbearable point. But they can't be untied—not yet because the dogs must have theirs

Right: Mrs. Howes Burton receiving from Wingan's Daily Double which she handled in the Women's Retriever Trials at Huntington, Long Island

Mrs. Gerald Livingston, on whose estate the Women's Field Trials were held and who was one of the participants, with Mr. John Lazear, of Pittsburgh

Left: Dilwyne Kennel's Chesabob, the winner at the Women's Trials, with Mrs. Carl Erickson, Mrs. R. R. M. Carpenter, Jr., Montchanin, Del., Mrs. J. H. Booker

Left: The Livingston estate is the scene of another type of trial. Shown with their dogs at the Dachshund trials.

Women's Field Trial Club
Fishers Island Field Trials
Beau Skeeter Yacht Club, Lake Geneva, Wis.

The spaniels, Springer and Cocker, had their days at Fishers Island. On the fence is Mrs. John Atherton, of Ridgefield, Conn., one of the interested spectators

first. The Dalmatian takes hers politely, carrying it out to the stables to unwrap it in her own domain; the Collie, terribly anxious to do what is right, holds his in his mouth while he goes around to everyone in turn, expressing appreciation with gently waving tail and affectionate eyes. But the Wire Foxterrier puts on his annual Christmas act. He knows what's coming and how to cope with it. In one dive he grabs his gift, deftly he removes the wrappings and then, gaily tossing it in the air and catching it again, he romps around the room magically missing everything breakable. It's his demonstration of the Christmas spirit and he never lets us down. Their arms and aprons full, the servants retire, bowing their greetings, and then the candles are blown out, for safety's sake, while the family gets down to the business of the day and "Oh's", "Ah's" and "Just what I wanted's" fill the air.

Just a country Christmas. With slight variations it has gone on all over the world for centuries and I hope it will for centuries to come. Tradition, custom, and convention; unimportant things, maybe, compared with the crises we are constantly forced to face in this generation, but the strength with which they endure proves that they are part of the foundation by which we live.

ICEBOATS. Iceboat racing is making a strong bid for winter sports popularity and recent improvements in these craft have made them so handy and comfortable that even women can consider them a pleasure rather than a hardship. There is no doubt about the thrills that iceboating can provide but the price of clinging precariously to a swinging, plunging outrigger made the old game hardly worth the candle. Now, it seems, the new "skeeters" are practically ladies' boats. To be sure, you have to give them a running push to start them, but after they get going you can hop aboard, sit in a cozy cockpit, and steer the thing with a tiller in front of you much the same as you control the wheel of an automobile.

Out in Wisconsin on Lake Geneva a group of girls race their boats every Sunday from early December until Easter. In much the same way that any small boat racing is organized, they get points for their places throughout the season and the one with the highest standing at the end is proclaimed champion. It's a cold sport, of course, even its greatest enthusiasts can't deny that, but in some ways I really think that these "skeeter" iceboats must have some advantages over the frostbite dinghies. Ice is hard, no doubt, if you capsize, but it's not nearly so wet as water and personally, all bundled up in a fur-lined flying suit, I'd rather walk than swim.

GUESTS OF HONOR. Every year the Thoroughbred Club of America gives a dinner in Lexington, Kentucky, and this fall, inviting ladies for the first time, had as the guest of honor Mrs. Payne Whitney. Almost as long as there has been racing in this country the

Photographs by Morgan, Rotfotos, Jones, J. Julius Fanta

Above: Mrs. Buell Hollister with Mr. Hollister's Queen's Fearnot Rouge Right: Mrs. L. Arthur Cushman, of Towners, N. Y., owner of the Springer Spaniel, Strawberry Hill Topsy, and Mrs. Robert Montgomery the wife of the talented actor

From the top of a car Mrs. Charles Morse and Mrs. Jansen Noyes had an excellent view. Harry I. Caesar's Hollybrook Abandon won the English Springer Spaniel Open All-Age Stake

Below is Mrs. Alfred Ely, of Far Hills, New Jersey, and Rob of Ranter which she handled at the Women's Trial

Above is Mrs. Philip Dater, owner and handler, and her Morewood Rush which was placed second to Hollybrook Abandon in the big

Right: Mrs. William Reed Kirkland Jr., who was Barbara Stoddard, and Mr. Kirkland were among the followers of the spaniel trials at Fishers Island's meet

name of Whitney has stood for the best standards of the turf. One might almost call it the backbone of both the sport and the industry had not the latter become such a commercial word. Since 1902 a member of this family has led the list of winning owners eleven times and during the last five years there have been at least five separate Whitney stables racing at the New York tracks. Mr. C. V. Whitney and Mr. John Hay Whitney have had their horses, while Mrs. C. V. Whitney and Mrs. John Hay Whitney have started others under their own names and different colors. Besides these, with the familiar "pink, black stripes on sleeves, black cap," of the Greentree Stables, Mrs. Payne Whitney's horses race independently of those belonging to her relatives. There are both flat horses and steeplechasers in this stable and there never seem to be any alibis for any of them. The Greentree horses race through good luck and bad, fair weather and foul, provided they are in condition to do so. When they lose it is part of the game and when they win the racing public rejoices because, in spite of all their faults, people do appreciate sportsmanship. There is an increasing apprehension concerning the condition of racing in America but one can't help but feel confident of its future as long as people like Mrs. Payne Whitney are connected with it.

A testimonial luncheon was given recently in honor of another horsewoman but instead of the turf it was the show ring that paid tribute on this occasion. For many years Mrs. John Gerken has been a familiar figure in this branch of sport and her influence has been fine and far reaching. Some years ago she owned many champions, the railbirds still remember the harness horses Newsboy and Shopgirl and the saddle mare Margaret Tate. Mrs. Gerken herself used to exhibit these horses with a skill that few professionals have ever been able to duplicate. She was a wonderful whip and could drive a four-in-hand or tandem as well as a pair or single horse, while her lovely light hands and understanding of the mechanics of equitation made her perfect on a saddle horse. After Mrs. Gerken stopped showing her own horses she turned to judging and her personal experience has given her such a thorough understanding of the difficulties of ring conditions that she is always kindly and considerate in her official position even though her knowledge demands that the competitors show her the very best they have. No matter how many or how closely matched the entries may be, she can sort them out quickly and place them accurately. Mrs. Gerken's association with the ring has always been dignified and modest. She owned and showed horses in the past and judges them now far more because of a sincere love for them than because of her own personal interests.

LADY HANDLERS. The Women's Field Trial Club held a good meeting last autumn, but the one it held this year was so much better that this event seems practically certain of a popular place on everyone's future fall calendar. I hope so because it was an inspiration to watch. You don't have to go to many field trials to realize that almost any kind of a sporting dog would be interesting to own. Pointers, Setters, Spaniels, Hounds. Dogs are such a necessary part of life in the country. I can't imagine living there without them, and a dog that has some special talent that can be developed is just that much more fun. The ladies' trial specializes in Retrievers (Chesapeake Bay, Curly Coated, Flat Coated Golden, Labrador), and Irish Water Spaniels, such nice ingratiating dogs they are, too, so anxious that everyone enjoy the things that amuse them. I know a Labrador that is being brought up in a New York apartment, incongruous as this may seem, and he couldn't be more attractive. He's the color of good, rich Jersey cream and has big soft brown eyes which question things that go wrong and that laugh in all the right places. His desire to be a lap dog becomes more and more inconvenient as his age and size increase but he takes his rebuffs good-naturedly and is ready for anything else that you can think up for him to do without being at all inhibited by hurt feelings.

As a matter of fact, although such conditions could scarcely be called ideal, a Retriever puppy may be given a lot of preliminary training in such an environment and one lady handler has started several dogs on successful careers by teaching them to retrieve match boxes on the living room rug. I've been asking a lot of questions about Retrievers lately and it seems to me that the best way to get the most enjoyment out of such a dog would be to buy a young one and while teaching him learn yourself. Naturally this could not be done without expert advice but I'm told that a well-bred puppy may be bought for $100 and that seems so (*Continued on page 122*)

Some of the women who race ice boats at the Beau Skeeter Yacht Club on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Reading from top to bottom: Mrs. H. V. Fitzcharles; Miss Elfrieda Baker experimenting with Walter Winding's four runner; Mrs. Franz Koehler, of Desplaines, Illinois, shown in the cockpit of Random Shots IV; and Mrs. Milton Stein (left) with Miss Collette Quin, of Highland Park. The fleet counts fifty skeeters and these women race every Sunday afternoon

EDWIN FORREST AS RICHARD COEUR DE LION

Tinseled Thespians

JEROME IRVING SMITH and FRANK DURFEY

THE older generation is always complaining that the theatre is going to the dogs and that the actors and actresses of the present day are unworthy to wipe the boots of the great stars of their youth. Where, they ask, are the Julia Marlowes, the Sarah Bernhardts, the Richard Mansfields, and the Lillian Russells to replace the vanished idols of their salad days? Day before yesterday, the same question was being asked about Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, Helena Modjeska, and Edwin Booth. Three or four generations ago the favorite people for these invidious comparisons were the popular actresses and actors immortalized in tinsel pictures.

In the early nineteenth century it was impossible to send a quarter and receive a camera portrait of one's dream girl or boy, for those were the days before photography. Then the worshippers at the shrine of a reigning theatrical celebrity had to satisfy their longing for a likeness of their idol with prints sold in sweet shops for a penny plain or tuppence colored. At the same time they bought a packet of ornaments stamped out of copper foil. Then they went home and settled down to an evening of hard work. First they cut out all parts of the costume depicted and carefully filled in the vacant places with bits of silk and satin. Then, as

MR. MACREADY AS PRINCE JULIAN

The Doings of Oscar

Photograph by the autho

In which Oscar, the bounding bonefish of the Florida flats, fails to meet his match

MORTIMER H. COBB

PROBABLY Oscar wasn't the biggest bonefish on the outside banks of Upper and Lower Matecumbe, but he was certainly the one fish most easily recognized. Whether a shark or barracuda once got hold of him for a split second is a guess. Whatever happened, he had a scar extending from just below his lateen dorsal almost to the fork of his huge gossamer-like tail, which deformity was magnified in the clear, shallow water.

His habits, for a bonefish, were unusually regular; and confidence, born of years on the ocean side flats, made him appear up along Foyles' beach front when the tide still had more than two hours to ebb. Smaller and perhaps wiser bonefish would never do that but rather wait for the very last of the ebb or the beginning of the flood to venture on the flats. Frequently he had to slither across coral heads where there was less than a foot of water. A true gourmet of his tribe, Oscar knew well the soft-shell finnies worked in the white sand holes of the coral and grass bottom at just that stage of tide. Big mossback bonefish travel in pairs, threes, or alone, but Oscar was seldom seen "keeping company." It was the epicurean in him that made getting fast to him an angling problem; he'd only pick up soft finnies or live shrimp, which baits were so quickly sucked to his crushers, we'd barely hook him or miss altogether.

My first meeting with Oscar was in the early fall about four years ago. Somehow he'd worked himself practically on the beach just north of Foyles' place. "Tailing" and nuzzling out finnies, he created a "mud" all by himself. Now ten-pound bonefish are scarce enough in the Florida Keys and at our camp anything over eight is cause for a celebration and a good excuse to drop in next door between five and six-thirty. But to run across at least a ten-pounder, actively feeding after the middle of the ebb, two hours after my arrival for the season was enough to produce "bonefish fever" in the oldest expert. Lying down on the seaweed-covered beach between a couple of "unpopped" Portugese man-of-war, I flipped a juicy soldier crab about twenty feet this side of him, and the fresh scent drifted north as soon as the bait hit the water. Without any of the usual formalities, circling the bait and pushing it around, he picked it up. I hit that fish so hard I rolled into some low brush which was alive with red bugs (I didn't know that until later). But Oscar, well, he was hooked up in the general direction of Alligator Light and cut me off instanter in some feathers about one hundred and seventy-five yards out.

That night at supper my uncle chuckled before I got started with the story. "So you went up along to Foyles' and tied into Oscar. Did you see that scar? He tailed right up to your bait, picked it up, and you lost him on his first run to the feathers. You really didn't hook him at all because Oscar just holds the hook in his mouth while he sprints out toward Hawk Channel." That was a bit thick because I generally know when a bonefish is well hung.

About four days later, after three unsuccessful tries over in the Bay of Florida on Lignumvitae Flats and Shell Key Bank, someone suggested Oscar. So late in the afternoon we headed up along and made sure of supper by taking a couple of "kittens," three and four pounders, which were feeding just off the jetty south of the school house. But the tide off Foyles' looked too low even for Oscar, and rather than wait, I waded out to "shirt-tail" on the edge of the feathers while my uncle and Roger hunted the shore. In three feet of water, two hundred yards out, I unintentionally got fast to a couple of barracuda which flashed at my casting lead. Such a commotion will nine times out of ten scare all the bonefish in the vicinity. While re-rigging the second time, Oscar oozed past, headed for the beach and those soft finnies. About fifteen minutes later, Roger hit something. In ten seconds or so, Oscar whistled the line past me and with a final kick in the edge of deep water, he was unhooked.

WE DIDN'T run across Oscar again for a couple of months during which time I made a trip to Andros to fish the North Bight and Turner Sound over on the West Coast. No hotter spot for bonefishing exists than the headquarters of the Greek sponge fleet; Andros bonefish are as thick as white bait and it's not unusual to get hold of three or four ten-pounders in a day's fishing. Anyhow, the favorite Matecumbe haunts seemed slow fishing after that. One morning we pushed off early to have a flyer at a "peach orchard" close in on Teatable Key. On the way down-along and across, we turned loose two or three "kittens" hooked in "muds," and finally poled slowly into the "orchard." And there, "tailing" in eighteen inches of water apart from a school of ten other good fish, was Oscar. No one wanted to kill him, but his weight was important. Fully aware of Oscar's feeding preferences, we placed him between two live shrimp baits. First he nuzzled Bud's bait, then pushed mine around, and unconcernedly went back to rooting for hard finnies. That wasn't like the Oscar I knew—fearless and quick to pick up the rarest bait. But then, Teatable is five miles South of Foyles' and feeding among mangrove shoots with their tops out of water might have been another story than his old beat among coral heads and nigger sponge which make as tough bonefishing as there is anywhere. I imagine fish have to acclimate themselves, and big bonefish are always touchy anyhow. At least we got two fine "tailing" fish out of the school.

It wasn't until late November of the following season, we had our final set-to. In prime condition, Oscar was "tailing" in a cove almost down at the south end of Lower Matecumbe. Times must have been hard during the previous summer as Oscar literally grabbed a half finny. In years of bonefishing, with catches up to twelve pounds, I've never seen his first and only run equaled. A "bat out of hell" was a piker compared to Oscar's first hundred yards which would have beaten my clocked record of 4.8 seconds for a nine-pound fish on the South Bimini Flats. That was the last of Oscar, and I heard he died in the December "freeze" along with many others. But catching him would have spoiled a game which lasted more than two seasons.

WEDGEFIELD PLANTATION

The Shooting Lodge of MR. ROBERT GOELET

GEORGETOWN, S. C.

An extremely happy meeting place during the South Carolina season is this plantation, for in the winter its extensive rice fields are flooded, creating a veritable preserve for shooting duck and snipe, while in the backwoods of this four thousand acre estate, quail and woodcock are available. This abundance of wildfowl, though enchanting in prospect, could scarcely be altogether enjoyed without the country house, conveniently situated at hand on four hundred additional acres, where Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, owners of Wedgefield Plantation, spend many months of each year and welcome visits from friends interested in sport.

Picturesque live oaks enframe the house, providing a luxuriant semitropical beauty which at the animation of a breeze and with white herons flying past the foliage becomes a lyric expression of the paradisaical Southland. In the distance, to the left of the drive, is recreated a stable group and black servants' quarters where, as in the past, all the activities of an old plantation are carried on in full view. For plantation life is based upon the wisdom of an old tradition that even though nature's gifts are many, careful husbandry is also needed to insure quality.

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Country Life in America

No. XI
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Series

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How truly Southern in character is the great brick plantation house can be seen from the forecourt

Delicate iron lacework enlivens this façade of Regency calibre, brilliantly all-white, except for yellow jasmine and green box

WILLIAM LAWRENCE BOTTOMLEY
Architect

The pleasures of rural life are well ordered, as he who occupies one of the delightful and commodious guest houses to either side of and separate from the main house shortly realizes. There is a good deal of gaiety in the form of dinner parties but they break up early, since people so interested in outdoor sports must feel fit for the morning shooting on still inland ponds, and during the day horseback riding is a customary recreation.

Love of life in the country definitely involves the appreciation of domestic architecture, and especially is this a tradition in South Carolina where the manors were centers of Colonial society. As to Wedgefield Plantation the architect has caught both the new and the old in this substantial and dignified brick dwelling whereof the central block and wings form an H-plan, and in elevation the monu-

MRS. CHISHOLM
Decorator

INNOCENTI and WEBEL
Landscape Architects

On the south terrace, this elegant portico with slender columns, bowered by gardenias, gives ready egress to gardens, lawn, broad lake and rice fields

mental units impress the eye with their excellently proportioned relationships. Great hipped roofs with chimneys having molded caps are striking features of the house.

The most prominent section of the façade is of course the doorway, placed in the very subtly projecting central pavilion that is crowned by a pediment of simple brick detail. The strength of the portal itself is vested in a severely molded entablature upborn by fluted columns of the Corinthian order, for which the curved double stone staircase acts as an impressive stylobate, for contrast flinging its attenuated lacy iron rails outward in graceful rhythms.

The refinement of classic motifs, coupled with a one-story scheme that permits the use of no dormers on the driveway side of the house (although on the opposite side of the house they appear, re-

Exquisite lightness in architecture and landscaping make an amenable decor for lounging in the sun

A wealth of imposing architectural detail in the late southern Georgian style gives **a classic, dignified beauty to the rooms** of the Coclet country house, sumptuously yet informally appointed. Right: A living room view of the distinguished fireplace wall. Compare this with the equally fine, though severer mantelpiece in the dining room (lower right). Left: Reception room

Living room, looking toward the pedimented and splendidly molded doorway to the hall

vealing a second floor used for servants' rooms) marks a strict adherence to the Regency style of the late eighteenth century, embodied likewise in the slender windows and sunken panels above.

An exquisite semi-circular porch on the southern side of the house ably conveys how vital and fresh in its appeal can be a modern treatment of that delicate transitional architecture originating between the Georgian baroque and Roman Revival periods. The columns, only six inches in diameter, have orders penetrating into the cylinder which lightly bears a cushion-shaped dome. Within is an arched doorway flanked by two big consoles supporting a cornice with a keystone in the center. Simplification of all ornamental detail is the secret of contemporary classic architecture, and as manifested here, one has an interesting cornice made of brick, even to the dentils. The frets are of wrought iron, dowelled into the brickwork and painted, suggestive of ancient prototype, yet not copied.

This comfortable terrace, handsomely landscaped with white Banksia roses which blossom all winter, white camellias, white-green gardenias, yellow jasmine, box, and pittosporum, is a most ideal location for outdoor gatherings. Down the garden are sighted broad lawns and the clover-leaf shaped lake beyond which are the rice fields, where a plenitude of duck await the sportsmen.

Entering the house, one realizes the hall runs completely through, and at the north entrance is an octagon foyer of elegant appearance with four domed niches. A large archway, having a molded keystone, and a pediment resting on fluted pilasters, indicates the conservative and correct use of classic interior (*Continued on page 101*)

ROBERT W. TEBBS, *photographer*

The DUCKS went out at dusk

Photographs by the author

RAYMOND S. DECK

It was mid-afternoon of New England's silvery Christmas a year ago. Old friends had dropped in with greetings and they had left. The holiday feast was done. And I, who loved field sport well, had not gone hunting; not gone shooting on Christmas Day though I'd hardly missed the rite since I was ten! As everyone knows, the day—down South—exists just for gunners and gun-dogs. That is why the Carolina sky is always blue, filled with gray-silver clouds in late December. That is why there is always a delicious tang of pine smoke hanging on the air, and a veil of haze resting lightly on every cottonfield in Dixie.

Christmas last year found me still in old New England. Open seasons on game come early, are pretty short there. There isn't too much game about in the built-up sections. But while the camera fends well enough for a dusty gun on some such occasions, the Christmas hunt, of course, is not susceptible to change. As I toyed indoors with a sleek new camera on that snowless silvery day of last December, even my old Spaniel sensed that I was not content.

The grand old dog did not know though that my sharpest twinges came from breaking faith with him. *You* might have guessed that behind a slim holiday newspaper I was living over our first hunt together on such a day long seasons gone. (How the game had flushed and fallen on that earlier Christmas! Two doubles on quail, I remembered . . . a great black-bronze gobbler that had all but gained the live-oak swamp when my fire stopped his flight. . . .) But old Bob could never have thought about things like that, for scientists say dogs can't think.

The old fellow wagged his stub of a tail right loyally when I slipped on a coat, led the way to the car. But as I drove through the traffic-choked streets of Springfield we both felt disturbed I guess—old Bob and I—at this break in well-ordered things. There were too many shiny autos here. Christmas wasn't a thing of the city. It belonged to frosty fields with cottontails scuttling out from under brushpiles and bob-white roaring off among longleaf pines. It cried out for the drift of burned gunpowder on the air. (The dog nudged over to me with a wag of his tail. There was a puzzled look in his eyes. I felt somehow uneasy about the situation.)

Then we were on Walnut Street, and Oakland. Up ahead I saw a blue-brown fringe of trees. I'd almost forgotten Forest Park with its birches rolling off across the land; its swishing creeks and chain of little woodland lakes. It was more in the spirit of Christmas. The air smelled cleaner here. There were not too many people about and such cars as moved along the winding roads moved at leisurely pace.

Quanck! From somewhere above, the reedy cry of a wild duck drifted down. *Quanck! quanck-quanck!* I pulled the car up short at the edge of an oak grove, leaped out for a glimpse of the holiday skyrider bold enough to invade the haunts of men. Not one duck alone did I see streaking by against tumbled clouds. A trio of black ducks flew there; a mallard drake; two teal; more mallards and blacks, and more. Out of the north the procession swirled over the smokestacks of Springfield. The birds drifted on in a circle which took them a half mile up the Connecticut River. Then they were coming back.

Larger and larger the specks grew until the ducks passed overhead again. They were lower now. Another swing brought them so close that I could hear the whisper of their wings just as it sounds from inside a frosty blind. (Bob cocked his head aloft, pricked up his ears at the sight of pale winter sunlight glittering on the breasts of waterfowl.) Then the flock came dropping down like migrant blackbirds to a beech wood. Wings cupped, some forty fat birds seemed to have vanished among the trees which were just a gunshot off.

We drove a few rods along the twisting road before I spied glistening water. Not "water" rightly, then; for over the pond's whole three acres there were only two tiny pools and a strip by the dam which were not sealed with thick gray ice. My heart skipped a beat

at the sight of that ice. A couple of hundred wild black ducks were resting there. As many more, with perhaps a hundred mallards, clustered like bees on the dark band of open water by the dam. At the far end of the pond fifty cars were parked close to the shore. Scores of people stood on the lawn before them. And wildfowl were feasting on bread which was being tossed out by those women, children, and able-bodied men.

Those Massachusetts birds were not backyard poultry, mind you, but strong-winged game from the north. Just after I joined the throng on the bank I had proof of that. The dog was locked in the car. I was following with the lens a squadron of mallards zigzagging down to the pond. *Bang!* With the blast of a shotgun, a cold motor backfired on starting. In a twinkling five hundred panicky waterfowl were roaring into the air. Before the last silver splashes had vanished in the pond, the whole sky was charged with frightened, milling birds. But gradually the birds were reassured. Soon chuckling fowl again were waddling over the bank, eating bread and left-over cereal from the hands of children.

I wound the camera shutter as tight as it would go. No more was the shutter ready for a lightning-exposure than the thing happened over again. A holiday hiker with a walking-stick over his shoulder trudged into view. His figure, though moving among a hundred others not dissimilar, patently suggested a gunner with his weapon. The ducks saw the resemblance the instant the man stepped out of the woods. With a thunder of wings, an explosion of foam, their legion tore aloft. I shot the whole feathered army as it rose; one coterie and another as it reached the fateful point where vertical flight breaks into the straightaway. And as the world of ducks wheeled through the sky in scattered bands five gunshots distant, I bagged them to a bird, again and again.

These ducks were wary enough for anything smacking of gunplay. I was startled a moment later at their reception of a dog. Hardly had they settled back on the pond when an Irish Setter came loping along the bank. The ducks didn't fly. Instead they swam after the handsome fellow just a couple of yards offshore. *Annh! annh!* they shouted at him in a resonant tone which made me think of geese. I spoke of this to an elderly policeman standing near. (*Click!* A black duck came to bag as it skidded down onto the ice.) He said that always when dogs came around, the birds swam close and taunted them with quacks and hollow honks. The red Setter I'd seen was wise to their trickery. He always affected a vast indifference to tantalizing scent and the studied insolence of the ducks. *That* dog, very old fellow that he was, only glanced at the birds out of the corner of his eye as he galloped past on his daily run along the pond's edge.

A terrier two winters before had been less canny. When the ducks scoffed at him he had swum boldly out to slay and retrieve the lot. But the ducks had paddled farther and farther off, always just out of reach, till they came to the rim of ice in mid-pond. Then they had clambered onto the ice and waddled serenely away. But a terrier is a lot heavier than any duck. The dog sprawled over the ice for a few yards only when it cracked beneath his weight and plunged him into the icy water where he was drowned.

Officer R. C. King said the ducks' way with dogs seemed as odd to him as it did to me. (A pair of streamlined pintails pitched out of the sky. The camera blinked again.) It seemed funny too—since birds can't think any more than dogs can—that these fowl made a sharp distinction between men on the one hand and women and children on the other. The shyest newcomers soon learned to eat from the hands of the latter group, I was told, but even bold veterans never lost their distrust of men. Every bird in the entire park was wild, wild. . . .

"The ducks," the officer said, "go out at dusk." (The words fell on my ears sonorously. They rang with the mighty cadence of a line from Coleridge.) For waterfowl have the love of far places in their hearts. Bread alone would never toll them into man's domain. A thousand birds strong, these ducks came to the park with every winter dawn in quest of sanctuary from out-of-season pot-shooters' guns. They spent their nights in the ghosts of ancestral marshes where 'rat-trappers prowled by day. There they feasted and fattened where their fathers had dallied a million years before. Every evening as dusk descended the ducks went out, to a bird, with a mighty beating of wild wings. I could see them go, to be sure, if I stayed late enough.

(For thick-peopled areas in the industrial East it's sanctuary waterfowl today, or none at all, the policeman declared. Locally trustful birds are not the thrilling thing that wilderness fowl are, but they're a whole lot better than none. Times have changed, King said. *Two resplendent mallards whisked up from the pond. I stopped them with the camera in full flight.*)

"The ducks go out at dusk." The history of America was bound in that one passing statement, I reflected; the whole tale of a primitive Eden made over by men. There was something of tragedy in it. (All the cars had gone home by then, with a blinking of lamps against the twilight. The gray-haired policeman was trudging up the hill.) I opened the door of the car to let Bob hop out. There was no reason, I thought, why my tried old friend shouldn't glimpse this latter-day game. He was very old. There wasn't any reason . . . since the ducks went out at dusk. . . .

The dog stood stock-still on the lawn when he first climbed out; just stood and looked off across glistening water and ice where wild waterfowl played—by day. His old body trembled with the eagerness of a pointing pup. His nose, I saw, was quivering at scent of game. Then he let out a quick, joyful whine and rushed into the water.

But something was wrong with this. (Bob stopped on the dam to gaze back at me with a look of accusation. The swirling current blew silver bubbles around his feet.) The mallards and black ducks a half-gunshot off didn't zoom up into the air the (*Continued on page 101*)

Studies from the NUDE

FRANK A. WAUGH

Knowing, understanding, and loving trees as only a veteran teacher of horticulture can, Professor Waugh builds on a sound basis in etching his portraits of woodland friends. Above are timeworn cottonwoods along the Virgin River in Utah

STUDIES from the nude are not all pornographic, as some people think. Those poor youngsters studying art in Paris simply have to go through with it, even though a good many of them would rather sit out in the barnyard and paint pictures of the cows. And the teachers of art will tell you, while keeping straight faces, that even when painting a man with an overcoat, the basic human figure has to be drawn first in all its birthday purity and the overcoat put on afterward. The sculptors are still more conscientious in this matter. They build up their human figures layer by layer; first the bones, then the muscles one by one, then the clothing, layer by layer, right up to the cravat and stickpin.

To the layman this sounds like spoofing, but there's something in it. Certainly the artist has to know his osteology and his anatomy very thoroughly and quite in detail before he can draw the human figure in every pose and condition demanded by his craft.

So why shouldn't I, a humble admirer of trees, study *them* in the nude? And for the same reasons. In midsummer, when they are covered with tons of foliage, like a colored maid dressed for a wedding, one can paint nothing but a blob of color and call it a tree. The skeleton or framework that holds up all this gaudy foliage is not to be seen. But it is there just the same. And the significant difference between an oak and a hickory is still determined by that underlying structure to a very large extent.

If one is an etcher, depending on lines for his representation, he will have urgent need to see, underneath all those haystacks of green leaves, the structural lines on which the whole mass is built.

By the time, however, that the tree artist has learned to draw the elm, the oak, and the tupelo in the nude, he will have discovered that just there lies the tree's chief beauty. The experience of the art student doing the human figure is the same. After the lovely model has put on $300 worth of Parisian furbelows she is not half so beautiful as she was posing in "the altogether." So it is the great compensation of the gardener, the park-man, and the lover of the landscape that, when winter comes and many of the choicest trees cast their foliage, they are lovelier than ever to the eye. It is a highly reprehensible habit practiced by superficial lovers of nature to withdraw indoors when frost comes and no longer admire the trees in garden and park, field and forest.

Anyone who has considered portraiture, even in photographs, knows that the only quality that makes any portrait worth while is the human character which is displayed. If there is visible any vigor, ruggedness, energy, honesty, even stupidity, it makes a picture worthy of notice. Without some such positive characteristic the portrait is a waste of paper; and the more it looks like some dunce who sat for it, the worse it is.

Surely it should require no argument to prove that trees are like that. We want a maple to be a maple and a cottonwood a positive and self-respecting cottonwood. And the defoliated frames displayed during the winter show their specific characters more positively than all the draperies of summer.

To illustrate, consider the group of patriarchal sugar maples shown on page 62. In midsummer they present to (*Continued on page 108*)

From an etching by FRANK A. WAUGH

TUPELOS IN WINTER

"And did you win?" asked a reporter who happened to be present at the gathering.

party or by motives if I reviewed my own book. They might even think I was trying to

Fascist spaghetti eaters, strike which they look approximately (*Continued on page 116*)

From an etching by FRANK A. WAUGH

SUGAR MAPLES

leaves, the structural lines on which the whole mass is built. on page 62. In midsummer they present to (*Continued on page 108*)

Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

So much happens in October, besides Nut Brown Ale, that one despairs of covering the field or even fractions of it. The newspapers make foul reading, what with political elections taking up one third of the space, another third consecrated to beauty aids and debutantes and weddings and Walter Lippmanns and girls from Cohoes or Elberon with photographs, who have just plighted their troth (perhaps this should be plural, "troths," but then consider "a pride of lions" and a "gaggle of geese" and, in any event, one doesn't look a gift girl in the troth. Where was I?). Oh yes, and the last third dedicated entirely to our annual football mania and those athletes who sit at the end of the feet of their mentors and are being mentored into the sick bay, those fine American scholars and muscular Christians whose names end in *wicz, blaub, offski, itzel,* and who can hardly refer to their coaches without tears, so profound are their love and veneration. "Do you remember," one of them, 'Limpy' Prymzl (h.b. 201 lbs., 1937) asks as they assemble in the Home for Incurables for their annual Milk Toast Get Together, "do you remember that fight-talk dear old Gyp-the-Blood gave us in the locker room just before the crucial game with South East by East Early Christian Baptist Sunday School?"

"Nnaah!" replies Tony Skezzucchi (rt. G. 207, All American 1936) who has brought his paper dolls and blunt-ended scissors along with him (he never misses a "Milk Toast").

"Well, sir, it was a honey. We was playing on a neutral field at Duck Hill, Mississippi, and they wasn't no dressing room so the sheriff lent us the jail. Just when we was finishing dressing, in come dear old Gyp. 'So,' he says, 'you're crabbin' cause there ain't no locker room, you so and so's! Line up facing them cells! You see they's open. You, Zucchi,' he says to you, 'stop that mumblin'! he says 'I'm doin' the talkin' here.' And he picks you up and throws you into the cell so hard your head hits the concrete wall and goes in about six inches. Remember?"

"Foosh!" replies Mr. Skezucchi who is busy cutting out a dear little middy blouse for Shirley Temple.

"Then he steps up behind Al Kopitchovich and he says to him, 'Think you can kick, do you? I'll show you how to kick!' And he hauls off and lets go, and I swear it, if Al had of been a football, that punt would of carried seventy yards. 'Now,' he says, 'you—dopes, I shown you how to fight, and if ever one of you don' fight like that today for the honor of the Little Ole Flowers of Sainta Francisco Assininnium,' he says, 'you'll spend two weeks in this here locker room, eatin' concrete, like my dear ole pal, Zucchi, here. Now,' he says, 'go out there and fight. Kill 'em,' he says, 'murder 'em,' he says, 'What do you think I'm paying you for?' 'Yes, Gyp, ole boy, we yells, we'll fight for our Elmer Tomato, ole Saint Whaddyacallhim, an' for you!"

"Limpy" paused and ate a rather soggy morsel of toast.

"And did you win?" asked a reporter who happened to be present at the gathering.

"Win? Nah. They took us, 66-0."

"And to what do you attribute your defeat?"

"Well you see, 'bout the middle of the third quarter, when the score was only 55-0 two or three of them lousy Baptists ganged me and gnawed my leg off and we didn't have no good substitute cause of Zucchi, here, he was still stuck in the concrete. Wasn't you Zucchi?"

"Plong" answered Skezucchi, who was now, with great virtuosity, snipping out Tyrolean costumes for the Dionne Quintuplets. "Yes, we lost all right," said Limpy, "but it was a great game and, boy, what a fight-talk!"

The above may not be a wholly accurate account of the Get Together; it is just a mental picture based on what I see and read in the sport sections of our great newspapers and popular weeklies (circulation 3,000,000,-000 x 93). As a result I am going to crawl upstairs in my ivory tower and read Confucius and Poor Richard's Almanac. I can take my sports section or leave it and I'm leaving it until the Rose, Orange, Sugar, Soup, and other Bowls have been thoroughly emptied.

Book Reviews

The rather dreary Jewish gentleman who vented his spleen—if that is the proper expression—in the composition of "Ecclesiastes" said, among other things: "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." To some students the revised version should read: "Of making many *sporting* books there is no end and much *reviewing* is a weariness of the flesh (or fleshy people)." There are flocks of new books shyly offering their charms to the Christmas trade, and I feel it incumbent on me to do my duty by those which have been on my desk from April to November, the remnant sales and the smart, little new numbers.

Both the publishers and the editorial staff of this magazine were particularly anxious for me to review a new volume, unquestionably the sporting Book of the Month, called "Martha Doyle and Other Sporting Memories" (Derrydale Press, $10) by a hitherto little known author, Richard Ely Danielson. I consented gladly for I had written the book and knew it well and frankly I considered it *facile princeps*. You may perhaps recall the books which used to be published for the edification of female school teachers on the Chautauqua circuit called, "Shakespeare, Author and Man," or more simply, "The Man, Shakespeare." So I toyed with the idea of writing a short review of nine or ten pages on "Martha Doyle," entitled, "Danielson, The Man, The Author, The Reviewer!" or possibly "The Man, The Author, The Reviewer, Danielson!" or any other combination of this thrilling group of words. However, such a study involved dividing myself into three parts, like all Gaul (copyreader, the last word is spelled *G-a-u-l,* not *G-a-l-l*) and I felt unequal to the task, as I have never been very good at fractions. Besides there are always suspicious people who might doubt the purity of my motives if I reviewed my own book. They might even think I was trying to help Mr. Connett sell a few copies, a foul aspersion which Danielson, The Man, indignantly denies. So, at last and with regret I turned it back to the editors who will probably have it reviewed by some man who looks and acts like Blackbeard or Captain Kidd and habitually carries a cutlass in his teeth.

"Go littel book! Go littel myn tragedy!" (approximately Chaucer).

"Golden Hoofs" by William Cary Duncan (J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.50) is the story of Goldsmith Maid, perhaps the greatest American trotting mare of all time. Conditions change and speed records are broken year by year, but in the bulk of her achievement as summed up by Mr. Duncan, no horse or mare has equaled the performance of Goldsmith Maid. As the story unfolds, modern horsemen, many of whom have never heard or dimly remember folklore about the great mare, will be tempted to turn to the official records and study them devoutly. For Mr. Duncan is perhaps more concerned with "The Maid's" personality than with her performances. The book might be criticized for a dwelling on rather trivial incidents which gives a possibly false impression of padding. Otherwise it is a delightful document. No acknowledgment is made of the fact that ten elevenths of the book appeared serially in "The Sportsman," and for that I make my moan.

"The Beauty of Sail" (Charles Scribner's Sons, $10) consists of superb photographs of yachts and other sailing vessels by that great marine photographer, Beken of Cowes, with a commentary by Uffa Fox, than whom. . . . When you find this combination in a good big book of 274 pages, you have something "to see and to admire." American yachtsmen will regret that Mr. Beken's photographs are confined to British scenes and that the only American yachts shown are visitors, but nothing could detract from the beauty of this book and the wisdom of the commentator.

Another Scribner's book of English origin is "Horses, Hounds, and Country, Studies from a Sportsman's Note Book by Michael Lyne" ($6), with four plates in color and forty-seven reproductions in black and white. This is a fine big book, describing the artist's sporting tours, with a good deal of space devoted to the essence of the sport rather than to the severely factual comment on particular hunts which we are used to. Mr. Lyne's color plates are excellent, clear with definite atmosphere and feeling. His black and white sketches seem to me often confused and crowded with too heavy use of the black. This may be due to the early printing of review copies. On the whole, however, a pleasant and attractive book in the Lionel Edwards tradition.

"Modern Trout Fishing," by W. Carter Platts (The Macmillan Company, illustrated with photographs and designs, $5) is a manual, by that well-known angling author on all forms of trout fishing on British waters. It is more than a manual, although you are told how to do it in every case, the best methods and the best tackle to use. Manuals are often dry reading—even when they discuss the wet fly. In this instance, however, the author tempers authoritative information with an easy style, many anecdotes and stories. Of that strange bait, the "Daddy," he says, "A trout feeding on Daddy-long-legs is like a man eating spaghetti—it has got to whip round the outlying suburbs of the subject before it can get all the straggle ends into its mouth. Moral, strike slowly." (The same technique should not be applied to Fascist spaghetti eaters; strike when they look approximately (*Continued on page 116*)

The Last Frontier

PRISCILLA
GOODWYN
GRIFFIN

Last fall, early in the season, my beloved hunting mare went lame in the stifle and the veterinarian pronounced her permanently unfit for anything except light hacking. With business at the low ebb that it was my chances for a new mount looked none too good. Even with the usual Christmas check from my husband and the most exacting economy, I knew I could not squeeze out the price of a horse. Christmas morning, as I pulled out the long envelope always folded to fit the toe of my stocking, I said gaily "Here's my check!", expecting of course, the customary gift, and then to my surprise drew out a slip of scratch paper—nothing else—on which was written in pencil, rather hastily it seemed,

> When I ask "Do you love me?" You answer "Of course,
> But I'd show more affection if you'd buy me a horse."
>
> Who gets this affection? I should, of course.
> But I doubt if I get half as much as the horse.
>
> Regardless of outcome here's the true course,
> This billet-doux means I.O.U. a horse!!

When I finished reading it, needless to say, I immediately showed great affection and said, "What a Christmas!"

"You ought to say," calmly suggested my poet, "What a husband!"

As soon as the holidays were over and the children back in school, I set out for Virginia with a friend whom I love though she knows not a hock from a pastern. She and a non-hunting cousin were to tea and talk while I followed hounds with the cousin's husband, a Virginia gentleman who had to give up riding races and point-to-points to earn a living for his wife and children.

The morning after my arrival as we motored to meet hounds, Sam, my cousin's husband, explained to me that I'd find today's hunting "different" from that which I had known before in Virginia and in my own Rose Tree hunting country near Philadelphia. I could see, he remarked, that we were getting into a wilder looking country. "Rappahannock County now," he side. "The stiffest I've ever hunted."

"The stiffest—" I felt my heart grow a little cold.

"You know," he went on in his quiet voice, "there's not a railroad in Rappahannock County, let alone a made jump."

"How do you get through?"

"You just take what comes."

"And what—comes?" I asked slowly.

"Mostly stone walls and rail fences," he said.

I saw a superb rail fence worming its way along the side of a steep hill. "But they do drop top rails?" I asked.

"Not when they get going," he said calmly.

I looked across the magnificent stretch of country serene in the sunshine but with an untamed splendor in the rise of its hills and in the wildness of stone boulders jutting forth at intervals from summit to base, and wondered if I might not immediately get mountain sickness! I must admit to a slight uneasiness at this point.

"Do you know anything about my mount?" I asked presently.

"You are riding the Crow, I think," Sam answered.

"A horse like the Crow does indeed make minds, hearts, and pocketbooks meet! . . . Oh you wise, you darling Mr. Crow!"

Theodore Keller

"Is he—safe?" I asked this question timidly and hopefully.

"O yes, Sally's hunted him!" This statement did not reassure me at all for Sally, now fifteen, has ridden everything, anything on four legs since she could walk, from horses to mules and calves—once even made merry with an old sow!

When we reached the hill where the field met, I found to my surprise that I was the only woman among about fifteen men. Sam introduced me to the Master who, in his master's cap though without pink coat or even stock, managed to look like an old English print come to life. The lines of his face, of his body in the saddle had both distinction and grace, unconsciously expressive of a superb independence. I forgot for a moment how frightened I was in my interest in the scene before me and in the men themselves. A group different indeed in appearance from any I had met in the hunting field before. Only one man with derby and stock, all the others dressed as they pleased, but never anywhere have I met greater courtesy or more really charming manners. I began to pray that I would not let these gentlemen down by riding poorly through their splendid country. Anyway I could die but once!

"Let's get going!" The Master's voice rang out pleasantly but with a note of authority. "You are to ride the Crow," he turned to me, "I hope he will give you a good ride." A colored boy brought forward a big gelding, a seven-eighths bred, I should have judged, with the right slope to his shoulders, good bone, and really beautiful hindquarters. His neck, perhaps, was a trifle short and his ears a trifle, just a trifle, long. No, I didn't believe I'd buy him!

For five minutes, perhaps, we followed around a hill on the edge of a wood down the side, avoiding huge stone boulders, when suddenly hounds gave tongue and we viewed a big red fox as he ran lightly, easily out of the woods through the field and across the dirt road into a field on the other side and up over the opposite hill. I could see only wire about us. "There's a gate back there to the right," someone shouted. "We'd lose time that way," said the Master as he turned swiftly to the left toward what had been a board gate. The gate now, however, was wired tight to the posts, a nasty looking affair around four feet with a couple of broken boards jutting up at the top. He's not going to lead us over that! But over he went, he and his big gray—Sam next, and, oh very well, you and I now, Mr. Crow, but I wish all these Virginia gentlemen wouldn't be so damn polite! As we went over the gate I knew at once that the Crow was a scholar and a gentleman when it came to fences. He was so easy and casual, to the manner born. Hounds turned left and led us going away across fields into a deep unbroken woods. Well, for me I had hunted in trappy country and could duck quickly from branches and swinging monkey vines. Even so one branch tore my left sleeve and another cut a wide slash in the bottom of my coat. But what cared I with the music from fifteen couple of hounds calling us on! "They're turning!" To the left we swung. Dear Father in heaven—I saw rising before me a rail fence that seemed to reach to the sky. As the Master, not even pausing, headed his splendid gray at it and went over, followed by Sam, I felt myself go cold. But no way out—come on, Mr. Crow, you'll have to do it by yourself this time—I can't even look at it! I headed him into that proud rail fence, shut my eyes, said a prayer, gave him all the reins and oh-h-h—we were out of the woods looking into the heavens! How beautiful the world was! We sailed along across a long plateaulike stretch of field *(Continued on page 102)*

Freudy

10 GOALS

For the first time since 1925 the United States has four 10-goal players. Here on this page are the top ranking quartet: Stewart Iglehart, Cecil Smith, and Tommy Hitchcock across the top and, at the right, the newcomer to these ranks, Michael Phipps, just recently raised from 9 goals to 10

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

POLO from the Near-Side

In case you haven't heard, there's going to be an International Polo Series early next June when the chosen "Four Horsemen" of the United States and Great Britain, respectively, ride out on the historic turf of International Field at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island. By all accounts it's going to be quite a big-time polo show.

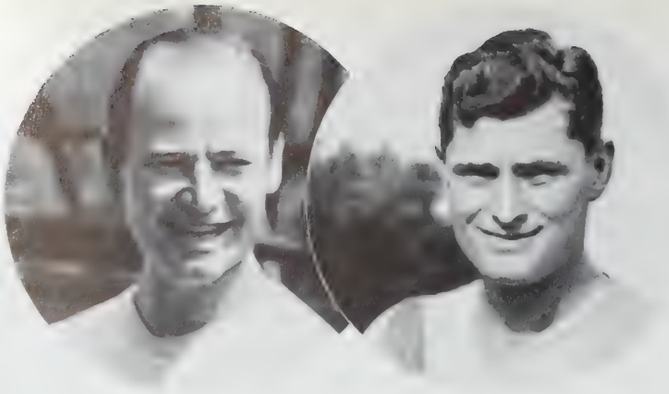
We see by the papers, as another polo player, the late Will Rogers, used to say, that it will be possible for this country to place on the field the highest handicapped team in the history of international polo. This became known late last month with the announcement by the Board of Governors of the United States Polo Association of the raising of Michael G. Phipps from 9 to 10. It was the most interesting part of the new handicap list made public by the board.

This means that the United States has four 10-goal players, for Phipps joins Tommy Hitchcock, Stewart Iglehart, and Cecil Smith at the top of our handicap rating and thus creates the possibility of a 40-goal team for the International matches. Not since 1925, when Hitchcock, Devereux Milburn, Malcolm Stevenson, and Watson Webb, who had been successful in the 1924 International contests, were rated at 10-goals each, has this country had four players at this figure. The country has never had four in an International match.

But, barring unforeseen developments in the still immature plans, it seems fairly definite that our new "Big Four" will line up that way—with Phipps at No. 1, Smith at No. 2, and Iglehart and Hitchcock interchanging at the pivot, No. 3, and Back positions—in the trial matches next spring anyway until the smoothest playing team combination is worked out to satisfaction. Most of the regular followers of polo know all this, and the only surprising element in the first active step in defense of the challenge of England by Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., Chairman of the association, and of its Defense Committee—which also includes Devereux Milburn, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Cornelius V. "Sonny" Whitney, and John Hay "Jock" Whitney—is that letters have been dispatched to *thirteen* men inviting them to take part in trials for the team to be chosen to defend the cup in June. Although the

"eventual" team might not have as many private pony strings to borrow from, it would seem that under the present circumstances eight men would be enough from which to do all this careful choosing.

The men invited to try for the team include all of the players in the country rated at 7-goals or more on handicap and two outstanding 6-goal players. In addition to the aforementioned ten goalers, the first three of whom hail from Long Island and the third from Texas, these are: Eric Pedley of California and Raymond Guest of New York, both rated at 8-goals; Elmer J. Boeseke, Jr., of California, William Post 2nd., Elbridge T. Gerry, G. H. "Pete" Bostwick, and Winston Guest, all of New York and all rated at 7; C. V. Whitney of New York, captain of Old Westbury, national champions, and Robert L. Gerry, Jr., of New York, of the champion Aknusti team, Waterbury Cup titleholders, 6-goal men.



8 GOALS

Eric Pedley of California and Raymond Guest of New York, both 8-goal players, are among those trying out for the Internationals

The invitations asked all these players to regulate their own training and that of their valuable mounts and arrange their affairs so that they may report to the committee on May 1st for the start of official test matches on Long Island. Before that it is expected that many of the American players will swing into action at Aiken, South Carolina. The British players will train in California—with a series of eight exhibition matches in addition to the British team moving around and playing through the principal California winter and spring tournaments—with your correspondent tagging along . . . (With headquarters at Del Monte, the British training schedule includes: Feb. 15th to March 1st, at Midwick Country Club, Los Angeles—with the first big Sunday exhibition game planned for February 19th . . . March 7th to 14th, Santa Barbara, with one big Sunday game . . . March 16th to April 9th, Del Monte—and March 20th to April 2nd, Pacific Coast High Goal Handicap—with Sunday games as part of the San Francisco Exposition, at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco . . . and April 3rd through the 9th, Pacific Coast Open Event, at San Mateo).

Of the men invited to try for our team, Hitchcock, Iglehart, Phipps, Pedley, and Winston Guest have been members of International teams in the past. Elbridge Gerry was a spare with our team which defended the trophy successfully in London during 1936. Of the group, Hitchcock, of course, has several years' more experience than the others, having been a member of each of our International teams since 1921 with the exception of 1936, when he found it impossible to make the trip to England. Pedley and Guest have been on two International teams, the others on one; and Bostwick, Post, Boeseke, and Jock Whitney, the Defense Committee member, have been on semi-official, so-called "International" teams in past series with Argentina.

Strange as it may seem, the British playing-captain, Gerald Balding, for the 1939 Internationals, also represented the United States a few years ago when, under a special mutual arrangement, the winner of our Open Championship that year, Greentree, went on to accept the challenge of an invading Argentine team which defeated us at Meadow Brook in two straight games. Balding, now in India gathering ponies, will be in California in February and later is expected to appear at Aiken to look things over before starting British final practice at Mitchell Field, adjacent to the Meadow Brook Club on Long Island, the first of May. Other Britishers to play in California this winter include, of course, the non-playing International team leader, Lord Cowdray, who will however play six of his own ponies in the California test matches; Eric Tyrrell-Martin, 1936 International team captain; Aidan Roark; Humphry Guiness; Bob Skene, the Australian forward; John Lakin, an up-and-coming younger player; and the Anglo-Argentine No. 1 of the 1936 British Four, Hesketh Hughes. Ivor Balding and Capt. C. T. I. "Pat" Roark—the latter will be in California, playing with Midwick—will undoubtedly be invited to join the Great Britain squad when the West Coast practice starts.

7 GOALS

From left to right: Elmer Boeseke, Jr., of California, William Post 2nd, Pete Bostwick, Winston Guest, and Elbridge Gerry, all of New York, and all ranked at 7 goals, invited by the Defense Committee of the U. S. Polo Association to compete in the trials

So that is the list, as it now stands, of the American and British International forces. And of the dozen and one "chosen few" cordially invited to "try out" for America's 1939 International Polo Team, we say it's a nice gesture—*on paper*. And we say "on paper" intentionally, not as a matter of prejudice or with the slightest intention of criticizing or endeavoring to tell the polo association how to run its business—the great success that has followed the various moves of the governing body of the galloping game in the past should immediately "perish" any such silly thought—but merely as a matter of personal opinion.

It is also a matter of personal opinion when we ask you, gentle readers, to look over the (*Continued on page 107*)

6 GOALS

Below, completing the list of thirteen asked to try out for the International team are 6-goalers Robert Gerry and Sonny Whitney

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

MARYLAND—NEW YORK PENNSYLVANIA

Above: Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Miss Elizabeth M. Sturgis were among the many racing fans at Pimlico for the War Admiral-Seabiscuit race

Below: At Pimlico before the War Admiral-Seabiscuit race, Mr. Samuel D. Riddle, owner of the defeated War Admiral

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Howard enjoying luncheon at Pimlico before the start of the match race won by Mr. Howard's great horse, Seabiscuit

Above: At the Golden's Bridge Hunter Trials in Salem Center, Miss Ivy Maddison chats with Judges Assheton and Clark

Watching from the top of the station wagon: Mrs. Van Rensselaer Wittman, Mrs. Richard Bondy, Jr., Mrs. B. Gimbel

Above right: Miss "Babe" Humphries, of Mt. Kisco, at the Golden's Bridge Hunter Trials held at Salem Center

Watching the hunter trials from the wall are Dorothy Holzinger, William Browning, Jr., Mrs. Richard Jackson, Mrs. Ada Phair, W. Browning, Sr., Sally Jackson

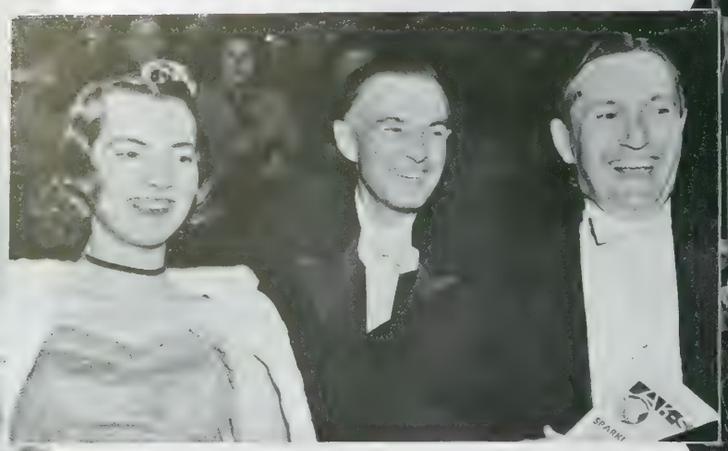
Above left: Daniel McKeon, of Harkaway Farms, Ridgefield, Connecticut, also at the Golden's Bridge Hunter Trials

Among the large crowd turning out for the Pickering Hunt Races held on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Clothier in Valley Forge, Pa., were (left) Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cram of Ambler, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt (right)

Photographs by Morgan and Louis Fancher

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

NEBRASKA AND CONNECTICUT



Miss Kathryn Hosford, reigning Queen of the Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, with her father, W. D. Hosford, and J. M. Harding, assistant publisher of World-Herald

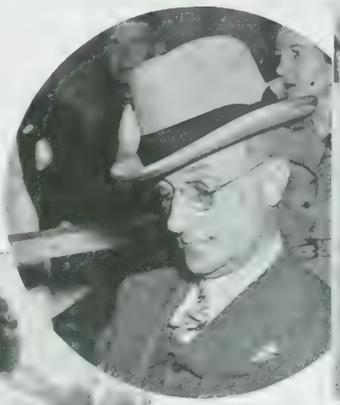
Miss Betty Paxton, of Omaha, Nebraska, who rode Landen stables' Major Dare to win the class for the best local girl rider at the successful Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show

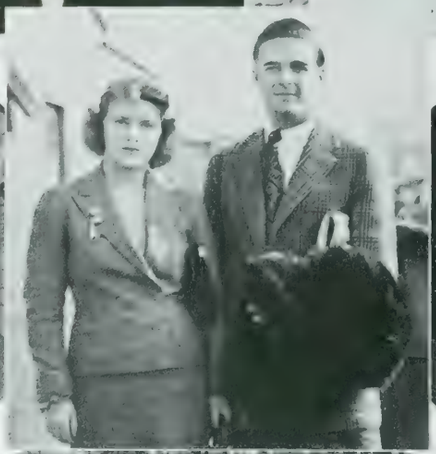
Mrs. A. C. Thompson of Elmhurst, Ill., whose stable contains almost every type of show horse, driving one of her entries at the Ak-Sar-Ben Show

Right: Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Opp, of Hannibal, Missouri, were exhibitors at the Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show

Left: Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Landen, owners of a fine stable of saddle horses, watch the Ak-Sar-Ben Show and seem pleased with the judges' decisions

Right is Joseph Freeman, of San Antonio, Texas, the owner of the famous saddle horse Midnight Star at Ak-Sar-Ben Show





Left is Thomas Walsh, Jr., Omaha owner and rider, who was among the exhibitors at the Ak-Sar-Ben Show

At the Yale-Navy football game in New Haven. Left: Miss Alice M. Fleitmann. Upper center: Miss Catherine B. Gamble with Mr. John MacKenzie. Directly above: Mr. and Mrs. George de Forest Lord lunching with their son, George, Jr., and, right, Mrs. Harold R. Talbot, the former Barbara Truesdale, all from New York

Photographs by Morgan and Lucas

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

CALIFORNIA AND KANSAS

Don Downie

Above: Mrs. Kenneth S. Fitzpatrick of Encino, California, with Rolf vom Oertzetal, better known as "Lightning." Mrs. Fitzpatrick is very well known as a breeder of Keeshondens

Mrs. Frank Porter Miller, California stable owner, showing Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Moss's blue Setter, Snowdon Blue Boots, at Pasadena Kennel Club Dog Show

Top: Barbara Woodworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Woodworth of Pasadena with her Great Dane Olan of Ridgerest. Above left: Mrs. Suzanne Wall, of Encino, with Ch. Jaga of Warrendane at the Pasadena Kennel Club Show. Above right: Mrs. D. H. Hostetter, Jr., of Flintridge with Ch. Guardian of Ridgerest

Above: Mrs. Loula Long Combs, owner of the well-known Longview Farms, showing at the American Royal

Above: Mrs. R. M. Riggins, owner of the Jessie Ruth Stables in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, exhibitor at American Royal

The Honorable Harry Woodring, Secretary of War and former Governor of Kansas, at the American Royal Horse Show

Dora Lea Horner and Shirley Ann Horner, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Horner of Kansas City, with the pony Little Ben

Miss Gayle Gray, daughter of R. L. Gray, rode for her father's stable at the American Royal

Mr. George E. Peak, of Winchester, Ill., an exhibitor at the American Royal Show since 1879

HAITI HO!

Photographs by the author from Gendreau

LAURENCE SANFORD CRITCHELL

PORT-AU-PRINCE has charm. It is one of those rare towns the disposition of which is evident at once. It rises hillward. You do not receive, as you do in London, that oddly disturbing impression of a great number of church steeples receding farther and farther away, each one the markstone of a local Unknown—that impression which tends to make a flat city so incalculable and unfriendly. Port-au-Prince is revealed at once, a diminutive stage. Marionettes along the wharf, unstrung but self-motivated, wait for the ship. Behind them is the town. It rests on the mountain side at a point of least resistance, with its one palace and its cathedral and fort disposed arbitrarily, like cardboard afterthoughts. The sun is white; the hills are enormous; nothing disturbs the very civil peace. It is a charming town.

You are not always told so, however. To subscribe to a Literary Legend has its rewards. Most of them are immediate. Not only are you welcomed into that circle which nourished the Legend; but it is intrinsically pleasant to make such remarks (as with Haiti, for example) that somewhere in the enormous hills a drum is throbbing. Or that a white man in the island treads, inevitably, the edge of witchcraft, the brink of madness. In Haiti these are the things expected of you. The temptation is great. No one can refute you without refuting the Legend. You can "lay it on" with the assurance that whatever you say will be upheld by a small literary army, of which each unit sees its own integrity at stake in the possibility of your being proved mistaken. The spells, the sorcery, the cannibalistic ceremonies—these are the *arcana* of your contemporaries and by laying them aside you risk, not alone the loss of your reader (himself often a subscriber), but the anonymity of the path.

Nevertheless, the Legend, for once, is going to be abandoned. There is a humorous aspect to certain parts of Port-au-Prince which is civic. It cannot be anything else. What but a municipal conspiracy, for example, could account for the sidewalks?—which, if you happen to venture along them, contest you shortly. A stretch of walk persists for three yards. It ends then, without ceremony, and you face a descent of four feet to the next stretch. That sidewalk in turn serves only the storekeeper who built it, and where its

allegiance ends there is a small cliff. You seldom see a native walking anywhere but in the vegetative social streets.

Moreover, is it a kind of civic joke that the crowds should be predominately female? Port-au-Prince is one of those (to the civilized mind) appalling towns where the women have deposed the men. They may be unaware of their estate. But they have assumed the trade, they lead the donkey caravans, and on the long roads down from the Highlands it is they who bring the produce. You see the men at the waterfront, enforcedly idle. A few trades are left to them, such as fishing and storekeeping, but the heart of Haiti, which is the heart of native life—the market—is not theirs. Little besides remains for them in this tropical town.

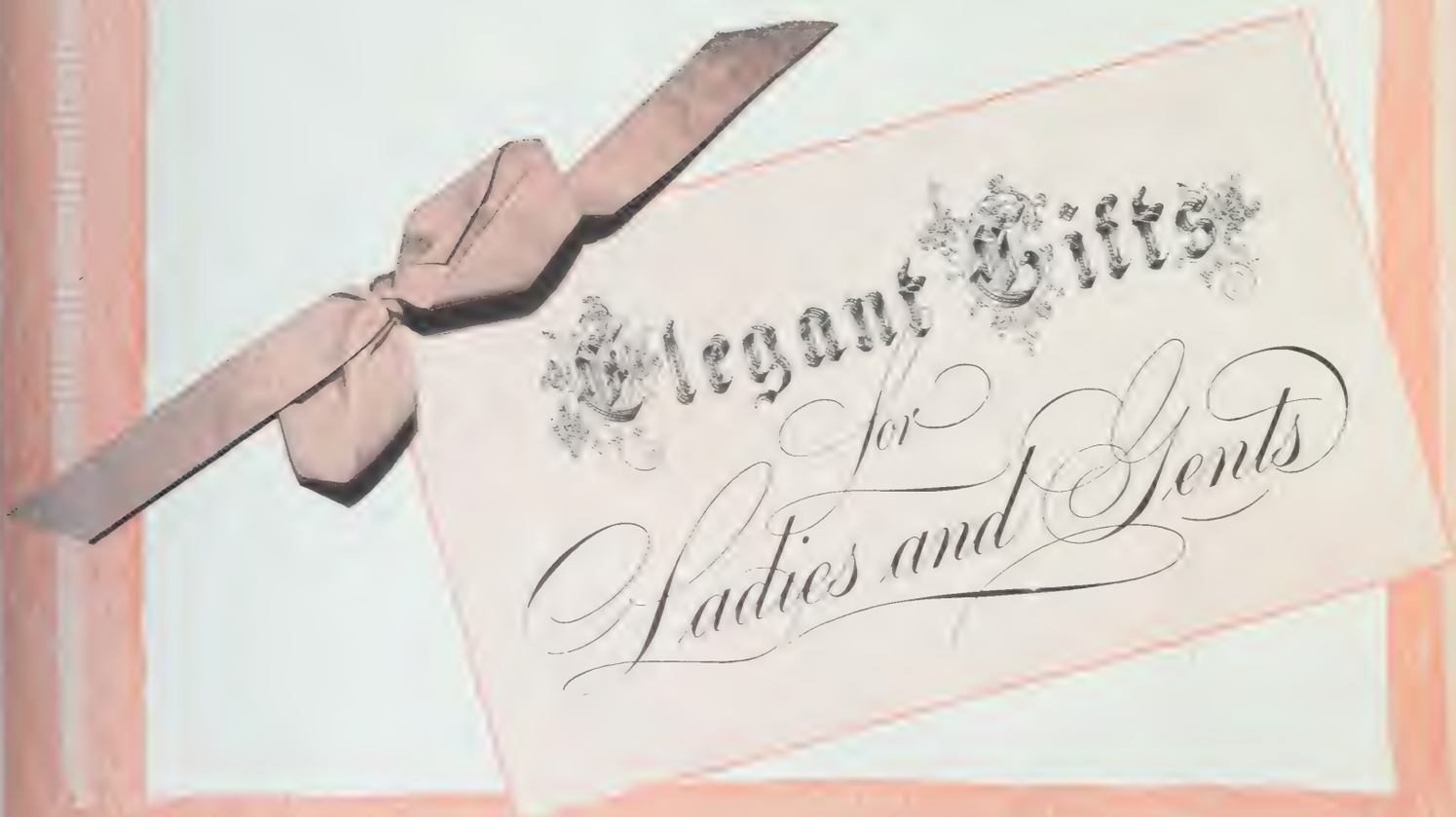
There is no modern hotel in Port-au-Prince, and the pensions have the aspect of a zoo. It lends them fantasy somehow, like a setting out of Evelyn Waugh: small pigs venture introspectively along the hallways, there is a toad in the bathroom, and the umbrella rack is a dormitory for chickens. No one seems to object. The rooms are very open: a Haitian pension is almost communal. Yet at evening when the tiny unknown animals snuffle around the patio, and Madame Aimé laments (for the second time) on the danger of fireflies in wooden houses; and there is a sound of creaking rockers, and the scratch of a match; and down along the slope the lamps of Port-au-Prince come on; and someone makes the comment—"Can't see a blinkin' ship tonight"—at such a time of evening a Haitian pension is attractive. You ignore the animals.

Top to bottom: The capitol building of Haiti, the old Cathedral, and the bread section of the market in Port-au-Prince

Foreign residents in Port-au-Prince are few. So are diversions. The town is one of those places in which most white people, settling for the first time, undergo a regular adaptation of outlook; from distaste to disinterest, and then to acceptance, and finally to an inordinate affection even for the holes in the Rue Republicaine ("Felix smashed his rear axle Tuesday, you know . . ."). If there is nothing to do in Port-au-Prince, at least it is not long before doing nothing has a deep attraction, which, of course, plays havoc with the sense of time.

As you walk down from the residential district into the clamor of town you come to some woman who carries armor around her. At least it appears to be armor. A number of yellow unpainted sticks protrude from various parts, and there is some wicker, and she peers out between slats. Does she, you wonder, anticipate some subtle form of seduction? However, the armor is not armor, but elflike chairs about a foot or so in height. The *(Continued on page 110)*

Christmas Shopping, Union Square 1882. From the T. F. Healy Collection



Elegant Gifts for Gents

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F. M. Demarest

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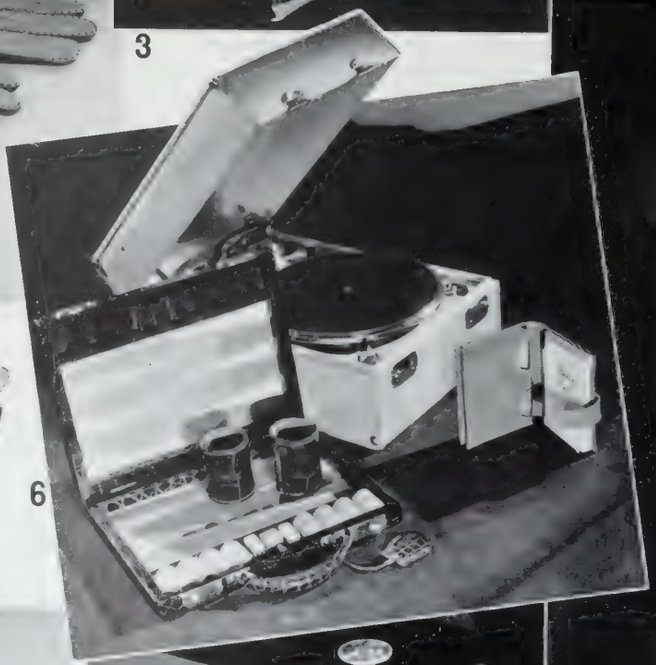

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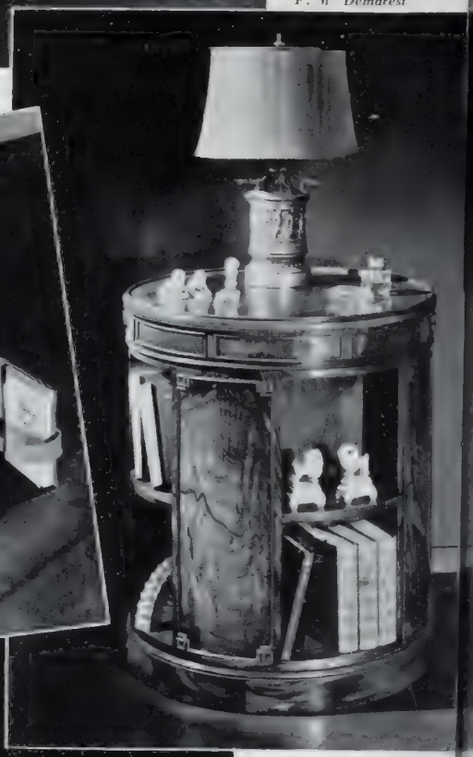

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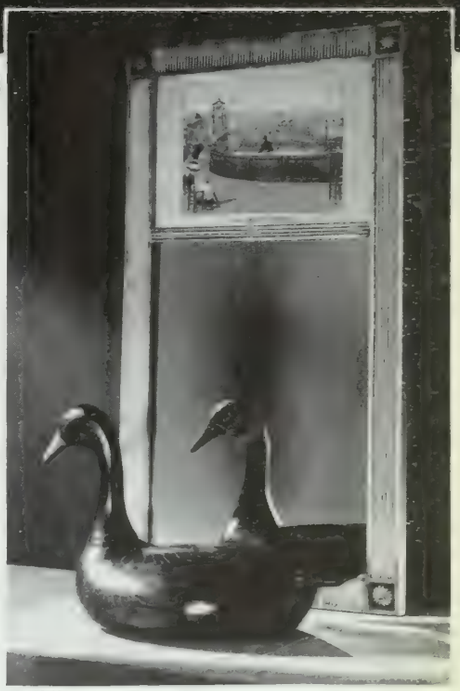

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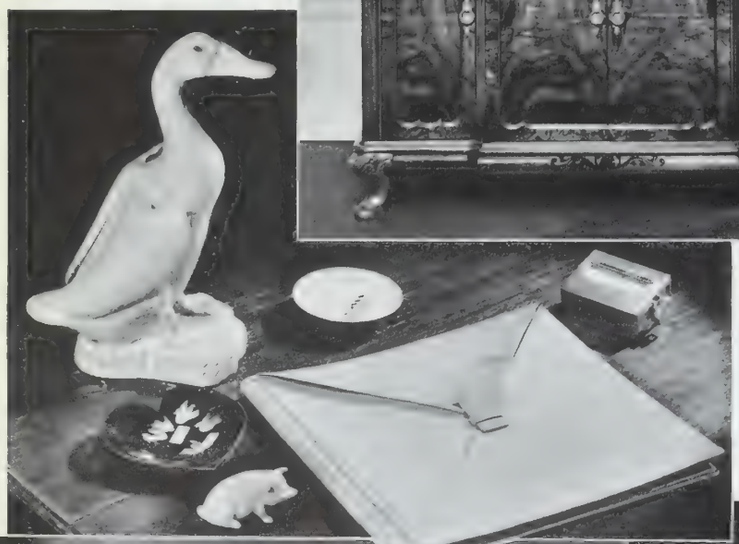

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F. M. Demarest

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Elegant Gifts for Gents

THERE is one thing about a country Gent and a Sportsman that removes him from the well-known "difficult" gift class very definitely. He is pretty likely to be a keen soul and therefore not above admitting that of all things he likes a present. Not one, heaven forbid, that he has been consulted about but one that the giver has put a little thought into, no harassed wondering, but a little quiet consideration, and then gone boldly forth and purchased and presented with a pleased assurance and a touch of flourish as befits a present. We have thought and we have gone forth boldly and now with a certain pride and not a little pleasure we present, perhaps not solutions, but stimulus we hope to your own imaginations, these Christmas suggestions.

• • •

1. In the best tradition and a little in the grand manner, the trimmings for a noble bird, a polished iron duck press, wonderfully ornate and strong and unyielding, from Hammacher Schlemmer & Co., $60. Burgundy, still and full bodied from Brown-Vintners, and Jensen's beautiful game shears and complete carving service that do a very businesslike job, $120. **2.** Books into radio, $62.50, or humidor, $35, so well done that they will disappear into the book shelves or stand conveniently on a table or desk, from Abercrombie and Fitch. **3.** A very good-looking and also highly practical hatbox of very lightweight wood, $7. An especially well cut lamb-lined vest, $18.50, and a pointed scarf that can be monogrammed for you in two weeks, $5.50, Brooks Brothers. The best kind of gloves for driving is a double pair, entirely separate, the inside one knit of soft wool and the outer one of kidskin, also very soft and loose, from Mark Cross, $6.50. **4.** A clock memorandum pad in tan calfskin very simply tooled that will keep all appointments in order, $7.50, Kent Luggage. A key ring with its telephone number firmly attached on a leather fob, $1.25, and the good old stand-bys, well-made gloves of pigskin or suede from Mark Cross, $4 each. **5.** The old familiar favorite, practically sexless and ageless in its appeal, and in better form than ever, a Remington noiseless portable, $69.50. **6.** Compact form of traveling backgammon set with neat little folding dice cups that snap together, counters, dice and rules in crocodile folding board, Mark Cross, $79.50. The small Libertyphone, a junior model of radio and Victrola, complete with record changer, $49.50. From this shop also comes a miracle of a phonograph needle, sapphire pointed, it plays they do say, two thousand records without getting hoarse, $2. **7.** That difficult thing to track down, a really good and small library table, this one has a revolving top, small drawers, and ample book space in itself, of very beautiful wood, $200, Charak. An extremely handsome antique bronze lamp that was once an oil lamp and came from one of the famous French palaces, perhaps even Fontainebleau, where it burned brightly in the eighteenth century, very simply shaded in striped silk, $100 complete. W. & J. Sloane have it and also the collection of poodles, sitting, standing, begging, and even lying down with their paws elegantly crossed, most of them are Staffordshire; the begging one is French, from $2.50 to $7.50. The perfectly plain cut crystal ash tray, $1, and table lighter, $5, are also from Sloane's. **8.** Eastman's faithful hardy perennial, the Cinekodak with its neat leather case, $130, and the invaluable Weston light meter, $22.50, and Bausch and Lomb's slide viewer, $8.50. These may be found at the Madison Mart. **9.** A beautiful old decanter tray with four curious shaped bottles, $115, from Alice Marks.

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10. A coat hanger that is almost human, holds a suit, complete with trousers, shoes, tie, and all but hands the hat and stick, $20, Knape & Vogt. **11.** The time of day, the kind of day, which day, and what the weather is likely to become, all as neat as wax in a Foursome Clock of crocodile: traveling clock, barometer, perpetual calendar, and thermometer all in one, $60, from Abercrombie and Fitch. The now famous envelope cigarette case with name, address and even the postmark and cancelled stamp, Alfred Dunhill, $12.50. Crystal cigarette snuffer, 35¢; ash tray, $1; and box, $4, Carole Stupell. **12.** A jaunty little hackney and carriage, a perfectly scaled model, $10, and the "horn of the hunter" made of a steer's horn, $9, from Abercrombie and Fitch and Brooks Bros. **13.** Pewter tankard, $60, Bergdorf Goodman, originally used for rinsing out the wine glasses, might now fill the lovely little one-of-kind Bohemian wine or liquor glasses, $1 to $2, from Saks Fifth Avenue. **14.** These two scrap baskets give the lie to the usual belief that "they are always hideous, but we have to have them." A fine old hat box of handsomely tooled leather from Alice Marks, $48, and a section of a really old column, very lovely in color, A. L. Diament & Co., $9. **15.** Lentheric's men's things are not new, but awfully good, three in a box, and the top hat decanters, $1 to $3. An unbelievably flat and inexpensive moiré cigarette case, gold mounted, holds twenty, won't crush them, won't bulge in a dinner jacket or even in tails, $5. Gold facsimile of signature, also $5, Kent Luggage. Sheerest linen, tape bordered handkerchiefs in good dark colors and all initials, Leron, from $1 to $2.50. **16.** A shining mahogany goose, hand carved and with a most lovely patine, Alice Marks, $40. A. L. Diament & Co. have taken good old prints and by framing them in very nice simple painted frames made very good Empire or Directoire mirrors, $30. **17.** Once in a while, a prize in its own line comes to light, such in the wallpaper line is the set of five panels of French Soldiers, now out of print, made for the edification of the young in the days of the French Imperial Glory, Jones and Erwin, Inc., $35.

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18. The golden horse himself mounted on jet black velvet and framed in gold and walnut, $150, and two finely modeled horse heads from old hitching posts, from Ruby Ross Wood, $40 a pair. To make a stunning pair of desk portfolios, as for instance one for answered mail and one not, this pair of "Victoria and Albert" postillion saddle bags, off a coach, Jones and Erwin, Inc., $35 a pair. **19.** Sterling, the timeless gift, in a punch bowl, $15, of noble proportions and great simplicity of design, with a ladle, $50, that is large enough and still graceful, Georg Jensen. **20.** The present favorite pastime of the English king and queen, darts, it is fun and you have got to be good, Alfred Dunhill, $15. A traveling roulette set, contains in addition to the wheel and cloth six hundred Catalin poker chips, dice, and two packs of cards complete in a zippered cowhide case, $45, Abercrombie and Fitch. **21.** Figures from famous racing stables come in about fifty different colors, representing famous stables here and abroad, and may also be had on special order, Abercrombie and Fitch, $4.50 for six. **22.** A new phonograph radio in good Chippendale design made of fine mahogany by Capehart with of course their fancy record changing device that handles mixed sizes from three to twenty records, $1145. **23.** Or in walnut, there is RCA's Eighteenth Century model, with all manner of perfections, of course a record changer and an excellent radio, $375. **24.** The little silver telephone roll is almost an indispensable gadget, this time looking its very best in a silver case from Black Star, Frost and Gorham, $30. A nice compact stationery portfolio that can travel or stay home with equal ease, $32, and two very gay enamel ash trays and a most appealing young porker from Rena Rosenthal, $6, $7, and $1.35. A yellow pottery duckling, nice singly or in pairs, $20, from W. & J. Sloane. **25.** Swedish glass with heavy loaded bottoms, a man's glass, all sizes from the brandy to the highball, $30 to $36 a dozen, Saks Fifth Avenue. That rara avis in watches—a handsome case, this one of steel, and a beautifully designed clear readable face, $40. Also a stop watch of steel that can stand on a desk or be carried—Trabert and Hoeffer-Mauboussin.

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26. A good looking fire screen, ample and firm with brass binding and figures, Todhunter, $52.50. Brass quail andiron of the most beautiful color, $75, from the Sporting Gallery. **27.** A cigarette lighter with a chemin de fer score card, $20, and a cigarette box with a carved Scottie guardian, Alfred Dunhill, $10, dark green leather cigarette box, $15, and ash tray, $5, with a wild duck in grand color on a white background from the Sporting Gallery. Wonderful nonsense, a musical cigarette box that plays any selected tune each time it is opened, $12.50, from Abercrombie and Fitch. **28.** A magnificent silver lion top tankard from Peter Guille which is typical of this shop's beautiful things, not many of these two and a half quart lion tankards exist, and this one is especially fine in color. It was made in London during the reign of Charles II in the year 1679, maker's mark Cypher D.

Elegant Gifts for Ladies

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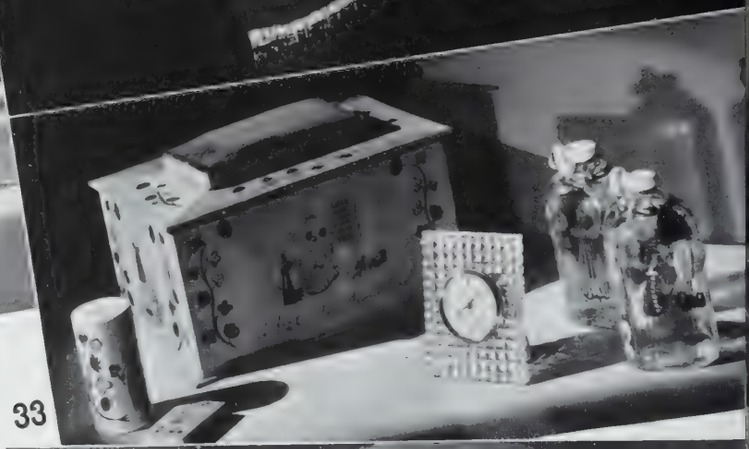

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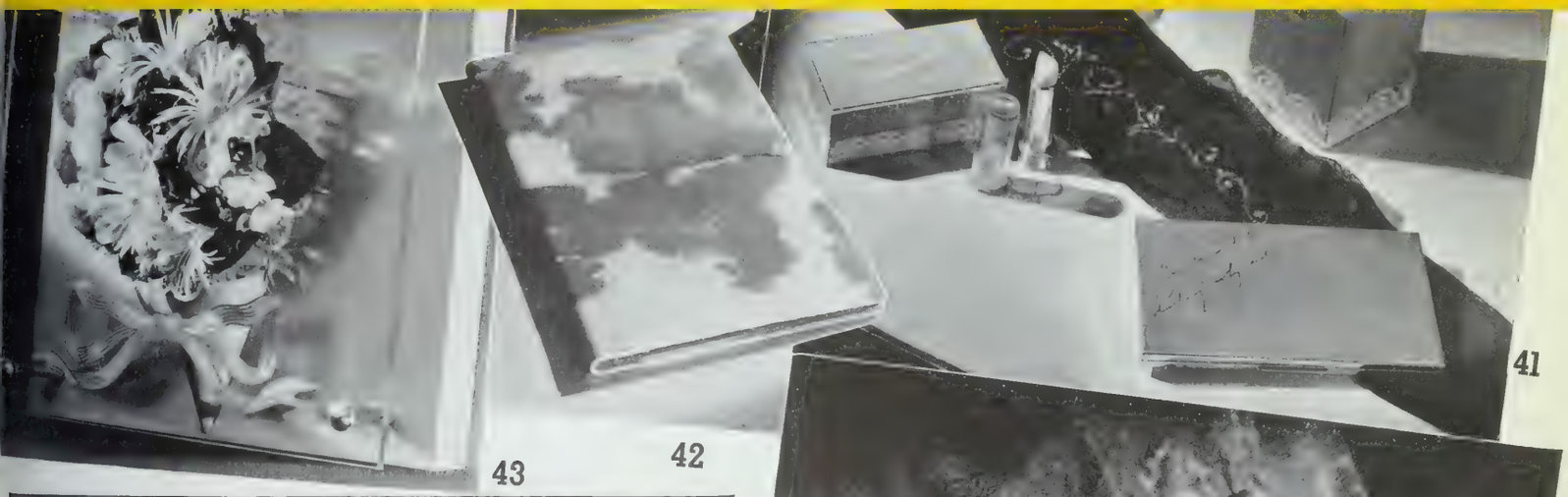

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Elegant Gifts for Ladies

LADIES, of course, love presents of all things, and pearls are perhaps of all presents *the* thing, **29.** especially when their lustre is magnificent and their matching a matter of patience and art as these from Tiffany. The softest and longest gloves of a delicate shade of pink, $7.95, and a cobweb of a handkerchief encrusted with exquisite embroidery, $5.95, from Bonwit Teller. The gay and frivolous scent of Caron's French Can-Can is a perfect holiday fragrance, $20. **30.** A most beautiful little English cabinet $980, from Arthur S. Vernay. **31.** The gleam of diamonds, so simply set in a flexible bracelet that the beauty of the individual stones is enhanced, and a sheaf of wheat brooch of baguette, rose, and pear diamonds, modern elegance at its best, from Tiffany and Company. A little mahogany tea box taken from an old tea caddy, nicely inlaid, $7.50. Basalt drawer pulls in the lovely old Wedgwood green, $25 for the set of six, and a fine fluted walnut snuff box, lined with tortoise shell, $12.50, from James Amster, Ltd. **32.** For the Coronation of George VI, Wedgwood had Ravilious design a most elegant mug, very festive and fancy, Plummer has them for $3.75. The small Wedgwood jar, $3.75, is very nice for a few flowers or a tussie-mussie. Handsome plate with pheasant design, $250 a dozen from the Sporting Gallery. **33.** An old sewing box was the model for this exact replica, filled with the pleasant smelling things of Old Spice, $5, and the decorated bottles of their toilet water, also $5; the little dressing table clock of glass would fit in almost any room, $5, from Bergdorf Goodman. **34.** Unbelievably soft when you think of its wearing qualities, and adaptability, Alaska sealskin three-quarter length coat, $625, from Gunther, white pigskin gloves, $4.50, that will stay white, from Lord & Taylor. A gabardine bottle bag, $7.50, for all the things to keep skiers' faces from doing strange tricks, and warm wool gloves, $3.50, from Bonwit Teller. A scent that is as good as its name, Night and Day, by Elizabeth Arden, $20. **35.** Two well-designed gold bracelets from Udall and Ballou, one alternated links like a checkerboard, and the other in little bars with carnelians at the ends. A large and really commodious compact of ginger pig, saddle stitched, with a gold horseshoe fastening, $3.50, and the new perfume, Cross Country, $7.50, from Mark Cross. **35.** Heavy ski socks with a fancy cuff from England, $1.65 a pair, and short ones of finer wool from Belgium, $1.95 a pair, Saks Fifth Avenue.

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36. Highly supercilious, this Dresden china rooster and his hen, of surpassing beauty and marvelous color with the saucy little chicks peering from beneath mamma. These two dishes are the bright stars in a fine collection at Arthur S. Vernay's, $1650 a pair. **37.** Whatever you have felt about souvenirs, the workmanship that has made this diamond and topaz trylon and perisphere makes it a pretty nice little clip, also the rabbits, with diamond bows under their fat chins, from Udall and Ballou. **38.** Again, flourish with fine workmanship, flower earrings of baguette diamonds and a beautiful gold and emerald clip, from Trabert and Hoeffer-Mauboussin. **39.** Luxury par excellence for a lady, a double fitted case with all the cosmetic gadgets on one side and room for stockings, sachets, and special jewelry on the other, from Helena Rubinstein, $75, the stocking wisps, from Saks Fifth Avenue, $7.50, the bracelet of blue enamel and old French paste, $1800, from Bergdorf Goodman, also from that store the large glass-framed mirror, $90. Three scents in toilet water in a round box with angels and stars, $3, from Helena Rubinstein. **40.** An English spice box, a copy of an original made during the reign of Charles II, with very nice legs and handle, $185. "The Life of a Fireman" and other choice scenes from Currier and Ives on fine plates, $75 a dozen, the elusive pistol handled knives, the Dolly Madison pattern knives, $46 a dozen and forks, $54, and the Threaded Antique pattern knives, $46 a dozen and forks, $58, from Black Star and Frost-Gorham. **41.** Pure chi-chi, never more fun than at Christmas, a gold finish cigarette case that says pointedly, "You know I do, darling, why ask," $6, from Hammacher and Schlemmer, and the gayest lipstick in the world, in a case of glass with painted lace like Grandmother's flower holder, Schiaparelli, $6.50, and four little dressmaker phials of Schiaparelli's Shocking perfume in a jack-in-the-Shocking Pink-box, $5, and the sheerest nonsense obtainable, wicked black stockings, with rhinestone arabesques, la! $15, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **42.** A desk portfolio that is not only lovely to look at but so nice to touch, made of calico pony skin, in brown and white, lined with pig, with more pockets than even a woman would know what to do with, $45, from Mark Cross. **43.** An old-fashioned bouquet to hang on the wall, the lace and the bow are painted on the glass, and the flowers almost arrange themselves, completely installed, $27.50, from R. H. Macy; flowers by the Hawthorne Flower Shop. **44.** Soft flannel shirt, $12.50, grand for skiers if worn with this warm woolly vest with silver buttons, $12.50, from Lanz of Salsburg, and a set to keep the hands and ears warm, mittens and bonnet, about $7, from Bonwit Teller. Versatile perfume that can slide down hill or go to the opera, Bellodgia, $10.75 and $36, from Caron. **45.** Such a fitted case as this is more than a gift, it is a comfort and stay in times of stress. Bottles and jars, for your own things, and a mirror that is plenty big, from Arthur Gilmore, $90. Wonderful cold creams from England that smell cleanly of marigold, $1.50 to $3, the Herb Shop in Bonwit Teller's; a blanket or shawl, that is so soft and light you could tuck it anywhere, in bold yellow and black plaid, from Abercrombie and Fitch, $20, and a large fur-lined robe for the long ride home in the well-known "frosty air," $295, from Gunther.

Elegant Gifts for Children

WHEN it comes to things for a child at Christmas, the choice is almost always close, but this page of prizes may help. **46.** Lovely crèche with an enchanting Madonna, $2.50, from James Amster, Ltd., who also has the delightful doll's furniture, true miniature reproductions, from $2 to $3.75 each. **47.** Not forgetting a child's pets, a dog's bed with "Do Not Disturb" on a sign that pops up when he gets in, $6, and his own blanket, with his name on it, $2.50, and his Christmas stocking, filled with delectable smelling rubber things that squeak and bounce and roll. **48.** The ultimate in trimmings for a bicycle: mirror, clock, compass light, and speedometer, from 50 cents to $4.45, and a complete tool kit, $12.50, from Schwarz. **49.** A smiling little doll, $10.75, and her complete trousseau, $19.75, in a hamper, for traveling, no doubt, Schwarz. **50.** A very real looking pair who can wag their tails, even though on wheels, a Scottie and a Sealy, $4.50 each from Schwarz. **51.** A jumping rabbit of white fur and a leaping monkey, $3.50 each, and a marvelous pink velvet pig, that not only runs, but *oincks* as it runs, a delightful, blasé looking creature with great gifts, $10, from Abercrombie and Fitch. **52.** That entrancing little creature the Koala bear, from the heart of Australia and now protected by the government, is bound to make a great many friends for his soft, silly looking self, $13.75. Same price for the Feeding bear—when his tum is dangerously full of graham crackers, simply zip his back open and start over. Mittens herself, in any one of five delightful poses, $1.50 each. A basket full of the things that make the youngest set purr and grin, all tied up in shiny Cellophane, $4.75, Schwarz.

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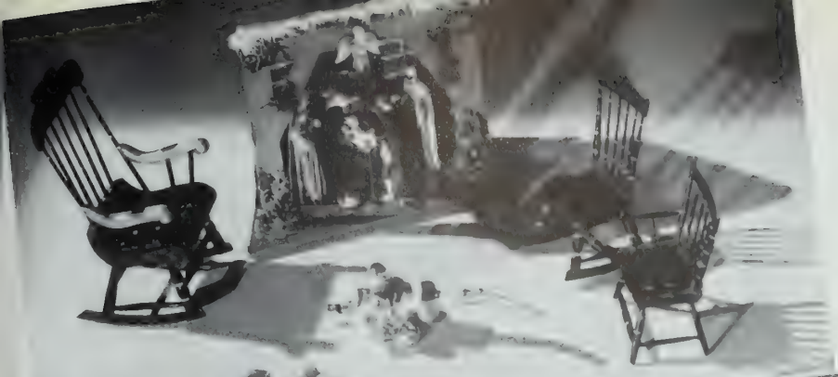
53. Music, all sizes and shapes, from the organ on a stout stick, complete with a monkey and various tunes to the smallest music box, very jolly for small fry, $2.50 to $8.75. The trumpet is $2, and such a favorite that it can be the beginning of a swing band with practically no trouble at all—except to the family. **54.** Grand wooden rocking horse, with a curling mane of red paint, and his marvelous counterpart in real pony skin, $32 and $65, Schwarz. **55.** An automobile with music, almost too good to be true, $26.75, and the last word in luxury, a sporty green scooter with a spring seat, and large pneumatic rubber tires, $12.50, also Schwarz.

Elegant Gifts for Children



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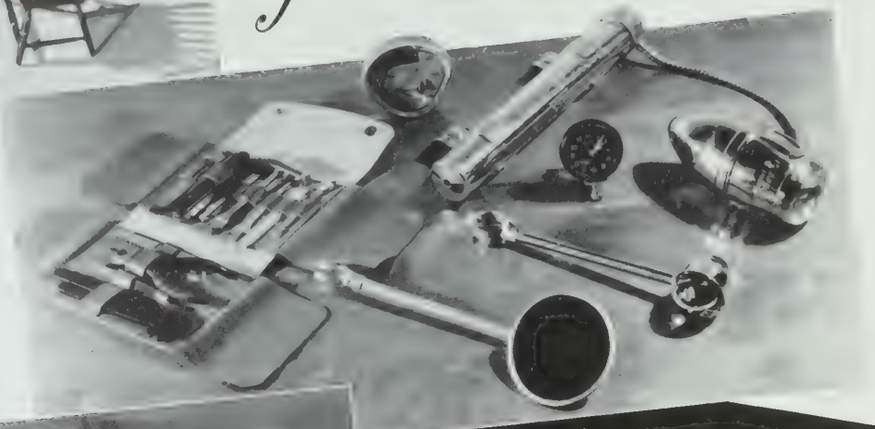

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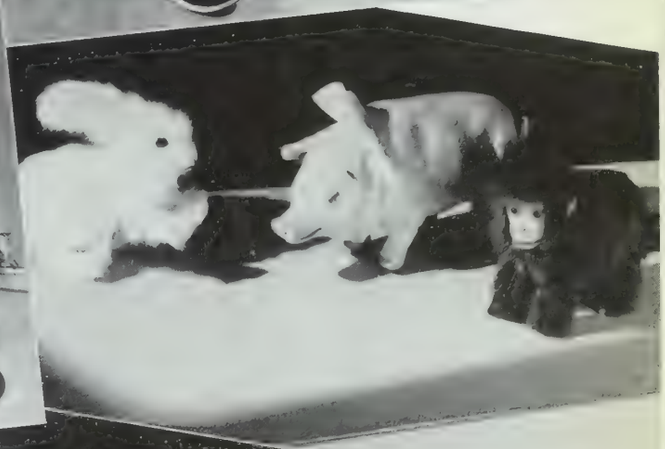

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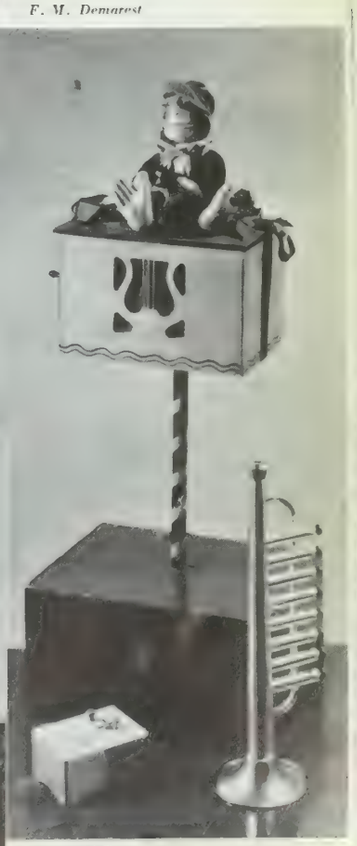

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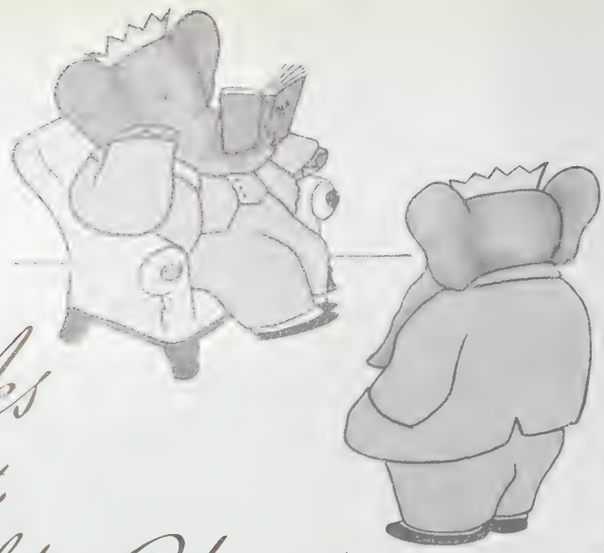
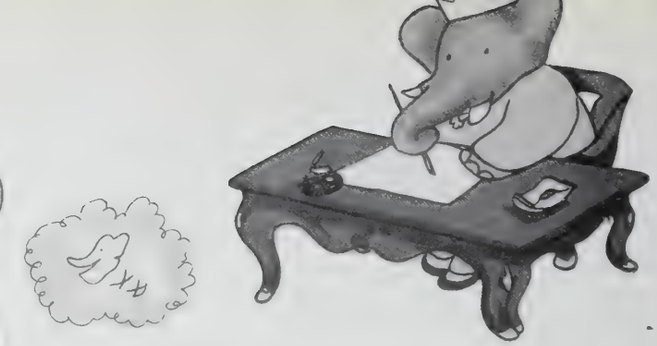
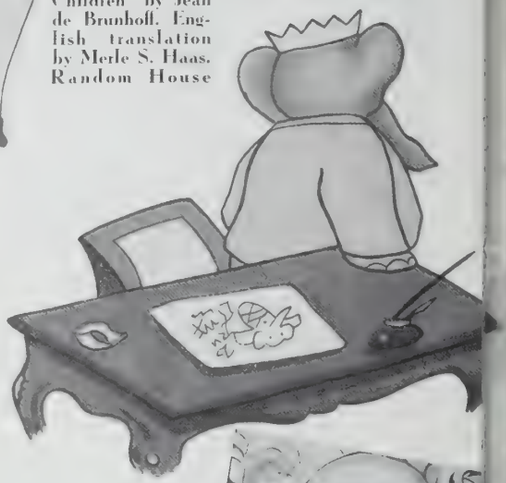
Books for a Child's Christmas





"Babar and His Children" by Jean de Brunhoff. English translation by Merle S. Haas. Random House



"French Canada," pictures and tales by Hazel Boswell. Viking Press, N. Y.

"The Forest Pool," story of a little Mexican boy. Pictures by Laura Adams Armer. Longmans

No reason is ever needed for giving a child a book, none the less Christmas is a fine time to indulge both yourself and a child. This year Babar, the beloved little elephant, returns more philosophical, more naïve than ever before and Orlando, the marmalade cat, a newcomer, is a facetious striped gentleman with enough aplomb and verve to take his place in the select company of Babar, Ferdinand, and Pooh. Orlando has a delightful wife named Grace who is his companion in adventure.

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Wanda Gag's translation and pictures. Coward-McCann

"The Song of Roland" translated by Merriam Sherwood. Longmans, Green, N.Y.

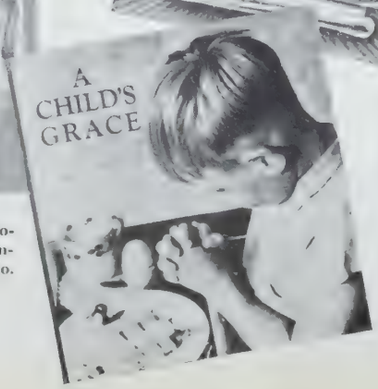
"Nino" written and drawn by Valenti Angelo. Viking

Wanda Gag, out of the kindness of her heart, has returned Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs to the realm of fairy tale. Charming as they were on the screen, they are more at home and familiar in the pages of a book. In the main, the Christmas crop this year is better than it has been in some time. There are books for every temperament: a quiet little boy who would like the story of a quiet little Mexican lad; a romantic soul about to conquer the world for whom "The Song of Roland" has been superbly translated; or a youngster who would revel in Paul Brown's tale of the circus, "Three Rings"; a child who would like to read of "real things that happened" like stories of "French Canada" and "Nino," a very real little Italian boy—to the great legends of old Norway and the greatest of all Legends taken from the authorized King James Bible. A good companion piece to this last one, "The Great Story," is a charming picture book, "A Child's Grace," very fine photographs of the everyday things of a child's world. A child is never too young or too old to be happy with a book for Christmas.

"The Great Story" from the King James Bible. Harcourt Brace

"Orlando, the Marmalade Cat" by Kathleen Hale. $2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons

"A Child's Grace," photographs by Harold Bundekin. E. P. Dutton & Co.



"East of the Sun and West of the Moon" by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaine. Viking Press

"Three Rings" a circus book by Paul Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons

The
Packard Super 8 for 1939
now only $2035

for the 5-passenger sedan delivered at the factory in Detroit with standard equipment; State taxes extra.

THIS IS THE NEW MOTOR CAR YOU HELPED TO DESIGN

YES—*your* ideas guided the engineers as Packard designed America's *newest* motor car . . . the brilliant Packard Super-8!

You naturally want the super-luxury and super-power of the large, fine cars to which you are accustomed. But, facing today's crowded streets, you've also wished for extreme nimbleness and easy handling.

And so, the new Packard Super-8 worthy companion of the magnificent Packard 12—has had those qualities deliberately built into it. It is a car of intermediate size with the power of a big car and a delightful nimbleness that is entirely new in this type of automobile.

It is priced, as you see, most moderately for so fine a car.

And it *is* a fine car—in every sense of the word. It offers you the luxurious comfort and rich appointments heretofore available only in cars approaching $3,000 in price.

Only by personal experience can you possibly realize how completely new and utterly different is this new Packard Super-8. That is why we urge you to drive one just as soon as you can—*this* week! Your Packard dealer will gladly bring one to your door. Phone him.

SOCIALLY—AMERICA'S *FIRST* MOTOR CAR

THE NEW

PACKARD SUPER-8 *FOR* 1939

THE NEW 12

THE NEW ONE TWENTY • THE NEW SIX

•

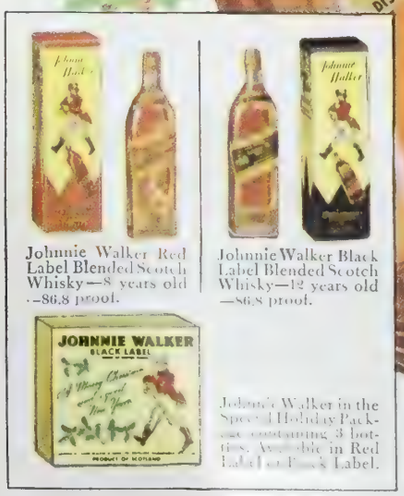
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Scotland's gifts are few... but Famous

• *To the right, a Silver Peg Tankard, given to Sir John Maxwell of Pollock by his uncle, in the seventeenth century. To the left, JOHNNIE WALKER Black Label, a treasured whisky that Scotland gives to the world after long years of mellowing.*

BORN 1820... still going strong

RICH in romance... steeped in tradition... are the treasures that Scotland holds close to her heart. Among these is Johnnie Walker Black Label... a rare old whisky... mellow and smooth with twelve long years in the cask. Which is why we suggest this treasured Scotch, by the case or by the bottle, as the starting point of your Christmas shopping... and the finishing touch to your Christmas giving. Give Johnnie Walker Black Label to those whose friendship you value ... and who, in turn, will value the fine, smooth flavour of Scotch whisky at its very best!



WHEN YOU WOULD GIVE THE BEST—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLACK LABEL BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Copr. 1938, Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., importers of Johnnie Walker Blended Scotch Whisky

Ducks went out at dusk

(*Continued from page 59*)

way wildfowl should. They only swam out a few yards. Now they wouldn't even stare at a dog and cry *honk,* as they'd done when the sun was shining. They just swam back and forth with their heads held high, and quacked among themselves in high, excited voices. For dusk was abroad in the land, and the call of wild rivers was crackling in the bird world.

Bob trotted back to my side with no show of animation. He was always too wise to chase will-o'-the-wisps as the Wirehair had done. He dropped down at my feet and we stayed there together —old Bob and I—to watch the ducks go out to the river where no gunners were. We sat all alone while the west lighted up like a bowlful of wine shot with silver. Then the sun went down and the air grew cold, and the ducks knew the time had come.

The chuckling and gabbling had died. Five hundred wild ducks before our eyes stood erect and unmoving on the ice. Bob knew, perhaps, just as I did, that something was happening which was older than man or sport. Wildfowl at twilight! The air was charged with all the magic of migration time when bobolinks whirl up from Connecticut meadows and make off for pampas, far, far to the south.

Within ten minutes from the time the first brace of black ducks left the ice, the pond was as bare and silent as a waste of sand. No duck or drake was left of all the hundreds that had found a friendly resting place there since early dawn. Nothing remained but a feather here and another there, floating like make-believe boats. So I spoke out to Bob who seemed sorely puzzled by the events of this Christmas Day. He practically *said* that everything was all right with him (though he didn't pretend to understand it) as long as it suited me.

We were half up the hill when I stopped the car to look back just for sentiment's sake. I gazed over dingles of birches which I had known long years before. I watched jumbled gray clouds turn to tarnished silver as night came on. I saw the cheery sparkle of moonlight on gray ice. Then, on the farthest island pool in the ice-coated pond, I spied a shadowy figure on the water. I looked again and saw two more souvenirs of sanctuary dusk. Somehow it struck me as a pitiful thing that when the twilight hordes had whirred off, three poachers' cripples there were in Forest Park that couldn't rise into the air.

Old Bob (Hie on, old fellow! May Elysian coverts be full!) was flushing the ghosts of birds we'd killed—before the New Year came. I have a Springer pup now in his place. I'm fetching him up in the tradition of his father. Pheasants and partridges boom up from New England woodlands before his coming. He fetches quail which explode like feathered bombshells out of pea fields in the South. The shotgun though is not the only weapon that he knows. For cameras can fill up the gaps left by short gunning seasons. Sometimes there's more sport in bagging a bird twice for the album than once for the roasting pan. Since Ginger is growing up to a theory of sport like that, he will understand much better than Bob ever could have done, if we sit in the park at homecoming time a few weeks hence to watch the ducks go out at dusk.

Wedgefield Plantation Georgetown, S. C.

(*Continued from page 57*)

architecture. Old Virginia bell-glass chandeliers are excellently suited to this spacious corridor with its elaborate paneling and door-trims painted oyster-white.

Beautifully expressive of the late Georgian style in the South is the lavish and appropriate distribution of carved ornament in the living room. A handsome cornice with large modillions, underscored by a delicate course of dentils, accents with strong lights and shadows the meeting of the paneled wall surfaces and the cove-ceiling. The over-mantel is of a highly developed type with baroque influence showing strongly in the scrolled pediment with a central *rocaille* motif, the side swags and consoles, and the elaborately carved bolster molding for the frieze beneath the mantel-shelf. The corner tabs of the over-mantel are repeated attractively in the door trims.

An informal type of furniture well suited to country life gives the room a pleasant atmosphere with occasional pieces like the antique secretary for additional significance. A rough hand-tufted oyster-white rug covers the floor. The curtains and the upholstery are of pale gray-green chintz with a dull pink and green floral pattern. Here, as in the other rooms, the interior decoration to a great degree reflects the guiding taste of Mrs. Goelet.

Looking from the north hall into the dining room through the stately portal, one observes a traditional setting of which a mahogany cabinet filled with antique china is a happy part. All woodwork is painted oyster-white. Strongly effective is a big screen of pale gold Chinese damask bordered with Chinese embroidery, black, blue, and yellow, placed near the lofty chimney piece. In harmony with this color scheme, the chair seats are covered in yellow damask, and the facing of the hearth opening recalls the black, which the picture frame on the firebreast also picks up. This eighteenth century view of New York City as seen from Brooklyn Heights is a rare impression by the famous French engraver, etcher, and water-colorist, Charles Balthasar Julien Fevret de Saint-

CARVED CRYSTAL

IT'S A GIFT..

to inspire the languid as well as the gay

For happy-go-lucky hours when there's a song in the air and a threat of hilarious fun . . . set 'em up in Carved Crystal by Fostoria!

Each little jigger for just a spot, and every big tumbler for a tall drink is new, unique, significant. Each is handmade . . . the lovely, luminous transparency of flawless crystal deeply and permanently carved.

And as gifts—Carved Crystal reflects the experienced giver who has an eye for an eloquent gift . . . who gives what he himself would like to keep.

Ask for Fostoria at department stores, jewelers and gift shops everywhere. Or write direct to Fostoria Glass Company, Desk 38-X, Moundsville, West Virginia.

Carved Crystal by Fostoria

Christmas Gifts in Silver

Mr. Guille's newly enlarged selection of Christmas Gifts in Silver offers a complete variety of both Fine Old English examples and more moderately priced Modern Reproductions. The set of four Silver Second Course Dishes shown above is an excellent example of the early George III period. They were made in London in 1764. The maker's mark D W and W H, is not recorded. Other examples including many fine Modern Reproductions are now on view.

PETER GUILLE
LIMITED
Old English Silver
and
Modern Reproductions

PETER GUILLE, PRES, formerly of CRICHTON & CO, LTD

INTERNATIONAL BUILDING · ROCKEFELLER CENTER
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Mémin whose works, including portraits of Southern beauties and statesmen, were the vogue in the Post-Revolutionary era. In the Goelet collection is also the original water color which this print duplicates.

On the north side just off the octagonal foyer and across from Mr. Goelet's office is a cheerful reception room. Here a low mantelpiece provides a fireside near which easy chairs invite repose and guests may scan at their leisure the cream of a collection of Currier & Ives prints, one of the foremost in the country. Their subjects are mostly of hunting and country-side activities, and they are shown to special advantage on the dead-white wall. This same white is also the background color of the chintz upholstery and curtains, made colorful with bright red roses and green leaves.

Tinseled thespians

(*Continued from page 51*)

The tinsel pictures flourished until the 'Fifties when a change in theatrical taste resulted in prints of actors in rôles less suited to being made into these glittering montages. After this they were neglected for a time. Today they are eagerly sought by collectors in New York and abroad because these tinseled thespians not only represent theatrical history, but are also the only likenesses, good or bad, which have come down to us of many of the glamor boys and girls who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century.

A row of them on the walls of a narrow hall brings color and interest to an otherwise drab spot. Hung over a mantel or near needlework pictures of their period, they seem to bring back a sense of simpler and more leisurely life when pleasures were fewer and for that reason more deeply felt and enjoyed. Placed among shelves of books, a few of them will unite with old plays in worn calf to recall the days when knighthood took refuge on the stage in a last desperate stand against the onrushing steel age.

The last frontier

(*Continued from page 80*)

and pasture on what turned out to be the run of a lifetime.

We turned to the right across fields, then to the left through woods, then down a long hill into a meadow, out of the meadow up a hill over a wall into a back country road. We swung along this road until hounds turned to the left. We followed over a stone wall, jumping from a ditch into a ditch, on through another pasture, sweeping past a curious, startled herd of cows up a steep hill to another stone wall with rails on top. "What's a stone wall?" I thought. By this time I was up with the gods and the half gods! Any moment I knew I'd catch strains of the "Liebelungen Lied" echoing splendidly behind the clouds. Over the wall. Ah, Mr. Crow, did Wotan ride you in his younger days! No, not Wotan, Brünhilde, perhaps, before she lay encircled with fire and Siegfried found her. Ah, there it was, the shriek of the Valkyrie across the heavens echoing faintly in wild, triumphant chorus somewhere over beyond the mountains.

"They've turned again!" the Master shouted. He galloped down the hill to a rail fence on the side. Sam whispered "Watch the drop on the other side!" I forgot the gods and the half gods! But come on, Mr. Crow, I can die but once! I swung my feet forward and gripped with my knees. Rather a nasty jolt—but well, Mr. Crow, we're here the A.E.F. and General Pershing had nothing on us! The Crow was going strong. Steady there—too close on the Master. Over a gap in another high wall, a turn to the right. Another stone wall with three rails on top, too high for mortal hunt. "Drop the top rail," the Master shouted to a colored boy. "Make it two!" shouted a thin-faced dark-eyed man, "we've been running two hours." To my relief the colored boy without any ado dropped two rails. Fairly stiff, but good level ground on both sides. I felt serenely confident as the Crow and I followed the Master but—dear saints above, what was happening? I'd given the Crow his head as I steadied him towards the wall where the rails had been dropped. He swerved violently, apparently flung towards the right on the high part of the wall. We landed on top, hung there for a moment as he struggled for balance, then, unable to catch himself amid the splintering of the staked and ridered rails, he turned completely over on his side. As I struck the ground, I wondered what in high heaven I had done—the Crow, I knew, would make no mistake without help. With relief I felt him rise to his feet barely touching me. Then I rose too and saw one of the men standing quietly at the Crow's head, the Crow himself looking already quite self-possessed. "Is he hurt?" The man shook his head. "He's a tough one," he said. I looked back at Sam on the other side of the jump. "What happened?" I said. Sam, white faced, could barely articulate. "Just as he took off," he said, "he caught his foot under a set fast—it threw him." I mounted as quickly as I could, remembering how I hate people who spill themselves around and hold up a run. Presently Sam, galloping alongside me, called out in jerky, staccato sentences. "Nastiest spill I ever saw. That horse has heart *and* head. If you come whole out of a spill like that, you lead a charmed life." Up with the gods and half gods—I knew it!

"Tally-ho!" shouted Sam. "Over yonder!" I looked and across the side of the opposite hill, skirting a large stone boulder, the fox ran in light leaping bounds. The lightness of a fox's movements has always seemed to me to belong to fairyland. "Look at those dogs!"

PARFUMS DE CARON

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The Sunshine City

St. Petersburg, Florida

cried one of the men. They were running on the line like one long endless hound as they disappeared over the crest of the hill. These Rappahannock County men, I noticed, all said *dogs* not hounds. With them, different from lesser breeds of men, "the dogs" meant only one kind. Lesser breeds than hounds did not exist for them.

Over the hill and far away we followed, then galloped down the other side across pasture land through a gate on to a bottom, where a creek ran between steep, nasty looking banks. We tore up and down madly searching for a place to cross as we heard hounds chorusing splendidly on beyond over the top of the next hill. "Solid here," shouted the Master. He and his big gray went sailing over. "Watch the footing!" called Sam. "Make him jump big!" Tell the Crow anything? Not me! At it boy! And at it he went, a broad flying jump yards beyond the bank. Oh you wise, you *darling* Mr. Crow!

From the top of the next hill I saw on a low hill opposite us a beautiful old place with many small cabins stretching out to the left. "That's 'Benvenue,'" explained Sam as we galloped down the hill, "about the finest old place in the county. See the slave quarters beyond?" "Looks deserted!" I cried. "It is!" Hounds turned and we passed close to the lovely, lonely old house and the long line of cabins, house and cabins alike shadows of another day, as we sped on by at a swinging, running canter that responded in rhythm to the chorusing tongues of hounds.

"My God!" I heard one of the men behind me ejaculate. "What a fox! He's been runnin' us goin' on three hours."

"What dogs, you mean," said another. "Not a check." But just as he spoke the chorus broke and in the next field hounds stopped uncertainly and feathered out. We checked and watched intently as our horses took breath. A dark brown bitch alone at the left of the field suddenly gave tongue, sharp, excited, authoritative. The others ran over, caught the scent, and again were going away in full cry out of the field into a road running parallel to the field. Down the road we followed the speeding line of hounds, a beautiful country road made to order for horses. "Fox doubling back down the road," shouted one of the men. "Shows he's tired. He'd better hole, or these dogs'll get him."

"He'll hole when he's ready," said another. "He's an old boy—knows his way about, hates to hole, wants to outsmart the dogs."

"That's his game," said an old man with keen, sharp eyes and a weather beaten face. "A real fox hates to hole—feels he's licked. He's always rarin' to go, but he's plum tickled only if he outsmarts the dogs."

"Come on," shouted the Master, "back towards Benvenue." We turned at right angles over a stone wall, fortunately a lowish one all mixed up with Osage orange trees—another tear in my coat sleeve—and rolled on through a pasture down a lane, out into another country road, then left over a worm fence into a field dark gray with giant boulders, then through a gate into a woods. The chorusing stopped suddenly, changed from the call of the chase to the satisfied murmur—almost soundless—of the kill.

. . . Why hadn't he holed? Too gallant, too sporting. No craven he. A fitting citizen of his own splendid, fearless hills.

Presently when the Master came up to me and handed me a lovely yellow brush, I tried to chase my own sadness for the sake of the Virginia gentlemen around me, and for the sake of the tireless hounds, but most of all, I think, for the sake of the gallant and intrepid fox. In the lore of foxes does not he who prefers to die rather than to run to hole inherit the Kingdom of Valhalla? I thanked the Master and stuck the brush in the Crow's bridle, where, as it evidently tickled his ear, he promptly shook it out with an emphatic twist of his head.

In the high-ceilinged sitting room of the Master's house with its walls of stone at least two feet thick, we sat and drank eggnog, yellow and creamy and strong, that the Master's wife brought into us, making us very welcome with an easy hospitality that took us quite for granted. And then she led us downstairs to a big dining room, the house being built on the side of a hill; the entrance, apparently to the ground floor, actually led to the second. And there we feasted, in the manner of the gods and half gods. Such food! Never did coffee boast such aroma, never did turkey taste so sweet and tender and juicy. The sense of ease and hospitality and courtesy about me was someway akin to the independence and integrity of Rappahannock County. Here, I thought, is a breed of men who care not a whoop in hell how the rest of the world may order its life. They live their own lives in their own way. Intelligently, wisely, they choose to be themselves. I looked at the Master with his patrician line of face that might hark back to any baronial hall in England, at the quiet-voiced huntsman with innate dignity in the set of his shoulders, at the calm, intellectual eye of a small man sitting beside me, a scholar in face, who, Sam told me, was Commonwealth's attorney for the county as his father and grandfather and great grandfather had been before him, and I thanked God that Rappahannock County still owned its own soul.

"What do you think," my thoughts were interrupted by the laughing comment of a young man across the table. "Frank here," nodding at the Commonwealth's attorney, "has taken to drinking Scotch!" He shook his head and grinned, "What do you think of that, Jake?"

The Master smiled. "Not going

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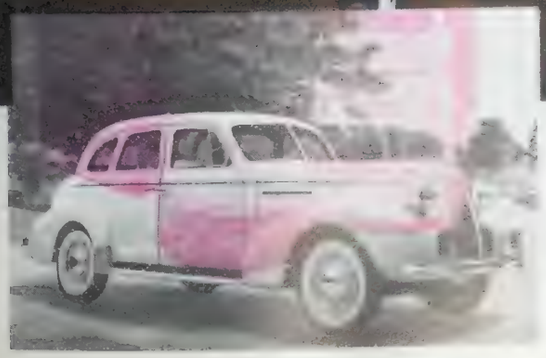

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84 PROOF

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soft on us, are you, Frank?" he asked. The Commonwealth's attorney went on serenely eating his turkey.

"Drinking *Scotch,*" exclaimed the young man, evidently a tease. "Why, Frank, you'll be advocating railroads in the County next."

The Master's face set swiftly into indomitable lines. "Railroads get into this county," he said, "over my dead body."

"Will you," I looked straight at him, why I chose this moment I shall never know, "will you sell me the Crow?"

"Sell you the Crow?" he looked slightly bewildered. I felt a kick on my foot. Sam adores all the niceties of a horse deal.

"Yes," I said. "I've got to have him." I could feel Sam writhe. What a way to go about buying a horse! Admitting at once you wanted him!

"Yes," the Master looked back at me directly, while all the table paused to listen. "I'll sell him to you and I'll sell him to you cheaper than I would to anybody else." I kicked Sam back. "I've spent my life raising horses, loving them, training them, selling them. It's a pleasure to meet some one now and then who likes a horse too well to haggle over terms. If you'll excuse us," he rose, offered me his arm, bowed to the rest, threw a kiss to his wife, "this lady and I are going to have a little love talk to ourselves."

And we did. Sam admitted to me aftewards that the price I paid the Master for the Crow was a hundred dollars less than the price he had quoted him as his absolute rock-bottom figure. Even so it was the top figure of my husband's I.O.U. A horse like the Crow does indeed make minds, hearts, and pockebooks meet!

This morning as I read the paper I felt the depressing impact of world affairs, not only of wars and rumors of wars abroad and the downfall of democracy in three or four countries of Europe with the consequent tragic curb on initiative and courage and independence of thought, but more especially of the bewilderment here at home running in an ever widening cross-section across political, racial, and economic lines. Presently in an effort to escape my own mental turmoil, I went out to the stable. As I fed the Crow a lump or two of sugar and looked at his wise head and beautiful hind quarters, I remembered the men I hunted with that day in Rappahannock County. At once I felt a sense of relief, of serenity even. For is it not always on the last frontier that the ultimate safety of a country depends? Where else can we find the gods and half gods?

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 82*)

American list for yourselves and see if the elimination trial matches haven't already been staged. We think a great deal of time, money and, possibly, a few heartaches on the part of an innocent member of a polo player's doting family—the players themselves ought to know better—would be saved if the United States team and two substitutes were announced *right now* without any further "Beating around the Mulberry Bush," to borrow the words of a current popular swing song. The other players on the chosen list, and others just as useful, will be around to give them practice anyway, which is about all the long imposing candidate announcement amounts to without any of us trying to kid ourselves. So now we've raised our own small voice, crying in the wilderness, with our own sincere idea, and whether the conclusion that it draws is right or wrong—well, nobody is going to pay much attention to it anyway, I suppose.

Outside of the above strong barrage, all's quiet along the American defensive fighting front, at least as far as there being anything very frightening on the polo horizon to upset our chances of hanging on to the historic trophy that used to be known as the famed Westchester Cup is concerned. Not that the gallant British challengers may not surprise us and give us a real battle at every turn of our Thoroughbred ponies, but rather because it's difficult to imagine any team in the world defeating such a tremendously powerful polo machine as we can put on the field today. True, there have been teams in the past—the great, hard-riding American Four that checked the colorful Britishers in 1930, Pedley, young Earle Hopping, Hitchcock, and Winston Guest—if all in their top form today—might do it. . . . But that's quite another story.

So the only trouble with these spectacular forthcoming International Games, from the public interest point of view at this writing, would seem to be that there are, in round numbers, probably only a couple of dozen polo fans in the United States who are wondering today how these great matches are going to come out. The rest of the 40,000 who are going to jam every nook and cranny of the huge, rambling old robin's-egg blue stands of International Field next June know how they are going to come out, only they don't all agree as to the final scores.

Some are sure the United States will win easily in two straight games, but there are a few others, just as positive that the British, if properly mounted, will ride our best men so courageously that they'll break up our plays and get to our long hitters *before* those damaging shots are made and thus stretch out the series to three wonderfully exciting games. As if it mattered, we're inclined to string along with the latter hopefuls. But, unfortunately, there seems little doubt, on this side of the Atlantic anyway, of another ultimate American victory. Person-

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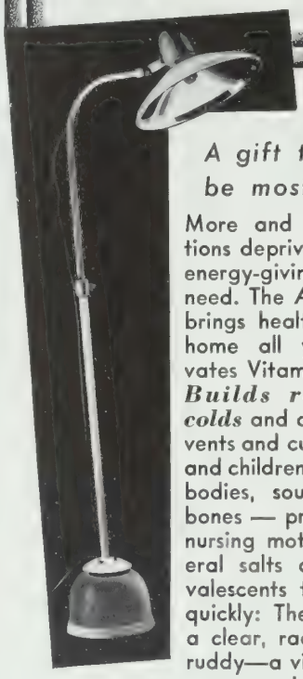

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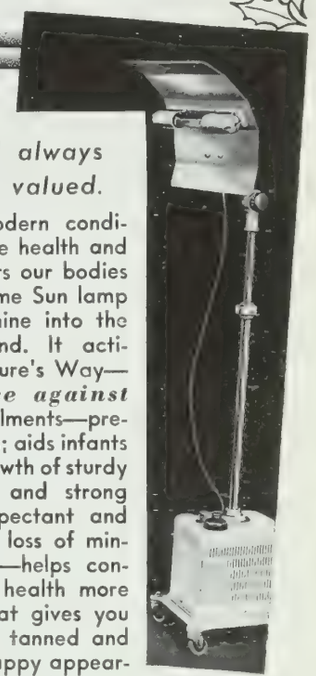

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"During the recent storm, my court was covered with over four feet of water. I had three men brushing off the sand, and within twenty-four hours after the storm we were playing tennis, and the court was just as perfect as ever. I am sure that had this been any type of clay court, it would have been completely washed out.

"To any of your customers who might be interested in the effect of a hard winter, I might say that my court never had any covering of any kind during the sleet, snow and ice of last winter, and developed no cracks, sagging or anything except a perfect playing surface, and frequently we shoveled off the snow and played during the winter.

"Furthermore, after many years' experience with various types of clay courts, it is an enormous relief not to be obliged to water or roll the court and an enormous saving financially."

(*Signed*) George H. Townsend

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ally, we don't know a thing, but if it wasn't such an unheard of possibility, we might venture another humble opinion concerning what *might* be done to make the sides more even in this most glamorous gentlemanly warfare in the sphere of sports.

We could, for instance, come right out in bold print and suggest, "How about the Old Westbury team, National Champions for the past two years, defending our crown as is?"

That would mean a similar friendly agreement with the challenging country as occurred when the South Americans played the winner of our Open title. As far as the tentative plans for our 1939 Big Four are concerned, it would mean the substituting of only one man, "Sonny" Whitney, for Hitchcock. But that is where the whole crazy idea falls flat as a pancake.

Granted that somehow we have a deep-founded suspicion that for 6-goal Mr. Whitney, who always plays 7-goal polo in high-goal polo and rarely plays in anything but high-goal polo, to be riding on an International team where his illustrious father, the late Harry Payne Whitney, who did so much for American Polo, rode before him, would meet with happy approval wherever polo is played, and talked, the world over . . . nevertheless the thought of having an International team without the greatest player in the world is something that leaves us not only shuddering and baffled but, to say the least, bewildered.

Maybe we shouldn't have mentioned it.

Month in the field

(*Continued from page 17*)

He maintains that few if any Pointer and Setter prospects are developed on the prairies (we assume he is referring to the last few years). "We will start with the All-American Prairie Chicken trial which had its twenty-eighth running at Pierson, Manitoba, early this fall. The three placing dogs in the Open All-Age were established quail dogs before they were sent to the prairies. There were forty starters in this stake, with sixteen established professionals handling dogs which have all competed on the quail circuit. Where were the charges of the rest of the handlers? In Canada? Even in the All-America Amateur Championship the dogs represented were well established winners, thoroughly trained before they ever appeared on the prairies of Canada. In the Open Derby, with thirty-two starters, every one of the placing dogs, and there were four, had won on quail before being sent to Canada. Let's scan the list of winners in the All-America, Dominion, and Manitoba trials. The three Open All-Age stakes of the three named clubs had a combined field of 109 starters, and it was the same story. These three stakes were won by nine dogs that were established winners on quail long before they ever had any prairie work of any note. With few exceptions the only handlers represented were those with private strings or else those who have already established themselves as reliable and honest individuals and produced winners to prove their efficiency. What we want to know is where are all the promising young All-Age dogs that trainers induced owners to send to Canada? Even the Derby winners on the prairies were dogs whose influence had been felt on quail."

Studies from the nude

(*Continued from page 60*)

the casual glance a sumptuous single mass of unmodulated green. Without seeing the trunks, only the butts of which would be showing, one could not tell whether there were two, three, or six trees in the group. But all winter and until after sugaring time, when the etching was made, the personal characters and life histories of the triumvirate are wholly revealed. Then we see three distinct individuals, but three that have grown up together, each accommodating itself to the demands of the others; no one symmetrical, yet the group fully balanced and poised. We note further that they are contemporaries, and are growing old. Many branches have been lost in the storms of a long lifetime. In fact last spring, after sugaring time, the tree on the left was given the ax and retired, as college professors are retired for old age.

And since we are thinking of the mountainside at sugaring time, let us recall the aspect of the real sugar woods. Here the maple trees are in their lusty youth. They stand in open formation wide enough asunder so that each one may have a well-shaped top. This is of major importance in the production of sugar, for the amount manufactured is in direct proportion to the amount of sunlight reaching the maple leaves. The more branches, the more foliage; the more foliage, the more sunlight absorbed; the more sunlight, the more cakes of pale brown sweetness at sugaring-off time.

All this will appear in a picture made in the woods at sugar-harvest, but one also gets some of the atmosphere of early spring, so intoxicating to the mountain tramper. The winter piles of snow are melting away rapidly, the little brooks are brimming full, the chickadees and downy woodpeckers are hunting through the tree tops, and a smell of boiling sap comes up from the sugar house.

Or take the group of tupelos standing near the shore on Fisher's Island, as presented on page 61. Each specimen has its decidedly rugged individuality. Each has met the trials and accidents of an exposed life, but has always come up green and smiling. With a new twist in its stem, it has adjusted itself to its new deal, and, as the poets say, has expressed itself in terms of the tupelo pattern. Yet these pushing individuals

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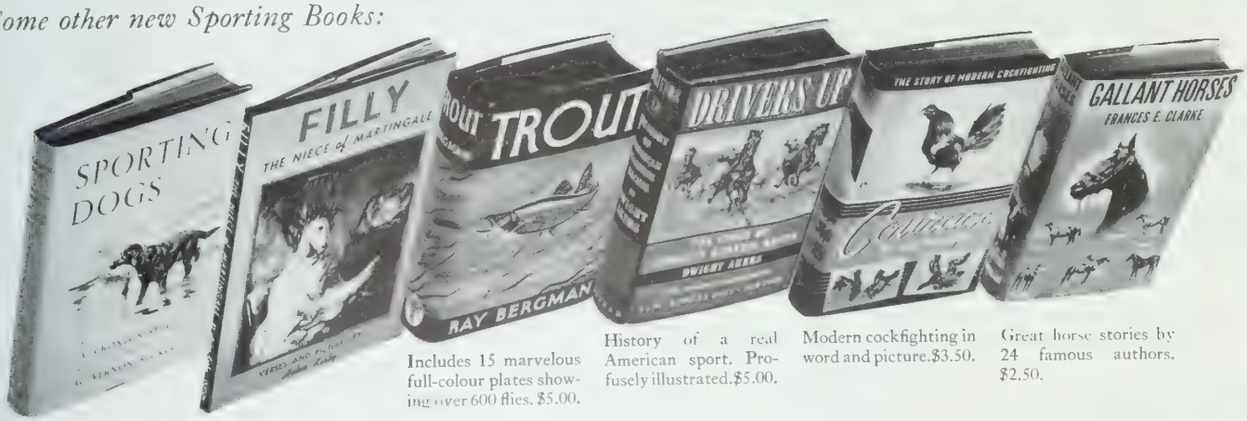

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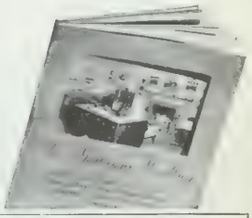

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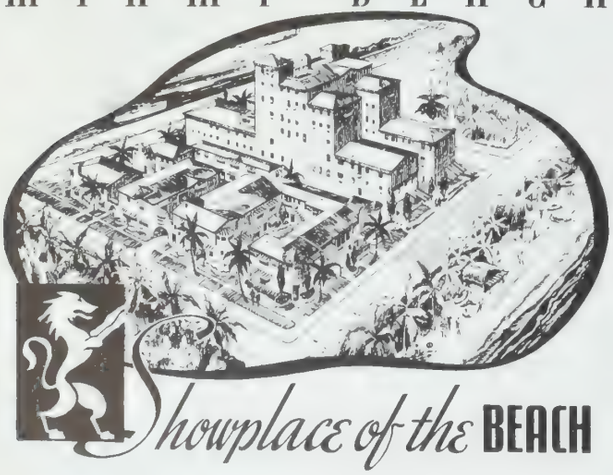

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are even more eminently a social group, perhaps even what the biologists call a clonal group, and to us their associated similarities give the strongest impression of all. This mass effect would be obvious, of course, in July or August, but the very picturesque character of the separate stems would be altogether lost. In summer, and at a little distance, they might be mistaken for locust or sassafras or some other species, but their real characteristics stand boldly out when we see the naked framework.

All our common deciduous trees, of course, have this good habit of showing us their true characters during a considerable period of the year, and the revelation is always reassuring. The evergreens deny us these intimacies; yet in a number of instances they make up for it in part by throwing up against the sky a bold and vivid silhouette. These patterns are nearly always richly decorative, and, what is more, they are highly characteristic. They express the life of the individual tree plus the qualities common to the species. The proof of their appealing individuality is to be seen in the thousands of photographs, drawings, etchings, and paintings in which tree lovers have tried to record these impressive beauties. Therefore it is fortunately unnecessary to dispraise the pines or the junipers for the sake of eulogizing the winter loveliness of oaks, hickories, maples, or chestnuts seen in the nude.

Haiti ho!

(*Continued from page 88*)

chairs are purchased by the other merchants. They spread their wares on the ground. The lowness of the seat, then, leaves them close enough to serve customers without bending over, or getting up.

The vendors are everywhere. They are the expatriates of the market-place. Their wares have a touching uselessness—but a uselessness that must often (judging by events) promote sale. What, for example, will be done with secondhand soup spoons by a people who seldom, if ever, drink soup? Do they have it in their hearts to exclaim, with de Bergerac, "Quel geste!" and buy the spoon for the devil of it? Apparently so. And the vendors flourish.

Tracing backward from the root of market along trails that have a dubious propriety (they lead often through saloons) you come to the cathedral. Some nun who walks there is shepherding her class of schoolgirls between the donkeys, row on row; she has an admirable if unsisterly control of the situation. It is hard not to admire the church people of Haiti, especially the priests. Dictated to by the custom of a faraway and decorous winter, they pass about—under a sun that has substantiality—dressed in black; they look like fluttering holes in the sunniness, Arabs in reverse. They must be the hottest people in the West Indies. Why the Church cannot allow them white, as it does the priests of Curacao, is rather a mystery; at any rate conversion in Haiti must be at a premium outside the shade.

You see the Fathers shuffling their way under the palms toward the edge of town, where the end of their culture begins. Time is visible on the outskirts of Port-au Prince. The stone houses turn to wood, and then to older wood, and decay visibly from foot to foot; the sidewalks crumble and are lost in the earth; and grass grows up; and even the clothing of the natives, which in the center of Port-au-Prince is often funereally northern, drops away from them, and there is left in the end, after a metamorphosis of a half mile and hundreds of years, the cart-creaking land.

You have come, then, to the country. It is very bright. There are few sunlights quite so intense as that of Haiti—the sun burns quietly on the earth, on the trees; it gives to color an aspect of the grotesque, and the red poincianas are hellish. Near them on the shore a blue water comes in, anomalously cool. It is the water of Winslow Homer, being milky like turquoise: and to it in a quick harsh suicide the land comes, rolling over itself from the hills. And there are roads. And the small donkeys plod along, and the natives march, and over them both every day, immemorially, are the palms. It is an impressive world.

You never see buzzards on the road. The reason is odd. Not long ago a number of the birds were imported into Haiti to serve as scavengers. The government released them through the island, no doubt with the ingenuous hope that garbage would be shipshape in a month. But one by one, mysteriously, the birds disappeared. Had they flown to another island? Or were they (horrible thought!) cleaning up Santo Domingo by mistake? Neither of those surmises proved true, as it turned out: the government had simply underestimated its own citizens who had—doubtless with considerable relish and delight—eaten the birds as they came.

Where the streams run down from the Highlands, bilious with jungle rot, you see the women. And often the villages. A few donkeys make a disillusioned sport with the rooftops. Here and there a chicken, overly domestic, strolls in with a proprietorial air. It should fall to everyone in his time to live for a few days in a primitive village. Apart from the salutary disillusionment (no witchcraft, you know), there is a feeling of being separated from your environment, of being released from culture, which can be, on a small scale, a revelation. You learn about yourself. To sit at evening when the lonely fires in the village are lit, and see the natives coming in, a vague shadow play, is a curious experience. For our belief in ourselves, as Conrad wrote, is an expression of faith in the security of our surroundings.

sudden frenzy by this roaring apparition from the sky. My own thoughts, for no good reason, insistently turned back to the refugee hordes which blocked the roads of France in March, 1918, when Germany tried to push us into the English Channel—and almost made it!

We circled and came down over the herd again, banked, pulled up, and swung away. Bassett and Beasley, our gentlemen of lenses and shutters, signaled that the light had become useless. Kennedy spoke with Coppermine again. Perhaps we could land there and wait for better visibility. Don't try it, the advice came back. The landing ground had been badly hummocked by a recent gale and would be risky for a heavy ship carrying four thousand pounds of humanity, dogs, cameras, sleeping bags, and grub. No use to chance a crashed ski and ground ourselves n an Eskimo village, waiting for spare parts to be flown from Ednonton. No use wasting film on his blear light. Better to get back across the Septembers while we ould, hope for sunshine on the ther side, and see what could be ound in the way of stragglers to hotograph. Snyder looked blue.

Kennedy turned south again, ushing over the mountains toward e timber line, back amongst the nall lakes of the interior with eir minor herds of northward oving animals. As the Septemers fell behind so did the coastal murk and soon we emerged into sunshine under a five thousand foot ceiling.

Finally Snyder pointed to a group foraging on a low hillside, on the far side of which ran a long, narrow lake. Kennedy cut the gun, nosed down into a wide circle to bring us in from the far end, upwind. The mercury in the thermometer lashed to a strut began to fall again. The ship slid quietly down a plush-lined hill and landed in a bed of snow.

Out in mid-lake we could see four caribou, which turned and ran as the plane rushed toward them, drawing away rapidly as the ship slowed. All four had vanished before we could jump out.

Wylie unloaded the dogs and sled, into which the camera equipment was piled. Snowshoes were strapped to moccasined feet and the party moved off to a vantage point close to a narrow draw a mile away up, which the grazing animals we had seen from the air must travel when they resumed their northward journey. Failing a visit from this herd, we hoped to be able to spot any movement from our hillside station and sneak into camera range unobserved. Kennedy, meanwhile, had taken off again, with instructions to come back in time to carry us to Eldorado by nightfall.

Approaching the draw, we could see flashes of bright brown at its first bend; possibly more caribou which had been startled by the

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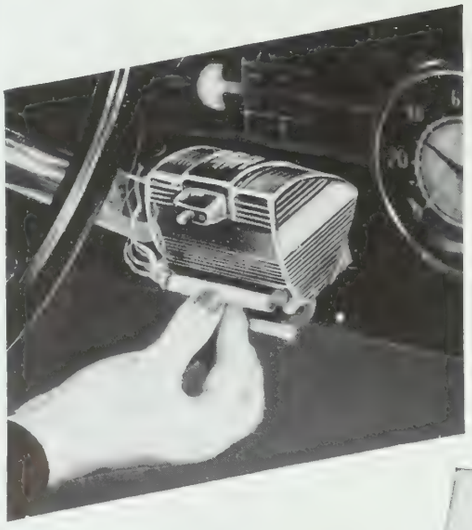

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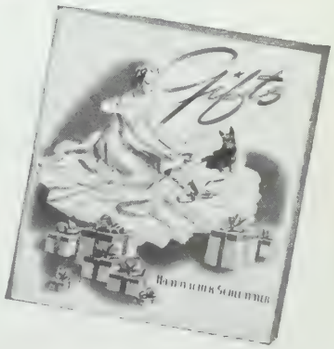

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plane. Bassett and Beasley hastily set up on the bank, in case these animals should come toward us, but no further sign of them was seen. We set to work to establish a more permanent camera base against the hillside. The waist-deep snow was soft as down. By jumping and sitting simultaneously the effect was that of collapsing into a well-padded armchair. Wylie, our gun-hunter, had taken up his post with the dogs on the edge of the lake, the huskies lying motionless in the snow, watching their master's every move.

The cameras were soon focussed and ready. Before leaving Great Bear Lake they had been de-oiled, de-greased, and washed in gasoline to prevent freezing of their intricate insides. Since our arrival at Eldorado they had been kept away from warmth to prevent moisture forming and subsequent freezing. Aboard the plane they had been stacked beside an open porthole. Now our major concern was for the film in the big movie machine, for the temperature had dropped almost thirty degrees since we had left our topmost altitude. Would the film snap in the cold? Beasley tested it and reported "smooth as silk."

An hour passed. Not a whisper of sound, not a flicker of movement was heard or seen on our sheltered, uncharted lake.

From concealment behind the hill a file of eight caribou was moving down, a series of perfectly spaced silhouettes, running effortlessly and gracefully in perfect line. As they reached the lake they were perhaps six hundred yards from the lenses, but going away. Wylie called to ask if he should shoot ahead of them to turn them back. Snyder shook his head. In a few moments they had disappeared.

More time passed. We debated whether to stay where we were, move up the draw, or scout the hill to see if there were still caribou on its far side. If we should move the going would be laborious, but at least that would be warmer than alternately sitting and standing in a snowbank, just waiting. Snyder grinned and said, "Don't get excited boys. We've got all day."

Suddenly three caribou appeared on the lake, coming from the direction in which the eight had disappeared two hours earlier. They stood about as several others arrived, until nine in all had joined the conference. The nine circled aimlessly, tentatively, like a committee trying to decide its course of action. Then an antlered animal, slightly larger than the rest, trotted out from behind a cape, loped up the lake and took command briskly, the others falling in behind him obediently. Steadily, in file, they moved toward the cameras. If the leader would hold to his course he would bring his flock straight into the lenses, at a distance of not more than seventy-five yards. Somehow the frigidity seemed to have disappeared from the air.

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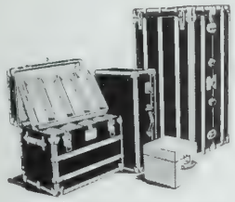

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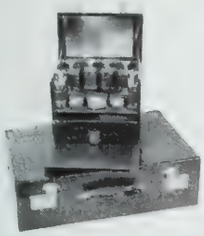

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The caribou came on rapidly. A moment before they were nothing but dark, quadruped outlines. Now the silver gray on the leader's chest and the brown of his back were clearly limned. As they approached, the trotting motion became a stiff-legged gallop, with forelegs flying into the snow, as if each animal's backbone had been hinged in the middle. Wylie, at the foot of the hill with the dogs, began to fidget and look up for instructions. This was meat on the hoof, galloping towards a hunter's gun. Pictures? Shucks! But the leader had passed and half the followers were abreast before Snyder gave the nod to fire. Let the cameras get their pictures first!

At the first sharp rifle crack the caribou halted as though suddenly frozen, one collapsing in the snow. Then the others began to wheel uncertainly, their whole plan of action suddenly interrupted by this unexpected noise and the fall of one of their number. But as Wylie's gun spoke again and another fell, the survivors scattered. Two brown huddles in the snow offered mute testimony to the breaking of the age-long silence of the wilderness. For a moment those on the hillside seemed disinclined to puncture it again.

But fresh meat must be dressed before it freezes. The party, divided into two squads, donned its snowshoes and mushed out to the cadavers on the lake. Both were sleek and fat and heavily furred, their meat darker than fresh beef, but of finer texture. In fourteen minutes the job was finished, cameras dismounted for the journey home. Kennedy reappeared, back from Eldorado with refilled tanks. The carcasses were stowed in the cabin. Sled and dogs were heaved aboard again. The parka-clad passengers climbed in. The prop spun and the hunt was over. All that remained as evidence of the kill were the piles of offal on the ice of an unmapped Arctic lake. The wolves would clean those away before morning.

Caribou tongues as an entrée; caribou steak for the *pièce de résistance*—the camp's first fresh meat in a fortnight—were the night's order of dining. Then more slippered hours before a red hot stove, with glasses at hand and boiling water for a mixer, as hunting tales flew high and wide.

A constable of the Royal Canadian Mounted added his quota to the fanning bee, the tale of an attempt to census the migration several seasons ago, at a point where the caribou trail led through the bottle-neck of a draw between steep, wooded banks. For three days and three nights the main herd had streamed through that narrow gut, four and five abreast. After it had passed, the carcasses of more than four hundred animals, trampled to death in the crush, were littered about the hard-packed snow.

The tale would have sounded fantastic yesterday. Tonight, after our adventure, it belonged in the realm of reasonable things.

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(*Continued from page 79*)

like Laöcoön group.) All of his subject matter is confined to British angling and some of it is almost unintelligible to most American fishermen. How many of you have ever attempted that branch of the art described in the chapter, "Bustard Fishing"? Have you, Mr. Connett? Or Mr. Arthur Bell? Ha! Ha! I thought not.

In "Pack and Paddock," by Tad Shepperd (The Derrydale Press) the author has attempted and successfully attempted the very difficult task of writing 144 pages of sporting verse, dealing mostly with hunting and racing, which hold your interest and stir your emotions. Much as I enjoyed Mr. Shepperd's volume, I shall start this hasty review with a few not very important criticisms. The author's poetry, *qua* poetry, as our English cousins say, slips up occasionally. His scansion is at times rough and uneven so that one has to read a line several times to get the proper rhythm. Mr. Shepperd, too often, falls back on the dismal device of "did fall," "did lie," "did meet," which could have been avoided with a little ingenuity. Secondly, I read for some time before I could decide whether the hunting poems described scenes and actions in England or America. Of course, our stable and racing and hunting vocabulary is predominantly of English origin, but the nomenclature of our towns and natural objects and the places where hounds will meet are generally quite different from what you will find in "Reynard the Fox," or "Handley Cross," and Mr. Shepperd's nomenclature confused me. Hedges in the hunting field are rare in the U. S. A.

Thirdly, in the fine, long, and brilliant poem, "Saratoga," the author paints a vivid picture of an August day at The Spa. I hope, however, that in the future he will eliminate the four pages naming the racing personalities in the club house, grandstand, and paddock, or on the track, by their proper names. Not from the standpoint of taste, for most of these good people are not exactly shrinking violets, but because it is something that can be done as well—or better—in prose. And it is a waste of effort to write verse under these circumstances.

So much for the lime juice. Now for the gin and soda!

These poems are written with such swing and go, such vigor, that the reader is carried along as if on a galloping horse from beginning to end. There are pauses, of course, for a breather, because it's a long gallop, but throughout one has the sensation of drive and power. The author writes about things he loves. His emotion is decently restrained but you know that it is felt. Such a book challenges comparison with the classic books of sporting verse, which is hard but inevitable. It would be odious to compare Mr. Shepperd's work with that of Masefield or Will H. Ogilvie—to name two of the latest masters, for the former lacks the technical skill and facility of the latter, but in some respects many of these poems are ripe for the anthology of poems for and by lovers of foxhunting and racing. I congratulate Mr. Shepperd on a fine achievement.

The vignettes and drawings by Paul Brown add immeasurably to the appearance of this very handsome volume.

J. B. Lippincott Co. continues its series of "Week-End Books" by publishing "The Horseman's" ditto, ditto, ditto, by Gordon Winter ($2.50), a convenient volume, containing a lot of sound, concise information with a distinctly well chosen and stimulating anthology on the subject. The pieces chosen are reduced to the minimum of volume and thus achieve the maximum of variety—a good method.

Cruises around the world by amateurs on small schooners, followed by the inevitable book retailing their adventures, have become almost as plentiful as recent crops of Civil War novels. But I have read few more exciting and vivid stories of such voyaging than "Stars to Windward" by Bruce and Sheridan Fahnestock (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3) two American boys of twenty-one and twenty-three. After all kinds of incidents they and their shipmates on the schooner, *Director*, were

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forced, by fever and lack of funds, to sell their boat at Manila. Then with a sure instinct for trouble they proceeded to Shanghai and Peiping and ran into horrors. They went out boys and came home men. Their gallant story is delightfully written.

"Us Dogs" by G. Cornwallis-West, "Being the autobiography of Sambo, a Labrador" (Charles Scribner's Sons, $2). You know from the title. One of those animal talky stories for people with immature or doggy sentimental minds. It will be popular. The drawings by K. F. Barker are really excellent.

"Side-Saddle" by Doreen Archer Houblon (Charles Scribner's Sons, $5) is an admirably thorough and helpful book, both for those ladies who ride side-saddle already and for the beginners who waver between adopting that method or riding astride. The advantages and disadvantages of both systems are fairly presented. The author belongs to the conservative-liberal school, that is the fundamental principles are preserved with several new ideas of her own added. Of particular importance are her remarks on the saddle and pommels. The book is lavishly illustrated with photographs. If you follow her advice and study the illustrations you can't—as they used to say in a possibly unfortunate advertising slogan of The Simmons Bed Co.—go wrong on a side-saddle.

"Equitation," by Henry Wynmalen, with 100 illustrations, is an easier book dealing with this difficult subject for the layman to read and understand than most if not all of the others I have floundered through. You get to the hard parts by gradual and easy stages. The author begins with the History of Equitation, The Object of Schooling, then a chapter on the horse, followed with a somewhat controversial one on The Horse's Nature and Mentality. From then on, until P. 111, there is nothing to daunt the ordinary person who hacks or hunts or races. But from then, this reviewer, slowly but surely, bogs down. Advanced and High School riding are not suitable reading for those of us who use "Whoa!" and "Giddap" as our aides.

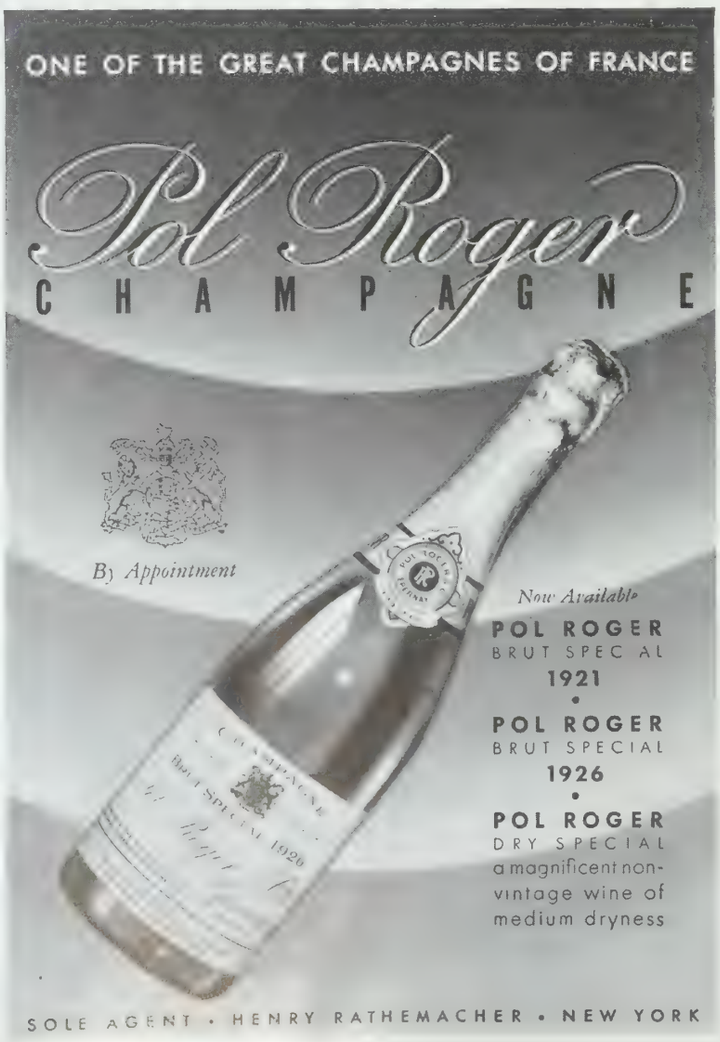
A clear, coherent, and well-presented book, admirably illustrated.

South'ard to the sun

(*Continued from page 43*)

east of Prince George Wharf or off the Board of Trade Dock (see detailed harbor chart). Nassau town is a charming place, gay and filled with a cosmopolitan crowd. There are many interesting sights and plenty of places to play. Also, stores, fuel, and yacht supplies of all types are available.

Note: Large yachts and Blue Water sailors usually make the trip from Miami to Nassau without stopping at Bimini or Cat Cay, in which case the course from Miami is laid directly to Great



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SHORT TRIPS

The yachtsman's heaven will be plotted out on the general plan of the Bahamas. Considering Nassau as the center of a wheel, delightful passages open out in all directions. There are deep water runs and shoal water runs, harbors are easily accessible, and the weather is almost always perfect. At least one trip should be made to the "Out Islands." While there is almost unlimited choice, four will be suggested. These need occupy only a few days, or, lapsing into a blissful tropical indolence, the yachtman can stretch his trip into weeks. Draft is the only headache: over five feet is likely to be troublesome.

TRIP A: EXUMA GROUP—From Nassau's "back door" it stands southeastward across the Banks to Highborne Cay, a distance of about 32 miles. Time the run to be into harbor by sundown. The Exuma Group is composed of many small cays, sparsely settled, with beautiful beaches and good fishing. Norman's Cay, near Highborne, has a fine harbor. It is possible to go on southwards on the Banks or pass on out into Exuma Sound. Galliot Cut, about 65 miles southward of Highborne, is a practical pass and a good anchorage, although the "West Indies Pilot" says: "Galliot Cut . . . the opening is so difficult to recognize, so narrow and intricate, and the tidal currents rush through it with such velocity that it is seldom used even by the smallest craft." Good old "Pilot!" If yachtsmen believed everything between its grim covers, there would be few on the sea!

From Galliot it is only about 35 miles to Georgetown, Great Exuma, which has a good harbor, a few supplies (you can buy excellent fresh goat's meat—not bad, in fact as good as lamb), and bi-monthly mail service. From here a more extended cruise can be made by visiting the Windward Group—Long Island, San Salvador, Crooked Island, Great Inagua, and Turk's Island. They are hardly worth the effort, however, despite the historical background (it is generally agreed that Columbus made his first landing on San Salvador) as they involve open water sailing and very few good harbors.

TRIP B: SPANISH WELLS AND ELEUTHERA—This is about the simplest and shortest of all; no open water sailing and very short distances. Leave Nassau by the "back door" and sail northeastwards behind the cays to Spanish Wells, a delightful small settlement having a white population. Go out around the northern tip of Eleuthera Island to Dunmoretown, Harbor Island, another pleasant settlement.

TRIP C: ANDROS ISLAND—Andros is the least known and most mysterious of the Bahama Group. There are vague legends about its interior, which has never been fully explored. Andros lies behind a

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barrier reef—a real one; no picnic grounds, which discourages many. Nevertheless, it may safely be entered at Fresh Creek or Middle Bight, the latter a famous bonefishing flat.

From Nassau coast westward along New Providence Island to Clifton Point where a good anchorage may be had for the night. Leave early in the morning—as soon as you can see your way out—because, even though the distance across Tongue of the Ocean to Fresh Creek is only 22 miles, it is well to arrive while the sun is high. Pass about 100 yards to the southward of the southernmost cay that forms the barrier reef at this point (off Fresh Creek), and head directly for the town, which lies about a mile behind the reef. Proceed slowly, sounding and watching the water ahead, and do not attempt this crossing with more than six feet. When the creek mouth opens steer for that—about six feet can be carried across the bar. Go well in and use a heavy anchor, as the tide ebb is very strong, especially at springs. (*Note*: The above pilotage information is accurate, and may safely be followed——information on Andros is indeed scarce: it is very rarely visited, but doubly interesting for that particular reason.)

Shoal water boats may proceed either north or south in protected water behind the reef, but *only with a local pilot*, as there are many coral heads and the passages between are intricate.

TRIP D: ABACO ISLAND—Abaco is settled mainly by Anglo-Saxon stock that left the United States at the time of the Revolution, remaining loyal to the Crown. The people are friendly and courteous and the island is interesting. There is good fishing and cattle hunting.

From Nassau it is easier for a small boat to go up along the Berry Islands to Great Stirrup, thence across Providence Channel to Hole in the Wall (Abaco) or via Spanish Welis and Eleuthera and then over. Cherokee Sound and Little Harbor are settlements really worth visiting.

Note: A good circular cruise for small boats that came to Nassau via Bimini and Northwest Light

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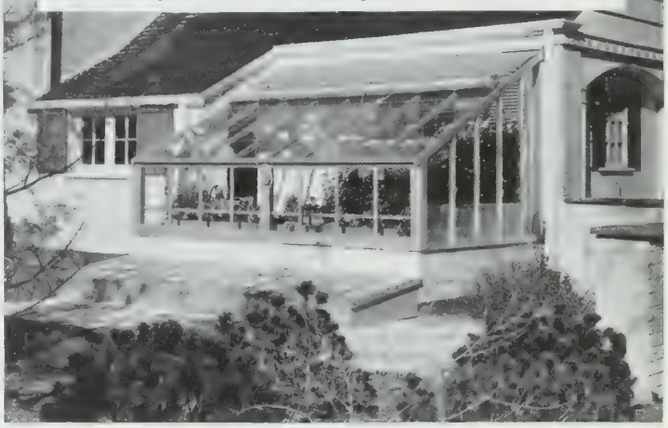

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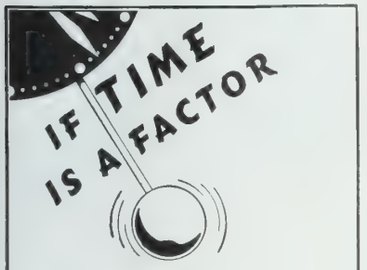

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is: Spanish Wells to Eleuthera to Abaco to Great Stirrup, down the Berry Islands, and back to Nassau.

General: A sailing dinghy should be carried on Out Island cruises as it offers unlimited sport in exploring shallow harbors and bights. Spare the general peace and serenity—forget the outboard motor! Carry a glass-bottomed bucket to break surface reflections so that the underwater world is more easily visible.

Also it must be understood that lights and buoys and channel markers are rare in the Out Islands. If caught outside of a harbor at dusk, anchor on the Banks or lay to in deeper water. Where there are settlements a pilot will scull out and offer his services (for a very small fee except at Bimini where they have been spoiled), but it is usually up to the skipper to follow pilot book instructions, charts (especially when detailed harbor charts are available), the sounding lead, and water colors. There is only one satisfactory guide to the smaller and more remote harbors: Dr. A. C. Strong's "Bahamian Harbors," an expensive book, but well worth the money.

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So far the cruises suggested have been practical for small yachts, all open water runs being short and anchorages almost always available. No particular knowledge of seamanship or navigation has been necessary. This cruise, however, should only be attempted in well-found cruising yachts manned by experienced Blue Water sailors. It is hard to make any rules concerning size as type and rig and personnel is more important than overall length. The writer, having spent most of his cruising time in sail, does not know much about the possibilities of power boats and is therefore inclined to distrust the smaller ones on open water passages. The owner of such a yacht, if qualified in point of experience to make this cruise, should be the best judge of the suitability of his ship for such a trip.

It should be frankly stated that this cruise is not a simple one to be casually undertaken without forethought. (Again, those qualified would not do so.) There are some longish open water jumps; a blow in the Crooked Island Passage, the Windward Passage, the Yucatan Channel, or in the Gulf Stream above Havana is no joke. This is not brought out with any intention of implying romance or tinting a perfectly straightforward cruise with the rosy hue of Great Adventure — a well-found ship, well rigged, well manned, and well navigated, should have no trouble at all. For that matter, the weather during the entire passage might be so good that it could be made in a canoe—but it is best not to count on it.

Leaving Miami, the route should be directly to Great Isaac Light, thence on to Nassau via Great Stirrup, as previously suggested. From Nassau, yachts drawing less than eight feet can proceed out through the back door and across the middle grounds to Ship Channel Light and enter Exuma Sound at that point. The distance is about 25 miles. The middle ground has several patches of rocky heads, shown on the chart, and vessels should proceed with caution, keeping a lookout ahead for water colors. It is not advised that sailing vessels beat across in a head wind.

Deeper draft vessels and those skippers who don't like to be on soundings must leave Nassau by the Hog Island Light entrance and go up and around the northern tip of Eleuthera Island; coast southwards down the east shore of Eleuthera and enter Exuma Sound between Eleuthera Point and Little San Salvador. Ship Channel Light can then be reached via deep water, or, in view of the prevailing wind, it would perhaps be better to hug the west shore of Cat Island to Devil's Point Light.

From Ship Channel there is a run of approximately 110 miles southward in Exuma Sound to Cape St. Maria Light on the northern end of Long Island. Right here it must be said that lights in this section are infrequent and sometimes unreliable—the "Light List"

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will note which are not to be trusted. The Bahamas maintain some lights just as good as any in the world, but these occur on the steamer lanes. Much of this section is used only by small island trading sloops and schooners, whose captains can look overside on a black night and tell where they are (well, almost!). If possible, this first part of the cruise should be made during full moon, but even then the islands are low and hard to see and they rise abruptly out of very deep water, so the sounding lead is almost useless. *When in doubt, heave to until morning.*

From Cape St. Maria Light, coast the east shore of Long Island to the light at Clarence Harbor, a distance of about 40 miles, where the Crooked Island Passage is entered. There is an excellent light on Bird Rock, and a fairly good one at Fortune Island. Coast the west shore of Crooked Island about 45 miles to Castle Island Light, another good light, by the way. *Note:* A low group of unlighted, rocky, barren cays named The Mira Por Vos lie about nine miles westward of Castle Island Light, and these must be given ample clearance as they are extremely dangerous, especially at night—be sure to keep close to Castle Island (nine miles, of course, gives plenty of room).

From Castle Island there is a choice of routes. If Haiti is to be visited, shape a course for Mathewtown, Great Inagua, a distance of about 85 miles. If there is time, Inagua is worth a stop. From Mathewtown to Cape Haitien, Haiti, is a run of about 115 miles. From Cape Haitien the interior can be visited by automobile, after which the roughest sea will seem mild. The ruins of the Emperor Christophe's castle should not be missed (read Vandercook's "Black Majesty" during watches below en route to Haiti). From Cape Haitien go out around Tortuga Island about 110 miles to Cape St. Nicholas Mole Light; there take a departure for Navassa Island, which is a run of about 125 miles.

From Castle Island, if Haiti is skipped, make a course for Cape Maysi Light, which is on the extreme eastern tip of Cuba. This distance is approximately 120 miles, and then on through the famous Windward Passage to Navassa Island, another run of approximately 125 miles. While in the Passage the towering mountains of both Cuba and Haiti are visible.

Navassa Island is United States property—how or why no one seems to know. A more desolate situation cannot be imagined: a flat table of rock rising vertically out of the sea, capped only by the slim spear of a tall lighthouse. The keeper's job should be one of the loneliest in the world. There is no harbor. However, the light is excellent, having a height given in the "Pilot Book" as 395 feet.

Taking a fresh departure from Navassa there is a run of about 75 miles to Morant Point Light,

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on the eastern end of Jamaica. Coast the south shore of Jamaica—in the Caribbean Sea, now, of course—to Kingston, which is approximately 65 miles. The entrance to Kingston Harbor is past Port Royal and although long is well marked. The harbor, behind the Palisados, is superb. All yacht supplies are available. Kingston is a gay winter resort, the home of the "planter's punch," and has a noble aroma of rum. It is a fine place for a few days of relaxation. A trip by car should certainly be made to the north shore and Montego Bay should not be slighted. Both are worth while.

Leaving Kingston Harbor, coast westward along the south shore of Jamaica to South Negril Point Light, a distance of about 125 miles. After making a departure from Negril Point the navigator—who up to now may have lost some sleep, but has had no really hard courses—must really swing a mean sextant. The next stop, Grand Cayman, is a small dot in a lot of water, and the islands are neither high nor well lighted. Soundings won't help much, because the passage is across the Bartlett Deep which has holes of over 3000 fathoms. Grand Cayman is located about 200 miles northwest of Negril Point.

Do not miss an opportunity to visit the Cayman Islands. There is no more interesting place in the entire West Indies. Very few yachts and no cruise ships make it a port of call. The people are the most courteous and likeable alive: there is an aura of *gemütlichkeit* comparable only to the Oktoberfest at Munich—and it is non-alcoholic. They are sailors and shipbuilders, worthy men of the sea.

Georgetown, on Grand Cayman, is the best sport. A yacht drawing less than eight feet can come into a rock slip right up to the main street of town. A pilot boat—and everyone who can pile aboard without sinking it does so—meets boats. The arrival of a yacht is a gala day, and, to show the character of the people, prices go down, not up. They can't do enough for you.

From Georgetown there is a run of about 275 miles in a northwesterly direction to Cape San Antonio Light, which is on the western end of Cuba. Also, from Grand Cayman, it is an easy passage to the Isle of Pines, off the south coast of Cuba. This is a beautiful little island, scenically. From the Isle of Pines coast past Cape Corrientes to Cape San Antonio.

From Cape San Antonio run north through the Yucatan Channel, staying fairly well off the Colorados Reefs, to Havana. The distance is about 150 miles, and the Gulf Stream helps. Havana, of course, is a pleasant city: probably the most sophisticated and cosmopolitan this side of Paris. The harbor is good, but the yacht should never be left unattended. Make sure all papers are in order as the Cuban authorities have a habit of being sticklers for detail. There are some good drives outside of Havana; if time allows, a highway runs all the way to Santiago de Cuba near the eastern end of the Island.

Leaving Havana, there is a run of about 250 miles up the Gulf Stream to Miami. Or Key West is only about 85 miles away. In either case the Gulf Stream helps for a quick passage.

Note: In this article only difficulties have been emphasized and dangers mentioned. No especial comment has been made on the easy, pleasant days of carefree sailing—and these will outnumber the bad times a hundred to one. Variations of the first two cruises outlined are annually taken by the score, in all types of cockleshell craft without the slightest trouble. The third is perfectly safe and easy if the ship and crew are qualified—it just doesn't happen to be a canoe paddler's paradise.

Any of these cruises will be enjoyable and memorable. The writer has made them all; visiting most of the places mentioned many times. Three trips through the Yucatan Channel were over water as smooth as that of the proverbial mill pond—the fourth was the one that bred respect for that particular stretch. Every good sailor is always prepared for the worst and then doesn't worry about it any more. It's a good rule.

Fair winds and calm anchorages!

The sportswoman

(*Continued from page 48*)

extremely reasonable that I'm sure enough would be left over in the budget to pay for the supervision of his early training. Almost anyone who understands dogs could accomplish something in this way. Of course not nearly as much nor as quickly as an experienced professional but enough to make it interesting and amusing and, also, to give one more personal feeling for one's dog than as if all the work were done by the expert. Before the first trial it would probably be best to have the finishing touches put on by the instructor, because professional handlers are so good natured as a rule that they charge only some fifty dollars a month for this sort of a job and are usually quite willing to throw in a lot of education for the owner along with that they give the dog. It would undoubtedly be a good thing to have this same professional handle your dog in the first few trials but you yourself have to start sometime and this is why the Women's Field Trial fills such an important place. A beginner might easily hesitate to take the risk of making a monkey of herself by handling her dog for the first time against a field made up of professionals and experienced amateurs, but at this trial, although the guns and judges are men, the dogs are all handled by women and they manage to create such a delightfully informal atmosphere and to be so broadminded and encouraging that they would be sure to make the greenest of novices comfortable and thereby lessen the likelihood of nervous mistakes.

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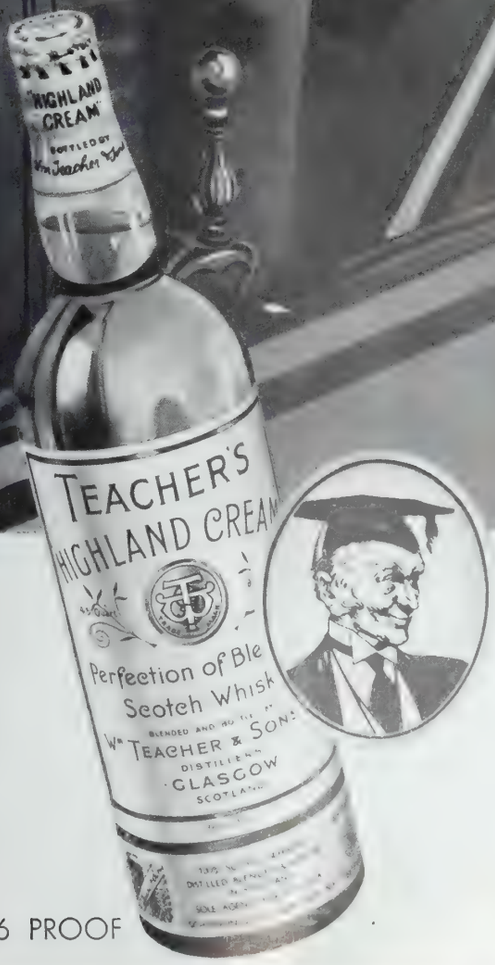

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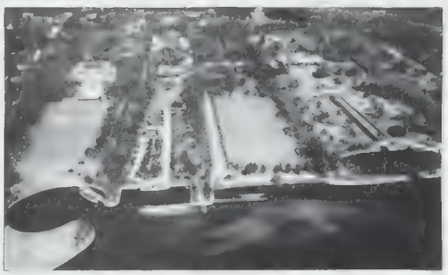

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DOG STARS by Vinton P. Breese

Dog Shows Through the Ages . . . Classifications . . . Philadelphia Show

TIME was, and not so very many years ago, when there were two intervals of two months each during the year with practically no dog shows listed on the kennel calendar. But this is of the past, while the present views an almost continuous canine cavalcade of exhibition. This is due entirely to the extensive and ever increasing interest in pure bred show dogs which reaches from the Dominion to the Gulf and the Atlantic to the Pacific. The first of these non-exhibition periods was the months of July and August when the summer heat made it uncomfortable and even hazardous for dogs to be shipped by rail to shows, but the ever growing trend toward carrying dogs by motor car and truck, which greatly mitigates the tribulations of travel, and the ever increasing number of outdoor shows made it imperative to include these two months upon the schedule in order to obviate conflicting dates among shows in a comparatively limited area. The second non-exhibition period comprised the months of December and January, the Christmas holiday season, when the exhibition of dogs was allowed to lapse in lieu of other activities. But again the increasing number of indoor shows and the anxiety of a few show-giving clubs to obtain non-conflicting dates for their events has caused an encroachment upon even this festive time, until now the exhibition of pure bred dogs is practically a continuity throughout the entire year and it is about the only sport in the country of such standing.

However, during the latter period when dog shows are at their lowest ebb, many owners take advantage of this time to give their dogs a well earned rest before entering upon the most hectic series of circuits of the year which start with the Westminster Kennel Club fixture at Madison Square Garden, swing up through New England states, over through New York State, then out through the Midwest and so on until the outdoor dog show season opens in May. Due to this coming galaxy of indoor dog shows, which is usually heavily attended by the lay public who are unfamiliar with the procedure or routine governing the judging at dog shows, but patronize them just the same because of an inherent admiration of pure bred dogs, it is thought the time opportune to furnish a brief description of the same for their enlightenment and increased interest.

Crown Foto Features

CLASSES. According to the rules of the American Kennel Club, in each sex of a breed there are six classes: the Puppy, Novice, American-bred, Limit, Open, and Winners. The Puppy class is for dogs six and not over twelve months of age. The Novice, for dogs six months of age and over, which have never won a first prize, excepting in the Puppy class. The American-bred, for all dogs six months of age and over, except Champions, whelped in the United States and by a mating which took place in the United States. The Limit, for all dogs six months of age or over, except Champions, never having won six first prizes in said class. The Open, for all dogs six months of age or over, except in a specialty show limited to American-bred dogs. The Winners, for all dogs which have won first prizes in the preceding classes. When the Winners ribbon has been awarded the dog which was previously placed second to him, if undefeated by any other dog, may compete against the remaining first prize winners for the Reserve Winners ribbon.

The foregoing takes place in each sex resulting in a Winners dog and a Winners bitch which then compete for Best of Winners leaving only one. But there is still Best of Breed to be decided and usually at major shows there are several Champions entered for special prizes only and the Best of Winners dog must try conclusions with them to take highest honors in the breed and become eligible for the variety competition. However, it is more often the case than otherwise that one of the title holders is successful. Then come the group classes of the variety competition which are six in number for sporting breeds, hound breeds, working breeds, terrier breeds, toy breeds, and non-sporting breeds. These are composed of only one dog of each breed which has been adjudged best of the breed and which automatically makes him eligible to compete in the group representing his breed and there are first, second, third, and fourth prizes awarded. Through this gradual course of elimination we are now nearing the grand climax of the show which, of course, is Best in Show and for which only six dogs are eligible; these naturally are the winners of the preceding six groups just enumerated.

To the average dog show follower all of this is very simple and comprehensive but to the layman, unfamiliar with dog show routine, it seems to smack of a mysterious manner, particularly in the arrival of the group classes and that they are of recent origin. To be sure these groups have been in operation in precisely the same manner for the past sixteen years, since 1924, save that in 1930 the sporting dog group was divided, with separate classes for bird dogs and hounds and making six instead of five groups as previously. Even before this present group arrangement was inaugurated there were variety classes which corresponded very closely to them, but instead of being composed of the best of breed winners, a regular entry fee was paid by owners to enter their dogs, usually champions, and they assumed a challenge complexion. The then climactic contest of Best in Show was composed of the winners of these classes and all of the best of breed winners which, at such a show as Westminster, might make a class of seventy-five or more competitors. Therefore there was a most unwieldly assemblage of dogs to examine and accurately select the best and it is thought that the present routine of variety competition is an infinitely superior system.

EARLY CLASSIFICATIONS. Although all of this is completely confined to comparatively modern times the classification of canines is no modern matter as the custom dates back some two thousand years to the early Roman era. Similar to the American Kennel Club the Romans divided their dogs into six groups, although the two sets of groups do not correspond exactly. In Rome there were the Canes villatici (house dogs); Canes pastorales pecuarii (shepherd dogs); Canes venatici (sporting dogs); Pugnaces or bellicosi (pugnacious or war dogs); Nares sagaces (dogs which ran by scent); and Pedipus celeres (swift dogs which ran by sight). In the United States we have a sporting dog group which is composed of bird dogs; a hound dog group, which includes both scent and sight hounds; a working dog group, including shepherd dogs and the dogs which the Romans termed war dogs; a terrier group, which had no counterpart in Roman times; a toy dog group, which unaccountably is missing from the Roman classification as tiny canine pets were very popular among the ruling classes; and a non-sporting dog group, which doubtless includes some of the breeds that the Romans listed as house dogs.

Of course, we know comparatively little of the Romans and their dogs but it seems that they had a very logical way of classifying the various breeds into six groups according to their utility or the role they played in the general scheme of things in those early times. It seems a strange coincidence that throughout the passing of two thousand years, down to the present time, we also should have six groups of dogs which, to a considerable extent, correspond to (*Continued on page 11*)

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Month in the Field by George Turrell

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(Further pictures of Biddle Estate on pages 52-53)

Long Island Retriever Trial . . . Western Winners . . . Trophies

LAST month we discussed the Springers and Cockers and a couple of the important autumn Spaniel trials and, not having room for both, we promised to go into the Eastern retriever situation this time. Now we proceed to do so as best we can in limited space—the subject itself is almost unlimited. In retrospect the autumn trial season was really a grand one. It got off to a slow start, due to the weather rather than to any fault of humans or dogs, but it finished fast. It was a season of well run trials and sanely thought out tests for the dogs.

LONG ISLAND TRIAL. Starting at the end of the season instead of the beginning, we would like to say a few words in praise of this year's edition of the Long Island Retriever Field Trial. Of course, there are lots of field trials held on Long Island in the course of the year, but there is only one "Long Island" trial. This one is sponsored by the Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club, comes at the end of the season, is limited to dogs that have been previously placed in A.K.C. licensed or member club trials, and obviously is intended to be the climax of the Eastern retriever season. However, it hasn't always been the grand finale that it is intended to be. For instance, two years ago the dogs failed to do their part. The leading contestants, after a year that produced exceptionally good work too, suddenly went stale or something, and no winner was declared. In '37 we criticized the way in which the trial was run. All the retrieves were short and quite easy, the idea being as we understood it, to keep the dogs within sight of the judges at all times so that "style" and speed could be closely observed. Of course, a pleasing and fast way of working is a very important factor in the judging of high-class field dogs but other equally important items such as marking ability, nose, obedience when at a distance, etc., enter into the picture too, and we felt that this trial was too unbalanced for such an important event—however that was last year; this year was quite different.

FINALE. The last running was all that it should be. In our opinion and in the opinions of everyone we talked to at the trial, including several handlers whose dogs had failed to make the grade, it was the most scrupulously fair and comprehensive all-age ever to be held in the East. Never have we seen the "breaks of the game" reduced to such a minimum, and we liked the way the judges put up the dogs that used their own intelligence in marking and finding above those that were too dependent on their handlers for direction. And they were tested for willingness to take direction too. As a matter of fact the dogs were tested thoroughly on every phase of retriever work. Consequently we can't think of any similar occasion when the capabilities of retrievers as field dogs were as thoroughly demonstrated. The work was difficult of course. It should be in a trial of this caliber. Even so we thought that the final blind retrieve was a bit too severe. The dogs were required to swim a wide channel through which a swift current ran and bring back a cold bird from an island. No shot was fired nor could there have been much scent to the birds for they have been killed the day before. Three out of the five dogs in the final series failed to get the bird so that three dogs held in reserve, Blemton Just Ted, Shagwong Gypsy, and Banchory Night Light, were called back, and as they all succeeded, found themselves a notch higher in the judges' estimation—Morgan Belmont's Just Ted got fourth and the other two Certificates of Merit. A test very similar to the above was also used in the American Chesapeake Club trial.

Blind of Arden the ultimate winner proved himself a great dog indeed as he went through the successive tests of the two-day stake, gradually outdistancing his opposition. Nigger of Barrington, Gordon Kelly's sensational Labrador from the West apparently was off form at this trial and was eliminated early in the running, something that doesn't happen often. Had he been at top form he probably would have given Blind, and Frederick Bedford's Ming, second dog, a battle that would have made field trial history. As a matter of fact none of the dogs from the West got anywhere in this trial. Nigger went out and so did Glenairlie Rocket, Freehaven Jay alone staying with them until the final series when he too came a cropper.

WESTERN WINNERS. If you have glanced through these columns before, you have probably noticed that we thought pretty highly of some of the retrievers out in the Middle West, particularly the three Labradors, Nigger of Barrington, owned by Gordon Kelly of Lake Forest, Ill., and the two youngsters, Glenairlie Rocket owned by Fletcher Garlock and Freehaven Jay owned by James L. Free. As you probably know these two Labs are litter brothers and also handled by brothers—James and Francis Hogan. Rocket and Jay created quite a sensation in the West last fall. There hardly was a derby that one or the other of them didn't win and usually the other was runner up. They didn't stop at derbies either, for in spite of their tender age they accounted for several all-age stakes between them. So we praised them to the skies, maintaining that they had it all over any of our young Eastern dogs. Well, after going through the Western trials neck and neck, they were sent East, and we began to get a little bit worried. After boosting them so, we would have looked pretty silly if they had proved to be good performers in their own back yard but not so hot in the other fellow's. We didn't have to worry for long though as the record shows. Rocket won the derby of the Labrador Retriever Club trial and Jay was second. Then Rocket topped the best in the East in the Carlisle Memorial All-Age after a combination land and water retrieve that won the acclaim of the whole gallery.

TROPHIES. Nigger of Barrington was also brought East after proving his supremacy in his own country out West. He didn't disappoint us either, for he won the All-Age at Rolling Rock and also at the Labrador Retriever Club's trial at Southampton, Long Island, drawing the praise of The Hon. Mrs. Joan Hill-Wood, English retriever authority, who officiated with Franklin B. Lord and Sherbourne Prescott at the latter event. These wins on top of his quite considerable Western triumphs were quite enough to win him the Field and Stream Trophy awarded each year by "Field and Stream" magazine to the outstanding retriever of the year. Nigger's success is also quite a feather in the cap of Francis Hogan who trained and handled him Francis Hogan also is the trainer and handler of Glenairlie Rocket by the way, and there may be further glory in store. You see, both Jay and Rocket are eligible for our own COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN Trophy, which is offered yearly for dogs born on or after January 1st of the year preceding the trials in which they compete. This has been an interesting feature of the hot contest between these two, for they have not only been neck and neck in the trials but have also been about even in points toward the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN Trophy. Now that the season is over it looks as if Rocket has won but, since the complete records have not been checked as yet we can't announce it officially. Next month we'll tell you for sure.

IRISH WATER SPANIEL TRIAL. One of the early season trials that interested us very much was the first formal trial held by

the Irish Water Spaniel Club of America. It was held on land and water adjoining the Lordship Skeet Grounds up at Stratford, Connecticut, which provided cover that was ideal for retrievers. This really was the second running of this event. It all started the year before when the owners of the few Irish Water Spaniels and Chesapeakes competed in an informal trial over the same grounds, and they all had such a good time and became so much interested that it was decided to make a formal trial of it this year. Consequently, Thomas C. Marshall and some of his interested friends strove mightily to put it over and succeeded in spite of adversity. They lacked the money behind the organization that some of the clubs have, but their enthusiasm and willingness to work made up for that. The weather was against them too for it was terribly hot, and many of the crack Eastern dogs were out West at the time competing in other trials. Still, they managed to run off a very satisfactory and workmanlike event. We sincerely hope that another year they will carry on in the same spirit. From the appearance of things events of this kind are sorely needed in the East these days.

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 8*)

the original sextet. Naturally throughout this long stretch of years many canine changes have taken place, breeds have become extinct, other breeds have been established, structural alterations have occurred through many generations of selective breeding, utility according to environment and the progress of time has shifted et cetera, but the two sets of groups were and are as nearly as possible the natural divisions according to the activities of the breeds. At the present time four of the groups, the sporting, hound, working and terrier are in absolute accordance with the utility of the breeds which compose them. Occasionally a faint voice is raised in objection to the classification of certain breeds in the non-sporting and toy dog groups. This particularly pertains to the Poodle, which it is claimed, and rightly, is a sporting breed and should be included in that group instead of the non-sporting group and that the Pug should be in the non-sporting instead of the toy group. However, such objections seem ill advised as the Poodle of today is far more of a family than a hunting dog and the Pug is only slightly over toy weight and is better qualified to compete in this group than with the larger non-sporting breeds. So it seems as if the breeds composing the six groups are classified precisely as they should be.

ENGLISH CLASSIFICATIONS. Although Great Britain is an infinitely older country than the United States in so far as the breeding and exhibition of pure bred dogs are concerned, it being rightly accredited with the origin, establishment and development of more breeds than any other country in the world, its system of judging seems to be antiquated and inequable as compared with the same in this country. An occurrence which definitely proves this point took place at the Scottish Kennel Club's Championship show at Edinburgh. But before citing the same a brief comparison of the routines of judging in the two countries should be offered. In Great Britain there are the Challenge Certificate Winners of the two sexes in each breed, corresponding to our Winners Dog and Winners Bitch. Then the Best of Variety, corresponding to our Best of Winners, also to our Best of Breed, as all Champions are entered in the regular classes. There are no group classes to correspond with ours. The contest for Best in Show includes, not as you might think only the Best of Variety Winners, but, the Challenge Certificate Winners of the two sexes through all breeds. Imagine the size of such a class with *two* dogs of *all* breeds competing and the interminable process of elimination down to a few contestants. There finally might remain two Challenge Certificate Winners of the same breed as the sole survivors for the final competition and this is precisely what happened at Edinburgh.

Regarding the occurrence we quote from an article written by Miss Phyllis Robson, Editor of the English publication, "The Dog World." "At long last the three judges weeded out the candidates to five, two Scottish Terriers, a Cocker, a Chow, and a Dalmatian. With all due deference to the three judges, we contend they were not at all well advised to keep two specimens of the same breed in such a small number for the final. We have never seen such a thing done before. Surely one of a bred is enough from which to make a selection? The Scottish Terriers were Mr. Robert Chapman's ten months old dog puppy,

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Heather Benefactor, purchased a month ago, and Mr. G. M. Barr's bitch, Rosehall Bright Charm, and the piquancy of the situation was that Mrs. Pacey, the eminent Scottish Terrier judge, had already placed the bitch as Best of Breed thereby beating the dog. It can therefore be imagined with what mixed feelings the vast doggy crowd watched three expert judges solemnly give the dog—which had been beaten for Best of Breed—the supreme honor of Best in Show.

"Whilst congratulating Mr. Robert Chapman on winning the supreme award for the fifth year in succession at the Scottish K. C. show, four times running with Ch. Heather Realization and this year with a son of his late champion (surely a record)—we do feel very strongly that the Kennel Club should not allow the two challenge certificate winners to compete for Best in Show. This method would shorten the now wearisome procedure of three judges going over some 80 to 100 dogs and finally selecting one which has already met its Waterloo. Truly the American system of selecting Best in Show from groups is far ahead of ours and never does such an anomaly occur in the States as that of a beaten dog taking the supreme honor."

As this distinguished kennel writer contends, never in this country can a beaten dog win Best in Show. Our gradual course of eliminations throughout the lesser regular classes, Winners, Best of Winners, Best of Breed, and Best of Group leaves absolutely no loophole for a defeated dog to become one of the final six contestants for Best in Show. Furthermore in the climactic contest the ring is not cluttered up with a plethora of unnecessary dogs, the majority of which have not the slightest chance of winning the premier prize. The system is an ideal of efficiency, time and labor saving, leaving no protracted period of weeding out to irk the audience but furnishes a fast finish for highest honors.

PHILADELPHIA. As with the majority of dog shows held during 1938 the forty-fourth annual renewal of the Kennel Club of Philadelphia fixture reached a record in both the quantity and quality of the dogs exhibited. There appeared many of the most famous canine campaigners and almost without exception they finished about in their usual high positions with little of the sensational in the way of upsets among them or unknowns forging to the fore. Best in show was awarded to James M. Austin's Smooth Fox Terrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, his thirty-eighth victory of the kind and placing him well out in front as the greatest winner of highest honors of any dog of any breed ever seen in America. Occasionally Saddler has seemed to consider the competition complacently but there was nothing of the lackadaisical in his manner on this appearance. He seemed to sense that Mrs. Annis A. Jones' intensely typical and indefatigable showing Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, was also there to win and he extended himself equally. According to judicial procedure the latter appeared to be the runner-up over such other notables as Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's German Shepherd Dog, Ch. Giralda's Geisha; H. E. Mellenthin's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie; C. P. Squire's Boston Terrier, Duneland Duke; and Arthur Mills' Yorkshire Terrier, Miss Wynsum. In the order named these dogs were the winners of the terrier, hound, working, sporting, non-sporting, and toy groups respectively.

HOUNDS AND TERRIERS. To head hounds Mrs. Jones' Herman Rinkton had to beat out Mrs. William du Pont's Beagle, Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman, also a noted group winner; Mrs. Helene W. Duker's Whippet, Ch. Miss Pantalettes; and Q. A. Shaw McKean's Afghan Hound, Rudiki of Prides Hill. The terrier group furnished the keenest kind of competition with Ch. Nornay Saddler finally forging to the fore over Choc Luing Kennels' Kerry Blue Terrier, Cr. Bumble Bee of Delwin; Badgewood Kennels' Sealyham Terrier, Nutfield Supreme of Badgewood; and Anthony Neary's Bedlington Terrier, Ch. Lady Rowena of Roanoakes; all noted best in show winners and closely matched in merit.

SPORTING DOGS. Sporting dogs were also a splendid group with the going close among them. Ch. My Own Brucie, best in show winner at the recent renewal of the important Westbury fixture, eventually finished first. Next in

(*Continued on page 85*)

GUNS & GAME by Col. H. P. Sheldon

Van de Poll from Monkemeyer

Tributes to a Sportsman and a Gracious Lady Wildfowl Restrictions

DR. JOHN C. PHILLIPS was a modest gentleman of New England. I am sure that, like Gran'ther Hill, he felt when it should come time for him to die he would be perfectly competent to attend to the matter himself, quietly and without ostentation as was his habit in dealing with various other affairs of life.

And so it was. One November day, with his dog on point on a grouse, John Phillips made his departure from among us in much the manner he would have preferred. Two or three years ago he and I talked about a shooting story by Ben Ames Williams, "The Eftest Way," which John admired greatly and included in one of his "Sketch Books." It concerned a man, an ardent upland gunner, who came suddenly to the end of his white tape in a strip of woodcock cover with two birds down on a double. John said with conviction, "That would be a grand way to go when a man's time was up, wouldn't it?"

In his lifetime John accomplished as much as any man to further the cause of wildlife conservation and to lift the standards of American sportsmanship. He was one of the group of men principally responsible for the enactment by Congress of important conservation legislation, and he held in bitter contempt those so called "sportsmen" who fought against these programs in defense of their own selfish purposes. A keen gunner he was, yet when he died John Phillips was under no sort of obligation to the game or to his fellow sportsmen. His own great work on waterfowl is a splendid contribution to sportsmen and the ornithologists. He did us all another service by collecting and publishing from time to time sketches, diaries, and narratives by many authors—valuable material that otherwise would have been lost to the world.

There is no need for me to do it and I have little enthusiasm to catalogue the works of this man. However notable these are, they seem infinitely less important to me at the moment than the qualities of friendship, frankness, generosity, and courage that were his in such full measure.

As the word went around all over this country I know that his friends gathered in small groups, drawn by the same sense of loneliness and loss at the news of John Phillips' death. I know, too, that they talked of him and recalled all sorts of pleasant things about their friend who was so singularly rich in all those qualities that become a man. And so we will leave him—there beside his wondering dog and the brown bird which he never saw.

TRIBUTE TO A GRACIOUS LADY. My heart is heavy indeed as I write to report the death of Mrs. E. C. Crossman, on October 21st, resulting from injuries received in an automobile accident. She was the wife of Captain Edward Crossman who is known internationally as a leading authority on small arms and ammunition. Captain Crossman was seriously injured at the same time.

Mrs. Crossman was a sportswoman—one of the top ranking rifle and shotgun shots in the country. She was also a fine musician who knew well the work of the great geniuses of harmony. I shall remember her as a lovely person, a graceful lady whose spirit was filled with gentleness, humor, honesty, and kindliness. When she entered a room or joined a group it was as if she carried a lamp, and its glow, falling upon those around her, lightened their thoughts. I suppose we should not say in sorrow that she went away too soon, but rather be glad that she came at all.

WILDFOWL RESTRICTIONS. A few days ago I asked a gunning acquaintance if he had had any luck with his duck shooting this season.

"No," said he, "I ain't even been. I'm scared to try it. It kinda seems to me like anything a man can do to a wild duck these days ain't really legal!"

It would in fact seem to be a much easier business to obtain permission from the dean of a female seminary to take the president of the Junior Class to see a dog fight than for a citizen to fare forth during the open season and return at eventide walking uprightly before all men and carrying a legal bag of legal wildfowl. He must have his state shooting license; he must have a federal migratory bird hunting stamp; he must use a shotgun not larger than 10 bore and one of a capacity of not to exceed three cartridges. He mustn't shoot before seven A.M. nor later than four P.M., and his bag limit is set at ten on certain species, three on others, and none at all on still others such as the wood duck. These are federal regulations. The states, if they wish, may apply still other restrictions and many of them do so.

It is entirely possible that some of these restrictions are unnecessary and that we might have fewer don'ts and just as many ducks, but anyone of sense who knows how near we were to losing these birds in 1933 and 1934 is not inclined to quibble over the means employed to prevent such a disaster. The point I mean to discuss is not what effect these laws and regulations have had upon the ducks, but their effect on honest gunners who would like to go into the marshes and sloughs and shoot ducks without standing in fear of the law. The bare possibility that one may be fined, lose his shooting license—and, in some states, his gun—if he kills the wrong kind of duck, fills a man with solemn foreboding at a time when he ought to be light hearted and happy for once in his harried, persecuted life. These modern rules require more skill and more knowledge on the part of the gunner—and that is not a bad idea.

Most of the regulations are easily understood. Most of us know enough to tell time, most of us can count ten dead ducks, but when it is necessary to distinguish between a species that we may shoot and another that we must not shoot, we find ourselves sometimes in heavy trouble. It's not always easy to identify ducks by their markings even when you have them actually in hand, and for some time I have (*Continued on page 16*)

On the Country Estate by George Turrell

Louis Fancher

International Livestock Exposition

Beef Cattle . . . Draft Horses . . . Percherons . . . Belgians

EACH year at the end of November the cream of the country's harvest is gathered together in the International Amphitheatre in Chicago's stockyards; there to be judged by experts and viewed by upwards of fifty thousand people a day for the duration of a week. This collection of the country's fattest cattle, sheep, and hogs; its most statuesque and powerful draft horses; and samples of its finest farm produce is the International Livestock Exposition, a huge country fair in the city. Each year it brings together thousands of people from all walks of life, and all of them, from the humblest drover to the wealthiest country gentleman, have one thing in common—a love of fine pure blooded livestock and of agriculture at its best. It's a grand holiday for most of them. For many, up from isolated farms, it is the great social event of the year.

BEEF CATTLE. Your first thought of the International is bound to be of the cattle. There you are in the middle of the stockyards with "Packingtown" over beyond, and you may forget for a moment that it is far more than a mere exhibition of fat stock ready for slaughter. However, the cattle probably are the most important feature of the show—certainly they are in numbers. There are rows of Herefords, Shorthorns, and of the increasingly popular shining black Aberdeen Angus, all of them so sleek and square and solid that they can scarcely walk. They don't walk really; they waddle as they are led to and from the judging arena, and you can't help but think of the delectable steaks and roasts under their glossy hides. With the exception of the milking Shorthorns there isn't a dairy cow to be seen.

DRAFT HORSES. It isn't until you get inside the barns that you appreciate the fact that in this mechanized age heavy draft horses are still extremely important. At the International the horse barns seem to cover acres, and when you see the great powerful rumps of Percherons, Belgians, Clydesdales, Shires, and Suffolks as they stand in the rows of stalls you realize that horse power is still a flesh and blood fact to farmers and landowners. The crowd likes the big horses too, and the ringside is always crowded when the judging of the draft classes is going on. Even those who don't know the fine points can get a thrill out of the great fellows. They are the personification of strength and endurance with their great hoofs, sturdy legs, and the tremendous bulk of their bodies. They seem cumbersome perhaps beside the daintier light harness and saddle horses, but their sheer power gives them a certain majesty.

PERCHERONS. The Percherons are still the most popular, 170 of them being shown this year. It was, as a matter of fact, the largest Percheron show seen at the exposition in a long time. The Percheron Association has been busily and intelligently going about standardizing their breed. They are trying to get away from the long-legged, light-boned type which is sometimes encountered these days and have accomplished a great deal with their breed type study classes. These classes have demonstrated the desirability of breeding a more rugged horse with good deep middles, shorter and more muscular legs with heavier bone, strong backs, good croups, clean legs, sloping pasterns, and good, big feet. They want to accomplish this and still keep the attractive heads and necks, well-balanced stride, alertness and style that have always been features of the breed. By encouraging the breeding of this type they will undoubtedly still further popularize this already very popular breed. The ideal type of Percheron has not been definitely decided on in every detail as yet, though by carefully analyzing the farmer's needs, and by careful study of the winning horses of today, they are steadily and rapidly working toward that end.

The Grand Champion Percheron Stallion this year was Hesitation Leon, a four-year-old exhibited by the Ohio State University of Columbus, Ohio. He was one of the stallions used in the type study groups conducted by the Percheron Association in 1937. The first five horses from each class were chosen for discussion and Hesitation Leon was considered to have second best head and neck, fourth best back and middle, second best bone and set of legs—front, hind, feet, pasterns, and third stallion with truest and best action. According to the standard he is not as compact and "drafty" as he should be. He needs a bit more depth of body and muscling to be perfect, but still is a splendid stallion and the top of a good show. Lancinante, shown by Conners Prairie Farm, the Grand Champion mare of 1937 won again this year. Looking better than ever she went to the head of the finest lot of Percheron mares to be seen at the Exposition in many years, a group representing the type that the association is pushing and clearly showing breed improvement. Enchanter, the 1937 Grand Champion, owned by Pine Tree Farms, went to the top of the Aged Stallion division and was Reserve Senior Champion. Incidentally 1939 is the 100th anniversary of the Percheron breed in this country. It is interesting to note that a great many of the finest Percherons in the United States come from three counties: Delaware County in Ohio has the greatest number of the breed of any county in this country. Then come Hamilton County, Indiana and Frederick County in Maryland.

BELGIANS. Next in number in draft horse classes were the Belgians with 104. Not as many as last year but those who know say the quality was higher, and that the Judge, David Haxton of Columbus, Ohio, had a very difficult task cut out for him. The Grand Champion Stallion was Jay Farceur shown by H. C. Horneman, Dansville, Ill. This horse has been a quite consistent winner for several years. Valseur de Labliau, shown by the Sugar Grove Farms, of Aurora, Ill., was the Reserve Stallion. The Grand Champion Mare was Jeannine also shown by H. C. Horneman. She is not only a fine type mare, but they say she raised a winning stallion foal this last year. Carlotta, shown by Boulder Bridge Farm, of Excelsior, Minn., was Reserve.

The draft horses and the beef cattle are only part of the whole show. There is also the regular horse show, with most of its classes at night. This is so popular that you have to reserve seats days in advance. It's a good horse show too, for some of the best stables in the country exhibit their hunters, jumpers, gaited saddle horses, and hackneys. Then there are the "acts"—trick riding, sheep herding, polo games, sheep shearing contests, parades of winning horses and cattle, and the great wagons of the brewers and meatpackers drawn by six draft horses in shining harness—all these things are wonderful fun and bring a roar of enthusiasm from the audience.

EDUCATION. Perhaps the most important function of the Exposition is that of education. The thousands of farmers that come learn ways in which they can get more out of their farms. Friday is always children's day. School children are admitted free that day and they come by the thousands, led by harassed teachers who are nearly driven to distraction trying to keep their groups herded. The place is a bedlam, for the kids get into everything and make so much noise that you can't hear yourself think.

This year we thought the roof of the amphitheatre would come off when a newly shorn sheep got loose in the arena. Thousands of shrill voices cheered as it successfully eluded half a dozen (*Continued on page 16*)

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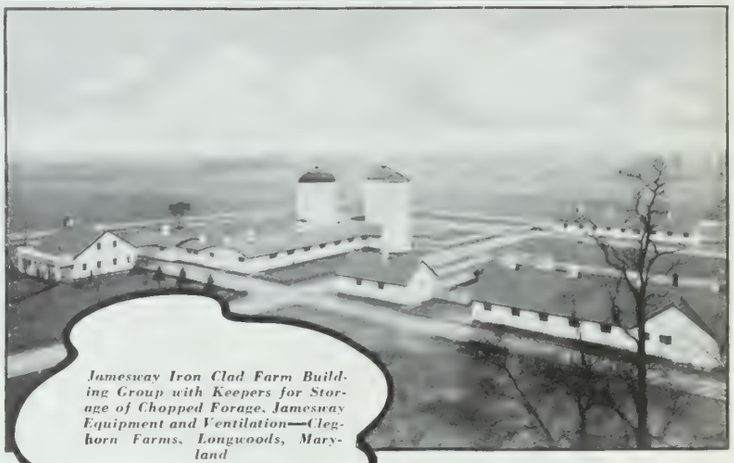

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pursuers. But the important thing is that the youngsters are intensely interested in everything they see and we are convinced that they really learn a lot, which is a good thing, for many of that group are the farmers of the future. Some of the children, the 4H Clubbers, are pretty expert in animal husbandry and other activities in their own right. When you see them grooming their cattle and proudly displaying sheep, pigs, canned goods, grain, and a million other things done entirely by themselves, you realize that the farms of the future are in good hands. After all fourteen-year-old Irene Brown, of Alido, Illinois, bought, raised and fed Mercer, the Grand Champion steer, beating all comers. She got a nice price for him too, $3.35 a pound—and there were 1,133 pounds.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 13*)

been inclined to think that a sportsman shouldn't depend entirely upon his knowledge of colorings and markings to keep him out of the chain gang. Because of its vivid coloring and crest the male wood duck ought to be easy to identify, but each season a lot of these forbidden fowl are killed—and by gunners of more than average experience. With other species, particularly among the diving ducks—canvasback, redhead, and scaup—not so distinctly marked, the case is even worse. More often than not the gunner has to look for identification marks on ducks on the wing and at some distance. He has no time to ponder on the precise shade of the spectrum or the color of the iris. Light, or the lack of it, mist, snow, or rain may add to the difficulties. No sportsman likes to kill a protected bird even though he may run little risk of being caught with it, but no one likes to pass up the only shot he's apt to have all day because he can't be quite sure of the identity of the species making up the flock that's whizzing across the stool.

It seems to me that a gunner may more profitably spend his time on a marsh studying the flight manners of ducks than in a museum of natural history examining their plumage. Each of the species has its own characteristic flight, a way of looking unlike any other even when seen at a distance against sky, water, or shore line. The distinguishing characteristics are difficult to describe but they are not difficult to observe and learn. Veteran gunners and guides know how to identify a flock of ducks while the birds are still too far away to show any trace of color. A day on the grounds with such a man is worth more to the student gunner than all the color charts ever made up.

There is another way to learn to know one duck from another but I do not recommend it. If in doubt, shoot a few and show them to a game warden. He'll probably tell you that they're wood ducks.

MARTIANS VS. ARYANS. After the beating we gave them a few weeks ago it is unlikely that the Martians will attempt another invasion before 1940. Never have we met a national emergency with equal gallantry and aplomb. At the first alarm a million Americans sprang up and with that cold battle gleam blazing in their eyes rushed out and took the "welcome" doormat off the front steps. There are, I think, great lessons we may learn from that experience—a lesson in arithmetic, certainly, and in a system of aerial navigation so excellent that our enemies using it were able to land canned "Birdseye" processed soldiers squarely across the Pulaski Highway from a range of 35,000,000 miles. But however good these unearthly populations may be at traversing interplanetary space, it seems unlikely that their civilization is equal to our own. A poll of all the planets and constellations must fail to disclose any race more gentle, chivalrous, forbearing, and compassionate than we proud Aryans have lately shown ourselves to be, nor one so sweetly apt at turning a marvelous thing like the gift of flight, for instance, into an assassin's device for the massacre of the helpless who worship God according to other customs and have a pigmentation that differs from our own.

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Twelve-Meters . . . . Ocean Racers . . . . National Motor Boat Show . . . . Labor Treaty

BRITANNIA, for forty years the bellwether of the British racing fleet, may rest in a watery grave, but her traditions go sailing on. Overhauling the rules governing the equipment of twelve-meter sloops a while ago, it occurred to officials of the North American Yacht Racing Union that it was rather silly to require the boats to carry heavy anchors and chains without also requiring a windlass to handle them with. This with other suggestions was forwarded to the British who agreed to several of the others but put their foot down in the matter of the windlass, explaining with beautiful simplicity that, "Britannia never had a windlass."

The British method of getting in chain is to hook one block of a tackle to the taffrail and the other to the chain just inside the hawse pipe and walk it in—also beautifully simple and very effective.

The Union's other suggestions for minor improvements in the class, some of which were received with approbation while others weren't, included increasing the cabin headroom to 6 feet, 6 inches (several owners here and abroad being out-size men); permitting teak decks the same weight as pine but thinner; allowing the use of a translucent material stronger than glass in skylights; requiring bronze or steel strapping in the way of the masts, and things like that.

TWELVE METERS. One nice thing about the Twelve-meter class is that it always gives us writers something to work on in the lean months. The Twelves are always planning great doings in the fall, and as the winter wears on the plans are changed and changed and changed (usually often enough for a paragraph every month) until spring rolls around with the Twelve-meter class in status quo. This month's item is that the American team which is going to invade England next summer has dwindled to a strength of one boat, and a boat yet unborn, at that. Alfred L. Loomis, who planned until recently to take *Northern Light* abroad, will be unable to do so owing to illness in his family and the boat, Long Island Sound champion last summer, is for sale. This leaves Mike Vanderbilt as the sole survivor of the original four-boat expeditionary force. Come to think of it, he wasn't one of the original four at all. Anyhow, he's still planning to go over. Maybe by next month we can eke another paragraph or two out of the fact that somebody else has decided to join him after all, or hasn't, or something.

OCEAN RACERS. The same meeting of the International Yacht Racing Union that passed on the twelve-meter rules also appointed a committee to do some further thinking about the possibility of an international measurement rule for ocean racers. The Cruising Club of America, along with the Royal Ocean Racing Club and sundry European bodies sponsoring ocean races, had previously been asked for their views. The C. C. of A. responded that it felt its present rule, which it is committed to using "as is" through 1940, was very much on the right track, but that the credits and penalties based on various features of design such as beam, depth, and freeboard appeared to be a little too large at present and it wants to do some experimenting before it's ready to recommend the rule for international adoption. Maybe if the plus and minus factors are scaled down a bit, future generations of ocean racers will look less as if they'd been all poured in the same mold, and then shrunk or expanded to fit the owner's size requirements, as so many of the 1938 Bermuda race starters did.

Maybe *Baruna's* foreign expedition next summer will prove something about rules. Henry C. Taylor plans to ship his Bermuda race winner abroad and to compete not only in the Fastnet but also in the Baltic races. The Fastnet is handicapped by the British Rule and the Baltic race will be handicapped under both the American and Swedish Rules. If she should happen to win under all three, it'll prove that the age of miracles is still with us.

While *Baruna* goes east in search of more territory to conquer Dick Reynolds is going off in the other direction with *Blitzen*, class B winner in the Bermuda race, and see what he can do about the trans-Pacific race from San Francisco to Honolulu. Suggested new slogan for Sparkman and Stephens, designers —"The sun never sets on our ocean racers."

NATIONAL MOTORBOAT SHOW. The thirty-fourth annual National Motorboat Show opens in the Grand Central Palace at New York, January 6, running through the 14th, and the preliminary publicity on the affair presages more and bigger things—as it always has, even in the depths of the depression. This year, however, there are a number of new manufacturers exhibiting, some of the old exhibitors are bidding for more space, and in general there should be at least the usual amount of progress to report. Too bad there isn't room for a few of the fine little standardized auxiliary cruising sloops that are being put out nowadays, but maybe they'd steal so much of the thunder from the powerboats that the sponsors of the show would get mad. It gives thought to the possibility of a supplementary spring or fall show of boats afloat—say at City Island, for the New York area, and corresponding locations for the other centers. (*Continued on page 85*)

Horse Notes & Comment by Elizabeth Grinnell

Toronto and Chicago Shows . . . New Race Tracks . . . New Year's Optimism

QUITE a few National exhibitors, including Mr. and Mrs. A. Biddle Duke, Miss Deborah Rood, Mrs. E. Graham Lewis, Mr. Crispin Oglebay, and Mr. Richard Sheehan, went to Toronto along with all the Army teams, to face the excellent competition that this attractive show always offers, and most of them managed to account for a class or so apiece. Kilkare Farms of Elberon, New Jersey, took the Saddle Horse Stake; Nan-Su Farms, of Highland Park, both the Harness Horse and Pony Stakes, but Cappy Smith, of the May Top stables turned out to be his country's hero as he took the Course "10" Stake for jumpers with Golden Brew and the President's Hunter Stake with Lord Britain, beating in the latter such horses as Mr. Oglebay's Holystone and Mrs. J. T. Moore Jr.'s Troop. Prior to the President's Stake Holystone had beaten Lord Britain, and won three or four classes of varying conditions, but at the time of the stake it was Lord Britain's turn. In any case it must be admitted that our United States made a very creditable showing, because they certainly have excellent hunters in Canada and they know how to ride them too. Toronto ends with a class over 5 ft., 5 ft. 6 in., and 6 ft. jumps and this also went back across the border with Mr. and Mrs. William J. Kennedy's Erin's Son. Let's sing the Star Spangled Banner. It always makes a good showing when you pick out a lot of classes on purpose, but don't forget that this was an eight day show, that there were a lot more classes and that Canada won a good proportion of them. That's one reason that Toronto is so popular with exhibitors from the United States. They are sure of meeting different horses, sure of close competition, and they are sure of having a very good time.

CHICAGO. The International in Chicago might have been the out-of-the-country show, rather than Toronto, as far as duplication of the Garden entries went for, barring Mrs. James B. Johnson's (Miss Frances Dodge) stable the entries were almost entirely different and they were different from Toronto, too, Nan-Su Farm being about the only notable exception. However, this is not extraordinary since the International, unlike Toronto, runs more to harness and saddle classes than it does to hunters. Some of the well-known winners in the saddle section were Red Top Farm's Snuffy Smith, Golden Avalanche, and Kalarama King; Mrs. A. C. Thompson's Happy Way Farm and the Heyl Pony Farm, along with Mrs. Johnson's horses and those from Nan-Su made good competition in the harness section, and Happy Way's Master Johnnie and Mr. F. J. Anderson's Rysco were two of the better hunters. And speaking of class conditions, which the American Horse Show Association seems to be doing lately, the International has a rather good way of wording theirs for championship equitation. "Contestants to be judged solely on their ability to ride and handle their mounts. * * * The judge shall require all contestants to ride at walk, trot, and canter, to reverse and canter on other lead. The judge shall consider their firmness of seat, their method of using hands, legs, and feet as aids, and their poise and smoothness in riding at the different gaits. The best riders, in the opinion of the judges, shall be required to back their mounts and canter in Figure 8, and *may* be required to work their horses back and forth on one side of the ring as well as around the ring; to drop the reins on the horses' neck and pick them up. They may be required to repeat any or all of the foregoing performances, and they may also be required to use other mounts and to perform such movements on the new mounts as the judge deems requisite, but changing mounts shall not be done except as a last resort, seldom necessary." That *ought* to cover the ground. It's long enough, and I especially like that "may"—there will, in other words, be no surprises and yet the judges won't be forced to waste valuable time watching things that will be of no assistance in judging the class. But I don't quite get the last part. "Seldom necessary (to change mounts)." Personally I am inclined to think this is often one of the *most* necessary and important tests of horsemanship. However, these conditions don't tell the judges that they can't change horses should they want to do so.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT. For this month I had almost made up my mind to join the crowd that is always complaining and shouting about what is wrong with the world but looking forward into the New Year it is difficult to be much of anything but optimistic concerning the various branches of the horse sports, except, possibly, the complainers. Practically every department, the race tracks, horse shows, trotting tracks, hunting, polo, hunt meetings, hacking, in fact everything concerned with horses is increasing in quantity and interest. It is quite extraordinary, when you look back over the obstacles that these sports have surmounted, that this should be so. The coming of the motor age, wars, depressions, recessions and all sorts of national and international disturbances have hardly interfered with their growth at all. In spite of everything that has happened they still continue to get bigger and better, providing they are deserving, but the most decided and soundest part of this evolution is the fact that whereas some decades ago, interest in pleasure horses was limited to the so-called privileged classes, now this interest belongs to the general public and if there is any hint of danger it's in over production without proper control.

Louis Fancher

General view of this year's Old Glory Sale at Squadron A Armory

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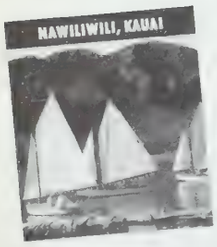
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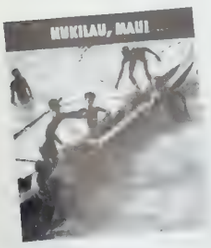
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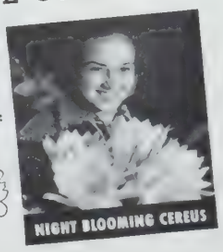
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Steamship Sailings

To Europe and the Mediterranean

Sail	From	To	Line	Steamer
January 4	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Transylvania
January 4	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
January 4	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Europa
January 4	New York	Genoa	Italian	Roma
January 5	New York	Hamburg	United States	Manhattan
January 5	New York	Havre	French	Champlain
January 6	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanstates
January 6	New York	London	United States	American Trader
January 6	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Andania
January 6	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of York
January 7	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg
January 7	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Noordam
January 7	New York	Genoa	Italian	Conte di Savoia
January 7	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Pennland
January 11	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Roosevelt
January 12	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Ascania
January 13	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Murmalson
January 13	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Atholl
January 13	New York	London	United States	American Merchant
January 13	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Importer
January 14	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Ilsenstein
January 14	New York	Ragusa	Italian	Rex
January 14	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Volendam
January 14	New York	Havre	French	Paris
January 14	New York	Haifa	American Export	Excalibur
January 18	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Caledonia
January 19	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Ausonia
January 19	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia-America	Batory
January 19	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hansa
January 19	New York	Hamburg	United States	Washington
January 20	New York	London	United States	American Farmer
January 20	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Antonia
January 20	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Bedford
January 20	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanyork
January 21	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
January 21	New York	Havre	French	Ile de France
January 21	Boston	Liverpool	Furness	Newfoundland
January 21	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Zeendam
January 21	New York	Trieste	Italian	Vulcania
January 21	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Westernland
January 21	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish American	Drottningholm
January 25	New York	Oslo	Norwegian American	Bergensfjord
January 27	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanmail
January 27	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
January 27	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Samaria
January 27	New York	London	United States	American Banker
January 27	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Shipper
January 28	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Gerolstein
January 28	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-American	Veendam
January 28	New York	Havre	French	Champlain
January 28	New York	Haifa	American Export	Exeter

To Central and South America

January 4	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica
January 7	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
January 7	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Clara
January 7	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Southern Prince
January 11	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
January 13	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Maria
January 14	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Uruguay
January 14	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
January 18	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
January 20	New York	Chanaral	Grace	Santa Rita
January 21	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Eastern Prince
January 21	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica
January 25	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
January 28	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Argentina
January 28	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Lucia
January 28	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua

Pacific Sailings

January 3	San Francisco	Melbourne	Matson	Mariposa
January 5	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
January 6	Los Angeles	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Asama Maru
January 7	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Canada
January 9	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Coolidge
January 12	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hikawa Maru
January 13	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
January 16	Los Angeles	Hong Kong	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Tatuta Maru
January 17	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Polk
January 18	Vancouver	Sydney	Canadian Australasian	Aorangi
January 19	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
January 21	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Russia
January 22	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Taft
January 23	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hie Maru
January 27	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
January 31	San Francisco	Melbourne	Matson	Monterey

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FOX HUNTING by W. Newbold Ely, Jr., M.F.H.

Field Champion . . . Southern Meet
Indian Jacks . . . Show Judges

The Oconomowoc Hounds

THE Masters of Foxhounds Association has lost its president and every member has lost a sympathetic counselor and real friend. No association could have had a finer sportsman at its head. There are times when one can not write even half adequately, and this is one of them. So we can only echo what we have heard other masters say,—"We are going to try to do so and so in such and such a manner because we think Henry Vaughan would have liked it that way"; and although we have lost him, none of us will ever lose his guiding spirit, even though he is in that "Country" where there is always "Good Hunting."

FIELD TRIAL CHAMPION. The field trial champion of the United States wasn't exactly crowned but they sent him his crown. Many years ago James Jewell acquired a bitch named Nightingale from Dr. Jefferson Webb of Clark County, Kentucky, and bred her to Joe Ragland's Stride. Among the progeny was a young dog which he sold to Arch Stacey of Jackson, Ky., who named him Hawkeye Stacey. Hawkeye wasn't so hot the first two days of the All-Age and was not even being considered, so at the end of the fourth and last day Mr. Stacey quietly slipped back home with Hawkeye to Breathitt county a bit disappointed. But the greatest minds can be wrong—as was evidenced once by the writer selling a young dog for the proverbial song after which during the same year the pup proceeded to become the National Field Champion. But back in Jackson, Ky., the returns for the last two days' scoring were coming in from the bevies of judges, and when the last adding machine stopped clicking, lo and behold, Hawkeye had won the crown and given those Walker people one more thing to crow about.

SOUTHERN FOX HUNTERS' ASSOCIATION MEETING. And before we leave field trials the list of prizes of the Southern Fox Hunters' Association meeting was a well rounded one:—"Three prizes for the best dogs, six for best gyp, and more than forty other prizes. The list includes prizes for hunters, oldest car on grounds, largest family, oldest foxhunter present, oldest lady present, man with largest mouth, lady with smallest feet, best looking lady (men judges), ugliest man (lady judges), men's races, three-legged races, ladies' three-legged races, cracker eating contest, horn blowing contest, hunter entering largest number of dogs, battle royal with six chosen boys under 14 years of age. Man with ugliest nose (lady judges). Oldest married couple on grounds, latest married couple, men's wife calling contest, ladies' husband calling contest, pie eating contest for men with false teeth, best looking married couple, men's barrel contest, flour diving contest, hog calling contest, fiddlers' contest 50 years and up, best looking lady under 25, girl baby show under one year, boy baby show under one year, best lady yodeler, whistling contest for ladies, cow calling contest by farmer's wife, oldest lady present living in Metropolis, lady having largest feet, whistling contest for men, wiener eating contest, dirtiest married couple on the grounds, oddest looking married couple, tallest hunter present with dogs entered, married couple having latest family quarrel, stringiest headed lady, man having largest feet, best equipped vehicle for hunting, baldest headed man, rooster corn eating contest, lady presenting nicest piece of handiwork, best suckling colt, best suckling mule colt, best milk cow, best pen of chickens, best display of farm products, ladies' best display of canned goods." Among the most ideal places to hold field trials is Governor's Island in Lake Winnepesaukee, near the Weirs' midst the lovely smell of the pines and the pickerel lily pads. Here the New Hampshire Fox, Coon and Rabbit Hunters' Association holds its annual trials with five miles of lake front and no deer.

HUNTING IN INDIA. Recently a gentleman in India wrote me for American hounds. There they are apparently in need of very tender noses on account of the drought and great stamina on account of the heat. I was interested in learning that there are nineteen recognized hunts in India. Their quarry is the jackal, which averages about twenty pounds and is gray. His general diet is similar to our fox except that he has a very sweet tooth and bites the sugar cane near the ground and sucks out the sugar. Colonel Wakely sent the "English Horse & Hound" notes about the hill jack that took their hounds clear out of British India into the mountainous country of the tribes near the celebrated Khyber Pass, and mentioned that a young draft from the Quorn did very well. Then there are the country jack that give good runs but cover much less country, and finally the slinking mangy jack which haunts the hamlets and will not run. "In Peshawar the local Parthans, armed with spades, sticks, and stones almost surround the covert. Their object, in all good faith and with the greatest good humor, is to encompass the early demise of the jack so as to save us the trouble of galloping after him. On several occasions I have ordered my field to gallop at the mob and disperse them, so that the jack might have some chance of breaking covert. As against this there are no poultry claims in India and no wire. The jack cannot get the poultry because the latter usually reside in the houses of their owners." The jacks rely on their speed rather than their cunning when hunted with hounds.

HOUND SHOW JUDGES. Ned Carle who is always such a bulwark of the New York Hound Show writes me that the following gentlemen have consented to judge: American Hounds — Wm. duPont, Esq., M.F.H., Wilmington, Del.; English Hounds—J. Watson Webb, Esq., M.F.H., Shelburne, Vt.; Welsh Hounds—J. Stanley Reeve, Esq., Haverford, Pa.; Cross-breds—Wm. Almy, Jr., M.F.H., Jackson Boyd, Esq., M.F.H., Southern Pines, N. C.; Harriers—Harry T. Peters, Jr., Syosset, L. I.; Beagles—G. Kimball Clement, Esq., Haverhill, Mass.; Bassets—James S. Jones, Esq., Far Hills, N. J. The following are the stewards:—Edward H. Carle, Esq., Chief Steward; American Foxhounds—John C. Stewart, Esq., M.F.H., "Harkaway," Keswick, Va., J. Norris Thorne, Esq., 30 Pine St., N. Y. C., Carl B. Ely, Esq., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.; English Foxhounds—Robert P. Gibb, Esq., Far Hills, N. J., John B. H. Carter, Rose Tree Rd., Media, Pa.; Cross-Bred Foxhounds—John L. Winston, Esq., Mt. Paul, Gladstone, N. J., William W. Brainard, Jr., Greenwich, Conn; Welsh Foxhounds—E. Gaddis Plum, Esq., Red Bank, N. J., Francis L. Winston, Esq., Mt. Paul, Gladstone, N. J.; Harriers—Randall E. Pointdexter, Esq., M.F.H., Smithtown Branch, L. I., N. Y., Edwin Stewart, Esq., Rumson, N. J.; Bassets—Edward M. Ward, Jr., Locust Valley, L. I., W. W. Watson, Esq., Racquet & Tennis Club, 370 Park Ave., N. Y. C.; Beagles—Edward A. Hurd, Esq., "Buttonwood," Red Bank, N. J., David Challinor, Esq., 22 E. 47th St., N. Y. C.; Special Stewards—Morris Groves, Esq., 1329 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C., Robert Sedgwick, Esq., Racquet & Tennis Club, 370 Park Ave., N. Y. C. The show will again be held on Friday, January 27th at the Squadron A Armory, which proved so satisfactory last year.

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Incoming Steamships

From Europe and the Mediterranean

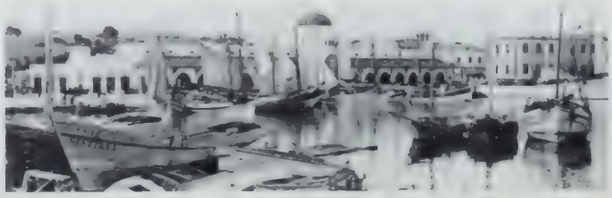
Steamer	*Line*	*From*	*To*	*Due*
Franconia	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	January 1
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	January 2
Andania	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	January 2
Pennland	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	January 4
Washington	United States	Hamburg	New York	January 5
Conte di Savoia	Italian	Genoa	New York	January 5
Duchess of Atholl	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	January 7
American Merchant	United States	London	New York	January 9
American Importer	United States	Liverpool	New York	January 9
Ascania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	January 10
Antonia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	January 10
Paris	French	Havre	New York	January 11
Ilsenstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	January 12
Rex	Italian	Ragusa	New York	January 12
Scanyork	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	January 12
Hansa	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	January 13
Britannic	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	January 13
Duchess of Bedford	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	January 14
President Harding	United States	Hamburg	New York	January 14
Drottningholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	January 15
Caledonia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	January 15
American Farmer	United States	London	New York	January 16
Zeendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	January 16
Batory	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	January 16
Westernland	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	January 17
Ile de France	French	Havre	New York	January 17
Exeter	American Export	Alexandria	New York	January 18
Vulcania	Italian	Trieste	New York	January 18
Newfoundland	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	January 19
Scanmail	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	January 19
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	January 20
New York	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	January 20
Bergensfjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	January 22
Montclare	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	January 22
Gripsholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	January 23
American Banker	United States	London	New York	January 23
American Shipper	United States	Glasgow	New York	January 23
Samaria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	January 24
Veendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	January 24
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	January 25
Champlain	French	Havre	New York	January 25
Conte di Savoia	Italian	Genoa	New York	January 26
Gerolstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	January 26
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	January 27
Cameronia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	January 29
Montrose	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	January 29
Georgic	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	January 29
American Trader	United States	London	New York	January 30
Andania	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	January 30
Noordam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	January 30
Aurania	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	January 31
Pennland	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	January 31

From Central and South America

Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 1
Santa Clara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	January 2
Eastern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	January 4
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 5
Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 8
Santa Maria	Grace Line	Valparaiso	New York	January 9
Uruguay	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	January 10
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 12
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 15
Santa Rita	Grace	Chanaral	New York	January 16
Northern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	January 18
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 19
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 22
Santa Lucia	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	January 23
Argentina	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	January 24
Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 26
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	January 29
Santa Barbara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	January 30

From the Orient and the South Seas

Asama Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	January 4
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	January 6
President Coolidge	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	January 7
Empress of Russia	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	January 9
Hie Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	January 11
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	January 13
Aorangi	Canadian Australasian	Sydney	Vancouver	January 13
Tatuta Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	January 14
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	January 20
President Taft	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	January 21
Monterey	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	January 24
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	January 27



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New Zealand
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Country Life Sports Calendar

JANUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 Horse Racing During January at Santa Anita Park, Cal. (Dec. 31st to Mar. 11th); Agua Caliente (Nov. 24th to indefinite date). Fair Grounds, La. (Nov. 24th to Mar. 25th). New Year's Regatta, San Diego Bay, Cal. New Year's Ski Jumping Contest, Davos, Switz. Ski Jumping Contest, Lans, Alps. International Jump Ski Races, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany. Ski Test, Rail Creek, Yosemite Park, Cal. Ski Jumping Contest, Bernina Leap, Pontresina, Switz.	**2** Horse Racing, New Year's Handicap, Santa Anita Park, Cal. Steeplechase Meeting, Manchester, Eng. (until 3rd). College Men's Ski Tournament Finals, Lake Placid, N. Y. Ski Jumping Contest, Gstaad, Switz. Annual Father and Son Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. All-America Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Brownsville, Tenn.	**3** End of Steeplechase Meeting, Manchester, Eng.	**4** Winter Sports Week, Altenau, Harz Mountains, Germany (until 15th).	**5**	**6** International Ski Jump Races, Innsbruck, Tyrol, Germany Grand Prix of The Paris Ski Club, Mégevè.	**7** Horse Racing, Santa Maria Stakes, Santa Anita Park, Cal.
8 American Spaniel Club Dog Show, New York (until 9th). Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami, Fla. International Ski Jumps and Races, Oberwiesenthal, Germany. Downhill Ski Race, Sils, near St. Moritz, Switz. Downhill and Long Distance Ski Races, Davos, Switz.	**9** Annual Pinehurst Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Pinehurst, N. C. (until 13th). Grenada Hunt and Field Trial Club, Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Grenada, Miss. End of American Spaniel Club Dog Show, New York.	**10** End of Horse Racing, Tropical Park, Fla. (from Dec. 19th).	**11** Hialeah Park Horse Race Meeting, Miami, Fla. (until March 4th). Inaugural Handicap, Hialeah Park, Fla.	**12** Oriental Park Horse Race Meeting, Havana, Cuba (until March 11th).	**13** End of Pinehurst Field Trial, Pinehurst, N. C.	**14** Golden Gate Kennel Club Dog Show, San Francisco, Cal. (until 15th). Horse Racing, San Pascual Handicap, Santa Anita Park, Cal. Sea Island Golf Club Tournament, Sea Island, Ga.
15 Downhill Ski Race, Pallis Cup, Ostaad, Switz. Ski Test, Rail Creek, Yosemite Park, Cal. End of Winter Sports Week, Altenau, Harz Mountains, Germany. Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami, Fla. End of Golden Gate Kennel Club Dog Show, San Francisco, Cal.	**16** Georgia Field Trial Club, Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Waynesboro, Ga.	**17**	**18** Bermuda Lawn Tennis Club, Invitation Tennis Tournament. Steeplechase Meeting, Lingfield Park, England (until 19th). Ski Tournament (Heidsieck Cup for Men and Jean Morin Cup Women), Chamonix, Switz.	**19** Lone Star Bird Dog Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), San Antonio, Tex. End of Steeplechase Meeting, Lingfield Park, England.	**20**	**21** Horse Racing, Hialeah Stakes, Hialeah Park, Fla. Horse Racing, Santa Susana Stakes, Santa Anita Park, Cal. Golf Tournament, Southern Pines, N. C. Sacramento Ski Club Tournament, Sacramento, Cal. (until 22nd).
22 Ski Tests, Badger Pass, Yosemite Park, Cal. Downhill and Slalom Ski Races, Davos, Switz. Downhill Ski Races, Pontresina, Switz. End of Sacramento Ski Club Tournament, Sacramento, Cal. Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta.	**23** Continental Field Trial Club Subscription Stakes (Pointers and Setters), Quitman, Ga. Steeplechase Meeting, Birmingham, England (until 24th).	**24** End of Steeplechase Meeting, Birmingham, Eng.	**25**	**26** Central California Field Trial Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Fresno, Cal. Ski Competition Garmisch - Partenkirchen, Germany (until 29th).	**27** New York Hound Show, Squadron A Armory, N. Y.	**28** Horse Racing, Miami Beach Handicap, Hialeah Park, Fla. Horse Racing, San Felipe Handicap, Santa Anita Park, Cal. Palm Springs Rodeo, Palm Springs, Cal. (until 29th). Sacramento Ski Club Intra-Club Meet, Sacramento, Cal. (until 29th).
29 Mt. Shasta Invitation Ski Club Meet, Calif. End of Palm Springs Rodeo. End of Ski Competition Garmisch - Partenkirchen, Germany. End of Winter Sports Week, Altenau Harz Mountains, Germany. End of Sacramento Ski Club, Intra-Club Meet. International Horse Racing on Frozen Lake, St. Moritz, Switz.	**30** National Field Trial Club, Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Shuqualak, Miss. Steeplechase Meeting, Leicester, England. Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami, Fla.	**31** Ski Tournament (United States Cup for Men, Lanvin Cup for Women, Chamonix. Miami Mid-Winter Amateur Golf Tournament, Miami, Fla. (until Feb. 3rd). Annual St. Valentine Golf Tournament for Women, Pinehurst, N. C. (until Feb. 3rd).				

For several years now, with chilblainy toes, I have been perching myself in the snows of American peaks, painting the landscape and jealously watching the lucky skiers go whizzing by. I have negotiated, not infrequently on my face, inexhaustible stretches of ski terrain rivaling anything in the Alps and found mountains so paintable as to make me forget, temporarily, a chronic old ski fever which I always have on a cold, snowy day. I caught it on an expedition to Pinkham Notch several seasons ago, and the doctors (of psychiatry) haven't been able to do anything about it.

Nearly everyone realizes by now that this endless snow country of the United States and Canada, glittering in the incredible color of the high altitudes, is on a par for ski-running with the Engadine or the Arlberg. Yet many sportsmen feel that a ski tour to the Sierra, the Rockies, or the Cascades would not compare in by-products of local color with the Tyrol or Bavaria. In nostalgic recollection I must say that Garmisch-Partenkirchen, St. Christoph, and other such places are overflowing with all sorts of things besides good skiing; but it is also true that many of the ski spots of this continent are redolent with their own individual atmosphere.

To me as a sample New Englander the ski country west of "the hump" has always been much more than something to slide down. Of course, hardly anyone speaks German at Soda Springs in the Sierra, but there are some interesting ski camps of strong Western architectural influence, with entrances on the second floor because of the thirty-foot snows. Soda Springs is on the Donner Pass, and as you run down the open slopes and through the tremendous evergreens, you can't help wondering about that ill-fated party of emigrants after whom the pass was named. If they had owned skis and known how to use them, they might have had little difficulty scaling what is now the three-mile Donner Run and readily have made their way to help and safety at Sutter's Fort in Sacramento. Dennis Jones, professional at the Soda Springs Hotel, has frequently packed over the ranges for scores of miles on ski tours of several days' duration. The immensely coughing engines which climb in pairs through the snow sheds of this high California defile are running on the line where the golden spike was driven in the crowning accomplishment of American railroading.

Colorado ski land west of Denver at Aspen, Berthoud Pass, and West Portal is in the midst of a ghost town region where the tall Rockies shroud in their snows forgotten mine shafts, bonanzas, and lost hopes. Then again, I should think that a Coloradan or Californian who, by some geographical maladjustment, might be skiing in the East would find considerable color in a Vermont or New Hampshire village deep in snow, we hope, our strange way of speech, and proclivity for song after skiing.

The ski villages of the Laurentians, with their habitant architecture and twanging dialect of French, are really a foreign country overnight from New York or Boston and have captured the lasting affection of many a skier. St. Sauveur des Monts in winter is one of my old stamping grounds, so I am going to start with it in a verbal ski tour of the best known American and Canadian snowfields. The itinerary will begin in the East and herringbone its way over the Continental Divide to such places as the incomparable Mt. Baker region of the Pacific Northwest.

St. Sauveur, capital of the Laurentian ski domain, with its Hill 70, is approximately fifty miles north of Montreal. It is surrounded by such picturesque places as Ste. Margueret, St. Agathe, Shawbridge, Val Morin, St. Adele, and, fittingly enough, Christieville, which is at the foot of one of the best but least known runs of the entire area.

The automobiles, with rare exception, are in bed in winter because they cannot negotiate the rolled roads: the crisp air rings with the clear note of sleigh bells, the whine of ski poles in the packed snow. One of the chief virtues of the region is the cross-country touring. A favorite way of doing it is to catch the morning Canadian Pacific train a few stations north or south, then ski back over the ranges in a series of climbs and runs that give an ever-changing variety of trails and open slopes, charming prospects of towns and farms.

There are many ski teachers in the region, instructing in the highly advisable concept of learning control and turns before attempting a Barney Oldfield on hickory. The best known school is that of Duke Dimitri of Leuchtenberg, with Canadian instructors, at St. Sauveur. Heinz von Allmen, famous Swiss racer, will be coaching Canadian downhill competitors and teaching skiing at Ste. Margueret this winter. Hans Falkner of Austria will be at St. Jovite.

St. Sauveur Street Scene (illustrated on the cover)

Atmosphere!

Twelve miles out of Quebec is Lac Beauport, ski country developed by H. Smith-Johannsen for the Chateau Frontenac. Heated buses convey the skiers out from the old city and back again. Smith-Johannsen, who is the grandpappy of Laurentian skiing, says that the terrain is as good as that of the St. Sauveur region, if less extensive. Laurentian temperatures run low, but in the dry air seldom seem more than exhilarating. Snow conditions in the Laurentians are exceptional and powder snow is usual. However, he who supposes that anywhere, even in Davos, there are perpetual Elysian Fields of powder snow is mistaken. Mountains just don't behave that way, and anywhere you go to ski the weather will at some time completely frustrate you.

When skiing took us by the ears ten years ago here in the East, it encompassed New England, New York State, and parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Innumerable towns in those states have all sorts of accommodations for winter sportsmen, ski schools, increasingly modern ski lifts. However the best facilities and the snow belts are still in New Hampshire and Vermont.

When a whimsical winter comes along there are three "snow bowls" which seem to get and keep those white crystals more permanently than other places. One is the Pinkham Notch region on the east side of Mt. Washington with its Gulf of Slides and Tuckerman's Ravine, locales of spring skiing. Tuckerman's in April, with the afternoon sun on it is about as spectacular a bit of mountain scenery as you will see anywhere. The second snow trap is the Mt. Mansfield section near Stowe, Vermont; the third is the relatively unfrequented Waterville Valley, north of Plymouth, New Hampshire.

A harbinger of an inevitable trend is the new aerial tramway at Franconia, New Hampshire, like two spiders on cable webs, swinging to the summit of Cannon Mountain and down again. When the West builds some, the Parsenn run at Davos may lose its leadership.

The really long alpine ski runs of the West are still accessible only by climbing, and if you enjoy it as much as I do, you won't mind the fact that there are no funiculars. All of the larger centers have ski tows, the elaborate ones at Sun Valley and Mt. Hood being the longest and the best; but the tall peaks and the glaciers open their vistas only to sealskins and muscle power.

For the denizens of sea level, climbing is a puffing process for the first few days at such a high place as Berthoud Pass, sixty miles west of Denver. For the Denverites, who live, eat, and sleep a mile in the air, exertion brings no appreciable boggling between the ears at Berthoud's 11,300 feet. However, the healthy visitor soon acclimates himself and the views are breathtaking enough to account for the whole thing anyway.

Down from the top of the pass, which amazingly is at tree line, are trails which you can run and then come painlessly up the road in an automobile to do it all over again. Above the pass are a ski tow, the open slopes of such places as Current Creek Basin, and 13,000 foot peaks.

The road from Denver, which crosses the pass, is kept open all winter by the mighty Snogos, which consume the deep drifts in their maws and spray the snow aside, looking like fireboats on parade in New York Harbor. Here the road crosses the Continental Divide and hairpins ten miles down to West Portal, 2000 feet below, where the trains from Denver come out of the Moffat Tunnel. West Portal is a primitive Western town with some fine old log buildings that were stagecoach stations. The most extensive skiing developments in Colorado have been carried out there and are now being augmented by a $30,000 project of trail and open slope clearance and the building of a 2000-foot ski lift. If you are looking for de luxe accommodations, they are not to be found.

A Swiss named Adolph, who runs a store at West Portal, has a pair of the tremendous old skis which came West with the Scandinavians in gold-rush days. They are ten feet long, were navigated with the aid of a single big pole on which the runner stick-rode, using it as a species of tiller. Adolph has put modern bindings on his museum pieces, and says that he can ski like anything with them, but I'd hate to see him in a slalom.

Deeper in the Colorado Rockies, in the heart of a ghost town region is Aspen, with its small but excellent Highland-Bavarian Lodge, its Roch Run. If tentative plans are carried out with the building of a hotel higher up, and aerial tramways, the 14,000 foot peaks would provide a paradise of long downhill courses.

The loyalties of Californians seem to be divided between colorful Soda Springs, mentioned earlier in this article, and Yosemite. Yosemite has Luggi Foeger, right-hand man of unfortunate Hannes Schneider, as head of the ski school, and Charles Proctor, Boston stylist, as the sports director. I have never yet been there, but of an evening I have heard the lads talk about the long runs, such as the Strawberry Creek, the (*Continued on page 74*)

Mt. Rainier Is a Ghost

On Berhoud Pass

Morning Run—Mt. Baker

Water colors courtesy of Arthur H. Harlow and Co., N. Y.; Doll and Richards, Boston; Courvoisier Gallery, San Francisco

Party on the porch after one of Mr. Biddle's famous meals. Right: The host hard at his work in the cellar room

GOOD LIVING IN "THE DELL"

EMILY KIMBROUGH

A. Mercer Biddle, Junior leaves his office in Philadelphia, and in one hour reaches "The Dell." He changes into shooting clothes, goes fifty feet from his house to his boathouse, slides his little grass-skirted duck boat into the river, paddles to an island which faces his house, spends an hour in heavenly oblivion and paddles back with duck or rail birds. The total time elapsed since his departure from Philadelphia has been, at the most, two hours and a half!

And the shooting does not complete the too-good-to-be-true quality of the place! In the cellar of the house is a room which is Mr. Biddle's own. It has in it a monumental coal range, and here Mr. Biddle cooks his birds after he has cleaned them. Often Sunday luncheon guests who play tennis or take walks while Mr. Biddle paddles out to shoot, find, on their return to the house, the shooting done, the cleaning ended, and the cooking at that exquisite moment of perfection when the dish is about to be lifted from the stove to the table. The room itself is a delight to the eye and to the taste, but a detailed description of it must wait its turn in the general scheme.

The site of this dream spot, The Dell, is Andalusia on the Delaware. The house was built about 1830 by Charles for Adolph Borie. Among their descendants, Charles Borie is today one of the distinguished architects of Philadelphia, and Adolph Borie, who died a few years ago, one of America's outstanding painters. In a delightful book, "The Bristol Pike," written by the Reverend S. F. Hotchkin, M.A. in 1893, the author says of The Dell,

"A dell near the house gives the above name to this fine country seat, which lies opposite Fairview Island. . . . The vessels on the river give a constant variety to the view from the piazza." All the places along that section of the Delaware are old and have been occupied by distinguished figures in American life. Andalusia, the place of the Charles J. Biddles which is near by, is one of the famous great estates of early America and has been occupied by the Biddle family through the generations since a little before 1810. Other members of the Biddle family live 'round about. Their roots are deep in Andalusia and in Torresdale, its neighboring town, as are those of the other members of that little community whose front vista is the Delaware. They are neighbors in an old-fashioned, almost forgotten sense. Perhaps they have inherited this quality from their forebears who established it when Philadelphia was *not* just an hour away, and this little community was its own nearly complete world.

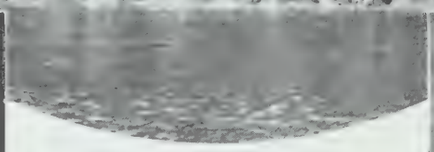
The Dell stands on a high bank above the river. It is an open house to the view and to the sun. The approach is by a very long, winding drive, through closely planted trees, but the house emerges from them well separated by a broad lawn. Half-way down the bank,

The table set for lunch in the cellar room at The Dell

Above: Mr. Biddle on his way to the island, sculling out in his duck boat

Above: Mr. Biddle and a companion, Mr. Robert F. Jefferys of Chestnut Hill

Above: Mrs. Yarnall Jacobs and Mr. Joseph Wharton Lippincott. Right: Mr. Biddle as the game warden official is prepared to strike terror into the hearts of island poachers



Above: The house seen from the river. In back and to the left is the garden—with water of its own, a small artificial lake

Left: The hostess, Mrs. A. Mercer Biddle, Jr. Above: the host with his pointer Primo, returns from the island with the first step towards a good duck dinner

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wharton Lippincott, Jr. Mrs. Lippincott, until her marriage last year, was Miss Josephine Henry of Andalusia. On the floor, left to right: The hostess, Mrs. Kimbrough Wrench, Mr. William Henry Noble, Jr., and in the chair, Mrs. W. J. Sewell Borie. At lunch, on the right, are Mr. W. J. Sewell Borie and Mrs. Nicholas Biddle

between the house and the river, is an outdoor oven. This is where Mr. Biddle cooks and serves his outdoor meals. In an improvised cupboard in the side of the bank for supplies and benches about for comfort, there is provision for almost any number of guests, but in the summer, when Mrs. Biddle and the children are away, Mr. Biddle cooks and eats his dinner here every evening, unless heavy rain drives him indoors. Sometimes a few friends join him, often he is alone, but all day he anticipates that evening meal at dusk, cooked and eaten beside the river where all is peaceful.

Few modern houses, however great their emphasis on what is arresting, can achieve a more dramatic effect than the first view of the interior of this house from the entrance door. At the far end of a large, square hall with stone floor and fourteen-foot ceiling, a broad arched doorway leads into the dining room. At the far end of the dining room, a beautifully proportioned arched and recessed French door opens to a terrace beyond. All this is visible from the moment the front door is opened. Because of draughts, a paneled wood inset was put into the upper half of the arch between the dining room and hall soon after the house was built. It was done evidently as a precautionary measure to insure heat in spite of the

Photographs by
JOSEPH JANNEY STEINMETZ

extraordinary size of the opening. Since that day it has remained a distinguished architectural feature, always referred to whenever any mention of the house is made.

A small library opens off the hall just at the right of the front door. At the left is a long drawing room, and behind it, Mr. Biddle's gun room and study. The stairs are set in back of the library on the right. Narrow themselves by comparison with the broad arch which marks the approach to them, they open to a wide landing which has long windows to let in more sun and light.

Upstairs the bedrooms open off the traditional broad center hall. The tall windows in the rooms on the river side give such a view of the water that scarcely any land of the near shore is visible. Only the fascinating picture of the constantly changing river life comes into these high-ceilinged, stately "bed chambers."

The servants' wing is the conventional arm which stretches out over the kitchen quarters below. The whole is a thoroughly consistent pattern of the early nineteenth century—a box stood on end—no more imagination than that, yet contrived with such dignity and balance of design, that it manages to give always a definitely arresting quality.

But the heart and soul of this house are in the cellar. There is where Mr. Biddle's own cooking room is placed and where all parties gather, however resolutely they may have begun upstairs. The glory of the room is the gargantuan coal range in an alcove. Surrounded by rows of copper cooking utensils, it has a far more picturesque flavor than the labeled quaintness of a Colonial fireplace. The walls of the room are whitewashed. The woodwork and the cupboards are flannel red. A horsehair sofa faces the stove and there are rocking chairs about. The curtains are white dotted swiss, and the floor is covered with a rag rug in bright colors. All of these details have the charm of simplicity and gaiety. But the food which is served in this room has no quality of simplicity nor of simple gaiety. It is prepared with intricate precision and consumed with solemn fervor.

Mr. Biddle, who at other times is the gentlest of hosts, husbands, or fathers, becomes at the hour of food an implacable tyrant. If the hot corn bread does not bring the pain of a burn to the touch, it is not fit to be set upon the table. The cook, sending down from the kitchen above the accompaniments to the main dish which Mr. Biddle is preparing in this room, waits, like an artist at the Metropolitan or before the radio, for the verdict. She has given her all of creative genius and technique. What will the reception be? If Mr. Biddle's approval floats up to her—and he is instantaneous with his decision—she is giddy with success. Small wonder that the Biddle cooks are not like others.

In the room below Mr. Biddle becomes a Petruchio, declaring that they will not eat that day, and his guests, if they are newcomers to The Dell, like starving Katharines, grow pale with ravenings. But the accustomed guests know that this is but the whetting of the appetite, and that a moment will come when the food will be just right, and so will be set upon the table, and that such a moment is one to dream of. That is the tradition of the cellar room, and its standard is never lowered.

The seasoning of the food is part of Mr. Biddle's talent. Certainly it is one of his major hobbies and preoccupations. An open-faced cupboard beside the stove contains perhaps as complete a collection of seasonings as is to be found in any house in America.

Right: A general survey of the cellar eating room. Bishop etchings hang on the walls and the clam bake which stands on the drainboard of the sink is painted bright red. This utensil was invented and donated by Mr. Paul duPont and is designed to prepare an entire clambake for twenty people

Below: Perhaps the most famous accouterment of the cellar room is the collection of seasonings in the cabinet at the left. Completely catalogued, every jar, bottle, or shaker is numbered and must be checked before use. Center: Mr. Biddle and Mr. Jefferys look over the game. Right: A wall decoration in the room

Every bottle is numbered, and catalogued. Besides its number and name is also entered its uses. There is none of your pinch of this and few grains of that in Mr. Biddle's seasoning. It was mentioned before that the preparation of his food was of intricate precision.

Near the cabinet of seasonings, another means to an Olympian meal is the equipment for a "barrel" clambake. It is the invention and gift of Mr. Paul duPont, and it ingeniously makes possible within this single large metal can the preparation of the entire clambake. For example, it will hold this bill of material for 20 persons: ½ bushel steam clams; 1 box corn meal, 10 chickens cut in halves, 20 chicken lobsters (¾ pound each), 20 sweet potatoes, 20 Irish potatoes, 5 pounds link sausage, 20 ears corn, 2 pounds butter, salt and pepper, also ten yards of cheesecloth.

The directions enclosed are as follows, and are those of a master:

1. *Clams*—It is a good idea to get the clams the night before the bake, although not absolutely necessary. Be sure to wash the clams, and put in fresh water with a generous piece of ice. Sprinkle about 1 pound of cornmeal on the clams so they can feed overnight. Never let them be without ice until ready to put in bake.

2. *Chickens*—Each half chicken should be wrapped individually in a piece of cheesecloth.

3. *Corn*—It is advisable to leave the last husk on the corn for protection and to keep juice in the corn. Serve with husk on the corn.

4. *Potatoes*—It is advisable to leave most of the skin on the potatoes but to assist in peeling, a single cut around the potatoes is suggested.

5. *Filling the Bake*—Place grill at bottom of can and fill with water to top of grill. Place clams in one screen metal can and place on top of grill. Place chickens in second screen can and put sausages on top of chicken, spread out evenly. Fill up can with some of the corn and place can on top of first can. Place balance of corn in the third screen can together with potatoes and put the lobsters on top of the potatoes, then place third can on top of the second. Place cover on can and the bake is ready.

6. *Baking*—The time required to bake is one hour after the bake starts to steam. It usually takes about 15 to 20 minutes to get steam up, and while the bake is quite all right if it steams up to an hour and a quarter, it is not advisable to steam any longer. Boil over open fireplace outdoors.

7. *Accessories suggested*—Drawn butter for clams, rolls, sliced onions and cucumbers in vinegar and oil, watermelon.

8. *Serving the Bake*—Remove can from fire and place on box near tables. Drain out clam juice (there is a spigot at bottom of can) into pitchers, and then remove all screen cans with handle provided. Replace second and third screen cans to keep warm while you serve the clams which, unfortunately are at the bottom when you need them first. After the clams are consumed, serve a portion of the bake to each person, as desired.

The nice part about the bake is that you can't fail. You may not get the style down pat, but the food will be O. K.

The "nice part" about the Dell is that no part of it fails in the hospitality and charm which are among the subtle flavors of its distinguished food.

Top: A corner of Mr. Biddle's gun room showing some of his Bishop etchings. Right: The small library and sitting room

Below left: The entrance to the dining room from the main hall. Center: The entrance to Mr. and Mrs. Biddle's room frames the long oval mirror. Right: Pale yellow walls, pale green hangings, and a Aubusson rug in the drawing room

The focal point of this garden, seen from the south terrace, is Wheeler William's sea-lion fountain

The NEW GARDENS at "SOUTHWOOD"

Palm Beach, Florida

THE house at "Southwood," Florida estate of the late Eleanore Woodward Vietor, was pictured in COUNTRY LIFE in 1935. Later the gardens were completely remade, and shortly before the owner died they appeared as shown here. Now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Claude K. Boettcher of Denver, Colorado, the estate, which covers approximately ten acres, borders Lake Worth for several hundred feet and in its expertly artistic development presents a variety of landscape effects. The view below is of the orange allee leading to the jungle pool shown above and to the right of it. All the gardens are exquisitely illuminated for evening enjoyment, this picture giving but a faint idea of their beauty. Below that, marigold beds beside steps to the terrace.

WYETH & KING
Architects

Garden executed by
BOYNTON
LANDSCAPE CO.

Photographs by
S. H. GOTTSCHO

PAULETTE FROM PAPEETE

MARION LOWNDES

PAULETTE'S my horse, and a very odd traveling companion for Tahiti, I must say, but none the worse for that. I met her first among the dews of dawn outside the Blue Lagoon Hotel in Papeete. The waterlilies in the garden had just turned their white perfumed faces up toward the last of the reluctantly waning stars, when Paulette came heavily down the road, fifteen minutes late for our 5:30 appointment to ride around the island. I didn't care about her being late. I'm always late myself, and I understand it in others.

Besides her lateness, I had other reasons for feeling an instant sympathy with Paulette. I could tell by looking at her that, like me, she had always wanted to be a glossy chestnut, but was born to be, and remained, a plain brown mare. And her bones were too big, and beginning to show, I suspected, because she too listened to the beat of distant drums and started off on beautiful adventures variously described by the world as fool's errands or wild goose chases. And if a tail is to a horse what tresses are supposed to be to females Paulette and I were even on that score, too. Her tail was sparse and straight and the cleverest cut couldn't have concealed the fact that there was something wrong with the shape of the structure underneath. Since all my own friends had promptly and profanely refused to ride round Tahiti with me I was very glad indeed to be going with Paulette.

"But you will have no trouble, no trouble at all," said Paulette's master lightly. "You speak French—everyone speaks French—and you can sleep with a different native chief every night. As for Paulette, just give her two breads and some bananas three times a day—that is all she'll need—she will see to the rest herself."

Considering his picture of my schedule I wondered what the "rest" would be for Paulette—anyway, my saddle bags were strapped on and we set forth in the light of the not yet risen sun, at the hour when, as the Tahitians say, a man's face can be known.

It was just striking six when we cantered past the acacias and copra wharves of the Papeete waterfront. In passing I peered into the dangerous absinthe green depths of Mr. Laurie's bar but it was still a little early to discover any familiar haggard faces tweaking a hair of the dog that had bitten them. On the morning after one of the great nights in Papeete—when a big yacht or a freighter gets into port and everyone dances from Lionel's out to Lafayette's—then you can find many a poet, scientist, and sailor gathered elbow to elbow for the 8 A. M. gin fizz at Laurie's and, presiding over them all, the imperturbable, courteous figure of Mr. Laurie who shares the Lord's affection for a cheerful sinner.

However, as I personally am not at all a cheerful, but rather a very timid and remorseful sinner, a stop at Laurie's was no part of my plan, and Paulette and I clattered on out of Papeete into a countryside sparkling with dew and madly perfumed with amaryllis and frangipani. In the coconut groves the beautiful silvery palms swayed and stooped in a strange fixed dance with a rhythm set to the refrain of the Pacific surf breaking over the coral barriers that protect the Tahitians from the open sea and from the weariness of the world outside. Blue smoke was beginning to rise from the outdoor fireplaces of the little bamboo and pandanus villas and the natives, sticking fresh flowers behind their ears and twisting their red and white pareus about them, were assembling for family breakfasts in the spirit in which we would have gone to a party. I'm not at all sure that some of them weren't playing guitars. In the same district the Chinese as usual were keeping their heads, small black figures bent silently to the routine of planting, watering, and harvesting in their big tidy gardens. If it

Sketches and map by MORDVINOFF

VARIATION 11° 10' E (1935)
INCREASING 2' ANNUALLY
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN
SOCIETY ISLANDS
TAHITI AND MOOREA

No. 2665

weren't for the Chinese, they say, nothing would ever be done in this *pays de nonchalance et de volupté* but I must confess I find their detachment a little bit irritating in Tahiti though I've always admired it everywhere else.There's no doubt about it, you don't quite know yourself in the South Seas—it's such a relief, too. And you simply can't hurry; even a Chinese couldn't do that.

Paulette and I hadn't been on the road long before we both wanted a swim, so we drew rein at the next stream and plunged into the water, soft as silk and sweet as honey, that comes tumbling down from the wild mountain lakes where the eels with human ears live. After our swim we had a siesta, each in our own way. Paulette strolled about ripping up the grass and watercress, while I stared sleepily at the wild enchanting mountains covered in tree ferns that looked as thin and sharp and unreal as miles of green lace festooned artfully and casually against the sky. *Pays de nonchalance et de volupté*—I, born and bred in the state of Maine, fell sound asleep there like any Tahitian and so we were both late for lunch at Rivnac's up the road, but it didn't make any difference, because Rivnac gave us raw fish and a marvelous omelette and his Chablis '29 in a palm-thatched pavilion on the beach and one of the gentlemen, whom I had always known as an able but close-mouthed seaman, was heard to exclaim,

"Oh, this wine—this moment—I'm drunk on beauty!"

The hospitality in Tahiti is in the eighteenth century tradition, and horse and man generally stop for the night, and are welcome, at the first house they come to after dark. But for our first night on the road Paulette and I were looking forward to more, much more, than a mere roof over our heads. We had been invited for the night and for a hula party at a house with a green and white garden of five hundred pound tree ferns, maidenhair, and gardenias. When we arrived there was already a sound of guitars being tuned and champagne bottles turning in buckets of ice. A long table was set on the veranda with masses of magenta and coral colored bougainvillea and fringe after fringe of *otis* leaves were strung overhead along the ceiling. It was like having a dinner dance transported to a heavenly jungle. By the time we had all been crowned with wreaths of flowers and the mad, untranslatable Tahitian songs had begun I knew that I had been dangerously affected by beauty and champagne. I remember that the singing rose and deepened and swelled as the evening went on, and that I saw more and more cascades of waving black hair, lustrous with coconut oil and scented with tiare flowers, and more and more handsome brown faces and amazing brown biceps. All the Tahitians on the place came to the party, bringing their babies and their red wine with them. The gardener did a superb hula, and my host was firmly reminded by his wife to dance with their late cook who had grown too old for peeling potatoes but not too old for waltzing. Creaking in every joint after my day with Paulette, I did a cross between a hornpipe and a hula myself. I meant it for a hula—but a hula is one of those things like Greek and the violin that you have to learn at an early age. And I almost accepted an invitation to go to see the green and white garden by starlight, but all the *volupté* in Tahiti can't lure me into believing I have any talent for light romance. The green and white garden would have been such a perfect setting, too, on a night like that.

Anyway, it was a beautiful party and Paulette and I took to our flower-strewn road the next day with reluctance. Paulette's reluctance increased with our progress—the noonday siestas became longer and longer and her diet of breads and bananas seemed to be lacking in some essential elements. However, in the course of a leisurely week we got to Mauu's inn in Papeari, and met Mauu, the vast romantic figure who toured Europe, so they say, with a Spanish countess and returned to Tahiti where he had been first the right-hand man of Somerset Maugham's Tiare Johnson, and was now, in Papeari, the most famous cook and inn-keeper on the island. And we were lost for a whole day, wandering through jungles of yellow flowering Bourao trees, where the air itself seemed green, and wandering out of the jungles onto lava black beaches embraced by a hissing passionate surf that made me think of Homer's story of the ardent god who transformed himself into a river to win a mortal girl.

Being lost didn't make any difference because we could always stop at the next little house made of matting and thatch, sure of a welcome accompanied by all the bananas Paulette could eat and all the sweet cool coconut milk that I could drink out of the freshly opened shell. When we finally got back on the road we were taken in like the prodigals we were by the chief of police of Taupoo, and I slept in his house under a yellow, lace-edged mosquito net, and dined with him and his grandson on chop suey and red wine at the inevitable Chinese grocery which in the districts is a restaurant as well. And, greatly to the confusion of our sceptical friends, we turned up as arranged in Tautira to spend the week end sword fishing and listening by moonlight to the weird *hymenées* and improving our hulas to the sound of friendly guitars. All my life I shall suffer attacks of nostalgia for the *salle à manger* of the Hotel Teata in Tautira. It was built of bare boards with wide doorways giving onto the beach and the

(*Continued on page 85*)

POLO from the Near-Side

Photographs by Freudy

With the coming International Matches in the minds of polo enthusiasts here and abroad much interest and speculation have been aroused over the expected arrival on these shores of the English players. Above, left to right, some of Great Britain's ranking players: Aidan Roark, Captain "Pat" Roark, Gerald Balding, Hon. Keith Rous, and Hesketh Hughes

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, Jr.

"WHAT about the English plans, on the level now?" said one of the group about the fire on a recent cold evening. "I understand some of the stuff that has been written in at least one fairly well-known American horse magazine, that occasionally consents to print some polo news, is thought by the British to be all wrong and I've even heard there is bad feeling toward some of you so-called polo writers because of recent comment concerning Col. Gairdner, who had to give up his job of running the team from Great Britain."

"Yes," somebody else broke in, "I had a letter from a sports-loving friend in London who came right out and declared he thought it bad taste, to say the least. He pointed out to me that in one article, appearing last July, by an English writer contributing to that American magazine, the editor, in an added footnote, suggested jockeying in the Hurlingham Committee Rooms."

"I remember that crack," the first fellow said, "it was in connection with British handicaps. The New York polo editor remarked, 'Gerald Balding' (field leader of next June's British International Team) 'is rated by the U. S. Polo Association at 8-goals; his rise to the highest rank in England' (last summer Balding was raised to 10-goals abroad) 'indicates one of three things: (a) he has suddenly raised his form high above anything he ever showed on the fast fields of America, which should be a monumental achievement); (b) the British like to rate their players higher than we do; or (c) jockeying for positions on the British team next year' (June, 1939) 'is already taking place in the committee rooms.'"

"But where did the reference to Col. Gairdner come in?" another man in the room wanted to know. There was Scotch on the table and he sat there drinking slowly and looking at the cold, bleak picture of the snow falling beyond the window.

"That was in the September issue of that same magazine," replied the initial speaker. "The editor said, 'it looks a bit as though our good friends, the polo powers of Britain, were back at their old sport of winning international matches against America on paper,' and then went on again to discuss the 'astonishing' changes in the latest British handicaps. He mentioned Balding; Eric Tyrrell-Martin going from 8 to 9; Aidan Roark going to 8; Capt. C. T. I. "Pat" Roark being dropped abroad from 8 to 6" (despite the fact he was again kept at 9-goals rating in the U. S. lists) "and in commenting on John Lakin, newest and youngest member of the British international squad, being raised from 6 to 7, wanted to know, 'While we are delighted to see a new young figure rising in English polo, is it possible for anyone to believe that young John Lakin is really a goal better than Pat Roark? Or that Gerald Balding, who is a sound and substantial player worth 8-goals on our books, is suddenly four points better than Pat Roark? Obviously something is going on behind the scenes of British polo. Further evidence may be found in the recent resignation of Lt. Col. C. H. Gairdner as chairman of the selection and management committee *owing to the pressure of military duties* and his replacement by Lord Cowdray. In all fairness, however, we must say that Lord Cowdray, for all his lack of international polo experience, is young, keen, level-headed, and universally liked; he should do well.'"

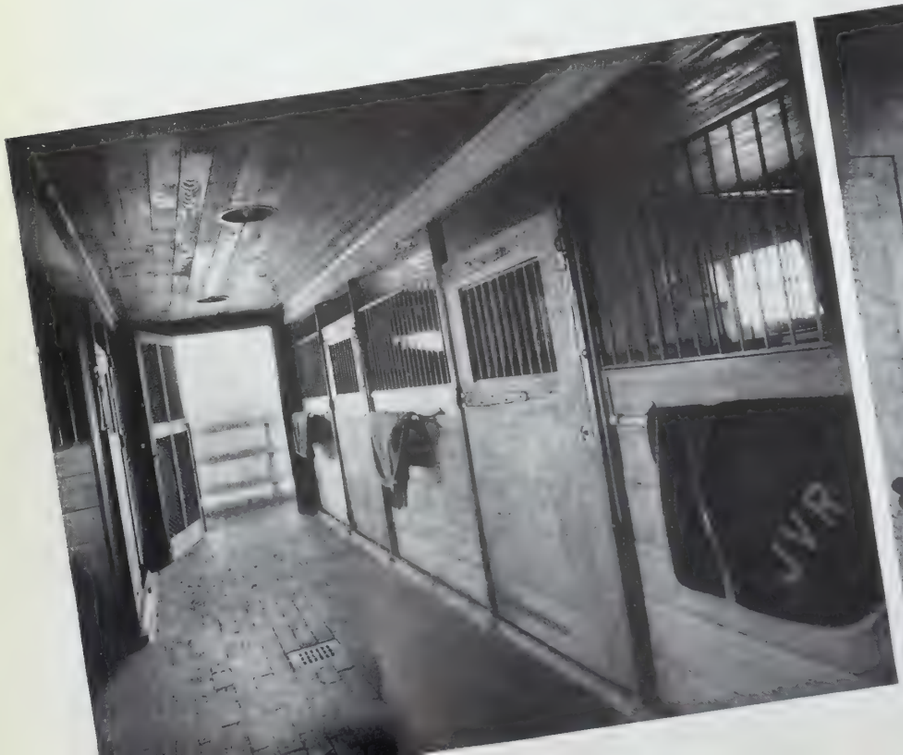
"That was all right, wasn't it?" we interrupted. "We're heartily in accord with the fact that Lord Cowdray should do well, and we've already been equally as bold in print as regards 'Pat' Roark's current British ranking. Several months ago, after witnessing Captain Roark's great play in America all season we had the nerve to suggest that if the British don't call on Pat Roark" (they haven't yet) "to bolster their international squad— (*Continued on page 81*)

The "Denbigh Farm" STABLES

The distinctively planned farm group of J. V. Reed, Esq., at Greenwich, Connecticut

The requirements for Mr. Reed's stable were four: that it house five horses, three cows, and a groom; that it be placed so that the animals should have direct egress to an existing pasture; that it be compact and so arranged as to take the time of one groom for the horses and only part time for a dairy man; and that its exterior conform to the traditional Connecticut architecture of the existing buildings on the property.

These four stipulations have been carried out and in their accomplishment the plan explains itself. To have the building compact and at the same time for sanitary reasons to separate horses from cows by a substantial distance, immediately placed the horse unit at one end and the cow unit at the other and, with approximately equal space requirements for each, a symmetrical plan evolved quite naturally, in the center. The eastward slope of the ground toward



PHILIP IVES, *Architect*

Photographs by F. M. DEMAREST

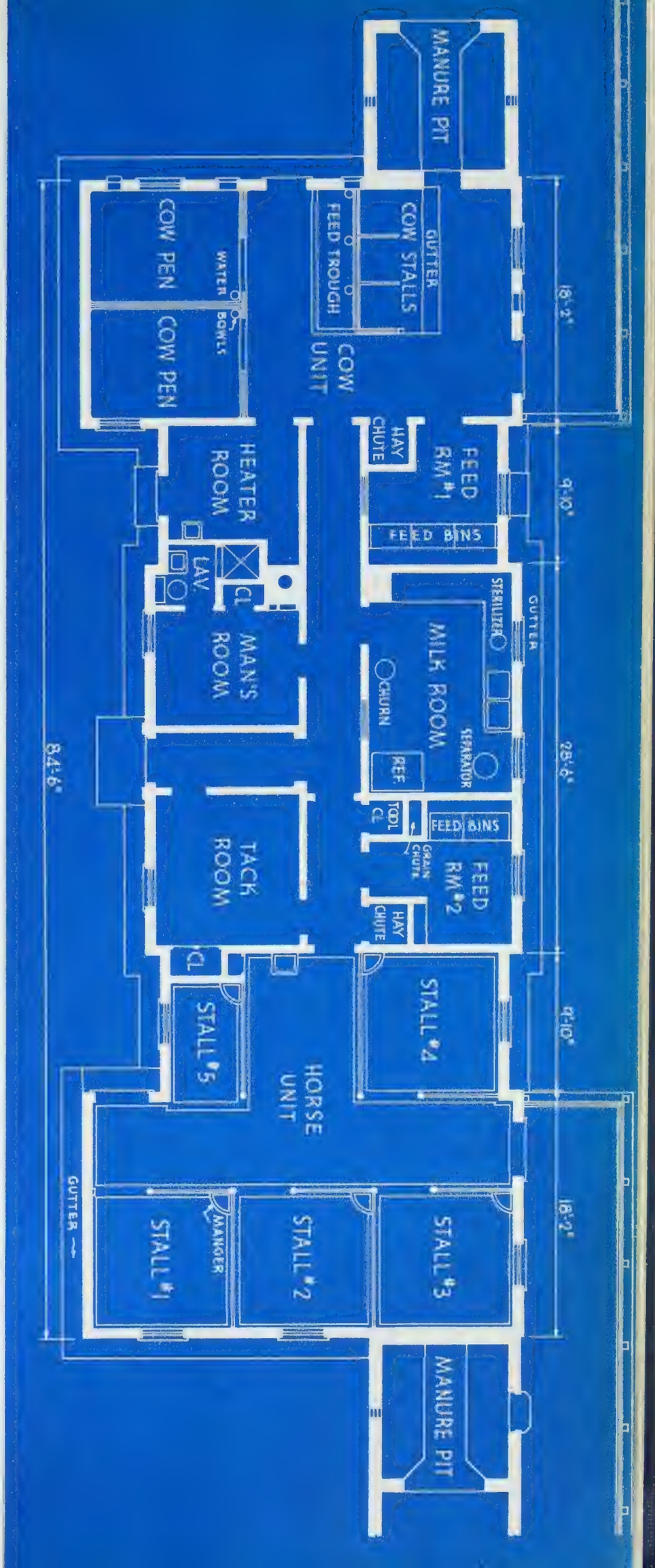
the pasture and the desirability of winter sunlight in the horse unit (there being artificial heat in the cow unit, milk room, and groom's room) placed the long axis of the building north and south with the horse unit at the south end. This made possible the horse and cow exits via ramps to the pasture in the rear as well as the main central entrance and separate horse entrance on the court side.

The arrangement of the horse portion of the building, separated by a door in the central corridor, is of simplest design, planned so as to make the least possible work for the groom. The tack room is of minimum size and is sheathed very simply in pine as a background for the tack. The horse unit has walls and ceilings of natural oiled clear pine with iron trim painted red and floor of cork brick.

The space for the cows with feed and tool rooms immediately adjoining was planned for greatest economy of operation and maximum sanitation. The cow unit is ventilated through wall and ceiling registers augmented when necessary by an exhaust fan. One man takes entire care of the cows, milk, and all cleaning in an average of less than four hours daily.

Vapor heat and hot water supply are automatically supplied by an oil burner, the return pipes being carried under the concrete floor to heat the excavated space and thus avoid condensation on the floors.

The corridors and all but the wood- or tile-lined rooms have cement plaster walls painted in two tones of gray with red floors and red striping. The exterior was allowed to indicate the purpose and contents of the stable and was designed to cling to its magnificent setting on a hilltop.



Interior views of the Reed stable, in the usual order, show the horse unit, with four box stalls and one standing stall, the pine-paneled tack room, and the cow unit. At the top of this page, a view looking down the corridor from the cow unit, toward the horse unit

THE SPORTSWOMAN

They tell me that winter has been changing its habits. It has something to do with the Gulf Stream. I guess it must be true, too, because years and years ago when I was a child we used to look forward to skating or coasting or both in late November, and they would last only through February. Then there was a time when winter, real, cold, snowy winter, didn't come along until the middle of January and lasted well into April. That was bad because the late fall was spoiled by anticipation of something that didn't happen and there wasn't any spring at all. Then for another period there wasn't any winter worth mentioning, which was pretty tough on the winter sportsters, and now it looks as if the pendulum were swinging back again to its first position. That's fine! Winter when it is expected and welcome in December and January; cold nights and days warm with promise in February; March still a mistake on any calendar, but spring, as it should be, in April. "Oh wind, if Winter comes—" and since it came in November we should now be half done with it.

An early snowfall, cold with it too, and you would have thought the skies themselves had fallen. Maybe the winter complaints had been packed away when it started, but before it was over they were out in full force and all in working order. Everyone that had anything uncomplimentary to say on the subject filed a vote that someone else should do something about it, the membership to the Frozen Car Club was augmented by hundreds of thousands, nothing much was discussed for days except the dreadful hardships encountered in getting from one place to another, and the worst of it all was that it couldn't be blamed on the administration.

Above left: On top of the coach at the race meeting of the Myopia Hunt in Hamilton, Massachusetts, are the Misses Anne Dick, Diana Bird, Nancy Burrage, Mary Philbin, Charlotte Rantoul, and Betsy Chalifoux. This was the meet's 25th renewal

Left: In Atlanta, Georgia, Miss Judy King, who owns a stable of champion harness horses and ponies, shares a joke with Miss Emily Mobley

In the circle is Mrs. Lewis Williams watching a meet of the Chagrin Valley Hunt. Above are Miss Dorothy Preston and Miss Elise Sortwell busy with cameras at Myopia races

Right: Mrs. Alexander Hagner out for a day's hunting with the Warrenton hounds. Virginia's Gold Cup races are run over the Hagner's estate

At the point-to-point in Gladstone, N. J., Mrs. Robert P. Gibb, wife of the winning rider, and Mrs. Roger D. Mellick, who is the owner of the horse that he won with

Morgan, Rotofotos, Chester T. Holbrook, A. C. Bruening and W. Thomas McGrath

Above: Mrs. Hendrick Eustis, an experienced rider and owner of some very fine horses, at a meet of the Warrenton Hunt Club in Virginia

Above center: At the Chagrin Valley Hunt in Gates Mills, Ohio, is Mrs. Thomas White on her hunter, Cargo, winner of many prizes

Left: At Larchmont, N. Y., with Frostbite dinghy racers, Miss Jean Bradley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley equipped for cold winds

Above: The daughter of the Commodore at New Rochelle, James G. Wentz, Miss Joan Wentz is one of the Frostbite skipperettes

All of which makes me stop and wonder which of two totally different trends of thought is true.

CHARACTER: INEVITABLE. Are we turning into a nation of steam-heated softies? Is modern living undermining our morale to such an extent that we can't take anything at all that comes outside of the normal order of things? Turn back the pages and think of the strengthening process our characters used to undergo daily. With no telephones every single thing that came into our houses, messages of all sorts, social and business appointments, the thousand and one things which are now managed in a moment had to be arranged by post or personal contact. And how the automobile has changed our pattern of living! Suppose, for instance, that a doctor had to be called for a sudden illness during the night of a storm. Not so very long ago it would have meant that someone, armed with a lantern, would have had to go to the stable, take harness, stiff with cold, from a hook and with fumbling, frozen fingers fasten it on some reluctant equine. Consider the hours of worry that would pass before the messenger could get to the doctor, rouse him and bring him back to the bedside —not to mention the discomfort of the participants in this midnight jaunt. Now you step to the telephone and call the doctor, he goes to his garage and, if he is one of the wise people who put chains on their cars *before* they get stuck instead of waiting until after, he will be at your house in no time at all to tell you that what you thought was appendicitis is only indigestion after all. News of international importance that used to take months to relay is now delivered to our houses by radios as soon as it is released and there is no reason for not being prepared for storms when we get warning of their approach hours before they happen as is the case nowadays.

Think of how provident the average (*Continued on page 74*)

Below: Mrs. Ley Freund holding her horse, Keneva, before the start of the Bridlespur Hunt Races in St. Louis, Mo.

Above: At the Hound Trials in Dover, Massachusetts, Miss Clara Jackson, of the Dedham Hunt, showing Bell Buoy, the first hound home

Below: At the Bradley Palmer estate for the Myopia races are Miss Sally Sears, with her dogs, and Miss Lucy Cochrane

Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

AMERICAN sportsmen as individuals and as a group, and all those interested in the cause of sport in this country, have suffered a grievous loss in the recent passing of two New England gentlemen, Dr. John C. Phillips, and Mr. Henry G. Vaughan. The former a doctor and the latter a lawyer, both were able to escape the confines of their professions and devote much of their time to other activities of which the most important were connected with sport. Dr. Phillips was a naturalist and a scholar in his field. His great work on the ducks of North America is a monumental achievement. His wise and continued interest in and support of genuine conservation of wild life on this continent were perhaps as important and effective influences as this difficult problem has known. Where confusion and conflicting viewpoints and objectives existed, he brought the solvent of sanity and the wisdom of real knowledge. He himself was a keen and vigorous sportsman, a wildfowler, and upland game devotee at home and a big game hunter abroad, in Canada, and in our Western mountains. A good shot, a good fisherman, a thoroughly competent out-of-doors sportsman, he was also a student and a scholar and an utterly fearless upholder of his well-reasoned and considered ideas.

Both Dr. Phillips and Mr. Vaughan honored the old "Sportsman" by serving on its advisory board. It would be impossible adequately to acknowledge their assistance to that magazine or to its editor. Dr. Phillips seemed to read each number carefully from cover to cover, following which he would write us praising or criticising each article which concerned his own field. He was particularly critical concerning large, vague phrases, unproved assumptions, the *dicta* of prejudice or half-knowledge. He was too much of a scientist to accept a plausible theory or an easy explanation. And if he was severe in condemning shoddy or lazy thinking and writing, he was generous in appreciation of a fundamentally sportsmanlike attitude, whether scientifically accurate or not. For his great contribution to our knowledge, for his continued and constructive interest in both the background and the foreground of sport, its theory and its practice, for his serene honesty, and for his loyal friendship, for all these and many other qualities and achievements, both those who knew him as a man and those who knew him through the medium of his written words will rise up and call him blessed.

Dr. John C. Phillips, naturalist, scholar, and sportsman. From the painting by Richard B. Adam

Mr. Vaughan—and to how many up and down the land was he known in affection and admiration as "Henry"—will be forever remembered for his influence on organized hunting in this country. For thirty years Master of the Norfolk Hunt Club, for twenty-five years Secretary and Treasurer of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, and for five years its President—these are honorable titles but they do not begin to tell the story of his services. Whether to a novice in the hunting field or to a young organization, or to an old and discouraged one, he brought that sympathetic and kindly advice and help which were so characteristic of him. A leader, always and anywhere, he shepherded his flock with a gentle, painstaking thoughtfulness. They always knew that they could go to Henry, confident that he would give them his unstinted help and coöperation. Not that he was merely a mild apostle. No one who faced or witnessed his righteous wrath could ever forget it. He hated the cheap, the insincere, the selfish, the unsportsmanlike. He was that most democratic of all individuals, a great gentleman. He treated his friends, his followers, his landowners, his horses, and his hounds with the same courteous understanding and sympathy. But woe betide the climber or the faker! He detested them as he did a babbling hound and he was not slow to tell them so. His six feet four of distinguished, virile person would glow with a Jovian anger and wretched men slunk abjectly away from the awful presence.

I think I never knew anyone who called forth such loyalty as Henry Vaughan. You always knew exactly where you stood with him. If he honored you with his friendship you could be sure that he would always be your friend unless you proved yourself, over and over again, unworthy. No task was too onerous, no responsibility too heavy, no distance too long, for him to come to the aid of a friend or to give his help, when it was needed, to a good cause.

A delightful companion, a faithful churchman, a yachtsman with the salt of Maine waters in his veins, a really great master of hounds—all these and more—yet some of us will think of him always as an outstanding American gentleman and a dear friend. Those who knew him intimately wonder almost how life can go on without Henry. That splendid, personality had seemed permanent, a Rock of Gibraltar in a shifting, uneasy world. Others might go and come, conditions change, false prophets rise and fall, but there always was Henry, strong in his simple faith, mighty in his honorable convictions, quick and vital in his outgiving friendship. He is and will be missed as few men of our time will be missed, and the measure of our loss is the measure of his good life, nobly lived.

Henry G. Vaughan, master of foxhounds, yachtsman, and country gentleman. Painted by Richard B. Adam

Game in Plenty

When it comes to providing game critters for its gun-toting sportsmen, one has to doff hat and make a leg to the Keystone State. In 1937, 6,416 tons of game were reported killed by 562,696 of its 606,271 licensed hunters. This tonnage was divided as follows:

3,074,820 rabbits, 29,842 raccoons, 1,056,408 squirrels, 6,619 wild turkeys, 177,683 ruffed grouse, 371,526 ringneck pheasants, 105,795 quail, 12,657 shore birds, 2,667 wild geese, 78,543 blackbirds, 57,244 woodcock, 113,839 cats, 39,009 deer, and 912 bears. The figures do not include the game taken by men and boys who live on Pennsylvania's 190,000 farms and who hunt legally upon their own lands without licenses.

Complete details for the 1938 season are not as yet available, but preliminary reports indicate that the kill of most species of small game will run higher than in 1937. So will the number of citizens who shot themselves or their comrades when fusillading *pour le sport*. But in all categories, the authorities feel that ample stock has been left for breeding purposes. The immediate future, therefore, seems safe as far as game bird or beast is concerned, but the replacement of human beings is a more disturbing problem. Will the slain gunners be replaced in due time by an equal number of voters, and if so, how will they vote? It takes just as long to breed and raise a Republican as it does a Democrat, and it is virtually impossible to tell at this writing whether the human breeding stock left over this year will replace itself, twenty-one years from now, with good, old-fashioned Pennsylvania Republicans or with Democrats or Fascists or Communists—really a horrid set of possibilities.

Ringneck pheasants will go on producing ringneck pheasants and so will the other creatures, like producing like; only man is uncertain and capricious. Let us not dwell on his unpleasant poten- (*Continued on page 86*)

IN THE CHINESE TASTE

CHINESE TASTE IN ENGLAND

A door in the Chinese bedroom, Claydon House, Buckinghamshire, ably expresses this vogue by a pagoda roof, lattice, bells, mandarin heads—all supremely combined

RICHARD PEFFERLE

The great inter-fenestral mirrors in the Long Drawing Room, Crichel, Dorsetshire are by Chippendale

From Francis Lenygon's "Decoration in England"

From a furniture guide contemporary with Chippendale's famous "Director" comes this design for a rocaille bed in the very attractive Chinese style

A Chinese drummer of painted bronze is the clever motif of this rococo clock designed for Carlton House about 1790.

"Very proper for a Lady's Dressing room," says "The Director" is this gilded, lacquered chair from Hagley Hall, Worcester

A black Sevres vase with Chinese design in gold (c. 1780) is from the Buckingham Palace collection

From H. Clifford Smith's "Buckingham Palace"

From Oliver Brackett's "Thomas Chippendale"

From Francis Lenygon's "Decoration in England"

An extremely droll chimney-piece is this, c. 1760, from the Chinese bedroom, Claydon House, Buckinghamshire, with Anglo-Chinese ornament using scrolls and Chinese heads in a delightfully emphatic way

A mantelpiece of carved pine in the Dowager Queen Mary's Chinese Chippendale room in Buckingham Palace, came from Eltham Lodge, Kent, and may be favorably compared with a similar "Director" offering

From H. Clifford Smith's "Buckingham Palace"

In England Sir William Chambers is given credit for starting a mania for all things Chinese. Born in Stockholm and educated at Ripon school, he had made many trips to China and had carefully studied Chinese customs, history, and art. The cabinet-makers and architects of the period were indeed indebted to this man for his notes and sketches of the Orient. He actually originated nothing that was strictly new, but presented more or less faithfully the architecture and designs of far Cathay, a land which seemed, from Sir William's descriptions, more of a fabulous dream than a reality to most people of the time.

His description of an authentic Chinese room appeared in a publication in 1757: "The side walls are matted about three or four feet upward from the pavement, the rest being covered with white, crimson, or gilt paper. Instead of pictures they hang long pieces of satin or paper stretched on frames and painted in imitation of marble or bamboo, on which are written moral sentences and proverbs; sometimes they hang a very large sheet of thick paper covered with antique Chinese paintings. The movables consist of chairs, stools and tables, made of rosewood, ebony, or lacquered wood, and sometimes of bamboo only. When the movables are of wood, the seats of the stools are often of marble or porcelain. In the corners of the room are stands four or five high on which they set plates of citron or other fragrant fruits, branches of coral, vases of porcelain, and glass globes containing fish, together with a certain weed somewhat resembling fennel. On such tables as are intended for ornament they place landscapes composed of rocks, shrubs and a lily which grows among pebbles covered with water. But among the principal ornaments are lanterns, of which there are generally four, suspended from the ceiling."

It is easy to understand how such a photographic description would affect the decorators and architects anxious to supply a public demand for all things Chinese. People were in the mood for change, and this change came in the form of the fantasy and caprice of Chinoiserie. There were still those who opposed it like the famous Isaac Ware, but opposition seemed only to lend impetus to the style.

For some time a student in Italy, this Georgian Classicist published in 1738 a translation of the four books of Palladio, and in 1756 the "Complete Book of Architecture," containing designs for ceilings, doors, mantlepieces, and wall decorations. Having to his credit many noble mansions, among which Chesterfield House is best known, he was definitely in a position to protest against the vagaries of the Chinese taste as exotic innovations beneath the notice of cultured persons. His words clearly sum up his outraged feelings, "Let us banish French, Chinese, and Gothic decoration, equally mean and frivolous, and equally unworthy of a place where the sciences are observed and equally a disgrace to the taste of the proprietor." He is, however, business man enough to advise his students and followers to study carefully "these new petty wildnesses," for he realized how strong the taste for Chinese decoration had become, and he knew that architects and decorators with a living to make must conform to it, or, perhaps, go hungry.

Pergoles himself a firm advocate of the classic, even found a few words of praise for the new style, saying, "Even the grotesque has beauty, and therefore though the Chinese Taste is admittedly far distant from the Grecian in worth, and perhaps even more so than the Egyptian and Etruscan, we are, in the interest of novelty, delighted to have our rooms and apartments fitted up after the Chinese manner."

After Sir William Chambers, without a doubt the greatest exponent of the Chinese in design in all of England was Thomas Chippendale. This remarkable personality was born in Yorkshire in 1718, the son of a joiner on a country estate. He was placed as a young man under a London cabinetmaker, and acquired an invaluable practical training thereby.

Two strange and conflicting influences were being felt in the design world. Fashion leaned toward the study of the arts of China. Another group, probably entirely architectural, was advocating Gothic art. Thomas was primarily a business man out to make a fortune, so it isn't surprising to find him on both sides of the fence, designing in both the Chinese and Gothic styles for his clientile. There are even some designs which incorporate both styles with more success than would be supposed.

We know but little of Chippendale's actual workmanship during this early period, but we can judge from the introduction to "The Director" that he was not such a slave to mahogany as is commonly supposed, but favored both gilded and lacquered furniture in appropriate circumstances.

"The Director" we mention was published by Chippendale in the first edition in 1754, and was called "The Gentleman and Cabinet-makers' Directory." He must have had a (*Continued on page 75*)

THE LANGENBERGER COLLECTION

ANTIQUE Chinese treasures of rare artistic calibre have a uniquely harmonious setting in the Bel-Air, California, residence of the Sino connoisseur and traveler, Mr. A. G. Langenberger. In garden courts bronze Ki-lins guard entrance doors, with fine old iron vessels near by, and a precious bronze Kwan Yin bestows tranquillity. Within the house, paintings, ceramics, textiles, bronzes, and furniture admirably lend their elegant shapes and exquisite colors to spacious rooms, modernly finished in satin lustre teakwood, and with walls and carpets beige-tone.

Drawing room: Beige corded velvet lounge-chairs and davenport are near a hand-carved gray stone mantelpiece adorned with bronzes, and above, a warlord's portrait. Against opposite wall is an opium bed with Ch'ien Lung (1736-1795) nuptial gold-bronze cloisonné lanterns, and a four hundred year old presentation embroidery given the mother of a Chinese governor (a foremost item in Mr. Langenberger's eminent collection of Chinese textiles including period costumes and rare rugs). Dining room: Windows of glass painted in soft yellows and set in gold-leaf hand-carved frames, with upper and lower panels of blue and white Peking glass. Chairs are of native wood with old yellow satin brocade seat pads.

Porcelains and enamels: Valuable blue crackle glaze Peking jars of K'ang Hsi period, 1662-1722, (on Korean tri-section chest with white brass fittings and inlaid with mother of pearl), at left; a handsome Ch'ien Lung vase, directly above (between a pair of embroideries of same period in old carved altar frames); a K'ang Hsi *famille verte* porcelain jar with phoenix, peony, and chrysanthemum design (pictured opposite page, one of a pair); Ming (1368-1643) porcelain jars with pictorial reserves and black within, the imperial prerogative of a famous woman potter, very rare; an important K'ang Hsi imperial enamel altar set, with incense candleholders, and vases, arranged for service.

Photographs by Stuart O'Brien

CHINESE TASTE TODAY

1 2 3 4

Photographs by F. M. Demarest

POSSESS the Orient's artistic heritage in a graceful table arrangement. **1.** Mirrors reflect the ivory loveliness of Kwan Yin and her attendants, with flowers decking a charming old Chinese iron having an elaborately carved ivory handle. Gump's. **2.** An eighteenth century divan table of chi ch'ih mu wood has that modern sleek simplicity. C. Edward Wells. **3.** This hand-carved lamp of wood in the form of a praying maid delights the eye with suavely flowing drapery, softly tinted. A fine antique imperial white jade bowl holds ivory narcissi; near by are a modern vase of flawless rock crystal with eight loose rings and a jade cigarette box; all displayed on a dark blue silk brocade priest's robe. Yamanaka & Co. **4.** A handsome seventeenth century Korean chest of native walnut-

like wood, fitted with brass studs and hinges, holds two elegantly shaped Ming pewter jars with brass floral inlays. Yamanaka & Co. **5.** A magnificent T'ang pottery horse of thoroughbred lines, with rich brown slightly iridescent glaze, stands spiritedly on a rare Ming table of the sixteenth century, strongly built and with leather lacquer top. C. Edward Wells. **6.** Dario Shindell's important collection of Chinese antiquities includes the finely carved stone Pai-lou of K'ang Hsi period so attractively placed on a modern English oak cabinet (Arundell Clarke, Ltd.) with porcelain bowls to either side, and on

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6 (Above) 7 (Below)

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the wall a colorful Ch'ien Lung imperial k'o-ssŭ fabric hand-woven with gold thread. **7.** Chinese treasures of the past give significant decorative character to the modern room—a porcelain bowl, a sacramental wine pitcher and cups, quaint tomb figurines, brightly glazed equestrian Ming roof tiles, and for particular aesthetic discernment, a gilded bronze statuette from Tibet of the goddess Kwan Yin, the undraped body framed by an aureole making it a most excellent collector's item. Dario Shindell. **8.** Modern China contributes this delicate table decoration: objects of blanc de chine porcelain, hand molded, and incorporating the symbolic prunus blossom, with teakwood bases, on a brocade scarf of rich plum color with the five-clawed dragon design. Gump's. **9.** This distinctive metal-bound Chinese tub effects a charming flower arrangement. Mrs. Kenneth Torrance. **10.** At the same shop is a unique old Chinese aquarium baroquely carved of native wood that appeals to modern cleverness. **11.** A nest of smart, trim-lined teakwood tables. James Pendleton. **12.** A gracious red lacquer table with scroll and floral design, holding a jade bowl of flowers and other Oriental objets d'art. Yamanaka & Co. **13.** A superb item of K'ang Hsi cabinetmaking is this magnificent black lacquer chest decorated in gold. C. Edward Wells.

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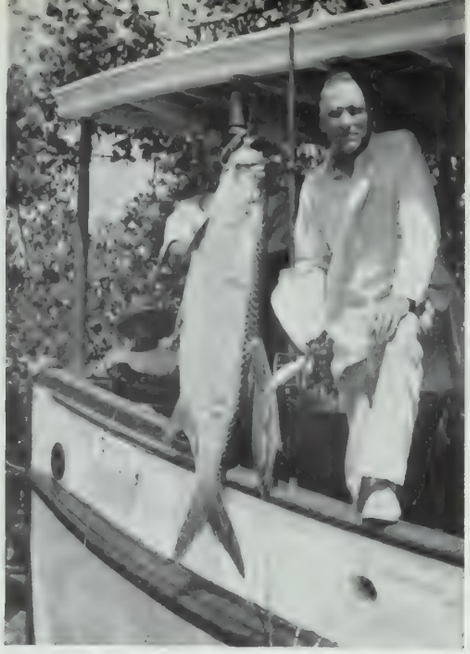
PHILIP BABCOCK



There's ROYAL SPORT in CUBA

for the American Sportsman

Not so long ago there appeared in a popular sporting magazine some remarkable photographs of tarpon fishing. They were taken, so the accompanying article informed its readers, on a Cuban river, but as to what river the author, with justifiable caution, maintained strict secrecy—merely referring to it as Cuba's river of mystery. These photographs along with the account of the superlativeness of the fishing have now become famous among salt water fishermen though the exact identity of these fantastically productive waters seems to have continued to elude the bulk of big game-fish anglers.

New shooting and fishing grounds are a real find these days and if they have a frontier freshness and are not too inaccessible the discovery is nothing short of a sensation. It is the rural side of Cuba, the fertile farmland and undeveloped wilderness, the unexploited beaches and jungle-bordered rivers and bays, that is the promised land of the traveler and sportsman today. And how unbelievably close at hand—two hours by plane or a night's trip from Miami by boat. It is strange how few people know aught of Cuba outside of Havana and stranger still that sportsmen have not explored its coastline and fertile interior. For a land rich enough to produce the world's finest tobacco, cane sugar, and hardwoods must likewise bear an abundant supply of game. The answer is, I presume, roads, or their lack, for certain it is that Americans will go anywhere if they can go in comfort in their own cars.

Until comparatively recently one had to go but a few miles out of Havana to strike the deep wheel ruts of ox carts or the pinto's trail. But today a modern highway with bus service reaches out to the southeast two hundred miles through the heart of Cuba to Cienfuegos. The extravagant annual road appropriations that seldom reached their intended destinations in the past, and for which I personally can offer no lament, are today more often than not bringing results so that eventually a motor road will split the island its full length—bringing, of course, joy to the motorist and disaster for the sportsman. However, such an eventuality is still a long way off and in the meantime there is splendid opportunity for the fisherman and shotgun enthusiast who enjoys sport in the tropics, particularly if he be of the sort that likes a little adventure with his fun—for there is no denying the presence of certain very definite obstacles and risks, but the game is there, that is the main thing.

As we rolled out of Havana in one of the two pullman cars owned by the railroad the brilliant greens of well-watered tropics were interwoven with patches of furrowed earth, black, chocolate, and crayon reds. Rapidly the landscape changes from small cultivated hills sprinkled by the hand of Nature with giant royal palms, to vast flat stretches of cane and grazing land of rank knee-high fodder, ending abruptly, as we approached Cienfuegos, in a range of magnificent mountain peaks.

No doubt in the future the well-to-do will be able to reach their approximate destinations in Cuba by yacht, airplane, or motor car; but for those who count the cost and are entertained by tropical travel the railroad offers by far the better method,—though I must admit I am still somewhat mystified concerning the fare rates. Our two tickets for the eight-hour journey to Cienfuegos, including parlor car seats, cost three dollars each—(I believe there was a fiesta on—there usually is—and these were special fiesta rates). We purchased one-way fares, believing we might return by plane. At the last the conductor failed to collect our tickets and I tucked the small pasteboards back in my vest pocket. On our return, while standing before the ticket agent at Cienfuegos in a somewhat inarticulate mood of despond preparatory to endeavoring to make known my desire for some return tickets I subconsciously fished out the old stubs. The agent immediately pounced on these and went into a huddle with his assistant. In a moment he smilingly handed them back signifying everything was all right. Nonchalantly I returned a roll of bills to my pocket and strolled on board the train. We rode back to Havana on those two self-same three dollar tickets and, of course, enjoyed the return trip more than ever.

The pleasures or discomforts of the journey are largely what you make them. I know of a learned professor in the North who when he has occasion to travel in Cuba ties a silk handkerchief about the lower part of his face for respiratory purification—the penalty of knowing too much. It is true that diseases flourish, tropical and otherwise, and the sanitation outside of Havana will not meet the approval of the average American; but if you are going to be germ and microbe conscious you can easily spoil your trip. Instead, for the time being, beyond using common sense care, you had better relax and become a cigar-smoking fatalist. Light a long black one from that pocket that should be well filled—the delectable aroma and flavor of which is never the same after it has left the island. Give your hat a backward tilt and imagine yourself a prosperous planter (a stiff straw hat if you want to be true to form, a Panama if you want to advertise yourself as tourist). Step out on the platform at each station and enjoy the sights and sounds and drink the delicious native coffee. Squalor, poverty, and degeneracy, the cries of station vendors, flea-bitten curs, and undersized horses. Tropical life in the white glare of a tropical sun. A dark furtive-eyed race that has a none too happy look but is not unpicturesque. If you have any ethnological leanings now is your chance, for nowhere else on this earth is there to be found such a racial mixture.

Top of page: The author with his Cuban tarpon. At left, towing behind the mother ship at the start of the tarpon expedition and below, the mother ship tied up to the shaded river bank

Cienfuegos, a listless seaport town, lies nearly midway of the south side of the Island on what is one of the finest natural harbors in the world—a harbor where, at the proper season, roll great schools of tarpon.

We arrived in late afternoon to be met by a Chinese chauffeur and ancient battered Buick that looked as though it might have been the same that attended us twenty years before. The ten-mile trip over the ox-cart trail to our final destination would have provided an enviable testimonial for the efficiency of any make of car, for there are still no roads in Cuba that could be called such other than the one new main through route. On the way we learned of the latest bandit trouble and a place was pointed out where Cuba's Dillinger-of-the-moment had killed two rural guards only the day before. It almost made us feel at home to learn that in this respect, at least, Cuba had changed so little.

To visit one of the great isolated sugar plantations of the tropics is an experience. The one whose hospitality we were about to enjoy, known by the name of Soledad, meaning solitude, consists of 40,000 acres held in one block and owned by a single family in the North. Forty thousand acres chiefly in cane and grazing land divided into *colonias*—division-farms of several thousand acres each dependent on and responsible to a central head. A principality, in reality, with its own store, hospital, school, post office, private dwellings, and living quarters grouped about the mill the wheels of which turn night and day through the three months of the harvest season. There are four hundred pairs of oxen and as many mules and horses together with a private narrow gauge railroad that encircles the property. All this calls for a small army of workers. Thus it can be seen that life on one of these vast estates proceeds as in a little world unto itself. And that this particular world was prepared to take care of itself in case of trouble was grimly demonstrated, until very recent years, by the custom of maintaining a machine gun mounted on the roof of the mill.

That evening as we sat with our host within the cool six-foot-thick feudal walls of the *Vivienda,* or main dwelling house, with its massive mahogany doors and woodwork, its well-worn stone stairs leading to the large roomy bed chambers and patio balcony open to the stars, it seemed hard to realize that only the day before we had been a part of the milling crowds at Florida. Before retiring, our host being a keen gunner, the conversation naturally turned to sport and plans for the coming day.

Twenty years before when we had visited the same estate I had enjoyed some haphazard snipe and duck shooting along the lagoons and river bottoms in the company of two Englishmen, the heads of adjoining *colonias.* The method employed was to ride to a small marsh or ox-bow, tie your horse to a tree, and walk up the birds, using a native boy as retriever. Occasionally shooting was done from the back of your mount, the horses being well trained to gun fire. At other times a sort of drive was organized—great rafts of ducks in the larger lagoons being driven out by boys so as to pass over the heads of the hidden guns. But it was all makeshift sport indulged in more or less on the spur of the moment. Such a thing as a sporting dog was unheard of in Cuba (and is, I understand, practically so today) nor do I recall hearing the word quail mentioned nor did I see a single one.

Since that time the management of the estate has changed to another member of the family, one who is a keen sportsman. He at once began to develop the shooting and fishing possibilities for his own pleasure and for that of his visiting friends. The importation of a bird dog or two uncovered the quail shooting possibilities. And likewise a little wild fowl planning developed duck shooting so good that at times you can explode two or three boxes of shells in the matter of an hour if you are so inclined.

Excellent tarpon fishing was discovered in a river close by where no rod and reel had ever made its appearance before.

Among several other guests from the North whose arrival had preceded ours was an old friend with whom I had spent many a day after grouse and woodcock; and it was soon decided that he should be my companion in the morning on a quail shoot, our host being forced to remain at the house to nurse a rheumatic leg.

Long before daylight next morning we had breakfasted in the company of several department heads about to start on their round of field inspection. Since Cuba forbids the bringing in of firearms, we selected two 16-gauge guns from our host's supply and proceeded to our mounts already waiting at the door. Accompanying us as guide and dog handler was a Britisher of long residence, a Mr. Harris. Also, a youngster on an emaciated diminutive nag acted as gate-opener and general utility boy. While last, but by no means least, holding well at heel, came two Pointers, Nan and Meg, mother and daughter—treasured bird performers. Getting under way, presently, our small cavalcade clattered across the innumerable tracks of the mill yard dodging cane cars and brushing past straining oxen eight span deep while the drivers rested their goads to stare or mumble *buenos dias.*

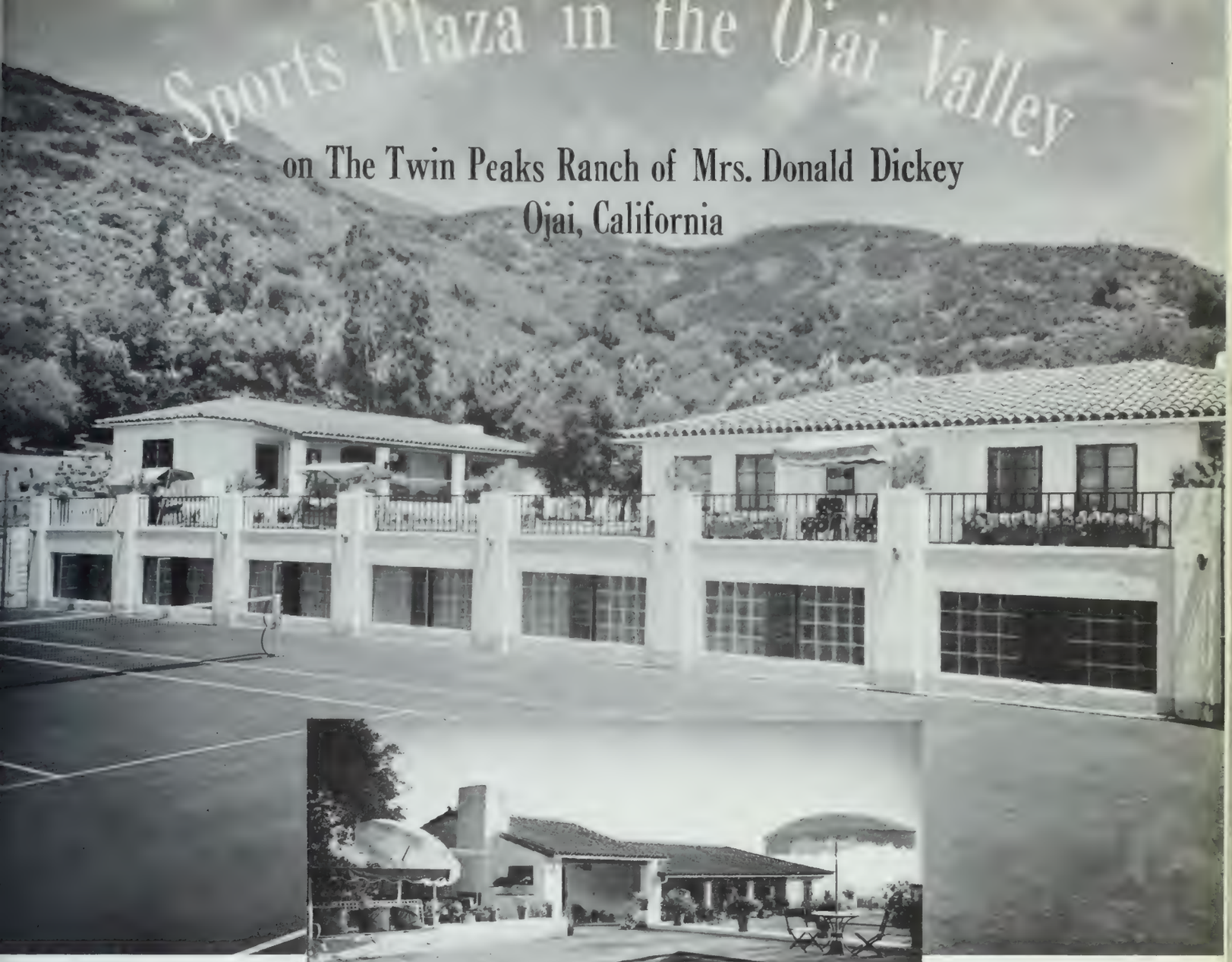
Ascending a small hill back of the mill we at once found ourselves in quail country that reached away to the horizon in gently rolling pastured hills broken by small upland stands of cane.

Contemplation of the scenery was, however, soon sharply interrupted by the words, "Go find 'em, Nan," and I hastily wheeled to witness the start of my first Cuban quail shoot. Now the casting off, or ordering on, of a pair of modern quail dogs has been comparable, in my somewhat limited experience, to the start of a whippet race. In this case, however, Nan calmly trotted out ahead a short gunshot and began slowly and methodically to quarter the immediate territory through which we advanced while her two-year-old offspring followed behind, scarcely deviating an inch from Mamma's footprints. Thus it was that we soon discovered that here in the heart of Cuba amid untold acres of virgin quail territory we had for canine aid really only one dog instead of two and one that would have satisfied the most close-hunting grouse gunner in the State of Maine. However, Nan handled well the eight coveys she did eventually find that morning, and, on the whole, these were quite enough for ample fun during the three hours we were out before it became uncomfortably warm. But had, say, a couple of brace of modern quail dogs replaced our one meat-hunter, they would, I am (*Continued on page 88*)

Ewing Galloway

Sports Plaza in the Ojai Valley

on The Twin Peaks Ranch of Mrs. Donald Dickey
Ojai, California



Above: The tennis court

Left: The swimming pool

Dedicated to sports, to out-of-door meals under a beautiful oak, to barbecues in the Spanish manner or highballs in the Scotch, to comfortable California hospitality

ETHEL McCALL HEAD

In a sunny valley surrounded by high mountains lies the Twin Peaks Ranch. Far back from the road, the farm buildings, the forge, and the residence are situated in a natural bowl formed by the projecting bulwark of Whale Rock and sheltered by the foothills and the double peaks which give the ranch its name. From this secluded area there is only one open vista —to the west. There, far below, lies the valley with its little village much like a canton of Switzerland, for off to the sea are great peaks, snow covered during the winter season.

Here, at the end of the ranch land, in this enchanted wilderness of brush and hills and olive trees was a perfect place for play or for indolent sun worship. And so the Sports Plaza! An open square backed by the swimming pool, fronted by the tennis court, with two long low buildings running down either side which are tied together by a spacious sun deck over the enclosed bowling alleys.

Since the architecture of the ranch is provincial Spanish in character, the Sports Plaza carries the same note with red tile roofs, long covered loggias lined with flowerpots, old Spanish lamps and tile. However, with the Old World allure has been combined New World comfort. Glass bricks on the dressing room walls give light without being transparent and seem not out of place in the cream white loggia with its dado of raspberry pink.

The fact that one leaves behind the arrival court in front of the residence, crosses a little bridge over a rocky barranca, gushing water in certain seasons, and suddenly emerges upon the Sports Plaza gives it great interest. Beside the pool is a flagstone terrace for out-of-door meals. The left wing of the square is made up of a large kitchen opening directly onto this terrace and a bar, just around the corner at the beginning of the loggia which leads down to a suite of guest rooms. Here are three large rooms, each with dressing room and bath, and a delightful little corner porch looking down to the canyon and river below and off to the hazy mountains and valley seen in the distance.

The other side of the square has a similar long low building housing the men's and the women's dressing rooms with a spacious game room between them. The women's dressing rooms are modern in feeling with grass-cloth walls, chromium beading and white plaster, red tile floor again taking up the Spanish theme, and draperies and

Plot Plan of Mrs. Dickey's Sports Plaza

CHALFONT HEAD, *Designer*

Fred Dapprich, Photographer

The game room and bar. The game room is open to the loggia and is backed by a window on the sun garden. A door pulls down to shut off bar when not in use

The ladies' dressing room and a guest room. Walls of grass-cloth in the dressing room and a red tile floor. In the guest room the color scheme is green and white, with white goats hair rugs

The men's dressing room and game room loggia looking towards the pool. The dressing room is masculine in dull browns and tans with a most comfortable leather lounge

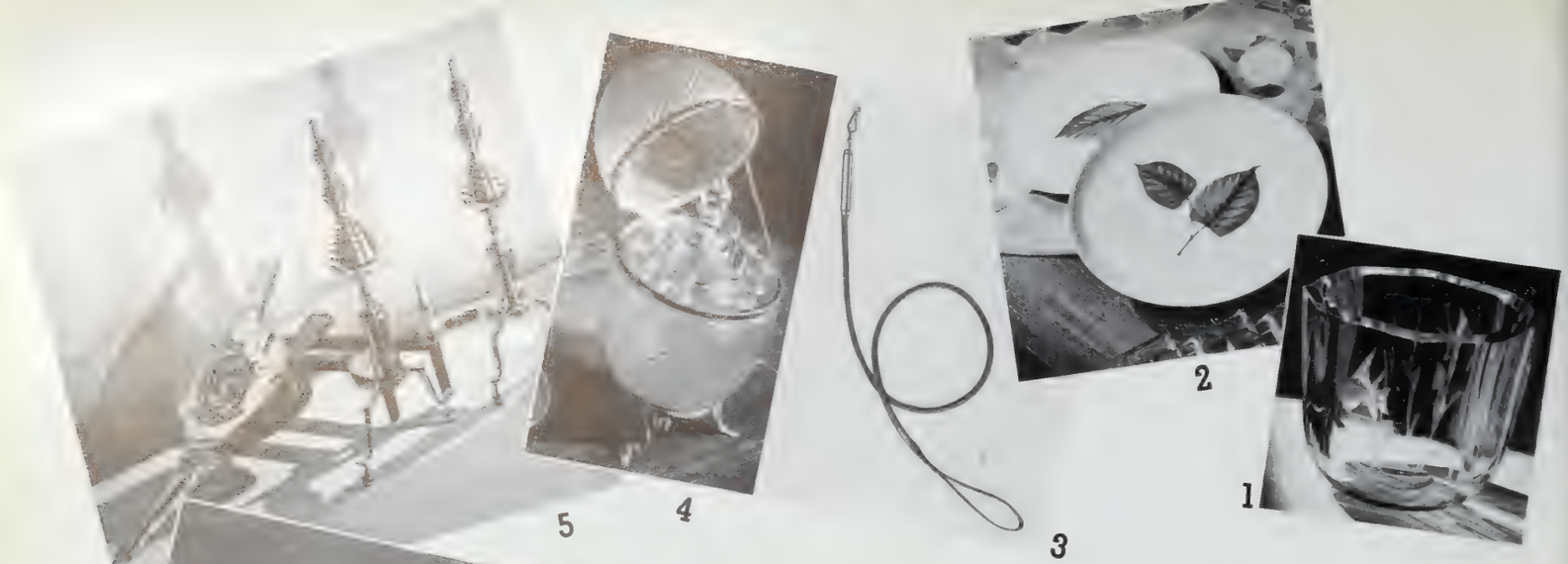
Below: The bowling alley and luncheon court with spacious kitchen handy and the barbecue pit right near by

furniture in soft pink or white. The men's dressing rooms are modern in treatment with natural wood, dull browns and tans and a spacious cream white leather built-in lounge. Behind these dressing rooms are amusing little "sun gardens" . . . red brick terraces backed by stone walls, planted with high hedges where one may lie in hammocks slung on low white metal frames. Here also are white enamel sinks set at convenient height in red brick bases, and banded in bright Spanish tile, with wringer attached so that wet bathing suits are no problem.

Between the two sun gardens is a grassy garden flanked by Eugenia hedges. Against the supporting stone wall is a low fountain over which broods a stone figure, a Mexican woman whose eternally contemplative mood well suits the sunshine and the languorous spirit of these gardens. They bring to mind the line from Walt Whitman, "Give me the splendid silent sun," for when one is stretched out in a hammock after a good swim there is serenity in these little gardens hidden behind the buildings.

The game room is midway between the two dressing rooms and holds the ping-pong table and a group of card tables with built-in cases for supplies. The bay window utilizes glass brick on two sides to give privacy to the sun gardens, but one side opens to the grassy plot and fountain over which the stone figure watches. As one ponders a partner's baffling bid, one can look out to this quiet little creature and decide that perhaps, after all, it doesn't matter much if the opponents go game. The whole spirit of the Sports Plaza is one of relaxation.

The badminton court and grass, and a wide gravel path fill the square between the two buildings with the swimming pool crossing the top, the sun deck the bottom of the (*Continued on page 76*)



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HERE'S HOW *to spend your Christmas money*

LOVELY for short-stemmed flowers, this heavy Stromberg glass bowl **(1)** is very beautifully cut, $45, from Sweden House. **2.** China so white it is almost translucent, Haviland plates each with a different leaf design, from R. H. Macy, $59.50 a dozen. **3.** A leash that is constructed to foil the nefarious plans of the most impulsive dogs, with no damage to their throats; Shock-proof leash from the Larson Co., $2.50. **4.** A liqueur set, decanter and six glasses, that looks almost like one of the marvelous Russian Easter eggs, of spiraled glass with little gold flower legs, $67 at Macy's. **5.** Winter evenings, the fireside—andirons are a perfectly logical sequence, fine brass andirons and a small and effective bellows to complete the scene, Wm. H. Jackson Co., $21 and $9.75. **6.** The perfect accessories for a gay party, the thoroughly equipped bar and appointments from W. & J. Sloane, $167.50. Good simple glasses, traditional shapes and crystal clear from $5.50 to $35 a dozen, ample ice buckets and bottle openers, from $1 to $8.50, and a really handsome modern champagne cooler, $85. The best in drinkables, from champagnes and sherries, cognac, liqueurs, and claret, Scotches, Bourbons, ryes, and rums to gin and mixed cocktails. (See page 88.) **7.** Fantastic little box, the Philco portable radio in airplane cloth, set it down anywhere and it works, $33.50. **8.** A practical, easily adjusted case that will fit on most any saddle, equipped with the universal zipper, from Stalker and Company, $6. **9.** At McCutcheon's they have a real French peignoir of long-haired terry cloth white as the

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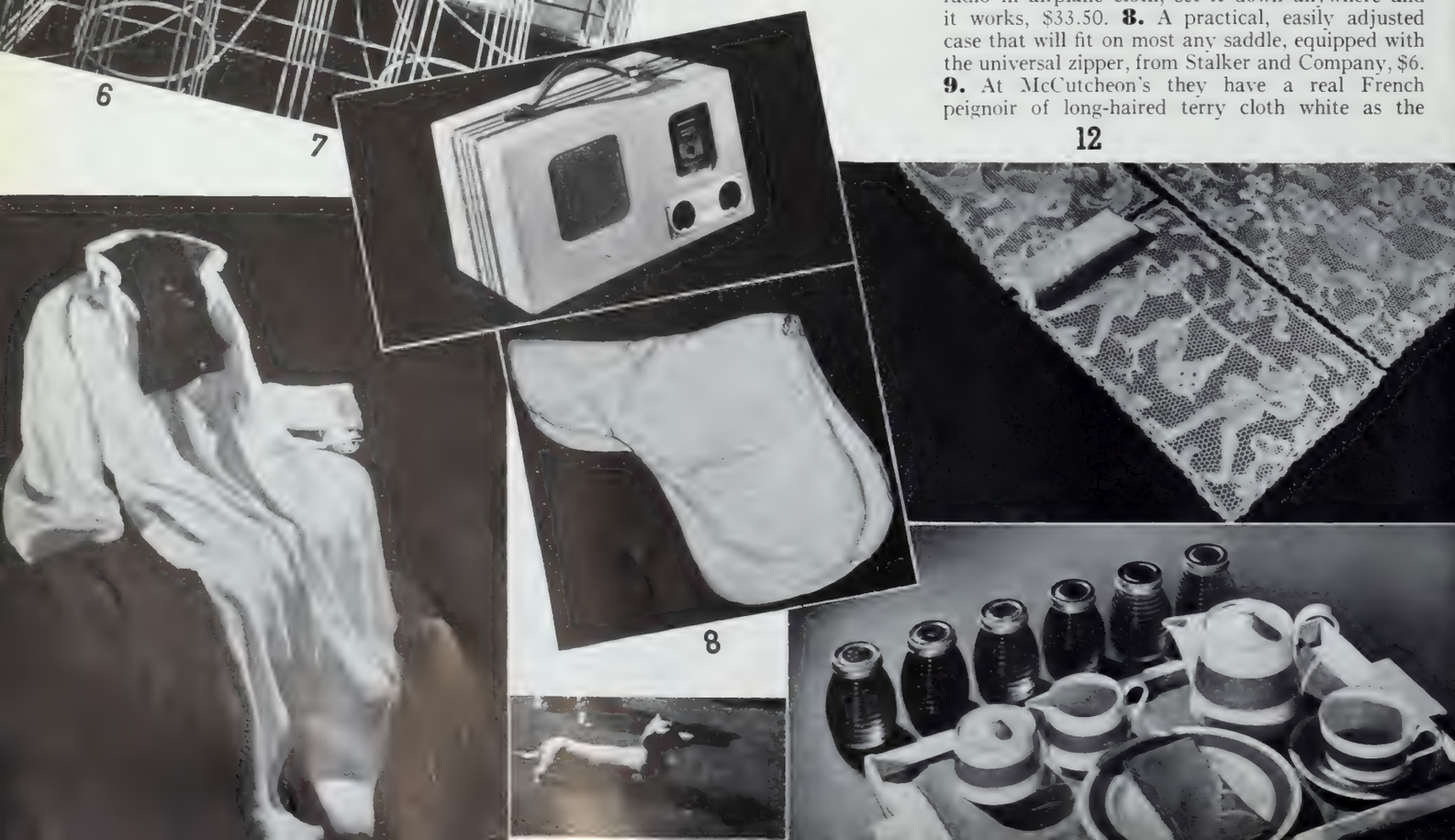

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Photographs by F. M. Demarest

driven snow, for lolling after the bath, $10.50 and a very trim scarf in herringbone design of bath toweling, any color, that can be monogrammed, $4.70 a pair. **10.** The dog with a definite sense of humor, the dachshund, a minute bronze by McClelland Barclay, one of many breeds, at six for $5. **11.** The blessing of the morning in especially pleasing form, tray $9, cloth and napkins, $5, and the breakfast set $38, from Rena Rosenthal. Six different kinds of honey, $2.50 from the Hawthorne Flower Shop, add 15 cents for postage. **12.** Bruges lace that is always so lovely against dark wood, in a set of unusually handsome design, one long runner, twelve place mats and twelve napkins, $195, from Kargere. **13.** Better'n'-candy sweets, fruits all full of California sun and vitamins besides, $4.75, Canoga Farms. **14.** Fit for "the good turtle soup" and yet lends elegance to "merely the mock," this magnificence in Spode's Sutherland design induces the return of the tureen habit, $115. **15.** An assortment for a desk, a papier mâché portfolio, Macy's; and various boxes—wood, leather, porcelain, and enamel and gilt, from $5 to $35, James Amster, Bonwit's, Arden, and Macy's; and a beautiful reproduction of Lord Nelson's biscuit box that was used on the "Victory," $95, from Peter Guille. **16.** The Zephyr shotgun, $115, from the Stoeger Arms Corporation. **17.** A grand shooting jacket in white for the South, with red gabardine under collar and tabs, $25—"Gokey Botté Sauvage," $28, from Oldin. Remington's automatic, the "Sportsman," for skeet shooting, $49.95. For some the most prized flavor of them all is the pheasant; this and all other rare game birds for your table, wherever it is, from E. Joseph. **18.** Bindings to your personal taste of books, stories, scrap books, or whatever, from Monastery Hill. **19.** There is something so comfortable about the feel of well-balanced, well-shaped glasses, the giant highballs with thistle design, and the bell cocktail glasses, $24 and $20; a dozen from Abercrombie and Fitch, and the new size highballs (*Continued on page 88*)

WHAT'S N

Wheeler 40-Foot Lounge Playmate

Consolidated "42" Sport Fisherman

ALTHOUGH midwinter may be cold and bleak and entirely without cheer to the devotees of other warm weather diversions, the pleasure boat enthusiast is unknown who doesn't get a new and excited lease on life when January comes around, bringing with it the National Motor Boat Show at New York City. Long before the groundhog tries out his shadow, long before the crocuses point their buds up through the snow, and still longer before the robins commence their welcome *tweet tweets*, this annual dry-land, indoor marine spectacle brings the welcome message to boat owners and would-be owners everywhere—and there are in excess of a million of them—that, when winter is at hand, spring is not far away.

So, in the Grand Central Palace you may expect to find three entire floors literally jammed with craft, ranging from six to almost sixty feet in length and priced—well, you'll find a man's size skiff marked at under $25 and at least one sea-going power cruiser that $25,000 won't buy. In between, with prices going up one cipher to the right at a time, will be scores of motor and sail craft of every description, all decked out in their holiday best and each with a special appeal of some sort to set her apart from her companions. And it will be the same with the engines, fittings, and accessories that, to the tune of several thousand different items, always come in for a share of the attention.

If I told you that the new boats for 1939 are simply a repetition of the old models, I'd be guilty of dispensing slanderous notions. Styles do change in pleasure craft, you know, as in women's hats—and to better purpose. It's true that the basic designs of the hulls are altered but little from year to year, and there is not much greater change in the superstructures, even this year. So it is within comparatively small limits that the improvers have had to center their efforts. The result is a further extension of the gradual process of adjustment and refinement, with the new craft attaining the tallest heights of marine accomplishment to date. Virtually every builder whose hat is in the ring this year has incorporated in his boats a variety of new conveniences, some of them so tricky as to cause us to forget last year's gadgets that didn't work and some so obviously good that we wonder why we haven't had them offered us before.

The new boats, too, go a step or two farther than their immediate predecessors in the matter of improved sound-proofing and in insulation against the heat of the noon-day sun. Some of them also are wider in beam and deeper in draft. As a consequence, they are, in many respects, the best fitted craft yet to take you out on a choppy day and bring you back safe, dry, and not too much shaken up to be willing to go out again.

There is even continuing emphasis on comfort, in some instances to the point of luxury. It takes the form of improved interior design so as to provide truly comfortable bunks (which more than a few old-timers will insist is an impossibility), better facilities for storing and preparing food and cooking it, excellent sanitary equipment and increasingly clever utilization of odds and ends of space wherever opportunity offers. Also, about half the gasoline cruisers this year are rigged with a pulpit on the bowsprit for a harpooner, a lookout chair at the masthead, and a pair of spinnaker arms from which to drag trolling arms. After the big races of Brenton's Reef, they ought to prove particularly useful for big fish hunting off Montauk.

It is only fair to add that the stage definitely has not yet arrived when anybody, especially if it's his first whack at boat buying, can purchase just any boat at all and be certain that it will be fit and seaworthy for all weathers and conditions. It is still possible, here and there, to single out craft that have hulls too thin for any use except on the shallowest inland waters, motors too puny to propel them at any except the slowest speeds, and interior layouts that, once the paint and varnish are removed, speedily turn out to be poorly constructed and unable to stand the gaff of frequent use. None of the "name" boats, of course, are guilty of these violations of purchaser confidence and the reliable builders whose craft have as yet to become nationally famous are always willing to have their product subjected to the closest scrutiny. So nobody needs to get stuck, although every year some do.

Motor boats fundamentally are for going places, and it is their engines that make them

The Gar Wood Overniter

Photographs by Morris Rosenfeld, Eyres Studio, and C. Robinson

56-Foot Dawn Cruiser

NEW?

CHARLES FREDERICK McKIVERGAN

go. Which reminds me to state that the motors for 1939, whose earliest mechanical forebears were so often the despair of the bravest nautical souls, are by comparison truly the last word in silent, harnessed, reliable power. With but few exceptions, the new gasoline engines show demonstrable increases in power, size for size, an achievement made possible by the increased use of lighter weight alloys, improved carburetion and hotter ignition. And it's a darn good thing for their manufacturers that this is so, for this year, for the very first time, the Diesel engine is making a bid for the patronage of the owners and purchasers of even the smallest power craft. Looking ahead, there is good foundation for believing that the new Diesels, designed expressly for small-boat installation, will even "steal" the Show.

For many years, Diesel engines have been installed with steadily increasing frequency on our large yachts. The result is that today, for every large pleasure craft propelled by steam, five are provided with Diesel power. But, until this year, the Diesel engine has been ideal for marine use only when from 100 to 20,000 horsepower has been required. On the vast fleet of power boats needing under 100 horsepower, the Diesel has not been practical for a number of reasons. Perhaps its greatest drawback, in so far as installation on small craft is concerned, has been its heftiness. Almost as large a stumbling block has been its large size, in proportion to its horsepower output. It has been only within the past few months that these two obstacles have been overcome.

That the research workers finally have conquered these and the other objections to the installation of the Diesel engine on small pleasure craft was testified to last year at the dedication by General Motors Corporation of a new million-dollar plant for the quantity production of diminutive, light-weight Diesels of from one to six cylinders and of from 22 to 160 horsepower. Yet it is much too soon, I think, to look for any widespread use of Diesel engines in small pleasure craft, with its general acceptance by the automobile manufacturers even more unlikely at any future date. The tremendous utilization of Diesel power by either the small-boat or the automobile builders would tend to destroy the Diesel's present (*Continued on page 84*)

Matthews "34" Sedan Cruiser

19-Foot Chris-Craft Runabout

36-2 Richardson Super-Cruisabout

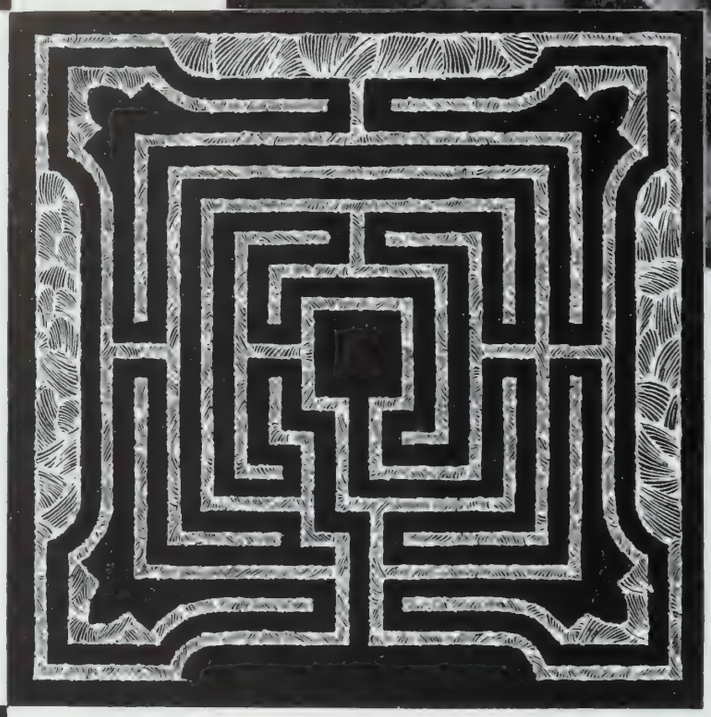
44-Foot Elco Cruisette, Custom Model

Owens "30" Two S

Sketches by
THEODORE KELLER

MAZES for

ETHEL McCALL HEAD



According to the authority of Webster, a maze is "a confusing and baffling network, as of paths"; it is composed of many turns and windings. The historical background of garden mazes is both intriguing and stimulating to the imagination. European gardeners of several hundred years ago doubtless devised such gardens to demonstrate their skill in design and planting in order to please their lords and masters. In the days when it was a lady's duty to sit upon a cushion and sew a fine seam, it was considered a maidenly sport to walk through the mazes and see who could reach the center first. It is conceivable that the mazes of the Old World gardens satisfied the same instincts for unravelling brain twisters that the Cross Word puzzle caters to in our day.

Why, then, mazes for modern gardens? Because they are beautiful and decorative, entertaining and amusing, excellent for contrast and for relief. In the case of the maze shown here, located in the gardens of Mrs. Fred Remington Greene, The Highlands, Seattle, Washington, both the landscape architect and the owner felt the need of some type of decorative feature to offset the color of the flower borders. The maze seemed to offer such pleasant mental associations with Old World gardens, and to promise so much pleasure for children, that it was chosen for this garden. It is located at the end of a long perennial border, behind a trim hedge, and is actually a maze in miniature.

The width of the path between the hedges is about fifteen inches, which is ample to walk in if one uses reasonable care and if one's feet are not too terribly large! The plant material of which it is made is boxwood, and prostrate junipers are grouped around it to soften the irregular boundary of the circle. The central feature of this maze (one naturally feels that there should be something at the end of the trail) is a beautiful ancient stone urn brought to Seattle some seventy years ago by an old sea captain. The fact that its origin and exact date are unknown gives added fascination to its obviously mellow age.

Bubbles of tinted glass float on the surface of the water and a tiny Oriental bell hangs beside the urn at the terminus of the path that finally leads

A modern attitude is that, because they require much care, mazes are obsolete. But does not something unusual, inter-

most of the small leaved varieties of privet could be used if the plan of the maze is on a sufficiently large scale, although they might not prove evergreen in some regions.

In addition to Buxus sempervirens suffruticosa, the following evergreen plants would be possible: Taxus canadensis stricta, Buxus microphylla japonica, Ilex crenata microphylla, Berberis buxifolia and Ilex bullata. Not all of them could be kept as dwarf as in the miniature garden shown here, but where suitable they would be effective. Of course, many of the old mazes were high enough to hide persons walking in the paths.

When possible it is desirable to have the maze so located that from the house, a terrace, or some out of door living area one can look down upon its living green pattern. A fountain, a bird bath or even a seat may be used for the central motif. Despite their origin in the gardens of the Old World, mazes can find a place in modern gardens, for they have a strange charm and beauty and always quaint patterns of green give a sense of restfulness to colorful gardens.

MODERN GARDENS

esting and quaint warrant extra effort? The plan of the maze in the photograph is the simple one shown just above

into the center. It is not hard to imagine the delight a child must feel when, having solved the riddle of the maze, it reaches the magic center and is allowed to ring the bell to the envy of young friends still lost on twisting paths. There is a pleasant quality of fantasy in such a garden, with its mossy old urn from some far off place, its floating glass balls catching the light of the sun, its tinkling bell. Here is an enchanted garden for children especially but also for all who are still responsive to the loveliness of the world, to sunshine and shadows and to fairylike patterns of green.

Should you wish to try a maze in your own garden the possible patterns are almost unlimited. Mr. Sturtevant has sketched here a few, inspired by European mazes, to illustrate the many possibilities. Starting with the center point, the creation of any one of them is only a question of patience, much string and many stakes in laying out the pattern exactly, the careful close planting of strong uniform plants, and their subsequent regular shearing.

Boxwood seems to be the most desirable plant for such a garden, wherever it will thrive. However, in warm, frostless sections of the country, Euonymus pulchellus is also suitable, as well as two bush honeysuckles—Lonicera pileata and L. nitida. Even

From the Office of BUTLER STURTEVANT

Landscape Architect

Top of page: The Pikes Peak Ski Club. Above left: John Pleasant, Don Laurie (President), Jack Howard, and Kenneth Rowe, all of Colorado Springs. Center: Count Phillippe de Pret, young Belgian Olympics star. Above, right: Wallace Lee, Miss Marcella Elgin, and Mrs. L. N. Tasber

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

COLORADO

PIKES PEAK OR BUST! This slogan painted on the sides of ox-drawn prairie-schooners during the gold rush has today been adopted by the 300 members of the Pikes Peak Ski Club, who use the rugged slopes of this magnificent Rock Mountain for their week-end pleasures.

Young and old from Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, and other cities within a radius of 150 miles have banded together in this enthusiastic organization and now, after some fifteen years, have one of the strongest winter sports clubs in the West.

A modest, yet unique log lodge accommodating forty persons in double bunks has been constructed, with much of the labor being done by members of the club on week-end work parties. A ten-foot fireplace of native stone was built in one end of the building and meals are served at cost in the combination lounge and dining room.

Down-mountain trails, designed by Otis Elliott, young winter sports architect, have been cut through the wooded slopes, and ski tows on both the practice and contest hills have been constructed. Pack trips of from three to five days' duration are made by the members and their guests up into the high reaches of the Continental Divide, overnight stops being made at abandoned mines and deserted ghost towns.

—JACK WIDMER

Above left: Miss Billie Morrison of Denver. Left: Miss Barbara Heming and Frederick Kernochen

Above right: Mrs. James B. Smith of the Broadmoor. Right: Kay Weaver of Pueblo, with Gene Griffith

Photographs by the author

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

NEW JERSEY and MASSACHUSETTS

At the Charles Pfizer Cup Race, run in Gladstone, N. J., Mrs. Duncan Ellsworth and Mrs. August Belmont wait for the start

Mrs. Carl Boker with Mrs. Reginald B. Lanier. They came over from New York to see the Charles Pfizer point-to-point run

At the running of the Charles Pfizer point-to-point in Gladstone, N. J., Mr. Kenneth B. Schley Jr. from Far Hills, shown with Miss Cynthia Banks, daughter of Mr. James Lennox Banks, New York

At the Charles Pfizer Cup on Mr. John L. Winston's estate were Kenneth Schley, Cynthia Banks, Allison Pyne of Bernardsville, John Pierrepont of Far Hills, and Sara Clucas of Bedminster, New Jersey towns

Mrs. H. Whitfield Carhart, Miss Catherine Mellick, and Miss Alice Whitney at the Charles Pfizer Cup point-to-point

Massachusetts: Above are Miss Geraldine Timmins and Miss Anita Luscombe, Mrs. Gelston King, Mrs. Walter O. Luscombe, and Miss Elizabeth Timmins. Left: Mr. Russell Knowles, M. F. H. Jacob's Hill, with Mrs. Knowles at Dover. Upper right are two gentleman jocks, Mr. Bayard Tuckerman and Mr. Albert Burrage and, below, Mr. Gordon Prince, M. F. H. Myopia, presents the trophy to Mr. George C. Clement, winner of the Overweight Steeplechase

Photographs by Ratofotos, Chester T. Holbrook, and Morgan

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

OHIO—MISSOURI WISCONSIN

With the Chagrin Valley. Miss Jane Blyth, Mr. To-nd, Mrs. Sally Brady. hagrin Valley, of which alph T. King is Master, nts the country adjacent Gates Mills in Ohio

With the Chagrin Valley. Miss Barbara Ginn jumps her hunter over a lowered panel during a run. Hounds go out three times a week from August into January

Below are Miss Jane Winter, Mr. Robert Smith, and Miss Mary Pettus arriving at the Bridlespur Hunt Race Meet in Huntlwigh Village, a few miles from St. Louis, Mo.

Chagrin Valley Hounds. In the circle Courtney Burton, an Honorary Whipper-in

etty and Peggy, twin daughters of Mrs. M. Vright of St. Louis, draw for the pool from e fifteen entries in the race at Bridlespur

With the Oconomowoc Hunt. Left, Richard Friedlander, acting Honorary Whip. Above, Joint Master Clement Hackney. Right, Mr. Edwin Bartlett leads his horse onto the trailer in which he will travel

hotographs by W. Thomas McGrath, Gerald Young, and A. C. Bruening

BIRDS IN THE SNOW—*"all pleasure is related to the belly"*

Photographs by the author

American sparrows on the snow. Six species are shown here, including song sparrow, fox sparrow, white-throat sparrow, tree sparrow, Juneo, and "English" sparrow, an imposing variety

RAYMOND S. DECK

Gray snowbirds or Juncos, feasting in a grain-strewn patch of weeds

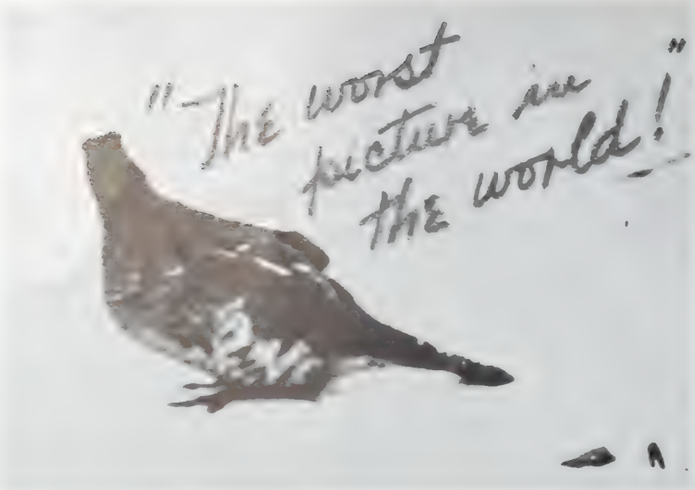
THE Art Editor said no, no, no, but finally he gave in. Consequently there appears on page 70 the orneriest picture ever printed in the entire history of elegant COUNTRY LIFE, I guess. It's the silhouette-like one of a ruffed grouse on sleety snow. The bird, which had been shot at many times, no doubt, was just finishing a back-yard meal of stewed prunes when I snapped its picture. Maybe you didn't know that grouse go in for stewed prunes. I didn't either before I clicked the shutter on that partridge. But then one learns a lot of funny things when he makes a hobby of attracting wildlife to his door. Mainly he learns that Herodotus was mighty right, where birds are concerned anyhow, when he offered the pithy observation that "all pleasure is related to the belly."

It was a dirty November day when I snapped that grouse's picture. Three other fellows and I had spent a few days hunting woodcock, grouse, and other small game on my Connecticut place. We had had fine sport in red-leaved, blue-sky weather, but now that we were leaving, sleet seethed onto the cabin and sodden woods. As we got our duffle in shape I tossed some handfuls of grain into the tree-walled "yard." Along with this orthodox handout for game went some crusts of toast, gristly bones of birds we'd eaten—and a ration of left-over prunes. It was these last that really caused the Art Editor's blood pressure to go up.

For in the midst of all the thumping and bumping in the cabin Frank glanced out of the window, then emitted a shrill, asthmatic whisper: "Look!" Through the wind-driven sleet we saw a fat brown grouse crouched among the table scraps. She was gobbling up prunes, the old biddy was, while corn and millet lay all around! Well, I've taken so many snapshots of birds that I can get a camera clicking almost as fast as I can get the safety off a gun. Soon I was perched on a box beside a darkened window, shooting away through a frosty pane at a grouse eating prunes. When I'd quieted down a mite from the excitement of this, I eased the window up, a millimeter or so at a time, until I had it open a lens-width and then I took a shot at the old girl in the raw. I took just one picture of her through the opened window, for she was off in a thunder of wings at the first tick of the shutter. She spun her head halfway around even during the lightning exposure with which I trusted her. And the light was so dim that, as you see, my photographic trophy shows only a black hulk instead of a portrait. But since it isn't every day in the year that you get even a poor picture of a gunwise partridge by the back door eating prunes, the Art Editor finally said, "Well, all right."

That particular grouse was a frequent visitor about the cabin all of one fall and winter. She stayed around there like an elk

about a drinking place. Sometimes she prowled about the yard and surrounding blueberry brush, alone; often with another bird or two. Nearly every time I approached the cabin during that good year, in shooting season and out, one grouse or a brace roared up from the tiny clearing. Even on days when I hunted the whole countryside and saw little game, I could be sure of flushing partridge along the sunny slope where the cabin stood. That was a very comforting thing. It took away the lag which rides on one's boots in birdless covers.



There's a reason, of course, for such doings. Numerous years ago, quite unknowing that the principle was being, or soon would be applied on a grand scale by government bureaus, I set up a no-hunting area against myself in the heart of my shooting ground. Ten acres or more surrounding the cabin and wood-duck pond I bounded with a trail cut through the woods. No gun has ever been fired on this sanctuary except when a goshawk or crow misunderstood. My guests and I do all of our shooting in outlying covers. Game which flushes before a gun and takes refuge in the inner sanctum is safe from pursuit. This place is planted with special shrubs which furnish food and cover. There is plenty of grain set out in sheltered spots in snowy weather. The scheme works. It makes you feel just a bit more sporting, in fall, to leave a bird safe for a roar and bang on some other day, because you marked it down in a certain thicket. Then there are always plenty of birds left for seed at the end of the shooting season; a few extra cabinside broods to overflow into gunning coverts before every October. Besides, it's good sport to keep tabs on the wild things which concentrate on any sanctuary.

Brr-rrr-rrrr! Whf-fff! You ought to hear the puff and boom of wings by my cabin in midwinter. You ought to see the squirrels race off over crusted snow; and watch lesser creatures whisk out of the yard when you come up the path of a January day. Maybe you'd chance not to see a game-bird, nor even hear a blast of big brown wings, on a single visit. But you'd see tracks in the snow, I'll wager, of more gun-shy partridge than one, even on the leanest day of winter. And there might be a cock pheasant in that very citadel of grousedom; the trail of a whitetail that had come in for a blizzard-time snack. I don't think we'd find it hard, there, to whet your appetite for a wildlife feeding station of your own.

Of course I know that a lot of sportsmen think it's sort of soft to "feed the birdies." Perhaps it is. I wouldn't know, maybe. But listen, pal. Any time a fellow gets enough kick out of watching wild things closeup that he'll crawl into a blind before sunup of a midwinter day in the north and stay there until late afternoon brings twinges to his joints and a hacking cough to his pulmonary regions, there must be *something* in it! And since I've indulged in such asininity more times than one, I'm out to persuade you to scatter grain and string up a few lumps of suet on your own place.

Maybe there won't be a bona fide game-bird on your guest rolls all winter long. That hinges entirely on where you do your feeding, and how clear the place is kept of dogs and slinking cats. Game-birds aren't suckers. But except in those urban mews where only starlings and house-sparrows dwell, you're quite sure to make the acquaintance of some worthy fellows in feathers if you merely throw table scraps out of the kitchen window. Grain is more potent than any table scraps: scratch-feed to be had from any poultry shop for a few cents a pound. Actually you should garnish this pièce de résistance with sunflower seed costing as much as a quarter for a gallon; and a few lumps of suet finagled from the cook.

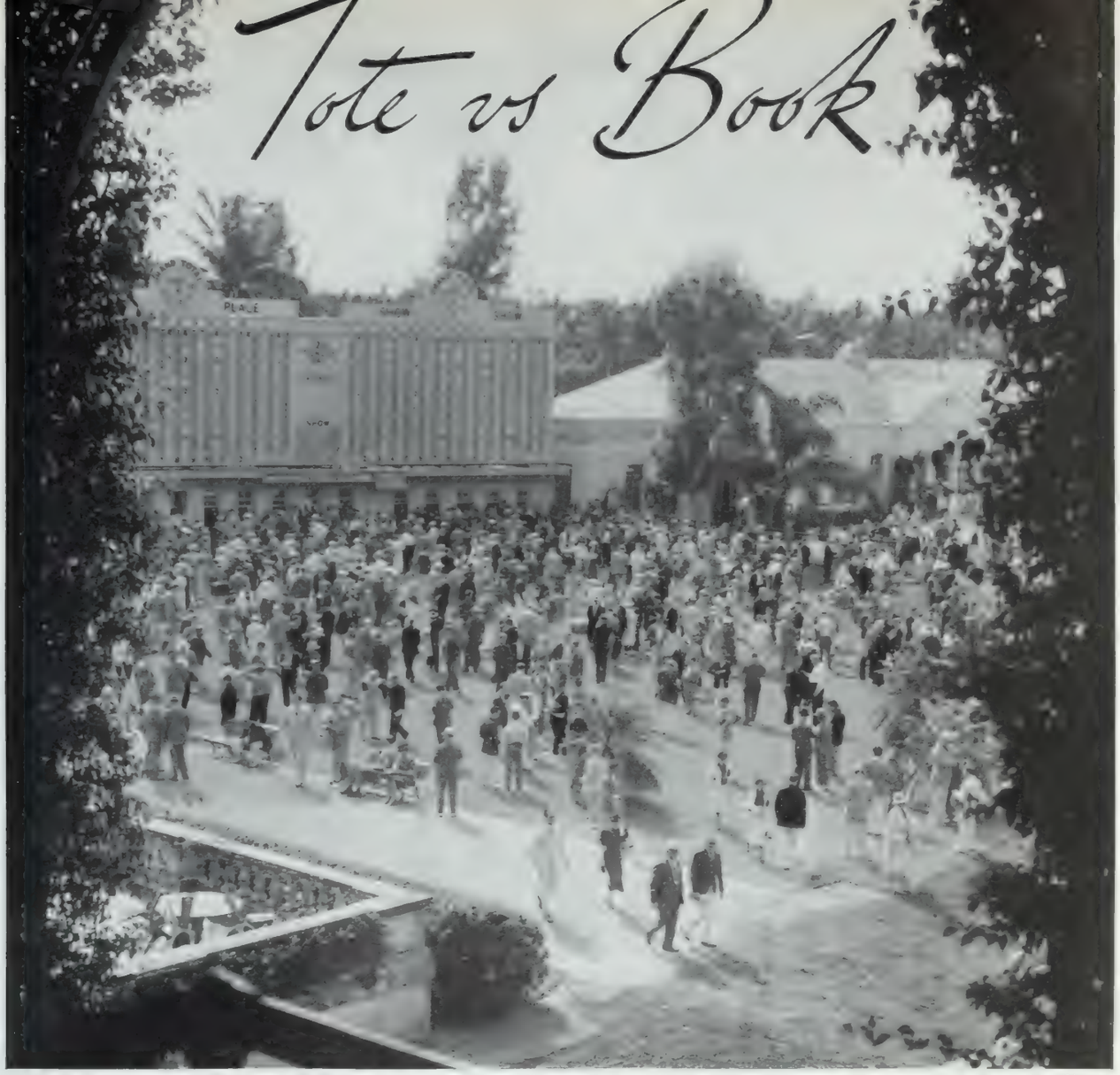
Strew the grain, if you will, beneath a wind-fallen tree or in a tousled weed patch near real woods. Pick a place for your operations, which offers access to briery fields, swamps, or other tight-roofed cover. Appoint a spot near a spring or bit of open marsh if there is such a favored thing on your stamping grounds. Water, remember, is almost as potent in luring game as fetched-on food is. Don't fiddle with building fancy thatched shelters for your guests unless you're a Boy Scout, merit-badge bound; or unless you live so high on a mountain top that there isn't any down-timber or any weed patch to be found. There's plenty of work to building a picturesque lean-to for hungry birds, and the work usually is unnecessary.

At least I've found it so. About the New England cabin, and in a dozen other regions where I've fed game (the New York suburbs, for instance, where I've played host all winter to as many as a score of ring-necks, a covey of quail, and a hundred lesser fry) I've found natural feeding cover without half looking. I like to locate a clump of thick-twigged birches or tall weeds in a place where a springy creek boasts open water. Give me lanes of goldenrod and blackberry vine drifting in from woodland. To the limbs of trees in a hot spot like this I tie lumps of suet or fat pork. These dangle on wires or twine too slender to afford a foothold to gluttonous squirrels which might be scampering about.

On a mill-wrought tray; a homemade (*Continued on page 83*)

Two chickadees among late winter pussywillows

Tote vs Book



Morgan

The "tote" at Miami's Hialeah Park

Pros and Cons of both forms of betting

ALDEN HATCH

TAKE the long way round the world and everywhere you will find men gambling on the speed, courage, and endurance of this or that horse, pony, or even donkey. The lovely little Arabs flash over the bright green turf at Ghezira, their tails streaming like silver banners. The French chasers gallop at breakneck speed over the tricky hurdles at Cannes and Nice and Auteuil. Down the stretch at Longchamps or around Tattenham Corner the great horses of France and England fight it out for the championship of the Old World, while the mutuel machines click swiftly or the bookies bark their odds on the Downs.

Your way leads through Aintree and Punchestown, and on across the ocean. At Belmont, Saratoga, and Churchill Downs, and on dozens of other tracks all across the wide continent, American Thoroughbreds battle for supremacy while five billions of dollars change hands each year on the results of their struggles.

The love of horse racing is as universal a taste as any that mankind has. Anyone who has ever experienced the supreme thrill of seeing the surging rush for the finish, the beautiful straining bodies, and the bright colors of wind-whipped racing silks, or heard the stirring drum beat of flying hoofs knows why. But the lifeblood of this great sport is the stream of money with which men back their judgment of which horse is fastest under the conditions existing at the moment.

Cut off this golden ichor and racing withers and dies. Allow it to flow too rapidly, and the sport becomes an unmanageable monster which the community, in self-defense, must throttle with anti-gambling legislation. If racing is to survive, the golden tide must be harnessed and controlled in some well-conceived manner.

How best to do this is a problem which constantly harasses all those who love the Thoroughbred. There are two types of betting machinery; the old-fashioned system of layers (bookmakers) and the newer pari-mutuels. Each has its ardent partisans and because of the recent enormous increase of racing in America, this controversy is reaching a crisis. A fair and unbiased discussion of their relative merits seems in order.

Let the advocate of the mutuels speak first. He represents the younger element which believes in moving with the times, even though the times move pretty fast. He also represents a great majority of women bettors, who so far have got a pretty raw deal under the older system.

FOR PARI-MUTUELS: The public's money is, in the last analysis, what makes the mare go—also the horse, colt, or gelding. Therefore, it is the public's right that it should be given every consideration and the best possible run for its money.

It is admitted by everyone, including the advocates of the layer-player system, that the pari-mutuels are more convenient and easier for the small bettor. The odds are flashed on a great board in front of the stands, where all may see, and everyone knows exactly how much money has been bet on a certain horse at any moment. This, incidentally, adds interest to the long wait between races. The figures mounting on the great board at Santa Anita on Handicap Day, until the winking lights show that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been wagered on a single horse, are almost as exciting as the race itself to the spectators who are eagerly watching.

The actual labor of betting is greatly reduced. Instead of fighting

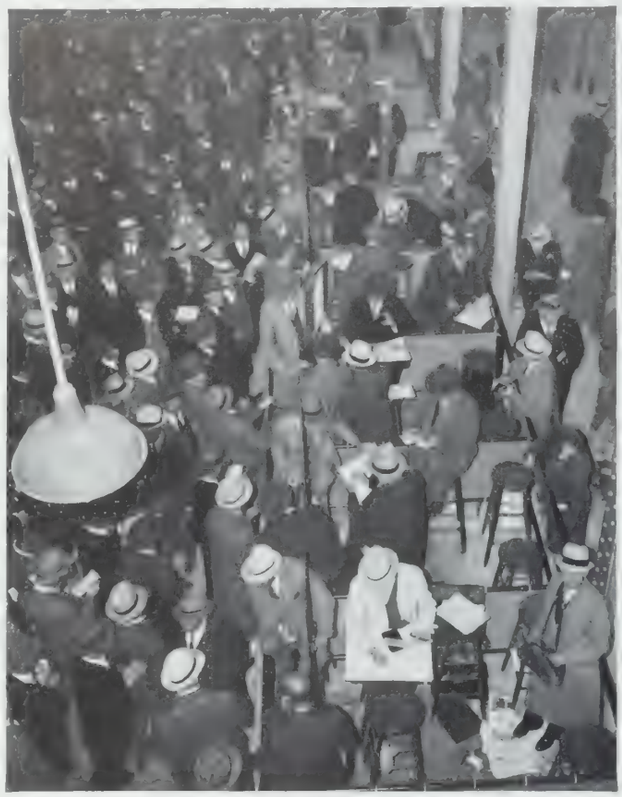
a milling, yelling crowd and struggling from bookie to bookie, shopping for odds, the bettor gets in an orderly queue before a window at which are sold tickets of the amount he wishes to bet. It is all so much easier and more peaceful.

The big bettor, obliged to carry masses of currency instead of betting on credit and forced to gamble on the final odds instead of getting a definite return on his money, greatly prefers "the good old-fashioned way."

At the mutuel tracks everything is open and aboveboard. The odds are exactly computed from the amount of money bet, less the "take." All information concerning scratches, jockeys, et cetera, is given out as far in advance as possible. At the New York courses, which are almost the last in this country to use the old system of layers and players, the customers are kept in the dark as much as possible. Scratches are not given out until an hour before the first race and this is usually true of jockey assignments. The reason given is that this system hinders the nefarious activities of operators of handbooks and poolrooms. It seems more probable that it is because the scratching of a great favorite will keep the customers away in droves. It is true that sometimes there are last-minute scratches of importance at mutuel tracks, but at least the public is fooled less of the time.

Then there is the price of admission. Because of the profit from the take of the mutuels, these tracks keep their prices to a minimum. The various managements realize that the more people come to the track, the more money will be bet, and consequently, the greater will be the take. They do everything in their power to please their patrons. A track handicapper's selections printed on the program to guide the novices, the daily double, and handicapping contests with pools for those selecting the most winners are all efforts in this direction. In a word, the public is most welcome.

Not so at bookmaking tracks. There the management hypocritically takes no direct responsibility for the regulation of betting, and this important function is left to an unofficial Czar of Bookies. Furthermore, the high price of admission limits the attendance mostly to two widely divergent groups, the society people in the clubhouse and the regulars and professional gamblers, who haunt both the clubhouse and the grandstand according to their means.



Bookies under the stands at Belmont Park

This state of affairs bars the general public from enjoying this sport, though it does not keep them from betting in poolrooms and handbooks. As a consequence, attendance at the New York tracks is pitifully small compared to even the lesser mutuel tracks.

It is claimed that the take of the mutuels, ranging from 8% to 14%, is excessively high. But when one considers the expenses the bookmakers have to allow for, in addition to making a fair profit from their book, and the way the women bettors are gypped, it would seem that the percentage taken from the public must be nearly as great. Then, too, the place and show odds are terrible at the New York tracks and frequently do not bear any relation to the money bet this way. The bookmakers simply compute them as they please. In other states a horse will sometimes pay half as much to place as to win. This represents an incalculable percentage in favor of the bookmakers.

Under the mutuel system, the revenues to the state are much greater than from the bookmaking tracks. This is due partly to the larger attendance and partly to the fact that the state gets a generous share of the take. Thus, some of the percentage taken from the public is returned to them in the form of lowered taxes. Since racing has ever been the football of reformers, this means of placating the politicians is not to be despised.

Now we come to the unhappy subject of crookedness in racing. There always have been fixed races and doped horses, and there always will be. But, by removing the human element as far as possible, the temptation to tamper with horses is reduced. Those machines, impersonally recording the bets, don't care who wins; favorite or long shot, it's all the same to them. But many a bookmaker stands to win a fortune if the favorite loses, and sometimes he may yield to the temptation to arrange it.

As to the forgotten woman. In New York she is just that. Barred from the ring, she is forced to make her bets with runners, who prowl through the stands offering odds, necessarily shaded from those to be had in the ring and frequently deliberately bad. She desires the equality with man for which she has fought so valiantly and which she gets at the mutuel tracks.

There is one more class to which the mutuels make a strong appeal —owners and trainers. The profit from the mutuel take allows those tracks to offer much higher purses. Recently Santa Anita has boosted its minimum purse to $1700. Compare this to the paltry sums, ranging from $1000 down, offered at New York tracks, and imagine the class of horses and the brilliant racing they could provide if they were able to afford really larger purses.

The argument is often adduced that the New York tracks are more interested in improving the breed of horses than those using the mutuel system. This is true. Their great stakes, for which horses have to be entered at birth and even before they are foaled, produce this result. It is also argued that the mutuel introduces too much commercialism into racing. But racing, after all, is a business as well as a sport.

There seems to be no reason why a sound business policy could not be combined with maintaining a clean sporting atmosphere; or that a policy of pleasing the public should be incompatible with improving the breed of horses.

The best features of both systems should be combined. Mutuels, carefully regulated, should be legalized. There should be a limit, by law, to the number of franchises for tracks which may be granted, so that we shall not have the evil of too much racing. Dog tracks should be excluded from the operation of the law. The take of the mutuels should be kept low (not over 10%) and the admission prices should be high enough to keep away from the tracks all those people who absolutely cannot afford to bet.

Bookmakers, officially regulated, should be encouraged for the benefit of the big bettors, and stakes like the Futurity and the Belmont should be inaugurated in other states for the improvement of the breed. This would be excellent for the sport.

Our advocate for the pari-mutuels has adduced some pretty powerful arguments. Now let us see what the other fellow has to say. He represents an older and more conservative body of men. But there can be no question of their love of the sport for its own sake. Among them are those who have followed the Turf since the great days of Spendthrift, Foxhall, and Iroquois. Some of them owned racing stables when Domino and Rey el Santa Anita were engaged in their epic struggle for the Championship of America. Through fair weather and foul they have stuck by the sport they love so well, and it is the wisdom which they have accumulated through the tempestuous years that speaks.

AGAINST PARI-MUTUELS: There is one admitted fact to be faced first of all—racing cannot be maintained in the United States without some form of speculation; not because the Jockey Club wants it, not because the racing associations or the horsemen themselves want it, but because the patrons demand it. Betting is not the objective of the Associations of New York State and the Jockey Club and is discouraged by them. With the exception of the contributions, averaging $90 a day apiece, which the bookmakers make to the purses and stakes, the real revenue of these tracks is the gate; and this is as it should be. At the mutuel tracks the gate is practically negative and the real revenue is from the betting, so this end of racing is naturally ballyhooed and encouraged.

The huge prices paid by the daily doubles, the occasional 100 to 1, 200 to 1, and even 300 to 1 shots are frantically publicized to add to the gambling fever of the people. (*Continued on page 77*)

PRESENTING

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Skiing down the slopes or flying over the ice . . . if you're that much of a winter sports enthusiast, you use Miss Arden's new Ski-Sports Gelée as they do in Switzerland where the strong glow from the sun and snow works havoc on the skin . . . no face powder, just the accent of a Redwood lipstick on your mouth, a touch of Bleu Vert eye sha-do on your eyelids . . . your face well covered with the gelée . . . for you shine in the sun this year.

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Downhill East and West

(Continued from page 31)

interesting variety in these downhill courses. They speak of regally riding back to the head of the runs by bus and auto. Apparently Yosemite has longer downhill and Soda has more reliable snow and a longer season.

One interesting detail about the Sierra in general is the spacing of the trees which permits you to pick a line between them almost anywhere you wish.

The experts, the boys who come to Ketchum, Idaho, from other parts of the West to race and ski, are unanimous that Sun Valley is good. With the fast uphill lifts on Dollar and Proctor Mountains it is possible to get so much downhill running in the course of a day that you have macaroni legs by sunset, if not sooner. The ski schools and plethora of winter sports attractions have their nocturnal counterpart in extra-curricular activities which are very diverting, optional, to be sure, but hard to resist. It is a rugged soul who can take in everything at Sun Valley.

The snow cover in the Sawtooth Range is less, hence the season is shorter than at either Berthoud, Soda, Banff, or the Pacific Northwest.

Many people have the impression that Sun Valley is expensive. With the new Challenger Inn it is very reasonable. For the Easterner it's getting across those prairies that is the item.

North of Idaho is the ski country of the Canadian Rockies, at its best in late winter and spring. It is big country, in snow even more stirring and solitary than the summer visitor knows it. The comfortable lodges at Skoki, Assiniboine, and Simpson Pass are a dozen miles or more from railroad stations, and the skiers and the big game have these great mountains and valleys of the Banff-Lake Louise region all to themselves. There, also, is atmosphere, thrilling atmosphere.

I would like to digress momentarily to speak of avalanches. From Tuckerman's to the Northwest there have been several people lost in slides, skiers who were unfamiliar with the avoidable dangers of alpine snow slopes. The established runs are almost always safe, but if you are to wander afield you must have a good working knowledge of snowcraft: otherwise some inquiry from local authorities will inform you whether there are dangerous areas, and, if so, where they are.

I will never forget my first glimpse of the hospitable entrance of Timberline Lodge at Mt. Hood, Oregon. Two big St. Bernards were lying on the snowy, stone steps, completely in scale with the tremendous doors of the West's most interesting mountain lodge. Built to withstand the two-story snows which crush ordinary buildings, it is a direct and beautiful product of its environment. Constructed of stone and heavy timbers of Douglas Fir, it is buttressed against the winter. Its central chimney has four fireplaces to a floor, its decoration reflects the Northwest, its wings have accommodations for every mood of pocketbook. A great window in the lobby looks miles up the slope of the volcano into the broken circle of its crater. Skiing at Hood is excellent, but considered a notch below Rainier and Baker, which are further north.

It is four miles of open running from Camp Muir at 10,000 feet on Mt. Rainier down to Paradise Lodge at 5,400 feet, and below is some good trail running to add to the distance. This figure of four miles and a fraction is cold mathematics on the U. S. Geographical Survey contour map, not merely the impression of a leg-weary downhill runner.

Frequently the weather balks you on the top half of this open run, but it is that weather which makes "The Mountain" endlessly interesting. Sometimes this old volcano is clear and immense, its 14,400 feet belittling the sizable Tatoosh Range across Paradise Valley: sometimes it is invisible. At other times, from a clear sky the mountain makes its own clouds in the Chinook winds, and its hanging glaciers and red rock cleavers ghost in and out of the sunlight.

The Tatoosh Range to the east is reminiscent of the Arlberg, with fine open slopes, particularly on the steep, rolling glacier of Pinnacle Peak.

Paradise Inn and Paradise Lodge exemplify Western friendliness in this aptly named Paradise Valley. Shops for the compleat ski-runner and a long ski tow round out the equipment. In local folklore Harry Popajohn, chef at the Inn, is famous for his annual spring toboggan ride down that long open run from Muir. This he does with no mean skill, and smoking a cigar, or maybe just biting it in two. Otto Lang of Austria makes Rainier the headquarters for his ski school, which has branches at Mt. Hood and Mt. Baker.

The lodge at Mt. Baker is a snug haven in the midst of a remote and magnificent alpine wilderness of northern Washington. There the giant Douglas firs thin out and the open slopes begin. A ring of tall peaks surrounds this high valley with Mt. Shuksan dominating the scene in its shouldering way. Shuksan's rugged beauty is even more impressive than the symmetrical cone of Mt. Baker, which is taller.

No effete automobilist can see Baker in winter, but a skier can by climbing for an hour up marvelous open slopes that give promise of thrills to come. At the top of a shoulder of Table Mountain the peak suddenly comes into view, its summit hung with glaciers and deep snows. On a fair day this mountain is sparkling clear, dominating the horizon but spread with a slight atmospheric haze that tells the mountaineer the distance to the summit is deceptive. Looking back your ski tracks, there is Shuksan, more massive than ever.

Except for the muffled motor of Jim Parker's ski tow down in the valley, and the distant drone of a Snogo clearing the road from Bellingham, one could almost think himself the discoverer of these peaks.

The downhill runs are precipitous or gentle, as you will. The one from Shuksan Arm is particularly steep, fast, and long. Occasional firs dot the slopes, and what appears to be a small one may be a big one, drifted in thirty feet of snow. Of all American ski country I have seen, Mt. Baker is the most satisfying of all, and beautiful beyond words.

When I have no reasonable excuse for being on the great open slopes I still equally enjoy running New England trails, some of which have such extravagant names as Earthworm Circuit (novice) and Undertaker's Loop (expert). It is fun to compete with those trees, even though this practice on my part has led to a certain corner on a New Hampshire run being known as "Shepler's Woe." That's what I get for going on an "expert" trail!

The sportswoman

(Continued from page 45)

citizen had to be in the old days. Food, clothes, and supplies of fuel for light and heat had to be kept on hand against emergency, and household and stable equipment had to be kept in order because its use was often imperative and no substitutes could be quickly obtained. Your house had to be "banked" for the winter before cold weather came and the storerooms had to be filled while it was still possible to get the things to them. You couldn't turn a switch and have light, you couldn't give the indicator on the oil burner a twist if you felt chilly, and you couldn't decide what you were going to get from the market for dinner a short hour or so before it was to be cooked.

Old stagecoaches and sleighs look mighty decorative and romantic in prints on the wall but what of the hours of torture that must have been spent in them? Now only the hardiest of youngsters drive open cars and although they don't make much fuss about them when it is pleasure that calls, just listen to the howl that goes up when mother sends them on an errand in inclement weather. Everything in modern living is so terribly easy and comfortable. No wonder we never plan ahead for emergencies; no wonder we are thrown into a dither if its luxurious pattern is disturbed.

CHARACTER: OPTIONAL. But, on the other hand, aren't there indications that all the luxuries of modern living are making

us miss our hardships? The best storm stories are those that are told by the people who had the toughest time. They are the heroes and you can tell by the light of excitement that shines in their eyes that, provided there were no tragedies involved, they have enjoyed their experiences. And they are duly envied by their friends whose stories are not so lurid. Things which once were taken as a matter of course have become events of thrilling importance, breaking the monotonous trend of soft living. We are thoroughly careless about planning ahead for the disruption of this mechanical life but secretly we gloat over our ingenuity in meeting the disturbances when they occur. And were there no other indication I believe that the recent democratic participation in winter sports shows a reaction to a life that has become too easy for the average consumer. Leisure and luxury are no longer things reserved for the very rich. Time and comfort, certainly are within the reach of the majority of our citizens and, even with financial conditions at their present low ebb, telephones, electricity, modern heating, radios, and automobiles have made the old-fashioned fight against the elements a pretty one-sided affair in favor of humanity. So what do people do but go out in search of the very things that used to make life miserable. Sailing is now a year-'round sport in any climate as long as there is open water and when there isn't any water they sail on ice. In droves they leave their warm, light, convenient houses to stay in primitive camps and inns. Whether it be for shooting, fishing, skiing, skating, hunting, or any other winter pastime they welcome weather at its worst so long as it is good for their special sport. The lower the thermometer, the taller the tales, and nothing can be nicer than a blizzard bad enough to keep them away beyond their appointed time and give them plenty to talk about when they return. A hardy race, no doubt, that not even the softest sort of life can destroy.

Chinese taste in England

(*Continued from page 49*)

fashionable clientele from the impressive list of subscribers to the three editions, the second of which was published in 1759, and third in 1762. Each edition sold for about $16. Members of the nobility as well as the best known architects and cabinetmakers of the day were subscribers. A comparison of the plates in the published books of French designers of Chippendale's time and before, show that he borrowed freely from all of them.

Thomas Chippendale's shop was not nearly as large as one would suppose. Located in St. Martin's Lane, in London, we gain a pretty clear impression of its size from the account of a fire which consumed the workshop in 1755. The account states that only twenty workmen's chests were found by those fighting the fire. Other records substantiate this number. No doubt there were more from time to time as business increased, but there were never enough to have produced in this one rather small establishment all the furniture of that date attributed to Chippendale. A writer in "Punch" rather aptly puts the situation. He states that he has determined the number of genuine Chippendale chairs owned by his relations, and also discovered the number owned by other peoples' relations. From these numbers he estimates that the famous cabinetmaker's output was a chair every minute, day and night during his whole lifetime. The great Thomas never claimed any such terrific production or versatility. The furniture actually produced by Chippendale, authenticated of course, is exceedingly rare, as any expert will tell you.

His books were meant actually as fashion plates for the guidance of other cabinetmakers, and the greater number of the designs found therein were most certainly never carried out in Chippendale's small workshop. He used with great imagination such fantastic motifs as the bell, the lily, the dragon, the pagoda, bamboo stalks, Oriental water birds, bridges, temples, mandarins and their ladies, and a great host of other related Chinese objects. He was particularly fond of fretwork and created dozens of very fine and most imaginative designs of the pierced variety. Chairs, benches, tables, and stands were made of turned wood imitating bamboo. These pieces have a direct charm that is often more to be desired than his more ornate creations.

Chippendale describes his designs as being in "the most fashionable taste." He undoubtedly realized that many of his elaborate drawings would be looked upon as impossible by all save the most talented workmen. Certainly today many of his designs would run to fabulous costs, so intricate are the details. He says, "Upon the whole, I have given no Design but what may be executed with advantage by the hands of skillful Workmen, though some of the Profession have been diligent enough to represent them (especially those after the Gothic and Chinese manner) as so many Specious Drawings, impossible to be worked off by any mechanic whatsoever. I will not scruple to attribute this to Malice, Ignorance, and Inability and I am confident I can convince all Noblemen, Gentlemen, or others who will honor me with their commands, that every Design in the Book can be improved, both as to Beauty and Enrichment, in the execution thereof."

By Their Most Obedient Servant,

Thomas Chippendale.

An examination of the books he published reveals that he designed almost every kind of fur-

Old English Silver

During the reign of George III (1760-1820) the art of the English silversmith produced a rare beauty of design and great accuracy in workmanship. An excellent example of this famous period is the above illustrated Threaded Edge Silver Tea Tray. It was made in London in 1791 by Edward Jay and is now being shown among pieces from this and other important periods. An interesting collection of faithful Modern Reproductions is now also on view.

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niture which a civilized people could require. "The Director" illustrates in generous numbers, cabinets, bookcases, clocks, mirrors, screens, candlestands, lanterns, pedestals, hanging shelves, wine coolers, dressing tables, shaving tables, washstands, picture frames, tea-caddies, chairs, settees, and many more we haven't space to mention.

Evidence exists that he furnished a number of great houses; Mersham-Le-Hatch in Kent, a house in the Adelphi Terrace for David Garrick, and Carlisle House in Soho Square are a few of the better known. At Carlisle House lived the Teresa Carnelys who gave such famous, and sometimes notorious parties. She was a friend of Casanova, the Venetian adventurer and greatest lover of the age. All the great and the near-great flocked to Teresa's house to savor her fine food and drink her rare wines. In the year of 1772 we find that ill winds finally caught up with her for the records show her a bankrupt, with Thomas Chippendale as one of her largest creditors. One can well imagine the brilliance of the balls given by the ill-fated Teresa with a background of rooms decorated by the inventive genius of Mr. Chippendale himself.

This greatest of all furniture designers came to an unhappy end in the year 1779 from a lingering case of consumption. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Field.

The Chinese Taste did not, however, die with Chippendale. The last great impetus it had came during the Regency when George IV was Prince of Wales. When alterations were made in Brighton Pavilion in 1802, the Prince was presented with several pieces of exceedingly beautiful Chinese paper. These panels might have decided his taste for Chinese art for he had a Chinese Gallery created for them in the Pavilion in matching style. We even find that Henry Holland, the greatest classicist of the Regency, designed in the Chinese Style as well. Evidence exists that the two marble-topped pier tables now at Buckingham Palace as well as the chimneypiece in the same room were designed by him for the Prince's Chinese Room.

Sports plaza in the Ojai valley

(*Continued from page 59*)

Plaza. As a matter of fact, this spacious sun deck upon which open two of the guest rooms is in reality the roof of the bowling alley. The contour of the land made it possible to tie the whole Plaza together by the spacious tile floor deck which looks down on the tennis court below. Comfortable chairs and couches are here for morning spectators, and when the west sun makes it unpleasant there is a spectator's stand on the opposite side of the court for the afternoon games.

Going down a broad flight of steps from the sun deck, or from the dressing room wing, one arrives at the entrances to both tennis court and bowling alleys. A small entrance hall leads into the bowling alley building with an array of modern metal and leather furniture upon which one may relax in between periods of strenuous exercise. One side of this long narrow room is a bank of light glass bricks alternating with steel casement windows and the sills are green tile to repeat the Spanish note. The other long wall is finished with panels of grass-cloth bordered in green. With rose tan carpeting and green and tan upholstery the room is cool and modern.

Depending upon your athletic tastes, you may swim or play tennis, have a strenuous game of badminton or a real workout in the bowling alleys. On the other hand you may prefer to swing a wicked ping-pong racket or merely sit peacefully over a game of contract. The attractive wormy chestnut bar with its inside cabinets wallpapered in bright geographic design is served from the kitchen and is accessible from the flagstone loggia. An overhead door, pulling down, shuts it off from sight completely.

Rather an interesting incident occurred at the completion of the Sports Plaza. The owner gave a barbecue on Saturday noon for all of the men employed on the project. There were some forty men, plasterers and painters, gardeners, and plumbers. Under the spreading oak tree were tables covered with gay checked cloths, and at one the men sat down to a strictly stag party. The barbecue pit was used for the first time. It is a deep brick-lined model with its lid level with the ground, placed near an attractive and very Spanish kitchen courtyard garden at the back of the kitchen. All night the chef of the barbecue had watched with tender care the slow process of the beef cooking, and with true Spanish patience nothing short of an earthquake could have induced him to open up the pit until just the right moment.

But it finally arrived and a real barbecue feast was spread. The men who had worked to make the Sports Plaza a thing of pleasure now enjoyed an afternoon of rest there, though to be sure the eating continued far into the afternoon. There were speeches from the owner and the men who had been employed, and one of the versatile painters tap danced and sang old hillbilly songs. Those hardy souls who could survive pounds of beef and Spanish beans, beer and French bread and all the rest, divided up into teams for bowling to see if they could prove once and for all that the carpenters were the real handy men. To the writer, extending the friendly and gracious hospitality for which it was intended to the men who worked to make it a reality seemed a very pleasant way to open the Sports Plaza. And when

the men left late in the afteroon, they were vociferous in their praise of everything—the owner, the "boss," the food, the whole thing was "swell."

It is necessary to describe, though inadequately, the beauty of the Sports Plaza at night. Mexican wrought-iron lamps, in which candles burn, guide one over the bridge from the main house, and there lies the shimmering turquoise pool, lighted underwater so that it is a translucent color, touching the lower branches of the olive trees with silver. Down the long loggias are faint shadows cast by the soft light of old lanterns on the side walls. Far below are the distant lights of the village and the dark peaks of the mountains.

Fortunate the guest who, turning out his light after a day in the Sports Plaza, looks off to the moonlit valley and knows the peace of this quiet place at the foot of the mountains.

"Tote" vs. "Book"

(*Continued from page 72*)

That very few can benefit by these prices is implicit in the nature of things. When Play Me paid over 300 to 1 at Santa Anita last winter, it was found that just three people, of all the thousands at the course, had bet on him.

Although the mutuels sometimes give astounding odds, the average is far worse than those given by layers. The take at Santa Anita is 12% plus breakage (the odd nickels and pennies) which raises it another 1%. This makes it the most hoggish bank in the world. At roulette in Monte Carlo the take is under 3%. On American wheels, with the double zero, it is about 5%. At baccarat the casino averages five and the odds at other gambling games are in line with those figures. A man who bets $100 on eight races at Santa Anita pays the mutuels $96. The average take of the layers is around 5%.

The admission charged by those pari-mutuel tracks which are simply trying to get the suckers in is exemplified by a "complimentary" ticket to Oaklawn Park, Arkansas, which lies before me. On the back it states:

"This ticket will admit one upon payment of:

Federal Tax	.05
State Tax	.10
Service Charge	.25
Total	.40

Hundreds of thousands of such tickets are given away by nearly every mutuel track. Now it is an easily demonstrable fact that, confined to those who can afford it, horse racing is a sport. Extended to the poor, it becomes a moral cataclysm.

Let us see what has happened to communities near which pari-mutuel tracks have opened. According to Jimmy Wood, sports columnist for the "Brooklyn Eagle," milk deliveries fell off 60% in an area of fifty miles around Rockingham Park, New Hampshire, when the mutuel machines began to grind.

It is established by letters from retail credit associations, merchants, and bankers from all parts of the country that, except in resort towns, the opening of pari-mutuel tracks brings a marked slump in credit collections and a falling off of sales.

Arlington Downs, between Fort Worth and Dallas, gutted those two cities so thoroughly that in less than four years the agonized screams of their merchants brought repeal of the racing law. The Thoroughbred runs no more in Texas.

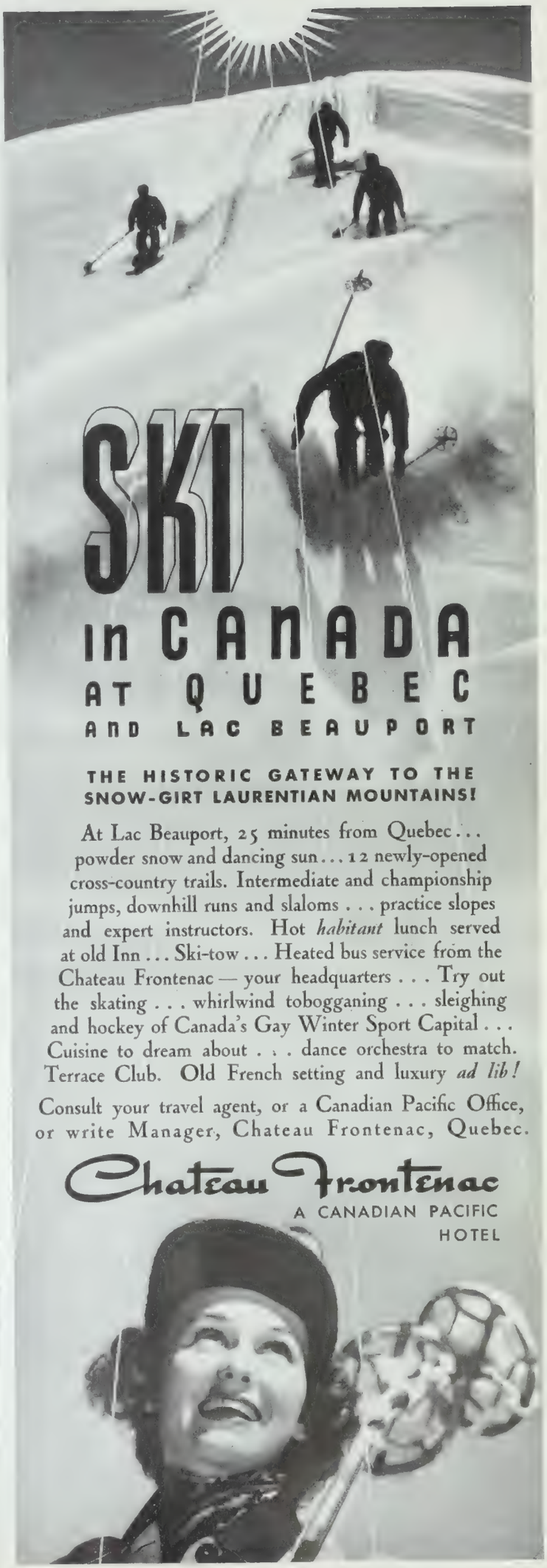
Governor Quinn, of Rhode Island, found conditions so grave that last year he proclaimed martial law and ordered out the National Guard to close the Narragansett track. Near Suffolk Downs at Boston there is a little poolroom shack where it is possible to exchange a relief order for two dollars and fifty cents worth of goods for a two dollar bet and a ticket to the races.

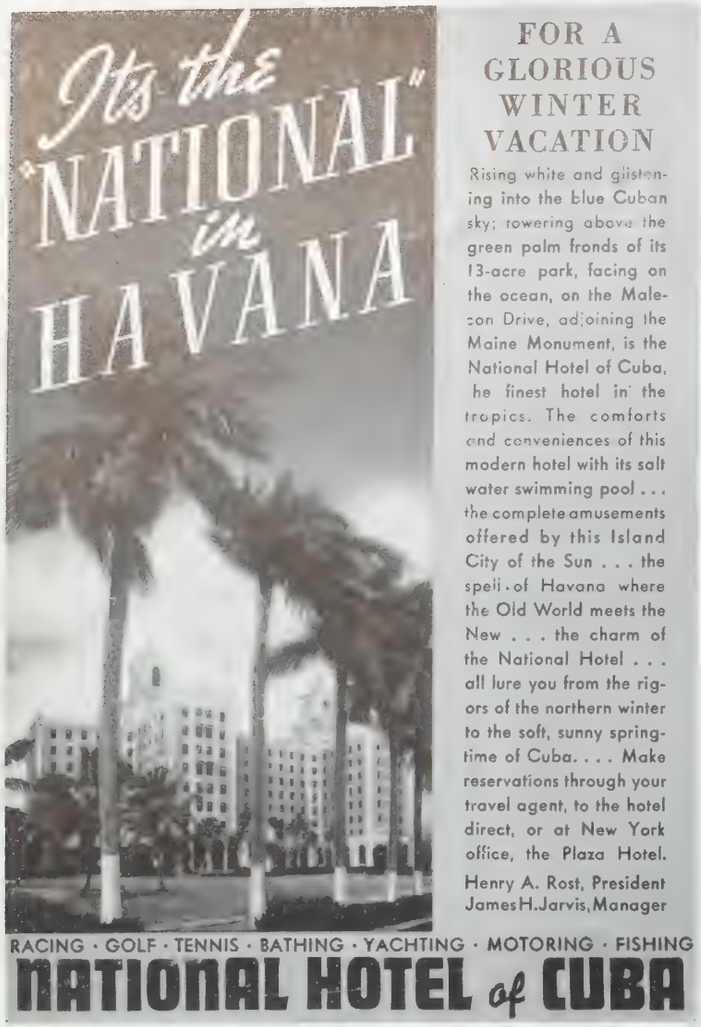
Not all mutuel tracks are as bad as these. Santa Anita and Hialeah may even benefit their respective communities, because these are tourist resorts and the tracks attract visitors. Anybody who can pay the fare to Florida or California can afford to play the races. Churchill Downs is old and conservatively managed, and Kentuckians are a people who understand horse racing.

As to the revenues to the state. In none of the states where mutuels have recently been inaugurated have taxes been reduced. What profit is it to the community to receive a cut from gambling, if thereby many of its citizens are thrown on relief to be supported at the public expense.

The argument that pari-mutuel tracks distribute more money to horse owners is not entirely borne out by the figures. Despite the fact that the minimum prizes are somewhat lower than in California, the New York racing associations, through their large stakes designed to improve the breed, distribute more money to owners than do those of any other state in the entire Union.

The illicit side of racing flourishes more under the mutuel system than that of layers and players. Poolroom and handbook operators have the benefit of the huge mutuel take with none of the heavy expenses for maintenance, purses, et cetera, that the tracks must incur. In addition, they limit the pay-off to odds of 15 to 1 so that they gain a further percentage. The National Wire Service, though barred from most courses, is able by means of spies within the gates communicating by an elaborate system of signals with observers outside, to flash the odds, starting line-up, and the positions of horses at various stages of each race to no less than ten thousand poolrooms in the United States. The business done by these poolrooms has been checked and rechecked by a number of reliable





SOLE U. S. AGENTS
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statisticians, and it is conservatively estimated at five billions of dollars. Further investigation indicates that over 60% of this money is bet by women and that an alarming proportion of it is actually relief money.

These operators are free to admit that they prefer to work the mutuel tracks; and, while bets are taken on New York races, they are discouraged and the customers are gently but firmly urged toward races in other states.

The men who are responsible for keeping the sport clean do not feel that bookmakers tend to add to their difficulties. On the contrary, they say that these gentlemen assist them. An influential member of the Jockey Club states that in 90% of the cases of "ringers" exposed by that organization in recent years, bookmakers have been of the greatest assistance. When the ring is taken for a ride, it sets up a howl, but the machines are safely impersonal. As this same gentleman put it, "Those iron men don't holler."

The fixing of races in New York State is not prevalent. At the 1938 meeting at Saratoga, all winners were examined by a Jockey Club veterinarian and 105 losers as well. Of all these horses, only two, Airflame and Optic, were found to have been tampered with.

There can be no doubt that the mutuels are the most convenient form of betting, but it is greatly feared that their introduction into New York would produce such an orgy of gambling, not alone at the tracks, but at dog races and in poolrooms and handbooks, that it would soon become so distasteful to the people of the state, and of the whole country, that all betting on the races would be stopped, possibly by federal prohibition.

A young owner of a large stable, known as a "liberal" of the Turf, writes that he feels that the task of maintaining the sporting tradition in racing in New York would be made immensely more difficult under the pari-mutuel system. He says that it would over-emphasize the most vulnerable point in the structure of horse-racing, the betting, and that the sport could be attacked and greatly weakened through the publicity which would be necessarily attendant on the huge sums which would be wagered daily near such a large and rich city as New York.

He adds that competition near at hand may force the adoption of pari-mutuels in New York. If it should, he would not altogether despair, for he feels that with the high quality of the management of the racing associations, and the excellent and intelligent Racing Commission, that in New York, if anywhere, the sport can and will be regulated and the public protected.

Conceding, for the moment, that the layer-player system is best, at least in New York, how can it be improved to meet the many just criticisms of it. The following suggestions along that line have been made by a very eminent authority on racing:

1. Strict official regulation of the layers and careful investigation of the manners and morals of those licensed.

2. A great improvement could be made in the mechanics of betting under this system, by placing each layer on a well-designed stand, with sufficient space for his operations, a large blackboard in plain sight for his odds, and railings to guide his patrons past him in orderly lines.

3. A separate part of the betting enclosure should be set aside for women, where they could be protected from jostling men but could see the odds on the blackboards of the regular bookies.

4. The Racing Associations should be taxed a certain fixed amount (according to their size) for each day's racing, and this should be met by the contributions of the layers.

If these improvements were made in the management of the layer-player system, it would prove nearly as convenient and certainly a great deal much less dangerous than the pari-mutuels.

SUMMARY. In marshaling the arguments between the advocates of the two different betting systems, I have personally consulted the leading authorities on both sides of the question. The report of the New York State Racing Commission to the State Constitutional Convention has been of the greatest help. The Commission consulted racing men, merchants, bankers, and officers of the public utility companies in all states where racing is carried on and includes their letters in what I believe is a document fair to both sides of this immensely important problem.

From the mass of conflicting evidence, certain facts appear to be agreed on by a vast majority of all parties. They are:

a. Horse racing in moderation is not harmful to a community. *b.* Dog racing, because of its appeal to a class less able to afford betting, is very bad indeed. *c.* Poolrooms and handbooks are a parisitic growth, which contributes nothing to either the sport or the state. They are the greatest menace to racing and to the public morals, and should be cleaned out by vigorous enforcement of the laws against them. *d.* That mutuels are the most convenient betting machinery for the public, but that *e.* The layer-player system puts less emphasis on the gambling element of racing.

These are facts on which nearly everyone connected with or affected by racing agrees. Which is the best system of betting, taking everything into consideration including the type of community to be served, is a matter of opinion. I have tried to present the case for each side as impartially as possible, and I only add the hope that, whatever the ultimate outcome of the controversy, it will be in the best interests of a great and popular sport.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 41*)

well, it's their own fault . . . or some such words to that effect."

"I can understand how the British might have been slightly annoyed," another man joined in, "especially when in an October number of that same magazine, the editor or one of his writers had this to say: 'One feature of the forthcoming international polo matches will be very distressing to American breeders and polo players, if some of the still immature plans are carried out as contemplated. We refer to the proposition advanced by some British players that they intend to bring ninety odd ponies to this country, to be tried and trained for their international team—and to be sold, after the games, to American buyers. We protest. This is not international polo but a horse-trading exposition. Why don't the British bring thirty-six or bring more, but take them home again?' "

"We saw that," we said, "and we also saw that 90-odd pony statement repeated in last month's issue of that particular magazine. Newspapers also have said the British players will have sixty-four ponies from which to pick their mounts. This was no more accurate than another story in the same news column that said the British squad" (Gerald Balding (Capt.); Hesketh H. Hughes, Eric Tyrrell-Martin; (1936 British team Capt.); Aidan Roark; John Lakin; and the young Australian forward, Robert Skeene; together with "Pat" Roark, already playing in Southern California as a member of the Midwick Country Club team; and Ivor Balding, both of whom have yet to be invited to join the British squad; along with Lord Cowdray, a player, but non-playing international team captain; and Major N. W. Leaf, in charge of the British string of mounts; and possibly Captain Humphrey Guinness, now on duty with his regiment in Palestine, who may not be able to report in California) "would not compete against American teams on the Coast. As we stated last month, the British training schedule, with headquarters at Del Monte, includes a big game near Los Angeles against the Midwick team on February 19th; and a series of games from then on against picked West Coast American Fours; from March 7th to 14th, a Santa Barbara team will play them at Santa Barbara; from March 16th to April 9th the U. S. stars will congregate against the British at Del Monte; and the English team will subsequently enter the Pacific Coast Handicap tournament as part of the San Francisco Exposition at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; and then plans to play through the Pacific Coast Open event, April 3rd, through the 9th, at San Mateo."

"Well," somebody said dryly, "I hope you're more sure of your facts than some of the other polo writers." This struck a sensitive chord somewhere deep down inside us and we pretended not to hear. We got up, opened the window and stuck our head out into the cold, snowy night.

"Put that window down!" someone yelled, and then we turned on the critics.

"Listen," we said, "this polo-writing job, whatever you may hear, is not any sinecure. It can't be all pleasant if one wants to try to make a success of it. People have said we have no tact, and we suppose they're right. If they meant that we wouldn't say a man played well when we knew he played badly, they're certainly right. When we ask a man a fair question, we like a fair answer and therefore always try to give one when asked. That has got us in wrong sometimes. People say we'd be better off if we'd been more diplomatic. You'd be surprised if you knew about some of the highest goal stars, on the Eastern Seaboard and on the West Coast too who are famed for their sportsmanship but haven't yet forgiven us for trying to do a good reporting job last winter. But we can't say one thing when we mean another and that's all there is to it.

"In doing our articles, we ramble back and forth over the subject of polo here and there and tell, frankly, what we think is right and what we think is wrong. We make plenty of mistakes, sure, but we try to do the best we can. It gets us in wrong occasionally, of course, but polo is our business and our life, and one of these days we're going to be active on the field again even if it means merely knocking a ball around alone on a back lot. When we see anything coming up that looks as if it might hurt polo, we're going to say so, and anybody can get sore who wants to."

And so, having finally got warm enough to let off considerable steam for such a cold day, we turned to a desk and drew forth our trump card.

"Here's the English side of the case on hand," we announced, showing a letter. "Some time ago, having read, as you gentlemen did, and heard so many conflicting reports and varying accounts, I took the liberty of writing a keen supporter of British polo, a former Indian Army officer who was a real good player in his day and played in all the Open Cup tournaments in London just after the World War. Controversy in print is never satisfactory to anyone and never ends. Readers read one side and happen not to hear the other and the whole nasty business doesn't make much sense. So we decided to write our friend and give him an opportunity to state his side in answer to the very comment you've been discussing here. With the usual British reticence, the writer of this very interesting letter asked that his distinguished name remain anonymous." I started reading:

Dear Mr. Little:

I thank you for your letter about our visit next June. I will try my best to outline to you some ideas of our programme, endeavour to answer your varied questions, and I hope, explain somewhat the situation over here. Some of your questions seem a trifle brutal, but realizing our standard of polo is not as high as yours, nevertheless I can assure you we enjoy our polo very much. Although I have never had the pleasure of playing in America I know one can derive the greatest of pleasure playing in a good team throughout a London season. To give you the correct data about our team's ponies I have tapped every available source and can vouch for the facts.

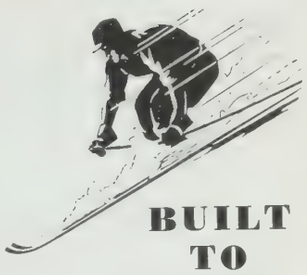
As regards our reaction to these games next June. We feel in England that International polo is a good thing for English polo and polo in general. For us it is a very hard and costly task to keep these series going. Since the War America has been in such a position in the Polo World that all teams have had to go to you to play; only thrice I believe has America left her shores to play, once to the Argentine and twice to England. An expedition to another country involving players, ponies, grooms, etc., is a hard thing to an organizer and he faces many difficulties, especially over here where our ruling body of the sport is not as rich an organization as your Polo Association.

When the American team came to London in 1936 it was a great thing for English polo; it roused great interest among our regular polo followers and was the first time we made any serious effort to encourage the public, and I must say with good results. This visit also gave the British polo man and public a chance to see playing two such great players as Mr. Iglehart and Mr. Pedley, and their prowess was thoroughly appreciated, which but for an international match we should probably never be able to see; our only regret was that Mr. Hitchcock did not come and so many lovers of the game over here may never have the chance to see the world's greatest player performing. I might add our own team did very well in these matches, and many veterans of the game here like myself believe the first match in this series, when America beat us by a goal, was perhaps the finest game of polo ever played at Hurlingham. We feel the Americans today have the finest set of players they have ever had and can put in the field possibly the strongest team they have ever assembled. It is generally understood over here that Old Westbury is the best team since the War to have won your championship and it seems hard to conceive of any team, except an International side, superbly mounted, beating it.

We realize this is a tough proposition but we hope to get together our best players and best ponies, mould them into a team, and have a real crack at them. We want to keep the games going and the spirit of international contest alive. We would like America to return to these shores in 1942 and again help this great game which so many of us love.

In 1936 our chances were regarded as absolutely hopeless by everyone, and odds of eight and ten to one were available, all the newspapers believed we would be beaten by ten goals. Anyway, two terrific matches resulted, perhaps one is prejudiced, but the luck seemed to run against us and we were beaten by one goal in the first and two in the second match. All the critics were dumbfounded but nevertheless delighted. No battle is lost until it is won.

We are very short of young players of international calibre and must try and encourage any we have, hence I applaud Hurlingham's action in taking Mr. Skene and Mr. Lakin to America and giving these two promising young players the chance to improve and perhaps develop into two potential internationals for 1942. Playing in America has made our best players of today Mr. Gerald Balding, the Roark brothers



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and Mr. Tyrell Martin. Capt. Guinness had a five handicap when he went to America with the Army in India squad in 1927; by the next international in 1930 he was handicapped at eight and played on our team and put up a grand show. This incident to my mind confirms the present policy of taking some young players along. It also answers your questions regarding the size of our squad, and I quite realize it means more ponies than an ordinary championship side would use but feel this is quite justified under the circumstances.

The problem of mounting an international team in this country is a much more difficult task than faces you Americans or even the Argentines. We have very few first-class players and none of them are in a position to mount themselves adequately for a venture of this type. Consequently an entire string for both practice and the games themselves must be produced. This leaves two alternatives, either borrowing the ponies or buying them, in the latter case it means raising a very large fund. Now over here (unlike you) we have very few big strings of ponies and even amongst these strings there are few ponies of international class, the answer being that the standard of polo not being as high as in America the international type of pony is not so essential and players can do well on a really good handy pony that wouldn't be quite fast enough at Meadow Brook. Naturally as in America the best ponies in the big strings cannot be bought and so it remained for us to try and borrow the best from our outstanding strings. The Hon. Keith Rous' string among which were probably more ponies of a type suitable for America than any other stud in England, were not available. Eventually two of his best were purchased by the Hurlingham Polo Association. Lord Cowdray who has a large string, has undertaken to mount John Lakin and is taking over ponies to play himself, any of which if they prove good enough will be available for the team. Sir Harold Wernher's large string was available but his ponies are not quite the type for America being smaller than the average pony used over there. The few other strings available had only one or two ponies of the type desired. Major Jack Harrison is lending three, and the Duke of Roxburghe who is taking his ponies to America to play himself at Meadow Brook in May and June, will place his stud at the disposal of our Captain for the matches. Mr. Balding has played all these ponies in many important matches, and knows them well having had a lot to do with helping collect and school this excellent collection. Mrs. Whitefoord has lent her polo bred Loyalist and it will be most interesting to follow this pony's career; he is by Silverdale Loyalty, who originates from Mr. Bright's Silverdale stud which is one of the very few polo pony breeding establishments in England and it would be nice to see one of his breeding to the fore in an international contest. Incidentally Loyalist has been an outstanding pony in our heavyweight polo classes and won many prizes. The majority of these ponies I have mentioned so far will all return to their native land after the matches.

You can quite see that it was impossible to get enough good ponies together by borrowing so it meant buying. Few people want to buy a pony in order to watch someone else play polo on, especially when it has to be sent three thousand miles away to perform, so a fund was raised to buy the best ponies available and any pony that a selected player considered good enough for play in the matches. This money was generously guaranteed by supporters of the game. The ponies purchased with this money will be sold at auction after the matches and the guarantors will receive the money back from the proceeds of this sale. Thirty-two ponies have been purchased under this scheme which has been organized by Major R. Benson. Mr. Skene bought six of the best available ponies in Australia, Major Leaf who has charge of our string, bought the best he could find in the Argentine and the Committee bought the best available in England, including the thoroughbred Bon Mare French Cottage, which I understand performed so brilliantly with Mr. Tyrrell-Martin in your Open Championship this autumn. The Nawab of Bhopal may send over his best ponies for the use of the team. With our big squad of players going to California the 40 or 50 ponies we are sending over will not be too many by any means, especially as any pony that proves during practice to be good enough will be put on one side and saved for the matches. In this way we hope to try and have our team adequately mounted to try and compete with your Brown Fern's, Fuss Budget's, Rubiscela's, Esterlista's, Chingolo's, and the Hawaiian-bred "Toymoon," which you must admit is a hard task.

You mentioned Col. Gairdner in your letter to me. Col. Gairdner was appointed Chairman of the H. P. A. Committee to take charge of the organization and running of our challenge. For all the groundwork and basic principles, that no stone should be left unturned that we might do our best, we owe him much. It was most unfortunate for us as polo players that Col. Gairdner is such a keen soldier, but when the crisis came it was to men like him we looked. Only a few months ago his regiment, The Tenth Hussars, one of our crack cavalry regiments, was mechanised. During this critical state of changing from horses to tanks Col. Gairdner took over the command of the regiment: this left him little time to run our polo team. Added to this the War Office would not grant him leave to go to America, either this winter or next spring. As it was rather useless for him to carry on, he resigned that unenviable position of running the team. Having prepared the way, he turned the reins over to a very able assistant, young Lord Cowdray, a member of one of our oldest polo families. Lord Cowdray has organized a team in London for the past few years, and runs a very sporting show, the type of which we are proud, competing in every type of tournament from Open Cups in London to Country Tournaments, such as Harrogate, where his two sisters played with him and Mr. Lakin. Lord Cowdray's father had much to do with organizing our team in 1930, and was a most enthusiastic supporter of English polo, so it might be said our non-playing captain is "to the manner born." He has a very arduous and difficult path to tread, but since he has taken over from Col. Gairdner he has handled things in the ablest manner, and organization is well under way—the machine has been set in motion. All our ponies have left these shores for Long Island where they will rest at Mr. Fred Post's before Major Leaf takes them on to Del Monte in California, where he will get them fit pending the arrival of our players to play their first match at the Midwick Country Club on February 19th.

As regards the handicaps which seem to perplex you, I can only say that we handicap our players on their form shown in London during the season here. I am sure you quite realize we cannot handicap people on any form except that shown in England, and so try to keep our tournaments and teams on a fair basis. Our handicap rule reads that a player coming to London plays off the handicap of the country from which he last played. In Egypt and India they have handicapping committees completely apart from Hurlingham. In India a player on the official list of the Indian Polo Association plays off that handicap regardless of his handicap changes in any other country, which is, I believe, the same rule as yours. The handicapping of Capt. Roark and Mr. Balding is a very interesting case. In 1936 Mr. Balding came to England from America with a handicap of nine ranked, I believe, second only to the incomparable Mr. T. Hitchcock, Jr. Capt Roark came from India with a handicap of eight. These became their official handicaps in London. In 1937 Capt Roark was raised to nine in America and Mr. Balding was reduced to eight. In the meantime, Mr. Balding had played in India and established an official handicap of nine, when he returned there for the winter of 1937-38 in thi

his second season out there, he was ranked the best player there and raised to ten goals. Now, although handicapped at eight in America he must play off the handicap from the country whence he last came, so for the 1938 season he had to assume his Indian handicap of ten goals, and Capt. Roark coming from America assumed nine, one point more each than their previous London handicaps. At the Handicapping Meeting at the end of the 1938 season Mr. Balding was adjudged the best English player in London and was left at his ten point rating, which he had attained in India, whereas Capt. Roark on his form shown was reduced. Mr. Cecil Smith was the only other ten goal player playing in England besides Mr. Balding, and I think most people will agree there was little to chose between them. Mr. Tyrrell Martin and Mr. Aidan Roark were undoubtedly the next best players and well deserved their raise in handicap. Perhaps, as you say, if Messrs. Hitchcock, Iglehart, Phipps, Pedley, Guest, played over here our handicaps might be different, but as they don't our committee handicaps our players as they see them and seem to do a good job and satisfy us.

I hear our plan for California consists of a series of eight exhibition matches beginning February 19th at Midwick and ending April 9th in San Francisco. During these matches it is hoped to settle our team as early as possible and give the team as much practice together as possible and develop some real teamwork. Several of our players will play in Aiken in April. In the meantime we over here are so pleased to be able to think and talk of polo again instead of the spectacle we were faced with a few weeks ago that I hope you will forgive me for having written you so long an epistle. Again will you forgive me if I and many of my old cronies wish our team every success as I know every effort is being made on their behalf and, as in racing, I like to back a trier.

Here's to the Red Rose,

Sincerely,

OLD TIMER

"Well," we said, putting the letter away, and buttoning up our overcoat in preparation to going out into the snow storm: "That's a mighty fine letter! Of course he's forgiven. . . . But—will the British forgive us poor clumsy polo-writers?" We'll find out in California. . . . We almost said, *And how!*

Birds in the snow

(*Continued from page 70*)

shelf eight inches wide, twelve long; or in a wooden cheese carton from the delicatessen shop, I proffer a potpourri of sunflower seed, raisins, and peanuts. This banquet of elegant fare is nailed to a tree trunk, head-high or better. And under the matted twigs of fallen birches, arching boughs of hemlock, or the roof of weeds in such a place as this, I choose to lay fat grain in generous yellow portions. Yellow, because cracked corn is the favorite cold-weather fare of all birds but one of a score. Generous, because hosts of birds in amazing diversity will surely happen soon on a spot like this, and stay about it from dawn till dark of every day from early winter till March.

Fluff! Fluff! Dee-dee-dee! Like fat gray moths, chickadees drop out of the trees by my cabin as the winter day wanes. One stalwart black-cap of the lot flies straight to your outstretched hand as he tumbles in. He perches on your fingertip to feast on sunflower seeds which you're holding for him. Another zips down to your hand with a flurry of wings and a steely shout of *dee-dee,* so the first darts off, afraid. One dot of a bird, one more and another, take turns at eating out of your hand until you feel like a wilderness prophet who is one with the wild things; or maybe a St. Francis of Assisi. And perhaps we will not tell that chickadees learn to eat from anyone's hand after they've frequented a winter feeding station for a few days; but instead pretend that we really have a way with live things, or are one with the out-of-doors or something.

Woodpeckers come in for their last feast of the day, perhaps a bit earlier than everyday perching birds do, but that is not because they are choosy, but because they have thus more time to stuff before it's too dark to see the victuals. Woodpeckers—not only the stocky red-capped Hairy Woodpeckers, but their smaller doubles, the Downys, as well—have lusty appetites. The backyard caterer who knows his woodpeckers will keep a lot of suet nailed to tree trunks, hanging from branches for them. Woodpeckers won't even tickle your musical palate with silvery songs the way some winter birds will, but they will strike you as robust good fellows, with their hoarse, throaty chirps, their sporty get-up, and their ever empty bellies.

Then there are sparrows. Not squabbling "English" ones, mind you, (which really are African weaver-birds and not sparrows at all, nor English) but wild brown native birds of many kinds. The lord of all sparrowdom is a big russet fellow who hails from the ledge at Hudson Bay. He wears bold flecks of rust on his waistcoat, and lilts a mean carol even when the mercury has gone 'way down yonder. This fox sparrow makes one think of a miniature game-bird, he's that plump and cocky looking. Song sparrows hang around all winter too, even well to the North, where there's plenty of food. And there are white-throated sparrows; diminutive tree sparrows with russet caps and white wing-bars; and divers other members of the sparrow tribe, all honing to keep company with the fox-colored fellow in your grain-sprinkled weed patch.

Snowbirds (or slate-colored juncos, as book-l'arned people call them) are among the handiest prospects for your winter guest book. Few people who prowl around outdoors live to be very old without knowing snowbirds by sight. These high-spirited little chaps are the sparrow-sized blue-gray birds which flip out of every hedgerow, every weedy field in which you hunt in late fall. More often than not, the ubiquitous "stink-birds" which cause South'n gentlemen to revile their pointahs, are snowbirds. If I may presume your interest in the color of a snowbird's tail, I may add that this creature

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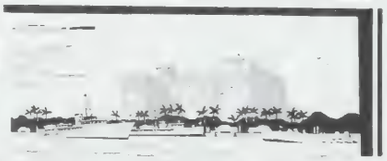

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has white feathers along the outer margin of that organ, on both sides. Snowbirds add élan to the winter bird-feeding station with crisp manners and odd musical notes which sound like the crunching of ice.

Chickadees, woodpeckers, wild sparrows, and snowbirds are surefire guests at almost any feeding station. But these are by no means the only species which you can expect at a proper setup. Offhand I can add to these, of wild things I've fed in one spot and another, Virginia rails, yes Virginia rails; goldfinches and pink-capped redpolls; crossbills; two sorts of bobtailed nuthatches which spend their days on tree trunks, upside-down; and once there was a black duck which dropped out of the sky into a woodland banquet hall of mine, a full half-mile removed from any water.

But the day is grown late. I wish that I were striking these vesper *clacks* in a certain log cabin in the back-road Connecticut woods. For in that locale are grouse which come out of the forest like gray ghosts in the winter dusk; and pheasants and hares with sundry other things which join them at corn and prunes beside the very doorstep. Where I write, the way is longer to a place where brown birds play. The game is less: just ring-necks; bob-white grown so tame in city-side covers that they only run before you and do not fly; songbirds so be-banded that they jingle like ballet dancers as they hop. Verily the way of the suburban bird-restaurateur is hard when the snow lies deep and the winter wind blows braw.

What's new?

(*Continued from page 63*)

great selling point; cheaper fuel. Fuel oil is cheap only because it is a by-product of gasoline, just as gasoline once was cheap as a by-product of kerosene. So a balance between the cost of fuel oil and of gasoline quickly would result from any general Dieselization of either land or water vehicles. Meanwhile, however, the coming National Boat Show will feature several small craft outfitted with Diesel engines that, per pound of weight, will deliver nearly twenty-five per cent more power than the large Diesels of previous years. And their purchasers need not worry about any increase in the cost of fuel for a long while yet.

The craft selected for exhibition at the Show include a Mathews 34-foot Sedan, 38-foot DeLuxe Sedan and a twin-cabin cruiser of the same length. Until last fall, this company built nothing smaller than 38 feet. But it has spent a full two years in the development of its new 34-foot Sedan. Design after design was cast aside, until the builders finally achieved what they sought. Now that they have it, they have a cruiser that literally has "everything." Most appealing of her many features, I think, is the door that shuts off the cabin from the galley, toilet, and deckhouse, an arrangement that other builders would do well to imitate. Other new features of all Mathews boats are counterbalanced windows that stay put, iceboxes doubly insulated with aluminum foil and cork, thicker carpeting in the deckhouses, and new types of fruit juicers and can openers for the galleys.

The Richardson craft for 1939 that I like best is the Cruisabout 33-2, which, together with the Little Giants 26-3 and 26-4, will be on display at the Show. But, if I were wealthy, I'm afraid I'd end up with purchasing the Richardson 36-4 Cruisabout model, solely because she has no upper berths (heaven be praised!) and because a coal-burning fireplace can be installed to give an added domestic touch to her interior.

If my choice were restricted to Elco boats—a fate not at all unpleasant to contemplate—I'd probably point the finger at the 41-foot Cruisette, because of her separate *third* cabin and large after cockpit that should make fishing a real joy. In Wheeler, it's the new 43-foot double cabin Playmate—for me, at any rate—her two-tone enamel interior with its chrome trim, teak cockpit floor, and built-in shower winning the vote for her.

Comes the Dawn and my choice is any one of them, from the 45-footer to the 60-foot job. All Dawn craft are remarkable boats that have standardized hulls, but interiors built strictly to order. Of the Owens fleet of four models (for years this manufacturer built only one model) my own preference is for the 30-footer. She has accommodations for up to six persons and I still remember her ample locker space and headroom. In the higher-priced bracket, I like the new Grebe 57-foot yacht, being an easy pushover for her tile galley and handsome walnut-paneled dining salon.

No fewer than 100 models on a dozen basic hulls comprise the new Chris-Craft assortment, the line including both cruisers and open boats. My money goes for the flagship of the fleet—a 41-foot double cabin enclosed bridge cruiser. If I were twenty years younger, I'd perhaps prefer the 19-foot Chris-Craft torpedo runabout, which makes up to forty miles an hour. Whee! Another open boat that has caught my fancy is the Mullins Gull; she is constructed of galvanized iron and ought to be good for twenty-five years of service. Then there's the Gibbs' inboard sea-skiff that travels sixty miles on a single gallon of gas—so the builders say—and is available in three lengths. Too, Gar Wood offers nearly 100 runabouts and utility craft that look like outstanding streamlined creations. And there are scores of other good boats that haven't been mentioned in this article due to

delays in getting them ready ahead of Show time.

Lest you jump at false conclusions, perhaps I ought to add that it is not my job to sell boats. The various builders are doing all right in that direction without any help from me. But, since this reporter in the past has inspected several thousand power boats in behalf of the federal department charged with maintaining marine safety, and has personally examined many of the craft selected for display at the approaching Show, it is possible that what I have said about the new boats might help almost anybody to choose the craft best suited to his special needs. If I have failed in this purpose, I at least can claim that my intention was laudable and you can turn to your nearest marine dealer for help. Only I warn you that he won't be as broad-minded as I in the matter of selection. He might even try to steer you into buying his particular product. It wouldn't be the first time, you know, that a thing like that has happened.

Paulette from Papeete

(*Continued from page 40*)

coconut palms. There we dined on sea centipedes and stuffed clams and breadfruit and bananas with coconut cream and there at the bar we drank the rum punches which *Madame la Patronne* mixed by the light of a barn lantern. And there in the air that was heavy with vanilla and soft with the sound of surf it seemed as easy to laugh as to breathe and as easy to wake up as to go to sleep.

At Tautira Paulette and I parted. We hadn't done the tropical east side of the island, but that would have to be saved for another trip. Paulette, as the French say, was touching at her end. All Sunday morning she lay with her head on her hoof and on Monday I bargained with a native to walk her back to Papeete. The moral of this is—when you go around Tahiti on horseback have grain sent on ahead to the chiefs of the several districts, and pay no attention to anyone, including the horse's owner, who tells you that bread and bananas are sufficient fodder. Pack your saddle bags with a pareu, which you can use for pajamas, bathing suit, shorts, tablecloth, etc. And also take a flask of brandy, a small book, a cake of soap, a bottle of eau de cologne, and a change of clothes and, disregarding all jibes and warnings, go, by all means go, on horseback round the island. As everyone we met observed, you see a country better from a horse—you are higher, in the first place, and there is nothing to shut out the sky. Speaking for horse and man, I should like to quote Du Bellay, "heureux qui comme Ulysse a fait un beau voyage," and as soon as Paulette has fattened up on coconuts and corn we will certainly do the eastern side of the island which they say is the wildest and most beautiful.

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 12*)

order came C. N. Myer's English Setter, Ch. Modern Boy of Stucile, which has been winning like prizes at Midwestern shows; Mrs. Laura F. Delano's beautiful Irish Setter bitch, Ch. Lea Girl of Knocknagree; and Clifford A. Nagle's German Short-hair, Ch. Carl Kellerhau of Middlesex. The properly proportioned, finely finished and model mannered home-bred, Ch. Giralda's Geisha led the working dog group followed by Mrs. Eulalia Goldsmith's very typical and soundly made Boxer, Ch. Eros von Luisenblick; F. F. H. Fleitman's cleanly cut and alert appearing Doberman Pinscher, Ch. Orsova of Westphalia; and R. P. Stevens' huge and handsome Great Dane, Ch. Czardas von Eppelleingsprung-Noris. The Poodle, Ch. Chosen Dame of Salmagundi, did not appear in the non-sporting dog group, which she was favored by many to win. This honor went to the stylish-marked Boston Terrier, Duneland Duke by the narrowest of margins over George E. Hargreaves' intensely typical, brindle pied, Bulldog bitch, Ch. Fernstone Doris, hard pressed by Mrs. A. V. Hallowell's square-built, massive, red chow, Ch. Lle Wol Lah Son.

TOY GROUP. The toy group was topped by the Yorkshire Terrier, Miss Wynsum a recent importation of exquisite type, profuse coat and rich coloring which was best in show at the recent Progressive Dog Club event. Next in order came Mrs. Margaret Gude's Pekingese, Ch. Pay Ching Wo San, a very typical, swaggering gaited little chap; K. J. Hedengren's attractive Miniature Pinscher, Ch. Arnot von Montgomery; and Mrs. J. Alban Flack's perky Pomeranian, Glenloch Red Flame.

Yachting

(*Continued from page 17*)

ABOUT THE LABOR TREATY. The belated publicity given the fact that a treaty ratified by the Senate last June threatened to eliminate all yachting, fishing, and small commercial shipping on all except strictly inland waters has raised a howl that will doubtless result in straightening the matter out, to some extent anyhow. The treaty, in case you missed it, is an international labor agreement which requires a licensed master, mate, chief engineer, and assistant engineer to be employed on all craft—and I mean all, no exceptions. To make it worse, officers can't stand watch more than eight hours a day, under our modern labor laws, so you'd have to carry a few spares to fill out the time.

The thing is so ridiculous that it's hard to take it seriously, but it could have been pretty serious, and still can be if sweeping exemptions aren't made. Yachtsmen

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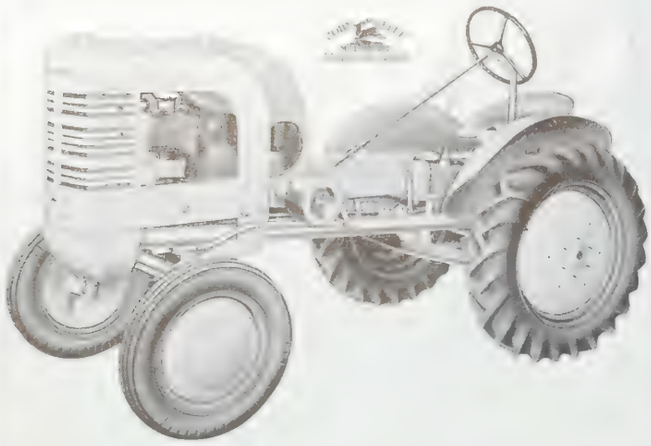

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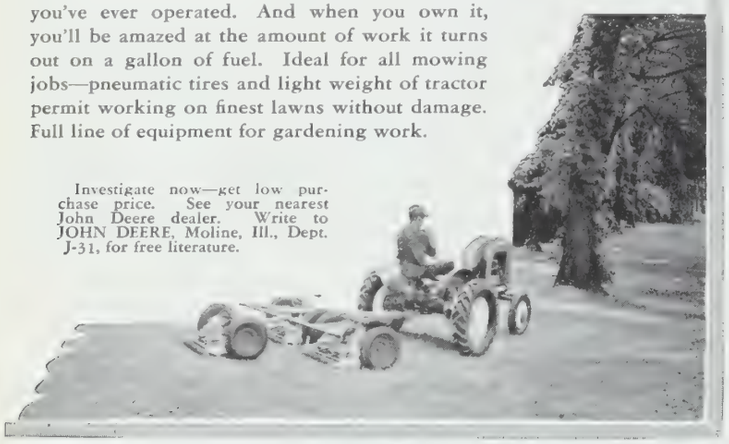

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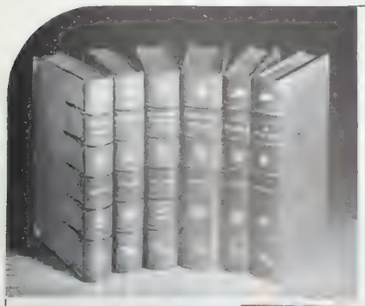

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and fishermen owe thanks to the American Powerboat Association and the magazine "Motorboating" for bringing the thing into the public view (it was rushed through on the New Deal's hush-hush list in Washington) and launching the campaign against it. Since the tempest broke from yachtsmen and fishermen, Washington seems anxious to promote the idea that they really didn't mean anything by it all, and were going to exempt yachts and fishermen anyhow. Maybe so, maybe not. I wouldn't trust these New Dealers to remember a mere detail like that, what with their heads being full of vast and nebulous matters, and the treaty goes into force next November first.

The A.P.B.A. has sketched up a bill which it plans to put before Congress as soon as possible, which would exempt all vessels of any sort under 200 tons. This takes care of most of us, if and when it goes through, but doesn't go quite far enough. There are a good many yachts over 200 tons that are still not big enough to lug around all the licensed passengers this treaty would foist on them, and if they aren't exempted they'll just have to be laid up. All sailing vessels should be exempted, too, if only to save, for a few years more, the picturesque remnants of the once mighty fleet of coasting schooners, a few of which still squeeze out a living along the coast and add immeasurably to the character and color of the coastwise scene.

This treaty, if we must have it, should be limited strictly to steam and motor vessels carrying freight and passengers to foreign ports. They're already stuck with laws to the same effect anyhow.

Seen and heard

(*Continued from page 46*)

tialities, but rather, reverently ponder the almost geologic figures of the game produced and killed and spared by and in the State of Pennsylvania. Other commonwealths might study its methods with advantage.

Labor and Yachts

I am glad that my colleague and fellow worker in the vineyard, Mr. William H. Taylor, is calling the attention, not only of yachtsmen but of the public as a whole, to he iniquitous and imbecile "International labor treaty, draft convention, No. 53," ratified by the Senate last June and effective November, 1939. Under the terms of this splendid arrangement no vessel can be operated outside the inland waterways of the country without carrying a licensed captain, mate, engineer, and assistant enginer, and as these gentlemen are allowed to work only eight hours a day, a twenty-four hour fishing trip off Montauk would involve the presence of twelve officers. This is rather like the Mexican army of former days, twelve generals and one private, except that in our case the private is paying the bills.

When "Labor," so-called, and Madame Secretary Perkins get together and spit on their hands, one can reasonably expect something gorgeous in the way of cockeyed legislation. But in this treaty, forced through the Senate by La Perkins, they have outdone themselves. Without public hearing or intelligent discussion the Senate wiped out American yachting, deep sea fishing, commercial and otherwise, the fleet of small cargo vessels in the coastwise trade, and all the industries dependent on these types of marine activities. Even a large yacht cannot house three shifts of officers, regardless of the added expense. Commercial vessels, such as fishermen, have as it is too small a margin of profit to add this gaudy item to their budgets. Instead of helping "Labor," this legislation as it stands will send a sizable bloc of marine officers and men, fishermen, boat builders, architects, etc., etc., to the soup kitchens. It is hardly conceivable that such nitwitted legislation will not be amended to exempt—for example, vessels of under 200 tons from its provisions. But what a stupid performance, what a lot of lost motion, what frivolity, ineptitude, and ignorance enshrined in the high places, both of government and of the labor leaders!

Keep after them, Brother Taylor! Perhaps, at last, they will stop counting votes and begin to count the cost.

Sporting Books

The majority of the sporting books which I have received this month were published, one presumes, with an eye on the Christmas trade, but they reached me too late for review or notice in the December issue of this magazine. The majority of them are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and the Derrydale Press, and I wish that space permitted adequate reviews of them. The largest and noblest of the lot is "The History of the Althorp & Pytchley Hunt," by Guy Paget, (Charles Scribner's Sons, $25). This I submit is the perfect history of such a famous institution. It is magnificently illustrated in color and in sepia and nothing could be more beautifully presented. The author admits that he was troubled with an embarrassment of riches in the way of material, but his style and arrangement leave very little indeed to be desired. Mr. Paget's volume is a mine of information, which should interest not only people who are acquainted with the Pytchley Hunt, but all who are interested in the sport of foxhunting. I congratulate the author and the publishers on this really superb volume.

"My Irish Sketchbook," written and illustrated by Lionel Edwards, (Charles Scribner's Sons,

$8.50). This is the kind of handsome volume which one has learned to expect from Mr. Edwards, and is quite up to his customary standard of illustration both in color and drawings. He makes no attempt to cover the whole scope of hunting in Ireland, but in writing about and illustrating a number of typical Irish hunts, he gives an interesting and charming impression of the sport in Ireland. A very pleasant and attractive book.

From the Derrydale Press comes "Sportsmen All" by Paul A. Curtis ($7.50), a series of delightful stories about dogs, sporting and domestic. This volume is illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse, which is enough to say on that score. Captain Curtis has never written with more charm and vitality than in these reminiscences of dogs he has known.

Also from the Derrydale "Foxhunting is Different," by Samuel J. Henry. This pleasant volume dealing with American foxhunting, both one gallus and organized, is delightfully illustrated by Paul Brown, who has caught the spirit of the text. It is not a profound study, but rather a collection of anecdotes from the writer's experience, and a very pleasant collection.

"Tall Tales and Short," by Edmund Ware Smith, (Derrydale Press, $7.50). I find the stories which make up this volume exceptionally good reading. They are tales of fishing and other sport in the near wilderness—a wilderness of logging camps, logging roads, and small settlements. They are told with great vivacity and plenty of human interest. This is not a scientific treatise either, but a very good collection of stories of American sport.

"Redmond C. Stewart, Foxhunter and Gentleman of Maryland," by Gordon Grand. (Charles Scribner's Sons, $5). No better author than Mr. Grand could have been selected to write the life of Mr. Redmond Stewart. He himself, is the kind of gentleman and sportsman who appreciates the kind of man that Mr. Stewart was throughout his life. A quiet, modest man, who did his duty in every walk of life and one who stood out, for all his modesty, as a great Master of Foxhounds, horseman, gentleman rider, and so on. This book is a splendid and adequate monument to his memory and the many American sportsmen who knew him will be more than grateful for its publication.

It may surprise certain staid Bostonians that Little, Brown and Company of that city, should publish what is in effect a defense of cockfighting, "Courage, The Story of Modern Cockfighting," by Tim Pridgen, ($3.50). As a matter of fact, the author presents a very good case for the breeding and fighting of game cocks on the basis of the moral values of the sport. It is, perhaps, rather a paean of praise for courage rather than anything else. This book should perhaps have been published a long time ago, to counteract the ignorance and prejudice which prevails very generally in connection with this subject. From it the person who knows nothing about cockfighting can learn what it is really all about, told by an author who is dispassionate and does not indulge in much special pleading. The book is admirably illustrated with photographs which will give a very good idea of cockfighting legal and otherwise to anyone interested in the subject.

"More About Riding Forward," by Captain V. S. Littauer, (Privately Printed, $3). A practical volume about how to apply the theories of riding forward, presented by Captain Littauer in a previous volume.

"The World of Horses," edited by W. E. Lyon and G. H. S. Dixon (Charles Scribner's Sons, $5), a series of short articles and admirable photographs of horses in action and otherwise from all over the world. I think I have seldom, if ever, seen a better chosen assortment of such pictures, and although the book is English in origin, its illustrations are international. All horsemen will be interested in this volume.

"Wildfowling With a Camera," by Lorene Squire (J. B. Lippincott Co., $7.50) a fine big volume packed with photographs of wild fowl, most of them in flight. I have seen equally good photographs of this character, but I have never seen so many in one collection as the work of one photographer. Many of them have that rather blurry appearance, which is doubtless due to telescopic lens or some other photographic handicap on clarity which I am not competent to discuss, but taken by and large one could learn a great deal from these pictures and many of them are of great and outstanding beauty. This book is highly recommended to those interested in this particular type of photography and in wild fowl in general.

"The Horn," A Hunting Novel in Verse, by Patrick Chalmers, illustrated by Lionel Edwards (Charles Scribner's Sons, $8.50). Familiar as I am with the work of Mr. Chalmers and being a doting disciple and follower of Mr. Lionel Edwards, I was still unprepared for the excellence of this book. As noted in a previous review, anyone who writes a long poem dealing with the hunt and a hunting community, challenges comparison with Masefield. It seems to me that in this volume Mr. Chalmers has produced something which, without being in any way imitative of Masefield, is quite in the class of his famous hunting poems. There is thrill and interest and taste enough, and a real picture and story. Mr. Edwards' illustrations could hardly be better, both the frontispiece in color and the excellent and characteristic pencil sketches.

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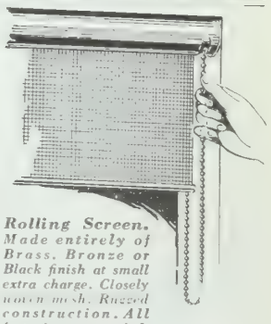

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Royal sport in Cuba

(*Continued from page 56*)

convinced, have found not less than twenty coveys in the same amount of time and that, I think, anyone will agree means good quail country.

Always our course was laid so as to bring water within reach of the dogs four or five times during the morning both to slake their thirst and to cool their bodies. It was amusing to see how well they had been trained in this. Approaching a pool of some small rivulet or a drinking trough for cattle they would be ordered in. And there they would remain with all but their heads submerged until ordered out.

Always on our trips afield we saw great quantities of morning doves which no one seemed to consider worth the expenditure of powder and shot. Early in the season, our host informed us, there is a tremendous migration from South America of the large white-crowned dove common to the West Indies and offering superlative pass shooting to the few rich planters who take advantage of it. Otherwise, generally speaking, it is doubtful if any appreciable amount of game is killed with guns by natives in Cuba—though considerable snaring does go on among the poorer inhabitants of the "bush." In a bird store in Havana I counted over thirty woodduck scuttling about that must have been taken in this way.

Never having fished for tarpon I was delighted, toward the end of our stay, with the suggestion of our host that we have a try for this famous game fish. Accordingly next morning six of us, including the wives of the two guns who have figured in this narrative, were conveyed by "hand car" to the banks of the river Arimao where the estate's river steamer, used in conjunction with the lighters for transportation of cane, met us and conveyed our party downstream into Cienfuegos harbor, and thence across the Bay to the mouth of another river. Here two native fishermen with rowboats were added to our tow, which already included a launch, and with this odd flotilla we proceeded up river. The break of an occasional tarpon began now to whet our excitement while all about us the flight of aquatic birds served as endless entertainment.

Sitting back in a comfortable steamer chair with a cool glass at my elbow it occurred to me there might be something in those idyllic magazine pictures of Southern sport after all.

Though too early in the season for the great swarm of fish that later moves into the river, we presently viewed enough giant swirls and dorsal fins to warrant at least an effort. Tying up to the bank we distributed ourselves among the smaller craft while our wives remained in the cool awning shade of the mother ship. The native fisherman to whose boat I was allotted paddled out to the middle of the stream, a matter of fifty yards or so, and dropped anchor while my companions disappeared around a near-by bend. It had been our host's experience that early in the season these tarpon are indifferent to surface lures. Consequently I was not surprised when my boatman presently baited a large hook with a small fish, stripped from my rod and coiled at his feet innumerable yards of line, whirled the baited hook and sinker about his head and let fly—a method that was practical if not beautiful.

An uneventful hour slipped by while the sun climbed high and I became pleasantly aware of the hot sun and the increasingly listless river life.

Then without any warning it happened. There came a fearful yank to which I must have responded in kind. My native beauty catapulted out of his seat and the next instant, amid strange human sounds, he was whipping in slack line hand over hand while I fumbled with the reel mechanism. Suddenly the surface of the river seemed to open wide and out of this sluggish stream, that at home one might credit with a two-pound sucker, soared five feet of burnished silver. It is something, that first jump of a tarpon—something that I should like to wish, once, into the life of every fisherman. Due to the heroic efforts of my able assistant I was, presently, actually playing the fish from the rod. And for the next twenty minutes I continued to play him, as well as to do everything that might help my tarpon escape short of actually severing the line. He leapt into the overhanging bank bushes. He leapt out. He did all that a tarpon is expected to do. It was no use. He must have emerged from the egg stamped with my initials. Moreover, he was hooked to a novice which so often appears fatal for his kind. With aching, shaking arms I finally drew him alongside where my strange gillie, after probing unsuccessfully for his gills several times, threw the gaff aside and taking a throat hold wrestled him into the boat.

When I had sufficiently recovered I turned feebly toward our ship less than a stone's throw away expecting to see the ladies hanging over the rail, cameras clicking. Instead, no sign of life appeared. Repeated shouts brought a languid "What do you want?" While I had been making history those better, and supposedly devoted other halves, had been engrossed in a certain well-known sort of tête-à-tête! Later on still smarting under the lack of proper hero worship and suffering generally from "tarponitis" I garner a whole pailful of scales from my giant herring, which, I'm glad to say, presently smelled so terribly that I was forced to hurl them away.

So ended with fitting climax my sporting adventures in Cuba. And while the taking of one tarpon is hardly sufficient to entitle one to offer an opinion on this sport, I cannot refrain from saying that it served only to convince me further of what I have always maintained, i. e., that the taking of the larger salt water game fish bears about as much relation to fishing as we have known it since the day of Izaak Walton as does the beating of a bass drum to the playing of a violin—and that simile goes for the tools involved. The former is a form of strenuous exercise, a stunt that can be a thrilling one as I found out. The latter, particularly the fly rod sort, is a thing of moods, of graceful motion, of endless artistry that has been praised too often in story and song to need further words here.

With the conclusion of this delightful day's excursion came to an end our visit on this beautiful and interesting island. The weather had been perfection as it invariably is through the winter months, the daily life in the nature of an adventure, the sport royal. Definitely Cuba deserves the attention of American sportsmen who have something of the pioneer and also of explorer in their make-up.

Ways to spend your Christmas money

(*Continued from page 61*)

each one hand engraved with different game birds and ducks are $160 a dozen, the Sporting Gallery. **20.** Very jolly winter glasses for your winter sports hostess, about $10.50 a dozen, Fostoria. **21.** Quilting in the heirloom manner, this time for the very young, by Regina, in Louisville, Ky., $60. **22.** Another little bronze beauty, by McClelland Barclay. **23.** Silk pajamas to delight the most fastidious, from $17.50 to $25. Sulka, and a perfectly fitted drop front case, $172, from Brooks Brothers. **24.** Four old pewter figures, representing ancient characters in Chinese folklore, benign little gentlemen, extremely beautiful in their simple modeling and flowing lines, $150, from Jones and Erwin. **6.** Liquors on page 60: Kentucky Tavern, Old Crow, Old Forester, Old Overholt, Four Roses, Heublein's Club Cocktails, Biscuit Dubouchet, Hennessy, Monnet, George Goelet, Cordon Rouge, Lanson, Pol Roger, Piper Heidsieck, Gold Seal, Milshire Gin, White Satin Gin, Bushmill's Irish, Nuyen's, Cointreau, Myer's Jamaica Rum, Don Q Rum, Dewar's White Label, Johnnie Walker, Teacher's Old Angus, White Horse, Pedro Domecq, and Cruse Wine—by courtesy of the Cork and Bottle and Distillers.

CORRECTION:

We regret that an incorrect price was given for the sterling punch bowl from Georg Jensen shown on page 91 of our December issue. The correct price of this article is $1500.

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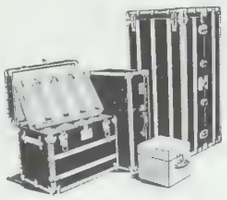

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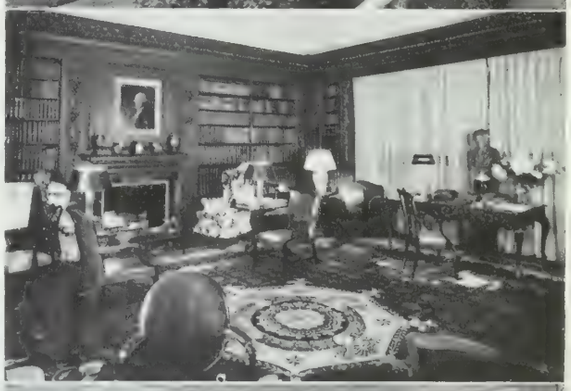

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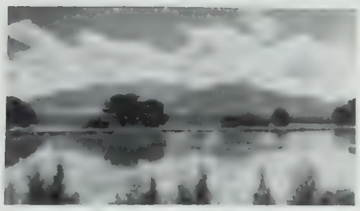

Guare lake.

View of house and front lawn.

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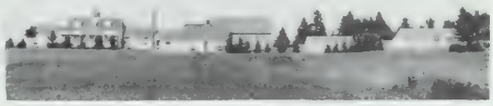

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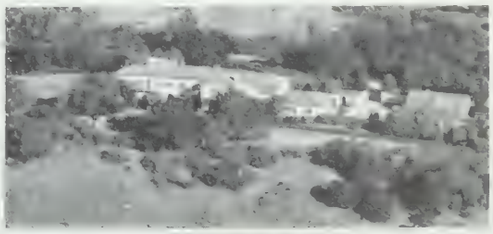

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DOG STARS by Vinton P. Breese

Victor de Palma from Black Star

REVIEWING the exhibition of pure bred dogs during the year of 1938 is to realize that the sport in its every phase was more flourishing than at any like period in kennel annals. There were more dog shows, field trials, and obedience tests held and these attracted larger attendances than ever before. More pure bred dogs were registered with the American Kennel Club and more show-giving and specialty clubs were organized throughout all parts of the country. There was a general improvement of type among the rank and file of nearly all the recognized breeds of dogs and particularly in the American-bred division, thereby making closer the competition which reached an unprecedented climax in the race for the A. K. C. annual prizes for dogs of home production and in the best in show contests. The national character of both dog breeding and showing was emphasized when the governing body published the "Blue Book" because in checking the records of winning dogs and compiling this volume it was ascertained that no one part of the United States held a monopoly on the higher honors. There were 336 bench shows held during 1938, an increase of 19 over the previous year, the largest number in the 54 years' history of the A. K. C. and these shows were similarly notable in the number of entries. Field trials also increased from 83 to 96 and more than 70 obedience tests took place at the 210 shows open to all breeds, indicating an amazing growth in this new activity. Some 60 per cent of the 109 recognized breeds in this country took part in these tests, attesting most satisfactorily to the universal intelligence of pure-bred specimens.

POPULAR BREEDS. Again the Cocker Spaniel proved itself America's most popular breed, its registrati[illegible] of the Boston Ter[illegible] which it displaced. Complete figures [illegible] the Cocker will h[illegible] 15,100 registered [illegible] Foxterriers, Beagl[illegible] English Springer S[illegible] hounds are again e[illegible] of the ten most p[illegible] of Americans to breed outstanding dogs was emphasized early in 1938 when the A. K. C. awarded its 1937 annual, American-bred, all breed group prize to Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstilskin C. D., the obedience trained, black, standard Poodle, owned by Mrs. Milton Erlanger. The record of this dog was better than that of any other homebred or imported specimen. Then, at the Westminster show, five of the six variety group winners in the climactic contest for best in show were American-breds and to one of these, the ten months old English Setter puppy, Daro of Maridor, bred and owned by Dwight W. Ellis, the premier prize was awarded. The winner of the race for the 1938 A. K. C. American-bred, all breed, group prize has not been officially decided but the unofficial count gives it to the white, standard Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, bred and owned by Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, which waged a hectic duel at shows throughout almost the entire country with the smooth-coated, red Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, owned by Mrs. Annis A. Jones, and won out in a driving finish by one point.

ALL BREED CHAMPION. In the following brief comment upon the brighter dog stars and their accomplishments for the year of 1938, Ch. Nornay Saddler, being the cynosure of all eyes, creating the greatest record of best in show triumphs both for the year of 1938 and in kennel history, must by right of pre-eminent prowess be accorded initial mention. Arriving from England in the spring of 1937, he won highest honors seven times during that year and repeated 32 times during 1938 making his total of such successes 39 and giving him a margin of at least six wins over his nearest rival. The latter, it is thought but not officially substantiated, is the Doberman Pinscher, Ch. Jockel von Burgund, owned by the Randahoff Kennels of California, which has had a long and successful career chiefly at Midwestern and Pacific Coast shows and scored 33 best in show successes, thereby just exceeding by one win the record of that immortal of a decade ago, W. W. Higgins' Irish Setter, Ch. Higgins Red Pat, with 32 such. Though Saddler had drunk of the bitter dregs of defeat, because of the consistency and [illegible] of his successes in the keenest kind [illegible]d the fact that in every in[illegible]rectly or indirectly defeated [illegible] have been placed over him, [illegible] acclaimed the absolute cham-[illegible]

[illegible]RED CHAMPION. While [illegible]acting marked attention with [illegible]ing series of best in show [illegible]ited duel between Mrs. Sher-[illegible] Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung [illegible]Annis A. Jones' Dachshund, [illegible]kton, for the A. K. C. prize [illegible]rican-bred dog of the year, [illegible] as eagerly followed because [illegible]d closeness which continued [illegible]g throughout the entire year [illegible] last show when the former [illegible]atter with a margin of one [illegible] records of these two dogs [illegible]au, exhibited at 42 all-breed [illegible]est of breed under 25 judges, [illegible]r 22 judges, and 15 best in [illegible]udges. Three of these events [illegible]er shows which left her with [illegible] group wins upon which the [illegible] It is interesting to note that [illegible] two trips from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast by special, chartered airplane within two months to shows held on consecutive days, the first from Devon, Pa. to Spokane, Wash.; and the second from Harrisburg, Pa. to San Mateo, Cal. Altogether she has traveled some 20,000 miles. Herman Rinkton, exhibited at 78 all-breed shows, won 71 best of breed under 47 judges, 48 groups under 41 judges, and 7 best in show under 6 judges. Seventeen of these events were non-member shows which left him, with 31 qualifying group wins. Last year's winner, Mrs. Milton Erlanger's Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstilskin, shown at 37 all-breed events, won 37 best of breed, 29 groups of which 20 were qualifying, and 6 best in show.

SPORTING DOGS. In addition to being far out in front with group wins for the A. K. C. American-bred, all-breed prize, Jung Frau and Herman Rinkton led their respective groups, the non-sporting and hound, by similarly substantial margins and altogether the glamor of their race diverted attention to a considerable extent from the leaders of the remaining groups, of which no official announcement has yet been released. In the sporting dog division the performance of Herman Mellenthin's young, home-bred, black Cocker Spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie, was nothing less than (*Continued on page 16*)

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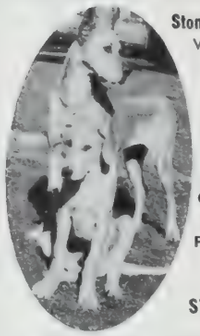

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Dog stars

(*Continued from page 10*)

sensational. In four shows, Bronx, Chicago, Elkins Park and Morris and Essex he completed his championship, leading a record entry of 260 dogs at the last named event, and continued to complete the year with 19 best of breed, 9 best of group, and 5 best in show. When the official count is completed it is possible that this record of group wins at member shows may be exceeded by that of C. N. Myers' English Setter, Ch. Modern Boy of Stucile, which won heavily at Midwestern shows and carried on at Eastern events late in the year. Another notable is Harry Hartnett's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson Top Notcher, leader of his breed, winner over 140 competitors at Morris and Essex and at or near the top in variety competition throughout the year. Other successful sporting dogs which figured prominently and repeatedly in breed and variety competition were Mrs. Henry A. Ross' Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Nonquitt Notable, the 1937 winner of this division; Joseph C. Quirk's Springer Spaniel, Ch. Rufton Roberto of Greenfair, also a field trial winner; Mrs. Leonard Buck's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Blackstone Reflector, best of breed at Westminster; and Dr. Samuel Milbank's Labrador Retriever, Ch. Earlsmoor Moor of Arden, the only representative of his breed to win a best in show. Then there were the two English Setter puppies, Daro and Maro of Maridor, little sons of the great Ch. Sturdy Max, which aroused amazement when they went best in show and reserve best in show at the Westminster and Morris and Essex events, respectively, but have not since been shown.

TERRIERS. The American-bred terrier group produced a number of exceptionally typical young dogs and furnished extremely close competition. Of these and scoring the most sensational series of successes in the shortest space of time was Mrs. Lee Turnbull and L. J. Broesmer's Wire Foxterrier, Ch. Rosebud of Research, which within eight months won 21 best of breed, 19 groups, and 7 best in show, incidentally defeating Davishill Littleman, the 1937 winner of the division, which died last fall, and close pressing this year's probable winner of the terrier award, John Mulcahay's Kerry Blue Terrier, Ch. Bumble Bee of Delwin. Still another is Anthony Neary's Bedlington Terrier, Ch. Lady Rowena of Roanoakes. Both have best in show successes to their credit and have scored repeatedly in groups. Other home-bred terriers which have been signally successful in both breed and variety competition are Croglin Kennels' Sealyham, Ch. Croglin Christina, best of breed at Westminster; Sheldon M. Stewart's Airedale, Ch. Shelterock Modest Smasher, best of breed at Westminster; John Goudie's Scottish Terrier, Cedar

Pond Castaway, best of breed at Morris and Essex; Irving C. Ackerman's Shelterock Monmouth Squire, a noted winner at Pacific Coast shows, and a number of others which offer promise of championship caliber but are not yet sufficiently matured to rate in the higher brackets.

WORKING DOGS. American-bred working dogs were easily as closely matched in merit and it is thought that when the scores of group wins are reckoned they will be even closer but that the winner will be Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's model made and mannered German Shepherd Dog, Ch. Giralda's Geisha. This home-bred daughter of the same owner's great Ch. Dewet v. Starrenberg won heavily in both breed and variety competition at large Eastern shows and over the Southwestern circuit against very strong competition. A Chicago owned dog, C. J. Casselman's home-bred Collie, Ch. Hertzville Headstone, won well in that section of the country and then came East to lead his group at Westminster. Another Collie, Mrs. F. B. Ilch's famous Ch. Bellhaven Black Lucason, carrying his years lightly, has made his presence heavily felt, while still another, Mrs. W. F. Dreer's Anahassett Addition, led his breed at Morris and Essex. Newfoundlands have been strongly represented by Waseeka Kennels' Ch. Barnacle Bill of Waseeka, best of breed at Westminster and M. A. Clemens' Waseeka Sea Watch, best of breed at Morris and Essex. E. L. Winslow's St. Bernards have likewise won well with Ch. Emir v. Waldeck repeatedly going best of breed, including Morris and Essex, while Basil, Victoria, and Lady Lynnette v. Waldeck have scored similar successes. Also making their presence strongly felt have been Mrs. Lewis Roesler's Old English Sheepdogs, Ch. Merriedip Ethelyn and Ch. Merriedip Master Pantaloons.

NON-SPORTING DOGS. While Jung Frau and Herman Rinkton were waging their duel for American-bred, all breed supremacy, with the latter the leader by three points toward the close of the open air dog show season, another Poodle, Mrs. Milton Erlanger's home-bred black, Ch. Pillicoc Aplomb, was only one point behind the former and with a possible chance of beating both. He was then purchased by Ernest E. Ferguson, the Los Angeles sportsman, went slightly off coat condition, a temporary handicap which has since been corrected, and added group and best in show victories at the big Los Angeles event to make his record nineteen and five of such. Other excellent American-breds which have been prominent, chiefly at large Eastern shows, are Mrs. L. W. Bonney's intensely typical black Chow, Ch. Tally-Ho Black Image of Storm, which went best in show at Cedarhurst in 1937 before his first birthday and repeated at Staten Island last year; Mrs. A. V. Hallowell's massive red Chow, Ch. Lle Wol Lah Son, best of breed at Westminster and invariably at or near the top in group competition; John F. Maginnis' French Bulldog, the 1936 non-sporting group winner and a two-time best in show and repeated group winner last year; Mrs. E. R. Anders' Boston Terrier, Ch. Royal Kid Regards; Messers Droll and Rosenbloom's Boston Terrier, Ch. Hagerty's Fascinating Model; W. L. Brookin's Bulldog, Ch. Berton's Son of Britisher.

HOUNDS. Herman Rinkton proved his absolute supremacy in his breed by leading an entry of 311 dogs including 19 champions under a German expert at Morris and Essex but occasionally suffered defeat in hound groups which must lend prestige to his conquerors. Chief among the latter were L. J. Murr's Borzoi, Ch. Vigow of Romanoff, the 1935 and 1936 American-bred all breed champion and hound group winner at Morris and Essex last year and since deceased; Mrs. William du Pont's Beagle, Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman; and Mrs. A. M. Paterno's Saluki, Ch. Marjan II. Draftsman had a deep disappointment when, sent to first place in the hound group at Westminster, a final vacillating action of the judge put Llieno Kennels' Dachshund, Ch. Fax v. Tacklehof, over him. Marjan, the best of breed winner at Westminster and Morris and Essex, sallied forth to win two groups at the very close of the year which, while Jung Frau won her groups at the same shows, wrecked Herman Rinkton's chance for the American-bred all breed championship. By best of breed victories at Westminster and Morris and Essex Halcyon Kennels' splendid young Irish Wolfhound bitch, Ch. Alannah of Ambleside, appears to be the leader of her breed and a comer in hound competition. Although seldom seen in the East Miss Amelia E. White's Afghan Hound, Ch. Amanullah of Kandahar, has gone best in show at least a dozen times and twice that number best of group at Western shows and is considered by many to be the best of his breed ever seen.

TOYS. Although the exact record is not at hand it seems sure that John B. Royce's Pekingese, Ch. Kai Lo of Dah Lyn, will be declared the American-bred toy champion by a wide margin. He headed his breed and group repeatedly and it is thought that he finished well up in the race for the all-breed prize. Had not Mrs. Vincent Matta retired her Pomeranian, Ch. Little Sahib, last year's toy winner, Kai Lo would have found far more difficult going. Important breed and group victories were scored by a number of other American-bred toy dogs, chiefly Pomeranians, Pekingese, and Min-

(*Continued on page 19*)

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Left to right are Glenairlie Rover and his son Glenairlie Rocket, the winner of the Country Life and The Sportsman Perpetual Challenge Trophy for All Retrievers. Lower right: Field Trial Champion Elysian Eric, left, and Dual Champion King Lion are the only Springer Spaniels with field trial championships on the Pacific Coast

Country Life and Sportsman Trophy . . . California Springers

LAST month we said, off the record, that it looked as if Glenairlie Rocket were going to be this year's winner of the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN Retriever trophy. Now, it gives me the greatest of pleasure to make this announcement official. This amazing young Labrador is owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. Fletcher Garlock, of Barrington, Illinois. He is sired by Glenairlie Rover, ex Spot of Barrington; was born May 3, 1937, and was trained and has been handled through his still brief but sensational field trial career by Francis Hogan. He wound up the field trial season with 55 credits, far ahead of all other eligible dogs except his litter brother Freehaven Jay. These two had a dramatic neck-and-neck battle for supremacy all through the year, a contest that was not decided until the last trial had been run, and which resulted in a record of achievement by both brothers never to our knowledge even approached by any other retriever of derby age. As we said above, Rocket had 55 credits, Freehaven Jay had 52, and their nearest competitor Richard Ryan's Golden Beauty of Roedare had 19.

The COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN Perpetual Field Trial Challenge Trophy For All Retrievers (including Irish Water Spaniels) is offered for the American-bred dog or bitch winning the most credits during the year in stakes mentioned below in A.K.C. licensed or member club field trials. Only dogs born on or after January 1st, in the year preceding the trial, are eligible. The stakes in which the trophy may be competed for, and the scoring system are as follows:

In any stake restricted to dogs under two years of age open to both amateur and professional handlers:

1st	place	shall	count	5	credits
2nd	"	"	"	3	"
3rd	"	"	"	2	"
4th	"	"	"	1	credit

In novice or non-winners stakes open to both amateur and professional handlers:

1st	place	shall	count	7	credits
2nd	"	"	"	4	"
3rd	"	"	"	2½	"
4th	"	"	"	1½	"

In an Open All-Age stake or Championship stake open to both amateur and professional handlers:

1st	place	shall	count	9	credits
2nd	"	"	"	6	"
3rd	"	"	"	4	"
4th	"	"	"	2	"

In the case of a specialty club holding more than one field trial in any one year, in which the stakes are restricted to their breed or breeds of retrievers, the trial that shall carry credits for the competing dogs must be chosen by the officers of the club by January 31st of the year in which the trial occurs. The name of the dog, its owner, and breeder will be engraved on the trophy each year. A smaller replica will be presented outright to the winner. An additional trophy will be awarded for the dog whose name has been engraved on the challenge trophy and shall during his lifetime win the title of field trial champion.

In recent issues we have devoted considerable space to Rocket and Jay the brothers, also handled by brothers (Francis and James Hogan). We have told how they went through the trials in their native Midwest, and then came on to win in the East, not only placing and winning in derbies against dogs their same age, but in Novice stakes, and All-Ages too, and in the latter they were competing against the best dogs in the country—dogs their seniors in age and experience—and beating them too. Well, now we have the records to prove that our enthusiasm was not misplaced. Rocket was the winner by three points, but Jay was so close, and both were so far ahead of their competition that we feel that Jay's record should be included with Rocket's. In glancing over the lists of wins given below perhaps you can catch a little of the drama and excitement that their owners and handlers have experienced through the season. Notice in how many cases when one of them has won a stake the other has been runner up, or at least in the money.

GLENAIRLIE ROCKET—Born May 3, 1937. Sex, male. Owner, F. Fletcher Garlock. Sire, Glenairlie Rover. Dam, Spot of Barrington. Total, 55 credits.

1st Open Derby, Minnesota F. T., May 21-22—12 entries
2nd Open Derby, Mississippi Valley F. T. (spring)
1st Open Derby, Wisconsin Amateur Field Trial, Sept. 17-18—11 entries
1st Open Novice, Wisconsin Amateur Field Trial, Sept.—14 entries
3rd Open All-Age, Wisconsin Amateur Field Trial, Sept.—21 entries
2nd Open Derby, Minnesota F. T., Sept. 24-25
2nd Open Derby, Missouri Valley Hunt Club Trial, Oct 1-2—6 entries
3rd Open All-Age, Missouri Valley Hunt Club, Oct. 1-2—20 entries
1st Open Derby, Midwest Field Trial, Oct. 22-23—12 entries
3rd Open Derby, Rolling Rock, Oct. 27-29—8 entries
1st Open Derby, Labrador Retriever Club Trial, Nov. 2-4—16 entries
1st Open All-Age Carlisle Memorial Trial, Nov. 6-7—28 entries

FREEHAVEN JAY—Born May 3, 1937. Sex, male. Owner, James L. Free. Sire, same. Dam, same. Total, 52 credits.

1st Open Novice Midwest F. T., May 14-15—17 entries
3rd Open Derby, Minnesota F. T., May 21-22—10 entries
3rd Open Derby, Wisconsin F. T., Sept. 17-18—11 entries
2nd Open All-Age, Minnesota Field Trial, Sept.—24 entries
1st Open Derby, Missouri Valley F. T., Oct. 1-2—6 entries
1st Open All-Age, Missouri Valley F. T., Oct.—20 entries.
1st Open Derby, Mississippi Valley F. T., Oct. 8-9—9 entries
2nd Open All-Age, Mississippi Valley F. T., Oct. 8-9—16 entries
2nd Open Derby Midwest F. T., Oct. 23-24—12 entries
3rd Open All-Age, Midwest F. T., Oct. 23-24—21 entries
2nd Open Derby Labrador Retriever Club, Nov. 4-5—16 entries

SPRING TRIALS. It's obvious in looking over the lists that Western dogs have an advantage over those in the East because there are several spring trials in which they can compete. Last spring there were no important Eastern trials due to the streptococcus infection that swept through many of the kennels at that time. Nevertheless, quite a number of the good Eastern dogs were

taken out West, and certainly Rocket's record this fall proves his worth beyond a doubt. As a matter of fact his decisive victory was won in the East, in the Carlisle Memorial Trial held at East Islip, Long Island. We didn't realize when Rocket made his sensational and well-remembered water-to-land-to-water chase after a crippled duck that he was not only winning the All-Age—no mean feat for a dog of his tender age—but that he was winning the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN TROPHY at the same time.

ANOTHER BROTHER. Incidentally we hear that there is a third brother from this same litter named Rod, owned by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gallum, of Milwaukee, that has, or had, great promise. James Hogan had him in training for a short time while he was a puppy and thought he showed fully as much promise as Jay. Unfortunately, however, his owner took him out of training.

SPRINGER SPANIELS. There's a family of Springer Spaniels in California that seems to have the field trials out there pretty well sewed up. Two members of this family, Dual Ch. King Lion, owned by Otto Lion of Mountain View, Cal., and Ch. Elysian Eric, owned by Robert Elliot of Calexico, have as a matter of fact won every Open All-Age stake in the state from the time that the first licensed trial was held in 1935, until November '38. In the first trial in '35 there were two stakes, Novice and All-Age, and both were won by King Lion. Elysian Eric, then a puppy, was second in the Novice and third in the All-Age at the same trial. In '36 Eric won the All-Age. In '37 King Lion won again—Eric didn't run that year—and Elysian Dawn O'Day another relative was second. This year in the English Springer Spaniel Club of Northern California event Elysian Dawn O'Day again ran second—to Eric this time. Two trials were run in California this year, the one mentioned above which was run in November and another sponsored by the Northern California Field Trial Club in which it was thought both dogs would meet (apparently they haven't met since '35. The reports aren't clear on that point) but neither dog was run. However, the winner of the All-Age, Anom Artemis, (if we deciphered it correctly) is King Lion's son, so the family record was kept clean.

King Lion's dam Elysian Elf, is the dam of "champion quintuplets" of which Robert Elliot her owner is justly proud. Included in this litter (besides King Lion) is Elysian Eric's sire Elysian Emperor—that makes King Lion an uncle. Elliot says that Elysian Elf is the dam or grand dam of every winner of licensed field trials in California up to the present time and claims that no other Springer bitch can equal Elf's record though Ch. Woodelf of Breeze, her half sister came pretty close—she had six champions out of a litter of six. Elf has the edge on her though, for she has six championships on five dogs in one litter. King Lion saved the record for her by his dual championship. All of which is quite a remarkable record.

CALIFORNIA TRIALS. We don't know very much about field trials in California, Spaniel or otherwise, so the account which we recently received of the English Spaniel Club of Northern California trial, held November 26, 27, was of the greatest interest. Apparently the trial which was sponsored by the Golden Gate International Exposition was conducted in the usual manner except that pigeons were used for the Puppy and Novice stakes, pheasants being reserved for the All-Ages. Then in the water test which was held in a large lagoon near the course they released and shot the birds (pheasants were used) just as you would in a retriever trial instead of throwing already dead birds into the water as they usually do in the East. The site of the trial must be just about ideal. It was held in a natural bowl or amphitheatre. A road running around the rim of this bowl allowed the spectators to park their cars and look down on the dogs working below, giving them an excellent view of the work every minute, and they didn't have to walk on the course at all. Too bad there aren't more of these natural amphitheatres scattered about the country—it would be a great thing for the sport.

Never having been to a California field trial it would be difficult to say how the dogs out there would compare with those in other parts of the country where Spaniel trials have been established for a longer time. There were eight starters in the Springer All-Age in this particular trial and probably about the same number in the Cocker equivalent, which we assume is about the average number for out there, and it is said of the Springers, at least, that they were all good workers. Certainly it would seem that King Lion and Elysian Eric were class dogs and capable of making a good showing in any company. As to the others we can't say at present, though we are very interested and will look into the situation.

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 17*)

iature Pinschers, at shows throughout the country, but none approached the record of Kai Lo.

On pages 54 and 55 in this issue appear the likenesses together with records and descriptions of some of the more famous canine campaigners of the past year which are expected to reappear at the coming Westminster Kennel Club Show in Madison Square Garden, New York City.

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New York Poultry Show

Exhibits . . . . Standard Fowl

SIX thousand fowl of every shape, size, color, and variety can create quite a commotion when they are all cooped within the confines of one assembly hall—a fact that was recently demonstrated at the New York Poultry Show, held as usual in the 14th Street Armory. Furthermore it's a commotion that can be both seen and heard. As you came into the show you were almost swept off your feet by the simultaneous and incessant crows of thousands of cocks, each one shrilling a challenge to every other rooster in the place. The bantams' treble, the throaty calls of the heavy cocks, and the occasional sharp defiant crow of a game cock blended together in a wail that drowned out the clucking, quacking, and cooing of lesser birds, and even the voice of the public address amplifier. Though they had nothing more than shavings and wire netting as background, the plumage of these same cocks eclipsed the other fowl just as their voices did. Their feathers were of every shade and degree of iridescence, making the Armory a gay sight indeed so that you scarcely missed the pheasants of which there were but few this year.

SPECIAL EXHIBITS. As you went in you found that the floor of the Armory was completely covered with rows of pens—there were 1000 more birds than the previous year—except a space across the middle of the floor where special exhibits were caged. Here there were two pairs of mute swans exhibited by Swanwhite Park, of Carlton Hill, and Miss Mary Olcott, of Ridgefield, Conn. Swanwhite won with the best male and Miss Olcott with the best female. These great birds looked ill at ease in their small pens, and with their long snakelike necks and little black eyes looked pretty savage too. Also in this line of exhibits were the "buff laced frizzled Polish" fowl developed by Mr. John C. Kriner and shown for the first time here. These birds have the feather formation reversed so that their feathers point toward their heads instead of toward their tails as is the case with ordinary birds. There isn't any special advantage in this nor does it harm the birds in any way. Mr. Kriner just did it for looks and to show what unusual things can be accomplished by selective breeding.

Then there was the aviary of ornamental birds from Clifton T. Alden's Roslyn Game Farm which was in our estimation one of the most interesting sights in the show. There were several varieties of wild ducks in this, including teal, Pintail, Mandarins, Wood duck, Shovelers, Canvasback and Redhead; there were also a pair of white peacocks, a Demoiselle crane, Bar head, Blue and Snow geese, Elliot's pheasants, Bobwhite quail, various kinds of doves and, last but not least, a rather harassed looking, but well-behaved goat wearing a blanket with probably the Farm colors on it. This goat by the way wasn't the only quadruped on display. We also found a pair of white rabbits in the midst of duck and chicken display cages—why we can't say.

STANDARD FOWL. The standard breeds of fowl are the backbone and reason for the existence of such an exhibition as the New York Poultry Show—a fact that we rather overlooked when we entered the Armory on the first day of the show this year. At any rate we were disappointed at first, as catalogue in hand we started out to see what rare and gorgeously plumed birds we could find, completely overlooking many familiar and interesting species on our way. We soon discovered that the scarcity of pheasants, mentioned above, was due to the fact that the Ornamental Pheasant Society held its annual meeting in Toronto this year instead of at the New York Show as in the past. There were a pair or two of the more common varieties: Goldens, Silvers (good ones), Ringnecks, and a pair each of rarer birds though no specimens that looked especially good to us. Nor was there much of an exhibit of ornamental waterfowl except in the Roslyn Game Farm's aviary. A few Wood duck, Mallards, Call ducks, and that's about all. Then in glancing through the catalogue we saw that Aaron Fell of Bethesda, Maryland, was showing some Brazilian Barbudos. The name fascinated us for here apparently were the strange and unusual fowl that we had come to see. However, instead of being the jungle birds of rich plumage that we had expected, they resembled white Wyandottes with ruffs of feathers under their chins. In other words they were quite commonplace and respectable birds, probably the barnyard fowl of Brazil, though of course they were quite a novelty in this country.

After that we began to look around us and appreciate the show for what it really was. Not entirely a hobby show by any means though there are many exhibitors who delight in the strange and rare, but an honest and ungarnished exhibition of the best in utilitarian fowl of land and water. Fowl that produce eggs and meat in commercial quantities: Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Jersey Black and White (*Continued on page 35*)

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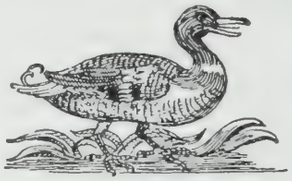

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ROYAL AMERICAN, [illegible]
MY BRIAR ROSE, [illegible]
PADDY LOU DARE, five gaited mare,
SWINGTIME LADY, five gaited mare,
ROYAL JESTER, three gaited gelding
PATRICIA GORDON, three gaited gelding,
LONG SHOT, three gaited brown gelding.

Seldom has the public an opportunity to buy horses like the above [illegible]

RED TOP FARM [illegible] sell three very good horses [illegible] five gaited mare SCARLET [illegible]

There will also be several horses sold in this sale [illegible]

Catalogs of the entire sale [illegible] quest.

HIGH TIDE

[illegible] gelding, 5 gaited. His record will [illegible] one of the outstanding gelding[illegible] last three seasons.

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Horse Notes & Comment by Elizabeth Grinnell

Carl Berger

Steeplechasing . . . New Race Tracks . . . Class Conditions

NICE as it would be, it isn't necessary to go to Florida or California immediately in order to get into a discussion about horses. It will probably be advisable to head for one of those places presently in order to relax in an atmosphere that has more action and less argument, but right now so many word pictures are being painted that I scarcely know which one to look at.

REPORT ON STEEPLECHASING. The New York State Racing Commission exploded quite a bombshell recently by suggesting that its tracks discontinue steeplechasing. "Under present conditions," the report read, "steeplechase racing on the main tracks is not conducive to the successful conduct of the flat sport. Unless drastic changes are made, it is far better that racing through the field be confined to hunts meetings." This hurts and principally because it is said with so much justice. For many years three of the New York tracks have been loyal to steeplechasing and with untiring devotion a small group of owners has kept the sport alive. Other stables have come and gone but there have not been enough steeplechase horses of different interests in training recently to make up races of sufficient excitement to sell the sport to the general public. Like it or not, that is the way it has been. Here are the New York tracks trying the best way they know how to do the things that they believe are soundest for Thoroughbred racing and for the public—whether you approve of their methods or not you must admit their sincerity—facing on all sides the competition of mushroom organizations that are run principally for profit. The New York tracks hold fewer races than the mutuel tracks and yet daily one of these races is given over to a sport that the general public does not understand or especially care for. But the alternative, turning steeplechasing over to the hunts meetings, is not too alluring. Although New York has five hunts meeting courses, only one of them, the United Hunts course in Roslyn, is suitable for top-class steeplechasing and even that would require the building of stables, additional stands, fencing and paddocks before it could be used for this purpose. For years people have been arguing about what is wrong with steeplechasing and many schemes for its promotion have been attempted but whatever the causes have been, the results are obvious. There are too many brush races, they are too much alike, and they are spread out too thin. Some of them, certainly, had better go by the board. However, it would seem at a glance that a lot more could be accomplished if the hunts meetings gave steeplechasing back to the big tracks rather than have the main tracks turn it over to the hunts meetings. If they could see sufficient entries to make up well-filled, interesting races with good competition, the public would learn to like the sport. Owners, trainers, and riders of brush horses would have a much better time of it, because, with the variety of races that could be provided with a large number of available starters, almost any of their horses—unless they were *terribly* bad—would have a chance of winning an occasional event (and some money with it too) and they wouldn't have to chase all over Robin Hood's barn to do it. And when you come right down to the root of the matter brush racing never was hunter racing, in this country, and never will be in any sense of the word.

In any case it looks as if the bell might soon be rung. The New York Racing Commission has issued a warning. Sufficient interest in steeplechasing must be indicated to make it worth while or else—and it will probably do more good than all the advertising, promotion, arguing, and complaining that has recently been boiling about this really great sport.

NEW RACE TRACKS. I suppose the organization that is building the new race track in Westport, Massachusetts, must want it but I can't find any one else that does especially. The dates were granted against the wishes of future Governor Saltonstall, they have taken some of the weeks that the state's established track, Suffolk Downs, depended on and the good citizens in the neighborhood of Westport are "dead agin" the whole business. Possibly it will be a success. It will probably bring some money into a few pockets and take a lot out of others but as a whole it doesn't look as if it would add much to the racing prestige of the Bay State.

One worry that is bound to annoy the person that is primarily interested in the horses themselves is where are all the animals coming from to race at all these tracks. A shortage is bound to make dull, inconsistent racing and yet, except for providing places primarily for betting and secondarily for racing, it doesn't seem to me that some of these tracks are doing much to encourage a supply. The promotors, owners, managers, and politicians get their cut of whatever melon there is while the average owner struggles along trying to win enough to make his wages, feed bills, jockey fees, and shipping expenses. When one hears of the enormous amount of money that is divided at some tracks, the daily purses seem disproportionately low. There is nothing that will encourage the breeding, owning, and racing of horses as much as the opportunity to make a little money out of it, and the tracks that are now operating under a more fair distribution of their proceeds are really insuring their own futures.

CLASS CONDITIONS. One of the principal activities of the American Horse Show Association at present is an effort to establish more comprehensive class specifications. The very fact that the (*Continued on page 30*)

FOX HUNTING by W. Newbold Ely, Jr., M.F.H.

Louis Fancher from Bl

Speed Stories . . . Deer Damage . . . Fox Hunting—an Industry

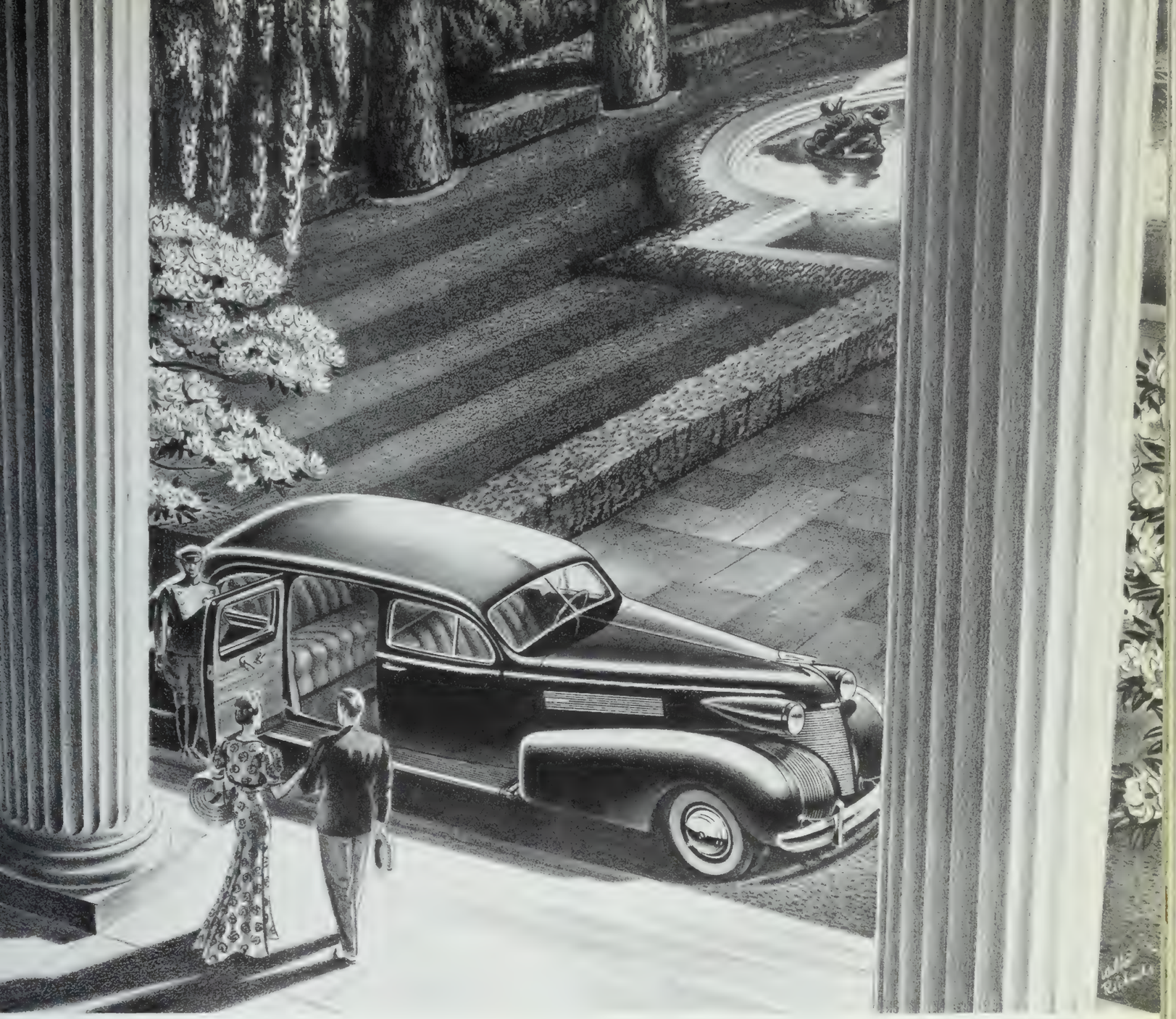
We've all heard terrific accounts over the after-dinner liqueurs, when fences and glasses are both constantly raised, of the speed of various packs—how the pace of the hunt reached forty miles an hour as they tore over such and such an American Leicestershire. It was, therefore, somewhat of a blow to read in no less an authentic sheet than the Malden News, of the illustrious fox hunting state Massachusetts, that the official average speed figures are as follows: fox, 26 miles an hour; fox-hound, 22; grey wolf, 20; jack rabbit, 28; greyhound, 30; antelope, 32. In passing I might say that a Maryland man claims a fox did 42 miles an hour down a road in front of his car. These figures also explain why the trial hounds of England have crosses of greyhound blood put in them for their races over drag lines before the high wagering, and generally "high," miner audiences. However, for any mounted drag hunting American thrusters, high or low, we recommend getting a draft of Whizzer blood. We ran Ben Hartman's letter several years ago and herewith refresh the reader's mind: "The fastest dog I ever knew was named Whizzer. In December, 1932 there came a four-inch snow. The next morning the owner of Whizzer took him to Twin Mountains. He soon found a big red-fox track and turned Whizzer loose. The dog left on the fox track so fast he just melted the snow as he went. Down at the foot of the mountain he jumped a rail fence, burnt the three top panels where he crossed, and set fire to an old sage field. Even the sound of his voice was two hundred yards behind him all the time. The fox and dog came back up the mountain and just as he passed his owner he caught the fox, but he was traveling with such speed he made three complete trips around the mountain before he could stop to kill the fox. Whizzer was so fast that in his three trips around the mountain he outran his shadow one complete circle. The last I knew of Whizzer he was at Forty Four, Arkansas, still going fast."

DEER DAMAGE. Regarding the damage by deer to agricultural sections Seth Gordon, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, emphasized recently that the Commission was "trying to get the hunters to concentrate on taking them out of the agricultural sections to relieve damage to farmers." And the last issue of the "Pennsylvania Game News" states that "The number of deer killed by landowners to protect their farm crops is mounting higher and higher, close to 3000 having been shot since January 1. More than forty deer were killed in an effort to relieve damage to oats and buckwheat on one farm. The officer reporting the case said that the farmer has given up in despair, realizing that he cannot cope with the situation any longer."

Both for the sake of agriculture, and for the sake of our fox hunting, we have bent every effort to eliminate deer from our hunting country. Among the gunmen answering the enticing prospectus were three artillerymen from a distant steel mill. Stopping their car in a likely looking place they found the land all posted. Finally one of the prospective Nimrods volunteered to go to a farmhouse and ask for permission. The farmer said O. K. on condition the gunner would do something for him. The farmer explained he had an old horse which his family all loved, and none of them could bear to shoot it although having broken its leg, it should be put out of the way. So the gunner had the old relic pointed out to him in the field, and said he'd be only too glad to attend to the matter. Being a bit of a wag, when he rejoined his buddies and was asked how he'd made out, he said "the old——said to get off and stay off." Mournfully the trio walked back through the field. Suddenly as they passed the old horse, the chap who had acted as ambassador muttered, "Now we won't have a chance to shoot a thing. I have a mind to shoot the old——'s horse there. It would serve him right, orderin' us off that way." So saying he raised his gun and shot the old plug dead as the proverbial doornail. At this apparently completely berserk act his two companions fled panic-stricken to their car, plunged in, and bounced away. The ambassador-executioner now had no way of getting home except a twenty-five mile walk, so he dismally retraced his steps to the farmhouse. The farmer, however, was so pleased at his dispatching the horse for him that he took him out hunting himself, and they furthermore bagged a deer. Then the steel gentleman was given supper and that night —no, there was no farmer's daughter—the gunner was run back to the bus line.

FOX HUNTING, AN INDUSTRY. Few people realize the amount of money which is spent on fox hunting. In Great Britain for instance it is over $75,000,000 a year. There are 200 organized packs in Great Britain who spend £15,000,000 a year, 100,000 horses for just hunting, groom's wages £3,200,000, forage £4,160,000, shoeing £560,000, hounds £847,000, vets £320,000, sundries £423,000 plus £5,500,000 for hunt servants' wages, food, clothes, equipment, subscriptions, damage claims, tailors, bootmakers, grain dealers, saddlers, hotel keepers, etc.; and while the United States has fewer organized packs, viz. 128, it has thousands of individuals owning from one to fifty hounds.

In America there are 125 organized packs but in addition there are hundreds of individual fox hunters to every member of an organized pack and these individuals often have over 50 hounds apiece. So the total of money spent in America compares favorably with the mother country, and at the rate it has grown, it is already a valuable industry to the countryside. This progress has been steady since the founder of our country hunted the gray foxes along the banks of the Potomac. Samuel Henry's "Foxhunting is Different" shows some of this sporting side of George Washington who "attended a cockfight and a vestry meeting on the same day. He would go to church and enter in his diary the pious duty as performed. But he said not who the preacher was nor subject of the sermon. Foxes, hounds and hunting were matters that loomed large in his philosophy, and there is detail after detail. You cannot help loving Washington when you read his diaries, and unstudied record of day-to-day happenings. The man stands forth alive. . . . Despite the treatment he has received at the hands of historians, who have made of him an aloof and detached god, to a fellow-lover of sport the Virginian seems a departed friend, a human and responsive character with whom he has spent many (*Continued on page 33*)



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GUNS & GAME by Col. H. P. Sheldon

Albert Steiner from Black Star

Humane Deer Control . . . . Firearms Regulations . . . . A Big Gun

SOME time ago I mentioned the difficulties encountered by the game commissions of some of our Eastern States in the administration and control of the white-tailed deer. Everyone interested in game restoration ought to remember what happened a few years ago on the Kaibab Forest in Arizona where deer were encouraged to multiply in a closed area and where no provision had been made for the disposal of a possible surplus. A surplus developed and what then occurred on the overcrowded area is too revolting to describe. In 1938 the Pennsylvania Commission in an effort to prevent a similar disaster prescribed a five-day open season on antlerless deer and none at all on antlered bucks. Reports indicate that about 100,000 animals were killed. "The Philadelphia Inquirer" discussed the matter editorially, but for once, at least, that much respected journal failed to inquire into the fundamentals of an action that it did not hesitate to criticize. The editorial writer romped all over the Commission for permitting such a grievous outrage. I gained the impression that the "Inquirer" thought the gentlemen of the Commission an ignorant, heartless, sadistic lot indeed, all of which is contrary to my knowledge and conviction.

The "Inquirer's" remarks furnish another example of good and admirable sentiment allowed to get out of hand to the point where it would defeat its own humane purpose. We know that because of a surplus of does in Pennsylvania forests many deer have starved to death and that bucks are shedding their antlers months earlier than is normal. There are many other signs, too obscure perhaps for the "Inquirer" to note, that the entire herd has been badly weakened by overcrowding. The only possible remedy in such cases is to reduce the number of animals. This the Commission has done and it is now being scolded for taking such reasonable, necessary action.

HUMANE MEASURES. Who is responsible for this state of affairs, anyway? Who is to be blamed for allowing matters to reach the point where a hundred thousand deer must be shot or, as an alternative, be allowed to die of starvation and disease? I think the original culprit is none other than our old strangely revolting, strangely inspiring friend, the progressive, destructive, creative, civilized white man who took the land, destroyed the forests, polluted the streams, built highways and cities, ran out or killed off the wolves and panthers, and raised enlightened hell generally with the natural scheme of things. And now some of us haven't the good manners to be quiet while the Commission sorrowfully does what it can, in the most humane way possible, to correct these evils of our own begetting in order to prevent Nature from doing the same thing in nastier ways. The same kind-hearted people who shriek of murder and massacre over the destruction of surplus deer no doubt approve the work of the S. P. C. A. in disposing of homeless or helpless cats and dogs and the merciful extermination of crippled horses and other domestic animals. To all such unfortunate creatures death, quick and painless, is the greatest gift within man's power to bestow, and he who lacks the nerve to administer it when it is necessary is, in my opinion, something less than a sportsman and something less than a humanitarian. He certainly shouldn't be allowed to own animals. I can't see that it is different when the deer or other species of wildlife instead of domestic animals are in desperate case. We have made ourselves responsible for these creatures and that obligation occasionally entails the destruction of individuals otherwise doomed to worse fortunes.

For myself I would scarcely regard it a sporting adventure to shoot a doe, but if pressed for a reason I would be hard put to find a logical one. The doe is a timid, beautiful creature, but scarcely more so than the buck deer, and certainly not less so than a hen mallard or pintail. Yet I shoot these in reasonable numbers and with a conscience as clear as that abused, neglected guide to morality ever gets to be. Without question the open seasons on deer bring out considerable numbers of men whose definition of sportsmanship differs greatly from our own. Some shoot for meat, and some, no doubt, from an atavistic enthusiasm for slaughter. They merely have less for their effort than the sportsman and are foolishly satisfied with less.

CRITICISMS. The "Inquirer," which provoked this protest, wants to know why the Commission doesn't trap these surplus does and transfer them to less crowded regions. It is my impression that this was attempted and probably is still being carried on wherever the method is found to be practicable, but he who urges the catching and transfer of 100,000 deer can have little notion of the obstacles, financial and physical, which would have to be overcome. It may be that the Commission couldn't find room elsewhere for these 100,000 animals. Pennsylvania once had plenty of land that was suitable for deer. It still has it, and the "Philadelphia Inquirer" is sitting on some of it.

The "Inquirer" blames the eight Pennsylvania shooting fatalities this past season upon the doe regulation, concluding that riflemen were careless because they didn't have to see antlers before firing. I don't believe it, for I have found that one must look as closely at a deer to see that it doesn't have horns as to determine that it does.

I do not question the views of the "Inquirer" or of anyone else, as to what constitutes sportsmanship in shooting, but I do wish for the good of our wildlife that everyone, sportsman and "sentimentalist" alike, might know the facts and face them squarely and not go weeping and pouting and puling when something must be saved from killing or when something must be killed.

FIREARMS REGULATIONS. The genial spirit of the holiday (*Continued on page 30*)

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YACHTING by William H. Taylor

Rosenfeld

Another Show Passes . . . Corinthians . . . British Tank Tests

ANOTHER National Motorboat Show has come and gone, leaving enthusiastic customers and exhausted salesmen in its wake. It was a nice show, with the best quality boats and equipment, on the average, in a long while. The cruisers showed minor improvements in detail and equipment, and in some cases even flashier finish, if you like that. The small cruiser with considerable speed and week-end living accommodations as compared with the slower and roomier-cabined boats received more attention this year. There were more sailboats than ever—more boats of really high quality, more of a choice in the smaller and cheaper stuff. Runabouts, more of a luxury item, seem to be coming back a little. Motors show the usual progress and in one direction—that of small, light, and low-cost power plants—a remarkable spurt. Accessories are as interesting as ever. Plywood, of one sort or another, seems to be making great strides in general acceptance for small, cheap, and lightweight boats like pram tenders and small sailing and outboard skiffs and chine boats. The softening of the breed of sailormen has resulted in considerable study of lightweight ground tackle, the plough type, especially, having proved very effective. And gadgetry mingles with engineering improvements in all manner of gear.

CORINTHIANS. Liberalism seems to have scored a victory in the argument about what is a Corinthian—the yachtsman's quaint word for amateur. There is an element that would heave out of competition in the sport all the yacht brokers, sailmakers, designers, builders, paint salesmen, writers, editors, and in fact everybody except the cash customers. You can make out a theoretically admirable case for this point of view, but it runs up against the plain fact that most people who are in businesses connected with boating are yachting enthusiasts who chose their businesses because they seemed to offer a chance to combine their pleasure with what they fondly hoped would be a way to make a living. Also that a lot of the best competition and a lot of the most popular personalities in the game would be lost to it.

Besides, look what a mess organizations like the Lawn Tennis Association get themselves into every now and then during the year over their strict amateur rules.

At the recent annual meeting of the North American Yacht Racing Union the matter came up and was settled by cutting out all but the introductory sentence of the definition of Corinthianism, which now reads "Corinthianism in yachting is that attribute which represents participation for sport as distinct from gain, and which also involves the acquirement of nautical experience through the love of sport, rather than through necessity or the hope of gain."

Sweet and simple, isn't it. The eliminated parts of the old definition, if enforced (which they never have been to my knowledge), barred naval and merchant marine officers from amateur competition, and also barred for life anyone who had ever—even as a college student working during vacation—taken pay for serving on a yacht.

Of course the definition as it stands leaves a lot of latitude for interpretation, and a race committee will be able to heave out a lot of people if it don't like 'em.

The N.A.Y.R.U. did quite a bit of rule overhauling at the meeting, along the lines of bringing rules up to date rather than actually changing present practice. Two yachts owned by the same person are now eligible to race in the same class if the race committee gives its permission. Race committees' use of designated cones, cylinders, and such in place of code flags, for signals—long an established practice—was made an honest woman, as was the habit of owners of boats under thirty feet waterline of not carrying private signals when racing unless they want to. More latitude—but still not enough—was allowed in the placing of racing numbers on sails. It was agreed that a yacht in cruising trim might carry her anchor below instead of on deck—this to make safer light-sail handling.

One old rule that had been questioned was not only retained but given the Union's unanimous vote that it should be observed, which it hasn't been by most clubs for some years. This is the provision requiring every winner of a prize to sign a declaration (a form for which must now be provided him by the race committee) to the effect that all the rules were complied with in the race involved. The meeting also agreed to a new rule which will prevent the hoisting of oversized mizzen staysails on yawls above the point of measurement on the mizzenmast.

These changes were the result largely of a study of forgotten rules by a special committee headed by Henry Hill Anderson, who is both a sailor, a racing skipper (there's a vast difference) and a lawyer.

Another special committee, headed by Harry Maxwell, assigned to study the possibility of establishing a class for open-design racing which will produce less expensive and lighter displacement boats than the six-meters and R's offered an entertaining report. After struggling for a year with volumes of conflicting advice and suggestions from many sources, the committee reached the conclusion that such a class was certainly desirable, and desired by many; that possibly the five-meter class established abroad, whose rules are different from those of the Sixes and larger classes, might prove to be the answer, or something like it; but that the real problem was that of getting a $4,000 boat for $2,500.

EDMUND LANG. As a matter of fact nobody can blame Edmund Lang, after ten

years as chairman of the New York Yacht Club's race committee, for wanting to retire and do a little sailing for a change. Sitting on a committee boat isn't much fun, and it can be and frequently is a difficult and thankless job. If yachting is losing one of its best officials, at least it can thank him for all he has done for the game since he took the job over in 1929.

Ed Lang has all the qualifications of an ideal race committee chairman and has used them all to the great profit of the sport. His knowledge of the sea and sailing is profound, gained through many years of experience not only in all sorts of yachts but in other sailing craft, from iceboats to square-riggers. As might be expected of the head of a great manufacturing corporation (Crocker-Wheeler) he combines executive ability with technical knowledge to an unusual degree. His spirit of fair play is beyond question, and his tact has more than once eased situations—like the Sopwith-Vanderbilt row of 1934—that, lacking it, would most certainly have developed into something a great deal more embarrassing for everyone concerned.

The decade of Lang's chairmanship has covered three America's Cup series and a marked change in the general yachting picture. A number of improvements in the technique of running races for big yachts have resulted from his application of engineering knowledge to the problems in hand. And to his influence may be largely credited a broadening of the New York Yacht Club's policies, such as the holding of invitation races for small boats not enrolled in the club fleet and the inclusion of the Cruising Rule classes on an equal status with the Universal Rule racers—two moves which have saved some of the club's cruises and regattas from seriously waning in importance.

Aside from the fact that Lang can now get some fun out of his thirty-footer *Banzai*, the only bright side to his retirement is that the club has as capable a man as Walter L. Coursen to succeed him.

LABOR TREATY REACTIONS. The wave of wrathful derision that swept over Washington from yachtsmen, fishermen, and small commercial boatmen after the publication of the facts on the international labor treaty mentioned in this department last month, has started things going despite various smoke-screen alibis attempted by the Labor and Commerce departments. The most constructive news up to this writing is that the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries committee has taken up arms in behalf of the boatman, denounced the treaty in no uncertain terms, and introduced a bill in Congress to exempt all vessels under 200 tons from the prohibitive licensed-officers requirements. The committee is also looking for loopholes that will ease the strain on vessels a little over the 200-ton mark. Altogether some fifteen bills to exempt vessels under 200 tons are before Congress. The Bureau of Navigation announces its interpretation that "numbered" yachts (those under 16 tons) are exempted under the treaty as it stands, but George W. Rappleyea, chairman of the legislative committee of the American Powerboat Association, doubts whether this interpretation would stand up in court, and also imputes ulterior motives to the Bureau. I wouldn't know about that. Rappleyea also tells me that the labor interests are still trying to legislate licensed officers onto everything over twenty tons. The labor lobby being virtually the law of the land these days our advice is to make yourself as much of a nuisance as possible to your pet Congressmen until the most sweeping exemptions are actually enacted into law.

TANK TESTS. For the past few years American yacht designers have had the edge on their British contemporaries as a result of the Stevens Institute model-testing tank and the work of its director, Prof. Kenneth Davidson, which accounts partially for a long reign of American yachts in international competition. There have been plenty of tanks in England but no apparatus for testing small sailing-yacht models and nobody who knew how to do it anyhow. But a company has now been formed—Yacht Tests, Ltd.—which is supplying the necessary equipment and has made a deal with Vickers-Armstrong Ltd. for the use of their tank. Its central figure is Laurent Giles, British naval architect who, while here last year on a visit, delved into all the mysteries of the Stevens layout and technique under the able tutelage of Prof. Davidson and Olin Stephens. Exhaustive tests were made of *Maid of Malham*, a fast cruiser of Giles design, and these results will help in calibrating the new British equipment. The British figure they will now have the edge on the American tank-testers, because the Vickers tank is four times the size of that at Stevens, permitting the use of larger models, with correspondingly more accurate results, and of an apparatus by which the men making test travel right along with the model and testing gear while making runs.

Meanwhile, according to Prof. Davidson, the demands on the Stevens Institute tank are rapidly reaching its capacity, and unless another tank is built some Americans will have to sail around in untanktested boats — a horrible thing to contemplate. In the year ending last September first the Stevens tank tested 193 models, of which 125 were sailing yachts. Among the hulls tested were such conspicuous winners as the ocean racers *Bruna*, *Blitzen*, *Actaea*, and *Edlu II;* the twelve-meters *Nyala* and *Northern Light* and the six-meters *Djinn* and *Goose*, which is quite an impressive array of evidence in favor of the value of tank tests when you compare it with last season's racing records.

Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 23*)

appointed committees on saddle horses, harness horses, and hunters have been having considerable trouble sorting them out is practical proof that some such classification is badly needed. The equitation division will probably have its trouble later but it has scarcely started its job as yet. A preliminary booklet of suggestions on the three divisions has been submitted with requests for comment and I hate to think of the amount of mail containing conflicting opinions that will be received by the Association in the near future. It is interesting to note the varied angles from which the different committees approach their subjects. The suggestions in the saddle division are mostly concerned with the conduct of the classes; it looks as if their jocks would have to behave themselves in the future. The harness section goes in heavily for appointments, dividing the classes that call for them 50-50 and laying strict emphasis on detail, and the hunter committee has offered some excellent suggestions for prize lists as well as a complete catalogue of tentative class specifications. So far so good, but as the ball has been started rolling, wouldn't it be possible to push it a little further? The saddle horse section, for instance, gives only a superficial analysis of the gaits, the harness section lists qualifications for certain classes only and although the hunter section has made a fine start by stating where emphasis shall be put in different classes, it gives no description of the qualities to be emphasized. Would it not be possible, since these committees have at last been collected and put to work, to itemize a few of the most desirable qualifications as well as some of the common faults? Action, conformation, quality, substance, manners, way of going, soundness, and brilliance. If each of these qualifications could be analyzed in a few simple sentences, it would be a thoroughly constructive step. No one realizes any better than I do how easy this is to suggest and how difficult it would be to do but, on the other hand, if it could be accomplished it would make for better coöperation between the exhibitors and the judges and class differentiations would be simpler to state and easy to understand.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 26*)

season may have had a perverse effect upon my disposition so that my positive poles are all registering currents of furious discontent over the stupidity of my fellow citizens. Having demolished the "Inquirer's" windmill, I turn with fierce pleasure to attack the next index of asininity, which is a renewal of the attempt by those who know nothing about firearms to regulate the possession of them by those who do. It is becoming very hard to believe that all the reformers who support the scheme of individual disarmament are as sweet and pure of heart and as innocent of malice as their gentle emanations would lead one to suppose. Occasionally there may be a white-robed brother who has it in the back of his mind that when the citizens lose the right to bear arms the gates of the blockhouse will be down to savage political doctrines which even now are rending most of the world. The arguments advanced in favor of drastic regulations controlling the possession of firearms have all that peculiarly irritating quality that attends the bland, didactic, assured address of a damned fool speaking authoritatively upon a subject of which he is totally ignorant.

A little time ago a poor devil who had had enough of it, and thank you kindly, shot himself through the head with a pistol. The chief of police of the magnitudinous city where the incident took place shook his head sadly and remarked that the poor lad wouldn't have been able to do himself in if the law had forbidden his owning a pistol. On the same day, however, another poor derelict went over one of the city's bridges to join the man who had pistoled himself, while yet another inhaled carbon monoxide fumes and probably arrived at the pearly gates in advance of the others.

Then someone lit down on the National Rifle Association and complained that the Association because its business is to teach citizens to handle firearms safely and shoot them accurately is subversive of law and order. People who learned these things might feel impelled to commit murder, he said, and never seemed to realize that people who are impelled to commit murder will always find weapons.

All these arguments are so specious, so evidently sprung from abysmal ignorance or unpatriotic purpose as to appear to have small chance of support, but actually they are the more dangerous on that account.

A BIG GUN. E. M. Farris, of Portsmouth, Ohio, is the Secretary of the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association. This base creature sufficiently resembles a human being to be occasionally mistaken for one. Having won my confidence and esteem by fair and gentle words, Mr. Farris sent me recently one of the prettiest pieces of the gunsmith's art that I have ever seen. It is a beautiful 9¾ percussion lock target rifle made in 1865 by a British gunmaker for Sir John Metcalf. The long barrel is rifled on the Whitworth system of hexagonal boring to shoot a paper patched, six-sided slug of

(*Continued on page 33*)

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Steamship Sailings

To Europe and the Mediterranean

Sail	From	To	Line	Steamer
February 1	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Cameronia
February 1	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Roosevelt
February 2	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Deutschland
February 2	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Aurania
February 3	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
February 3	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Andania
February 3	New York	London	United States	American Trader
February 4	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Pennland
February 4	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Noordam
February 4	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
February 8	Boston	Liverpool	Furness	Nova Scotia
February 9	New York	Hamburg	United States	Manhattan
February 9	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg
February 10	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanpenn
February 10	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
February 10	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Richmond
February 10	New York	London	United States	American Merchant
February 10	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Importer
February 11	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Ilsenstein
February 11	New York	Genoa	Italian	Rex
February 11	New York	Havre	French	Paris
February 11	New York	Haifa	American Export	Excambion
February 15	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Caledonia
February 15	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Harding
February 16	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	St. Louis
February 16	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia-America	Batory
February 16	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Ausonia
February 17	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Bedford
February 17	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Scythia
February 17	New York	London	United States	American Farmer
February 18	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish American	Drottningholm
February 18	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Konigstein
February 18	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Zaandam
February 18	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
February 21	New York	Oslo	Norwegian American	Bergensfjord
February 23	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Alaunia
February 23	New York	Havre	French	Ile de France
February 23	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hansa
February 24	New York	London	United States	American Banker
February 24	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Shipper
February 24	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
February 24	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Antonia
February 24	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
February 24	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanstates
February 25	New York	Haifa	American Export	Exochorda
February 25	New York	Trieste	Italian	Vulcania
February 25	Boston	Liverpool	Furness	Newfoundland
February 25	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Gerolstein

To Central and South America

February 1	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
February 3	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Clara
February 4	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Western Prince
February 4	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
February 8	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica
February 10	New York	Chanaral	Grace	Santa Inez
February 11	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Brazil
February 11	New York	Puerto Barrios	United Fruit	Antigua
February 11	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
February 15	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
February 17	New York	San Antonio	United Fruit	Santa Clara
February 18	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Southern Prince
February 18	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
February 22	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
February 24	New York	San Antonio	Grace	Santa Maria
February 25	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Uruguay
February 25	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica

Pacific Sailings

February 2	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
February 5	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Cleveland
February 10	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
February 14	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Garfield
February 15	Vancouver	Sydney	Canadian Australasian	Niagara
February 16	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
February 17	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Heian Maru
February 18	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Japan
February 19	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Pierce
February 24	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
February 27	Los Angeles	Hongkong	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Chichibu Maru
February 28	San Francisco	Melbourne	Matson	Mariposa

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 30*)

525 grains weight. The powder charge may be anywhere between 65 and 125 grains of black powder. It is an extremely accurate long range weapon and its appearance is a delight to the eye.

It is ridiculous, however, to call this weapon a rifle, and in so doing Mr. Farris indulges a pretty liking for the diminutive. Actually the gun is a falconet at the very least, and I believe the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company or anyone familiar with Great Ordinance would rate it as a bastard culverin without question.

Mr. Farris failed to send me the recoil tackle, but he remarked disarmingly that the weapon was so cunningly proportioned that the recoil was not painful. Of course I had to shoot it.

For the first two or three shots I used a reduced charge of 50 grains of powder. This didn't hurt me very much and the hollow, hungry bang indicated that the gun was undernourished. So I scooped a half pint of powder into its horrid maw, rammed down a slug that looked like a quarrel for a cross bow, sighted on very carefully and pulled the trigger. The Tuscans raised a joyful cry to see the red blood flow. With valor I repeated the operation four times.

Following the fifth shot I was adjudged by competent disinterested witnesses to be unable to return to battery. Wallowing there convulsively in a pool of blood I thought forlornly on man's inhumanity to man and was only mildly heartened when the target came back from the 60-yard range with five hexagonal prints merging into one hole. Mr. Farris says, and sends the proof of it, that Sir John's rifle will shoot 3-inch groups at 200 yards. I believe him, though I shouldn't. The dissembling scoundrel was right, too, about the recoil not being painful —to the spectators it wasn't! Poor Sir John Metcalf! Perhaps you had an E. M. Farris, too! Where are you now?

Fox hunting

(*Continued from page 24*)

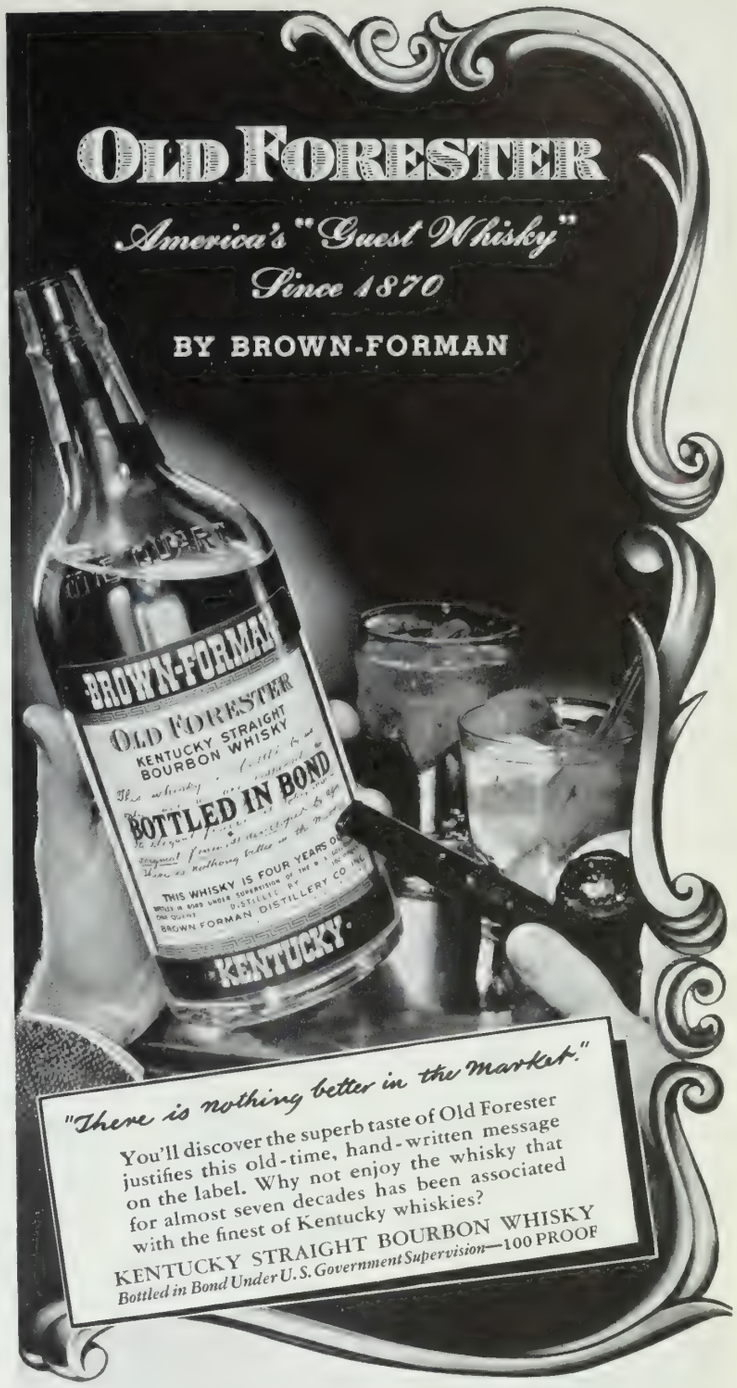
happy hours afield; for foxhunters . . . speak the same language. In the carefree years of 1768-69-70, the Virginian planted and reaped, bred horses, experimented with the soil, ingeniously sought to devise a better plow . . . With meticulous detail he tells about each hunt, how long it lasted, whether the quarry was lost, denned or killed, of hounds switching from fox to deer and says they once got after a bear. Washington's spelling was rather unorthodox. An entry of Feb. 12, 1768: 'Foxhunting with Col. Fairfax. Catched two foxes.' Oct. 22, 1768, relates how he went 'a-hunting with Lord Fairfax and Col. Fairfax—catched two foxes.' " Washington's huntsman was a little Negro named Billy Lee, a former jockey, who, according to this authority, after his master died "drank himself to death."

Showing how foxhunting can make a community the "Washington Post" thus describes Farquier County, Virginia: "Its businessmen are as interested in the sale of farmlands and the happiness of the red fox as the businessmen of Eastern towns are in the promotion of new factories. The Chamber of Commerce, headed by George Hickman, would fight to keep smokestacks out of the country as readily as Easterners would fight to bring them in. . . . The growth and prosperity of the county is attributed by E. S. Cox, veteran treasurer, to the low tax rate. 'We have the cheapest tax rate of any county in Virginia. It is but 86 cents on the average and in some districts it is down to 80 cents. Yet we are out of debt and have a surplus.' "

MORE BILL OF FARES. We saw the following account from the "Richmond Register" in the "Tribune" of Corbin, Kentucky and we trust that it was widely syndicated throughout the United States. However we fear it may be confined to the more sporting sections, inasmuch as some editors have about as much perspective about foxes as the bigoted gentlemen in New England who made bonfires out of some of the Salem debutantes for being witches. "Down here in the Blue Grass country where fox hunting is almost the native sport—next to hoss racing, perhaps—and foxes are carefully preserved, it will be of interest to note that an exhaustive study of the fox's diet has been made by the Game Conservation Department of Virginia and their research revealed that game birds rarely, if ever, are eaten by foxes. Rats, mice, insects, and fruits form the major portion of Reynard's daily menu, according to the survey. Here for the first time is found the constructive value of foxes, which English writers always have attributed to this distinguished quadruped so often classified merely as vermin without getting credit for the aid he gives to farmers and landowners. In England many foxes are well known in a community, and after referred to with considerable reverence. In fact, they are so highly regarded that no attempt is made to kill them even with a pack of hounds, and the huntsman and whips see to it that hounds are whipped off after a good run." Mr. C. B. Davidson, Jr. of Millbrook, N. Y. one of the country's foremost game-breeders, recently startled game shooters by insisting that foxes were not only important but absolutely necessary as a proper balance for nature, in order to consume destructive vermin such as rats and mice, and also helpful in keeping down the number of inferior game birds.

MOUSE PLAGUE. One of the country's leading conservationists recently sent me a clipping which reads as follows: "Explanations

(*Continued on page 35*)



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Steamer	Line	From	To	Due
Excambion	American Export	Alexandria	New York	February 1
Roma	Italian	Genoa	New York	February 2
Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	February 2
De Grasse	French	Havre	New York	February 2
Normandie	French	Havre	New York	February 2
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	February 3
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	February 3
President Harding	United States	Hamburg	New York	February 4
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	February 4
American Merchant	United States	London	New York	February 6
American Importer	United States	Liverpool	New York	February 6
Nova Scotia	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	February 6
Carinthia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	February 6
Volendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	February 7
Washington	United States	Hamburg	New York	February 8
Paris	French	Havre	New York	February 8
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	February 9
Rex	Italian	Genoa	New York	February 9
Ilsenstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	February 9
Duchess of Bedford	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	February 11
Scythia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	February 12
Caledonia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	February 12
Drottningholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	February 12
Batory	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	February 13
St. Louis	Hamburg-America	Hamburg	New York	February 13
Zaandam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	February 13
American Farmer	United States	London	New York	February 13
Ausonia	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	February 14
Excelsiorda	American Export	Alexandria	New York	February 15
Champlain	French	Havre	New York	February 15
Koningstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	February 16
Scanstates	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	February 16
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	February 17
Hansa	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	February 17
Bergensfjord	Norwegian American	Oslo	New York	February 18
Montclare	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	February 19
American Banker	United States	London	New York	February 20
American Shipper	United States	London	New York	February 20
Antonia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	February 21
Alaunia	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	February 21
Ile De France	French	Havre	New York	February 21
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	February 23
Newfoundland	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	February 23
Vulcania	Italian	Trieste	New York	February 23
Gerolstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	February 23
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	February 24
Duchess of York	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	February 25
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	February 25
Samaria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	February 26
Cameronia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	February 26
Noordam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	February 27
Aurania	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	February 28
Pennland	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	February 28

From Central and South America

Southern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	February 1
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	February 2
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	February 5
Santa Inez	Grace	Chanaral	New York	February 6
Brazil	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	February 7
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	February 9
Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	February 9
Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	February 12
Santa Clara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	February 13
Eastern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	February 15
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	February 16
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	February 19
Santa Maria	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	February 20
Uruguay	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	February 21
Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	February 23
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	February 23
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	February 26
Santa Rita	Grace	Chanaral	New York	February 27

From the Orient and the South Seas

Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	February 3
President Cleveland	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	February 4
Heian Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	February 5
Niagara	Canadian Australasian	Sydney	Vancouver	February 10
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	February 10
Empress of Japan	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	February 11
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	February 17
President Pierce	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	February 18
Mariposa	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	February 21
Hikawa Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	February 22
Chichibu Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hong Kong	Los Angeles	February 24
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	February 24
Empress of Asia	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	February 25

Fox hunting

(*Continued from page 33*)

are being sought for the army of field mice that has, in past weeks, invaded the rich truck garden areas of northern San Mateo county, California, and wrought thousands of dollars worth of damage to cabbage, cauliflower, and other crops." Among the most likely reasons, says Richard H. Pough, of the National Association of Audubon Societies, "is the common practice of killing almost every kind of wild life that normally feeds on mice and checks their numbers. Foremost among the predators that live to a considerable extent on mice and other crop-destroying and grass-eating rodents, are the large soaring varieties of hawks, owls, butcher birds, weasels, skunks, badgers, foxes, coyotes, etc."

LIVE WIRES. Misguided attempts at economy often have very regrettable consequences. For instance we now see an occasional farmer endangering neighboring children by running a strand of line wire around his fields. Recently a farmer connected such a wire to the electric power line and electrocuted a lady and a horse. If a man cannot afford to have a decent safe fence around his land he should not be allowed to have stock. We trust that the local legislatures will soon ban such dangerous contraptions.

HOUND TALK. At the Greene County, Mo., Foxhunters Association meet the "Springfield Leader" reports that "there were some tall tales in the process of being unfolded when, from a hill across the road, a hound gave tongue excitedly. The hunters stopped talking and listened. The hound had, undoubtedly, jumped a fox. He was driving it along the ridge, parallel to the hillside on which the camp was pitched. His full-throated baying became more excited. The dogs in the camp joined their voices to his. Nobody could figure out whose dog it was over there on the ridge. Several started claiming him, though. 'That's my dog, all right,' one hunter said.

'Nope, that's old Red,' said another. 'I'd know his voice anywhere.' The hound's howls died in the distance. He was driving the fox into the valley on the other side of the ridge. Then the sound grew louder again. The fox was circling back toward the camp. Then the dog's voice suddenly was silent. The hunt was over, as abruptly as it began. And soon afterwards, tall, black-haired Leonard Jones strode, grinning, into the circle of light the campfire made. And Earl Greenwade, Secretary of the association, started laughing. When he could talk again he explained. Jones, he told the assembled hunters, can imitate a hound perfectly. It was Jones—not 'old Red'—who was 'driving' the fox along the ridge and who circled through the draw and back up the hill. 'He could fool anybody,' Greenwade said. 'He even fooled the dogs. Remarkable as it may seem, he can run as long as any dog, and he keeps right up with them on a hunt.' "

ENCEPHALITIS. Recently the University of California experiments confirmed the New England report that the same virus which causes sleeping sickness in humans accounts for this encephalitis disease in horses. Colonel Kelser, head of the U. S. Army Veterinary Corps found that outbreaks of the disease in horses were followed by a great number of cases in children in that neighborhood. It is felt that the disease is transmitted by mosquitoes—a theory which was furthered by the fact that there were no new cases after the frost. Colonel Johnson of the Army Remount Division has announced that all Army horses will be given the new chick embryo vaccine to prevent an epidemic in the spring.

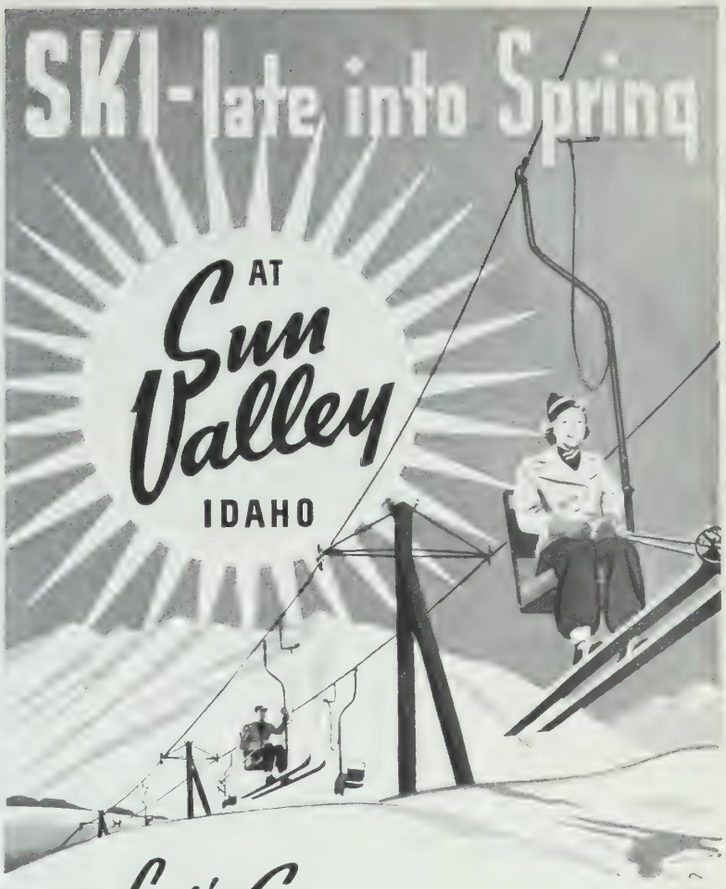
On the country estate

(*Continued from page 20*)

Giants, Cornish, Rhode Island Reds (a good year for them) Cochins, the new New Hampshire breed, to name a few excellent examples of important poultry. Pekin, Muscovy, and Rouen among the ducks; Toulouse, Embden and African geese, and the common varieties of turkeys. All these and other species are bred for a purpose and no nonsense, and the specimens you see at the New York show are so obviously of true type and such excellent examples of scientific breeding that even the laymen can become highly enthusiastic about them.

BANTAMS AND PIGEONS. Then of course there were pigeons and bantams of every variety under the sun. The Bantams include the miniatures of the larger fowl of course, tiny copies of Leghorns, Cochins, Game fowl, and many others, including many that only a connoisseur could appreciate, for this is where the hobbyist comes into his own. As a matter of fact the Grand Championship of the show was won by a Bantam—Philip M. Plant's Black Cochin cockerel—though it was a close decision over a White Leghorn cock (large fowl) from Mr. and Mrs. Lea Marsh's Pioneer Farm, Black Hall, Connecticut. They say that the judges were deadlocked for hours trying to decide between the two.

The grand champions of the other groups were as follows: Waterfowl, a white Pekin drake from Mrs. Payne Whitney's Greentree Farms, Manhasset, Long Island. The best of all the turkeys was a Bourbon Red tom owned by Edward J. Simonson of Mystic, Connecticut. Last but not least was the pigeon Grand Champion, a beautiful black Fantail cock owned by Clifford C. Kaufmann of Colts Neck, New Jersey.



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AND MANY OTHER SPORTS

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THE PROGRESSIVE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Country Life Sports Calendar

FEBRUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 Horse Racing During February: Santa Anita Park, Cal. (Dec. 31st to Mar. 11th); Fair Grounds, La. (Nov. 24th-Mar. 25th); Oriental Park, Havana, Cuba (Jan. 12th-Mar. 12th); Hialeah Park, Miami, Fla. (Jan. 11th-Mar. 4th).	**2** Invitation Skeet Tournament, Sea Island Gun Club, Sea Island, Ga. (to 4th).	**3** Maryland Kennel Club Dog Show, Baltimore, Md. (to 4th). Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Skiing Championship, Yosemite National Park, Cal. (to 5th). St. Maurice Valley Ski Championships, Trois Rivieres, Que. Bing Crosby Invitational Golf Tournament, Rancho Santa Fe, Cal. (to 5th). End of Skeet Tournament, Sea Island Gun Club, Sea Island, Ga.	**4** Horse Racing, Bahamas Handicap, Hialeah Park, Fla. Horse Racing, Santa Margarita Handicap Santa Anita Park Cal. Pasadena Kennel Club Dog Show, Pasadena, Cal. (to 5th). End of Maryland Kennel Club Dog Show, Baltimore. Winter Club Invitation Ski Meet, Yosemite, Cal. (to 5th). Eastern Ski Championships, Stowe, Vt. (to 5th).
5 Zone Ski Championships, Downhill and Slalom, Ste. Marguerite, Que. Calgary-Edmonton Inter-City Ski Meet, Banff, Alta. Giant Slalom Ski Race for "Weisse Weisel" Trophy, Pontresina, Switz. International Ski Jump Contest, Beuil, Alps. End of Winter Club Invitational Ski Meet, Yosemite, Cal. End of Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Ski Championships, Yosemite, Cal. End of Eastern Ski Championships, Stowe, Vt. Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami, Fla. End of Pasadena Kennel Club Dog Show, Pasadena, Cal.	**6** Southern Amateur Field Trial Club, (Pointers and Setters), Albany, Ga. Memphis Amateur Field Trial Ass'n, (Pointers and Setters), Memphis, Tenn. East Texas Field Trial Ass'n, (Pointers and Setters), Tyler, Tex. Tentative Annual Invitational Men's Golf Tournament, Desert Golf Course, Palm Springs, Cal. (to 10th).	**7** Annual February Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C.	**8** Cruft's Dog Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, London, Eng. (to 9th). American Fox Terrier Club Dog Show, New York, N. Y. 	**9** Banff Winter Carnival, Banff, Alta (to 12th). Associated Field Trial Clubs of Texas (Pointers and Setters), Kingsville, Tex. End of Cruft's Dog Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, London.	**10** Ontario Ski Championships, Peterboro, Ont. (to 12th). End of Annual Invitational Golf Tournament, Desert Golf Course, Palm Springs, Cal. (Tentative). End of February Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C.	**11** Annual Sir Thomas Lipton Challenge Cup Yacht Race, Miami, Fla. Oakland Kennel Club Dog Show, Oakland, Cal. (to 12th). Horse Racing, San Vicente Handicap, Santa Anita Park, Cal. Auburn Ski Club Tournament, Cal. End of Alberta Provincial Downhill and Slalom Ski Tournament, Banff, Alta.
12 Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami, Fla. Downhill Ski Race, Taschereau Trail, Mont Tremblant, Que. Cross Country Ski Race, Lac Masson, Que. Snowmen's Ski Championship, Mt. Shasta, Cal. End of Oakland Kennel Club Dog Show, Oakland, Cal. End of Banff Winter Carnival, Alta. End of Ontario Ski Championships, Peterboro, Ont.	**13** Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, Madison Square Garden, New York (to 15th). United States Field Trial Ass'n, (Pointers and Setters), Holly Springs, Miss. Amateur Golf Championship of Cuba, Country Club of Havana (to 18th).	**14** Annual Miami-Nassau International Ocean Sailing Race, Miami Yacht Club. Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show (2nd Day).	**15** End of Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show. 	**16** Western Canada Ski Championships, Revelstoke, B. C. (to 19th).	**17** Quebec Provincial Ski Championships, Quebec City (to 19th). Washington State Field Trial Club, (Pointers and Setters), Centralia, Wash. Horse Racing, San Carlos Handicap, Santa Anita Park, Cal. McLennan Memorial Handicap, Hialeah Park, Fla. End of Amateur Golf Championship of Cuba, Country Club of Havana.	**18** Ladies' Dominion Ski Championships, Seigniory Club, P. Q. (to 19th). International Ski Jumping Meet, Treasure Island, San Francisco, Cal. Grisons Combined Ski Races and Elimination for Swiss Ski Championships, at Pontresina, Switz. Louisiana Kennel Club Dog Show, New Orleans, La. (to 19th). Elm City Kennel Club Dog Show, New Haven, Conn.
19 Washington's Birthday Regatta, San Diego Yacht Club, San Diego Bay, Cal. Annual Dinghy Regatta, Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, Fla. (to 25th). Downhill and Cross Country Ski Races, Ste. Agathe, Que. End of Ladies' Dominion Ski Championships, Seigniory Club, P. Q. End of Quebec Provincial Ski Championships, Quebec City. End of Western Canada Ski Championships, Revelstoke, B. C.	**20** Amateur Field Trial Clubs of America, National Amateur Quail Championship, (Pointers and Setters), Holly Springs, Miss. Lake Placid Club Annual Washington's Birthday Invitation Ski Tournament for Men (to 22nd). End of Louisiana Kennel Club Dog Show, New Orleans, La.	**21** Eastern Dog Club Show, Boston, Mass. (to 22nd). Annual Tin Whistle Anniversary Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C.	**22** Santa Anita Derby, Santa Anita Park, Cal. Washington's Birthday Hunt Race Meeting, Camden, S. C. Annual National Mid-Winter Regatta, Los Angeles Harbor, Cal. (to 26th). Southern California Mid-Winter Regatta, San Pedro Bay, Cal. End of Washington's Birthday Ski Tournament, Lake Placid, N. Y.	**23** Intercollegiate Ski Championships, Ste. Marguerite, Que. (to 25th). Annual Mid-Winter Golf Tournament, Sea Island Golf Club, Sea Island, Ga. (to 25th). Auburn Ski Club Meet, Cal. End of Eastern Dog Club Show, Boston, Mass.	**24** Dominion Ski Championships, Fort William, Ont. (to 26th). Niagara Falls Kennel Club Dog Show, Niagara Falls, N. Y. End of Intercollegiate Ski Championships, Ste. Marguerite, Que. Kennel Club of Buffalo, N. Y., Dog Show (to 26th). End of Biscayne Bay Dinghy Regatta, Fla. End of Midwinter Golf Tournament, Sea Island, Ga.	**25** Horse Show and Hunter Trials, Palm Springs Field Club, Cal. (to (26th). Horse Racing, San Antonio Handicap, Santa Anita Park, Cal. Flamingo Stakes, Hialeah Park, Fla. California Ski Assn. Jumping Championships, Mt. Shasta, Cal. (to 26th). Calgary Ski Club Championships, Banff, Alta. Viskie Downhill Ski Races, Vancouver, B. C.
26 Ladies' Invitation Ski Meet, St. Sauveur, Que. Downhill and Slalom Ski Races, St. Sauveur, Que. St. Maurice Valley Zone Ski Championships, Grandes Piles, Que. Ski Tournament, Donner, Summit, Cal. End of Dominion Ski Championships, Fort William, Ont. *Continued in Last Two Columns*	**27** National Field Trial Champion Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Grand Junction, Tenn. Steeplechase Meeting, Birmingham, Eng. Dixie Amateur Golf Tournament Miami Country Club, Fla. (to Mar. 2nd). Philadelphia Motor Boat Show (to Mar. 4th). Horse [illegible] Oaklawn Park, Hot Springs, Ark. (Apr. 1).	**28** Genesee Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Rochester, N. Y. (to March 1st). Hunter Show, Royal Agricultural Hall London, England. (Mar. 2nd).		*Additional Dates for the 26th Continued From Column 1.* End of California Ski Assn. Jumping Championships, Mt. Shasta. Blue Mountain Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Walla Walla, Wash. San Bernardino Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, San Bernardino, Cal. End of Kennel Club of Buffalo, N. Y., Dog Show.	Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami Y. C., Fla. Chicago Motor Boat Show (to Mar. 5th). End of Southern Calif. Mid-Winter Regatta, San Pedro Bay, Cal. End of National Mid-Winter Regatta, Los Angeles Harbor, Cal. End of Palm Springs Horse Show and Hunter Trials, Palm Springs, Cal.

THIS IS 1939'S MOST NEWSWORTHY MERGER

UNDOUBTEDLY you want the motor car you buy to bring you the luxurious comfort and gratifying high-power that characterize the large, fine car.

But . . . you have probably wished, too, that you could get a car endowed with the *nimbleness*—the easy maneuverability—that today's driving conditions make so essential.

In such case, then, you will welcome the news of the deliberate *combination* of those desirable qualities in *one* brilliant car . . . the new Packard Super-8 for 1939.

It is necessary only to take one ride in this *newest* of motor cars to discover how successfully and completely this combination has been effected.

Very quickly you will see how adroitly and effortlessly the new Packard Super-8 slips through heavy traffic. Very quickly, too, you will sense how truly its sumptuous comfort and appointments, its thrilling super-power, make this new car a worthy companion to the magnificent Packard Twelve.

Actually, it offers you power and luxury such as have been available until now only in cars approaching $3,000 in price!

A 'phone call to your Packard dealer will bring one of these utterly new cars to your door at any time you care to set. Won't you make that 'phone call—now?

SOCIALLY AMERICA'S *FIRST* MOTOR CAR

THE NEW

PACKARD SUPER-8 *FOR* 1939

THE NEW 12

THE NEW ONE TWENTY • THE NEW SIX

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Magnificent Bohemian-German glass of the Renaissance and rare ceramics to enrich a collector's cabinet

Photographs in natural color by F. M.

In Past Tradition

"Sam. Abbott, Gent. Mayor," wielded this silver town-mace in 1727 at Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Made by the distinguished smith, Gabriel Sleath

EACH epoch of man has been able to create something of utter perfection that no other age duplicates. Through the centuries these priceless objects change hands innumerable times, their intriguing beauty and significance never failing to stimulate that grand passion known as collecting. Many are its acknowledged rites, and William Randolph Hearst, Esq., who assembled the choice items here illustrated, became a leading American initiate. Fond of the decorative arts (yet his range of interests goes far beyond), every piece in his ultimate collection embodies impeccable refinement. The treasures here commented on are, with one exception, the rare Town-mace, distinguished containers or serving vessels, all of European origin, from the fifteenth century and after.

Irresistible in its power, the golden Renaissance gave everlasting proof that art yields riches where it may. Reformation Germany, liberated at last from medievalism, presented the world with notable artists, sculptors, architects, craftsmen, and typographers, eager to show the thrifty, independent populace the new bright beauty.

Painting with opaque enamels on hollow glass (originally a Venetian idea) was an artistic field in which the Germans remained unrivaled for nearly a century, after its innovation in Hesse, Thuringia, Bavaria, Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia, around 1550. The most beautiful enameled glasses, from the point of view of color came from the Bohemian works, yet in Germany proper, merely the use of enamels on clear glass resulted in a variety of elaborate designs, unsurpassed in gorgeous ornament and pictorializations. The designs favored the imperial double eagle with the coats of arms of electors, dukes, counts, and cities on the wings; portraits of the electors with the emperor; allegories of the virtues, or of the Ages of Life; and hunting scenes. Such *glashumpen,* as pictured in full color, are specimens of the finest sort, and collectors' prizes.

In England of the same period, silver proved the joyous medium for skilled artisans. The plate of Elizabethan times, though handsome, is not grandiose, or given to the bizarre forms of continental silver. Good design in table vessels, whatever the medium, rather implies restrained contours with surface-patterns bearing most of the ornamental interest. True of the best English silver, it is also the chief requisite for tasteful pottery and porcelain.

Combining silver and pottery in excellent style is a finely glazed and mottled jug of deep indigo blue with silver gilt mounts bearing the London

Full color: Of the glass, all are rare German items except Bohemian goblets at either end. Center: vessel decorated with Ages of Man. Ceramics: Berlin porcelain vases, c. 1780; Mason Ironstone dinner service (1815-1825); Valencian majolica pitcher; 1590 English pottery jug

Left: Charles II pleased in presenting gift-cups on all occasions. To the babe of London's Lord Mayor, he gave this christening set of silver gilt caudle cup, cover, and tazza, in 1662. Prize cups for horse-races were likely an innovation of this same jovial English monarch

hallmark for 1590. These mounted jugs, dating from late in the reign of Henry VIII to almost the end of Elizabethan times, are always included in silver collections, belonging to the class of the silver covered-jugs and flagons of the period; although not of the same value.

Britain's vast trade relations brought to the island all of Europe's finest products—the stoneware of Germany, its silver and that of Holland and Flanders, and authentic majolica ware from the kingdom of Valencia (majolica being a name applied by Italians to the lustered pottery of Spain shipped to their shores in Majorcan trading boats, and later, to their imitation of the product). England's craftsmen were inspired from these to devise their own creations, so great was the demand of the new Elizabethan public for luxurious and beautiful accessories.

The ceremonial silver salts of England are as famous as her cups. They were the most imposing pieces of plate on the board, next to the nef, a casket containing all the requisites for serving royalty, and only present on regal occasions. Many ancient superstitions regarding the sacredness of salt was adequate reason for giving it a distinguished ceremonial container, and placing it at table so that the host and honored guest were at once the cynosure of all eyes. This explains the difference between the massive salt and a smaller salt, at the place of each guest, from which the rare condiment was carried to the trencher on a knife-blade—hence a trencher salt.

A stately vessel, the huge square or cylindrical pedestal salt of Renaissance England, was the last of a long series of flamboyant Gothic banquet adornments which were much too fantastic to please the enlightened Elizabethans. Ceremonious and elegant, they required a splendor confined within the limits of artistic discernment. Three rare specimens are those illustrated here.

The cylindrical salt-cellar bearing the Exeter hallmark, c. 1582, is embossed with strapwork ornament, fruit, and escutcheons with lions' heads that richly enliven the monumental pillar, cleverly surmounted by a beautiful domed cover on which stands the figure of a savage man (that delightful primitive character supposed to inhabit forest depths). Based on grand proportions, the whole effect is significantly noble.

Fewer in number are the rectangular salts, of which here is an excellent example, made in 1589. Classic design lavishly covers the four sides of the pedestal, supported at each corner of the base by a ball-and-claw foot. Both of these salts have been gilded to avert the liability of tarnish, considerably enhancing their splendors, yet the technique of the one last mentioned includes a matted ground by contrast to which the raised bosses (*Continued on page 92*)

Symbol of social prominence in olden days the massive salt was to the host's right at the "high" table; near by was seated an honored guest. Left: A Charles I standing salt-cellar and cover, with London hallmark, dated 1626

Right: Cylindrical in form, an Elizabethan salt-cellar and cover, bearing Exeter hallmark, c. 1582, tells the splendor of great days. Lions' masks, fruit swags, and strapwork enrich surface; a bearded man stands on top

Above: Full one foot high stands a silver-gilt salt and cover, grand in aspect, surmounted by a warrior holding shield and spear. A marked piece, made in 1589, its ornament is of classic Renaissance calibre

THE SPORTSWOMAN

At the Old Dominion Point-to-Point near Warrenton, Virginia. Mrs. John Hinckley and Mrs. Robert C. Winmill run a dead heat in the sidesaddle race

Miss Beverley Watson of Auburndale, Massachusetts, taken at the Pine Crest Inn in Tryon, N. C.

MRS. JORROCKS

WOMEN are supposed not to be able to play polo because of the way their shoulders are constructed. They can't swing a mallet with power and freedom any more than they can throw a baseball with distance and direction. Maybe they can't swing a tennis racquet either or a golf stick. Some time ago they couldn't ride a horse astride because of the construction of their pelvis and thighs. There are many other things that they can't do, too, but they don't seem to feel nearly as badly about it as they should. Even if they can't actually *do* these things they can get along very well, thank you, pretending that they can.

There are lots of things that men can't do. They can't do their own shopping and they can't write "thank you" letters. They can't darn their own socks, make their own clothes, or cut their own hair. Maybe they can broil a steak or roast a duck but they can't organize and serve a whole meal *and* wash the dishes afterwards. Frequently they can't even run an errand or "put another log on the fire, dear," and, what's more, they won't even pretend that they can.

KENTUCKY LEGEND. Conforming to an annual custom, I have been cleaning out my files and, as always, I am wondering why I saved fully fifty per cent of the stuff that I have found in them. The scrap basket is overflowing with papers that have spent most of the past year just taking up room. Brickbats and bouquets, criticisms and compliments, clippings from my favorite columns, records, charts, and statistical gleanings. But among the things to be saved is a letter from Dr. Marius Johnson, of Lexington, Kentucky, written not to me but to his niece Mrs. Robert Ferguson, and behind this letter lies quite a long story. Most people that are interested in flat racing know about the stallion High Time. Lord knows what sort of relation his sire Ultimus was to himself since both of his parents were by Domino and then, as if this wasn't sufficiently incestuous, Ultimus was bred to a daughter of Domino to produce High Time. The whole business reminds me of the old riddle, "Sisters and brothers have I none, but this man's father is my father's son." I never have had the patience to figure out either of them.

High Time was not a famous race horse so when he was retired to the stud, what with his extraordinary parentage and ordinary record, his services were not much in demand. However, with but very little opportunity in his early career as a stallion High Time sired such consistently good race horses that as time went on better mares were sent to him and he ended his days as one of the most successful sires of recent years. Of his offspring the gelding Sarazan, winner of $225,000, ranks the highest. Reams have been written about High Time and Sarazan. Listen then to the story in a nutshell by one who should know.

"Sarazan's dam, Rush Box," writes Dr. Johnson to his niece, "was bought as a four-year-old, unbroken except to halter. She and another mare, a three-year-old, were priced to me at $100 for the two. I offered $75 for the two and it was accepted by the lady (an old maid) who represented her father George Carly who was sick. The lady wore a gingham sunbonnet and a shawl when she went out to show me the mares which were being fed on corn fodder.

"Uncle Bill and Aunt Nancy and Miss Elizabeth Dangerfield were with me that day.

"When I sent for the mares next day I sent a cheque for $100 as I was ashamed of having offered the $75. Miss Carly had told us the Latin names of most of the spring flowers which were coming up in the yard.

"Rush Box was bred to High Time his first year in the stud, a gift season as he was not standing at a fee. Sarazan was the result.

"I sold Sarazan as a yearling to Phill Chinn for $1,250."

It was as simple as that. Often I wonder why people write at such length when so much may be said in a few words. Here is the story, including characters

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Platt, Jr., of Baltimore on the links of the Pinehurst Country Club, N. C.

At a meet of the Meadow Brook Hunt in Old Westbury. Mrs. Ivor Balding in a sleigh with her daughter Bettina

Against a background of boats on the waterfront in Hamilton, Bermuda, is Mrs. William Labrot, of Baltimore

Archery champions at Pinehurst. Mr. Russ Hoogerhyde of Chicago and Miss Jean Tenney of Clear Springs, Md.

and scenery, of the purchase of Rush Box and here are the details of Sarazan's origin. A complete and charming picture.

RACING FILMS. While we are on the subject, isn't it about time that someone made up a new story about racing for the moving pictures? I've seen the old one so often now that I can tell what is going to happen long before it occurs. In fact I can almost tell what is going to happen without even seeing the picture. One of the principal characters, who has had reverses, has lost everything except one horse and not a very good horse at that. Everything that it is possible to crowd into the plot depends on this horse beating a much superior animal in *the* big race. Does he win? Don't ask silly questions. If I could pick winners in reality as accurately as I can in the movies I would be a millionaire by now.

There are other things, too, that have become a conventional part of racing pictures. Views of pastures in old Kentucky, stable scenes, S'uthe'n mansions, comic and devoted colored servants that are always ready to burst into song at a moment's notice, relatives that die romantically but inconveniently, and feuds, of course. I do believe that there is more feuding in the average racing picture than there ever was back in "them thar mountins." About the only thing that has changed since the movies began running races is that the heroine, in thoroughly unbecoming silks and breeches, no longer rides the horse to his great victory. At least I haven't seen her do it in some time.

TAKE A CHANCE. Here are some more facts from my files. Fifty per cent of the good citizens of these United States, according to the Gallup Poll of Gambling (wonderful group of words) are willing to admit that they are accustomed to take some sort of chance with the hope of gain. That's a lot of people, but when you think of the many different forms that gambling can take it's a wonder that the percentage doesn't run up to one hundred. Cards, roulette, Monopoly, and all the games sold in the so-called "toy" departments. Bank Nite is part of the weekly program at most of the motion picture houses and Bingo is building up an independent popularity. Slot machines collect millions of nickles and punch boards are part of the equipment of every small tobacco and candy store. Everyone has heard of the Numbers game. Programs of entertainment include duplicate slips for which the lucky purchasers draw anything from a case of liquor up. Pools are run on anything and everything. Elections of any sort are an opportunity for free-for-all wagering and the sport that can't depend on a major exchange of money can, nowadays, scarcely be called any sport at all. Probably the most prevalent type of gambling is the buying of chances on radios, automobiles, sets of china, or

The Misses Nancy Parker, Edith Reed, Eugene Tuck, Frederica Lawrence, and Ann Lummis play hockey at Tuxedo Park

Left: Miss Adele Reynal, of New York and, right, Miss Mimi Francis from St. Louis, Mo., were two of the entries in the costume bicycle parade and breakfast which aided the Children's Welfare Federation

Two polo teams made up of women players meet in the Squadron C Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y. Above is the Clover Leaf team from Long Island, Misses Dorothy Hadden, Ethel Beck, and Mary Maxwell which beat the Ramapos, a team from New Jersey

Mrs. Charles Ducharme of Detroit, Michigan, with her daughter, Miss Polly Ducharme, taken by the stable of their home in Tryon, N. C.

Mrs. Clarence C. Pell, Jr. gives her baby daughter a riding lesson while she waits for the Meadow Brook hounds to move off in Old Westbury, Long Island. Meadow Brook hunts three times a week regardless of snow and all other kinds of bad weather

what you will for sweet charity's sake and when you realize that horse racing comes next to the bottom on the list you get some idea of how universal other kinds of gambling must be. Maybe people feel that they might as well be broke as the way they are now. Possibly their money seems as safe to them when it is risked on the turn of a wheel as it does when invested in some industry, or maybe the novel idea that cash is to be had without working for it is the cause of the national inclination, but in any case it seems as if every scheme that can be thought of is cashing in on it. Gambling has, apparently, become a major industry and one, besides, that is encouraged by the national spending program because the Poll reveals that forty-five per cent of the people on relief are helping to promote it. The statistics, however, do not give the percentage of plutocrats that are playing Russian Roulette. The "it" in this game puts five blank cartridges and one with an honest to goodness bullet in his revolver, twirls the cylinder around, holds the gun to his head and pulls the trigger. It is a fine gambling game, especially for the subject's wife if he is heavily insured. The odds, obviously, are five to one, providing no one jacks them up by putting fewer blanks and more bullets in the revolver, but there is always the temptation to even them up and there is a story of one man who, after playing for five years, got bored and reversed them completely. He didn't collect but his heirs, if any, did and they only had to pay five dollars for each one that had been bet. The complete percentages on the results of this form of taking a chance probably belong in another sort of a report and should be printed on the obituary page.

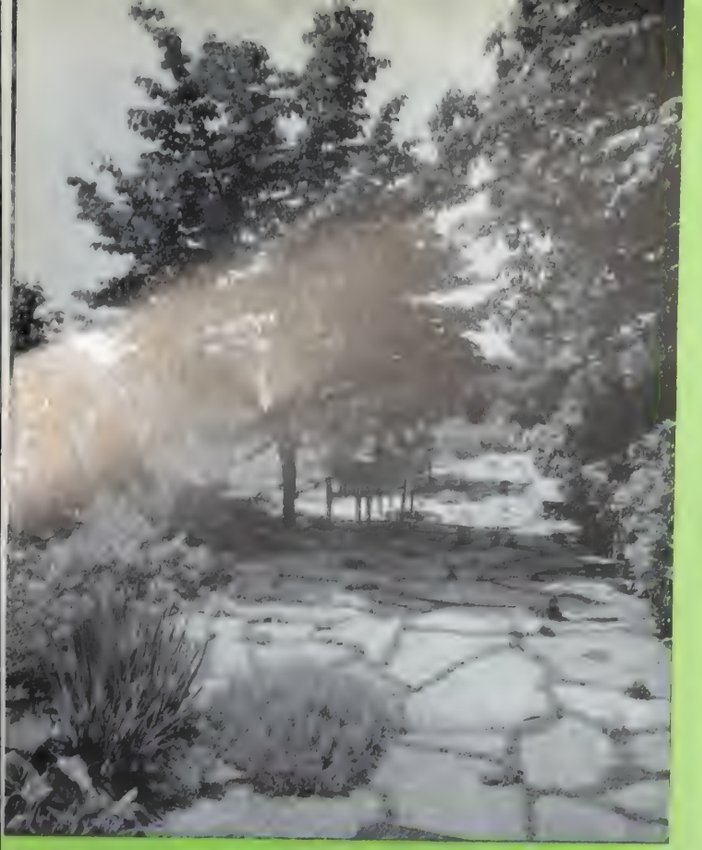
Speaking of statistics, sport is another business that is actually on the upgrade. Manufacturers of athletic goods sold $44,000,000 worth of equipment in 1937, that is twenty-seven per cent more than they sold in 1935 and there isn't much doubt but what the figures of 1938, when compiled, will be a whole lot better still. You would think that the golfers might have bought everything that they could possibly need long ago but the country must be raising a good, lusty crop of new club swingers because they lead the list. The fishermen come next in amount but the winter sports enthusiasts are the ones that show the largest gain. Tennis is proving more popular, too, and almost the only sport that shows a loss is the good old national game, baseball. There might be something rather depressing about this were it a total financial report but it isn't. It only tells how much money was spent on the things that the games are played with and doesn't include that which was spent to see them played. As a spectator sport baseball is probably doing somewhat better than holding its own and football, basketball, hockey, polo, and other team games are definitely gaining in popularity, but the most optimistic result of these statistics is the indication they give of a definite and very encouraging increase in participant sports. Obviously the general public wants to do things itself. It wants to spend its week ends, vacations, and holidays in healthy, outdoor exercise of some sort and it doesn't gamble all its money away; it spends some of it on the means to this end.

Left: Mrs. Daniel Simonds 2nd, of Boston and her two sons enjoying the snow at the Seigniory Club, near Quebec, Canada

Miss Mary K. Holt of Maple Park, Ill., an exhibitor at the International Horse Show held in the Amphitheatre, Chicago

Mrs. William B. McIlvaine, Jr. who formerly was Marion Fenno of Boston, rode hunters at the Chicago International

Photographs by Levick Jones, Rotofotos, W. Thomas McGrath, Morgan, Bermuda News Service, Gerald Young, and Scott Seegars



Photographs by Harry G. Healy

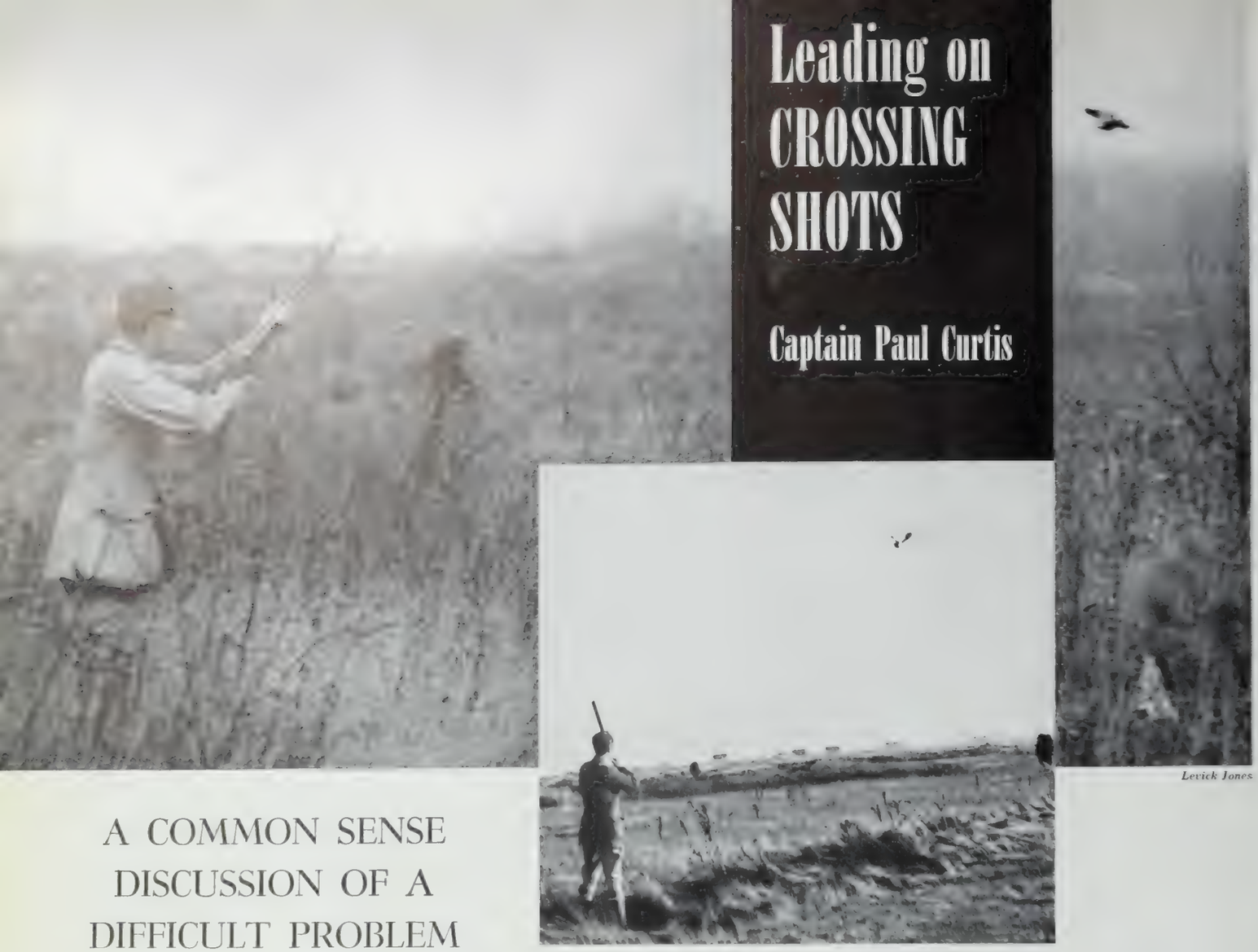
A Garden of Terraces

on the estate of Mrs. Frederick G. Achelis, in Greenwich

THIS Connecticut garden comprises five curving terraces that sweep around a triangular piece of land that slopes down from the hilltop on which the house stands. The uppermost and largest terrace is paved with flagstones interplanted with low herbs, and from its stone benches one looks down upon the lower levels and across the rolling countryside beyond. The overflow from a fountain built into the stone wall leads to and supplies other water features on each of the other terraces. These are reached by lateral branches from two main paths that wind down the hill from each side of the upper level. One terrace is devoted to roses, one is planted with bulbs and flowering subjects to give spring and autumn effects. Still another, shown in the large picture, features a lovely informal border of biennials—pink sweet william, light blue canterbury bells, and white foxglove, among which are set hardy annuals for later bloom. The path here, of tan bark, with its soft, yielding texture and soft, dark tones, provides a delightfully appropriate setting for the enjoyment of this most colorful walk. On the lowest terrace, the flagstone terrace surrounds a circular pool and is, itself, surrounded by a wall which forms the back of a broad stone seat and also the boundary that separates the series of gardens from the meadow land that stretches away below them. The retaining walls on all the terrace levels, besides serving that utilitarian purpose, are beautiful with rock plants set between the stones that soften the surfaces at all times and supply bright soft color effects in spring.

ELLEN SHIPMAN, *Landscape Architect*

Here is the broad upper terrace, showing some of its benches and its two paths, straight ahead and to the right, which lead downhill. Above, the biennial border in full bloom. At left, from the top: another view of the upper terrace; a glimpse of the pool on the lowest level; one of the many paved paths; the entrance to the upper garden looking toward steps that mount the slope to the house



Leading on CROSSING SHOTS

Captain Paul Curtis

Levick Jones

A COMMON SENSE DISCUSSION OF A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

"How far should I have led that bird?" This question is asked more often than enough by every shooter who misses in the company of one who he concedes is a superior game shot, and the variety of answers would fill a book. One fellow says in all honesty that he "holds right on 'em—right on their beaks," and believes it. Another, with equal sincerity, says he does not know, "I just put up my gun and shoot." Still another will say, "I led that shot about five feet," yet an equally clever shot will retort, "You're as crazy as a hoot owl. You would have to lead that bird fifteen feet." And both of them would be capable of hitting it.

The beginner is left in the air. Which one of them is correct, the one who holds right on, the one who leads five feet, or the one who leads fifteen? He is puzzled and the most incomprehensible part of it is that he sees that they all can hit. And anyway, what is five feet? Does he mean actually five feet, which does not look like much at forty yards, or does he mean what looks like five feet at the muzzle, which may be a tremendous lead?

But let us come back to that after facing a few scientific facts, which will demonstrate how utterly impossible it is for one to learn by simply following another's lead. This may sound like a discouraging beginning, but I hope to offer some advice which will assist the beginner to solve his problems by following his own line.

Let us assume that the bird is a mallard, because it is a universal quarry; one finds it in every part of the world where the gun is used. Furthermore it is a large bird, a fast one, and generally presents long shots, all of which makes it easier to present my case. Let us also assume that the weapon is a standard general purpose gun, such as is used the world over for rough shooting, a twelve bore with from twenty-eight to thirty-inch barrels and of a weight between seven and seven and a half pounds. The cartridge involved is also a standard one, a two and three-quarter inch case, loaded with 3¼ drams of smokeless and 1 1/8 oz. of No. 6 chilled shot (equivalent of No. 5 English). The mallard is traveling at right angles to the gun at a range of sixty yards, long range for No. 6 shot it is true, but, as we said, the mallard is a large bird and as the charge is sufficient to place eighty pellets from a full choke barrel, in a thirty-inch circle at that range, the mallard should be struck with an average of four of these, which should undoubtedly be sufficient to bring it down.

That is, of course, if centered by the charge and here comes a large "but." The load in question has a muzzle velocity of 1325 feet per second and a remaining velocity of 458 feet at sixty yards. The time of flight over the sixty yards is therefore .251 seconds—roughly a quarter of a second. It has been fairly accurately computed that the mallard has an average flying speed of fifty to fifty-one miles an hour, which is equivalent to 75 feet per second, consequently it has flown 18.75 feet in the time it has taken the shot to travel from the muzzle to the target.

Now let us just consider the same conditions at a normal range of forty yards. The time of flight is .124 of a second in which time the bird has traveled only 9.30 feet, roughly half the distance. What a lot of difference a few yards additional range make for the shooter.

So from a purely scientific point of view if one estimates the exact amount of forward allowance required, he can hit every time with a stationary gun, but it does not take a savant to see it is utterly impossible. Who can estimate 18¾ feet accurately at sixty yards, or for that matter at forty?

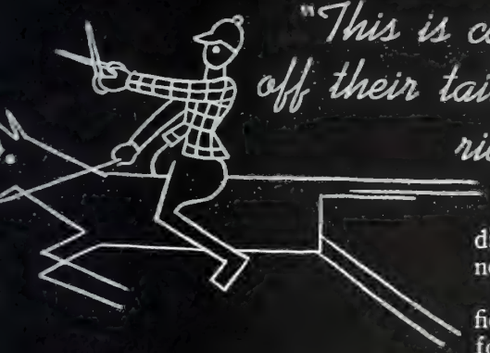
Certain conditions of light distort our estimation of the range. Faint light of the evening tends to make birds appear farther off than they are. Snow and fog have the same effect, while brilliant sunlight makes them appear much nearer than they are. A bird flying over water is frequently underestimated and the same conditions prevail when one is crouching behind a butt or in a hide where he loses sight of the foreground. On the other hand birds high over head, seen clearly against the sky, are most frequently overestimated. Any skilled shot is sick and tired of hearing his companions rave about how impossible the birds are to reach at a certain place. Even the expert begins to doubt his ability to reach them at times, simply because there is nothing to judge them by. Every army officer should know the average height of the trees as he constantly uses them as range finders, yet I have heard dozens of them insist that ducks and pheasants passing ten yards over trees (*Continued on page 94*)

A Fox Hunt and Some Other Things

Tommy D. Wadelton, Age 13

At Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where I live there is a Fox Hunt. A Fox Hunt is a meeting of ladies and gentlemen and civilians who ride horses after hounds that are chasing a fox, only sometimes it is not a fox, but a bag some foxes having been living on to make it smell. This is called a Drag Hunt. It is fine to watch the hunt riding through the green pine trees and the trees that have dead brown leaves on. The officers of the hunt wear red coats that are called pink. I don't know why, and the red looks swell going through the green and brown colors of the trees. Only the hunt officers wear red coats. Some of the others wear black coats with yellow collars and hard crowns to their hats to keep their heads from getting hurt when they bunk into trees. These are called the formal huntsmen. The rest wear loud plaid coats and their old hats and are called rat catchers. I don't know why they are called rat catchers either. Once the drag hunt turned into a pig hunt by mistake. The pack was running the drag through Sergt. Akers' farm and they found a pig and chased him and bit his ear. All the hounds piled on him and he squealed like the dickens. I guess he did not like being a fox.

"Once the drag hunt turned into a pig hunt by mistake"



"This is called cutting off their tails when you ride too close"

When one of the officers who have the fox hunting jobs are ordered away my mother thinks my father should have the job because my mother thinks my father is lots smarter than the officers who have jobs. My father never wants to do it because he says anyone who goes around looking for extra work is crazy, so he don't care when they pick out someone else, but my mother gets mad anyway and thinks my father ought to be master of hounds or whipper-in or what ever job is vacant. One time I was with my father and some officers were talking about getting some hounds to fill in the pack and when we were riding home my father said "Tommy maybe we better not tell Mamma they have vacant places in the pack or she will think I ought to have the job." My father always makes funny jokes.

This year when the hunt opened four soldiers rode around the post playing on horns. They started at the stables and rode down to the flag pole and met the hunt there. The officers of the hunt are master of fox hounds, three whippers-in, and a field master. The whippers-in take care of the hounds and make them mind, and the field master takes care of the field, which is all persons who ride in the hunt except officers, and makes them mind. The master is the big shot and bosses everybody.

When everyone is there the master says "Good Morning Gentlemen." He does not say anything to the ladies. Everyone says "Good Morning Master," and then the master yells "Gone Away" and they go. This is a drag hunt so a soldier rides ahead dragging the bag and the pack take after it yelling like blazes. This is called giving tongue or giving cry. Mother says in Ireland they call it belling or singing, anyhow you must not call it barking or forget and call the hounds "dogs" or it would not be official. You must call your horse a mount and remember what the cries mean like "Ware Ditch," "Hold Hard," Ware Hounds," and I forget the rest. I got yelled "Ware Hounds" a lot because I am not a very good fox hunter yet and got too close. This is called cutting off their tails when you ride too close to them. Tom and Dick Hoffman are swell fox hunters and they are only eleven and thirteen. I have only been out twice, it frightens my mother when I go. She thinks it is enough to have to worry about my father.

The hunt lasts about two hours. There are four parts to it. When they stop it is called a check. The soldier takes the bag up, when the hounds can't smell it any more they stop. Then everyone gets off their mount, walk around, visit, and get drinks from the persons who follow around the roads in cars. Then they mount, go on to the next check and do the same thing all over again. When they come to the last check the master says "Good Day Gentlemen," and the hunt rides home and stop at each others' houses for cocktail parties and after that they go to a hunt breakfast. Persons who go to the hunt breakfast have fun. I go if I get invited. Last time Mrs. Tice who was the hostess invited me specially and I wore my new brown civilian suit. Mostly I have to wear my uniform. The food at hunt breakfasts is always swell. I can eat anything I like so I have the food my mother does not have at home because it is not good for a growing boy, like pickles and ham and coffee and hot biscuits and mince pie. My mother has tea every afternoon and when I was little she used to give me cambric tea which was just hot water and a little tea and milk and sugar and now I hate tea. So I only drink coffee when it is strong with cream and sugar in it. At the hunt breakfast they sing hunting songs like "Do ye ken John Peel" and "Drink Puppy Drink" and "A-Hunting we will go." My father sings

Sketches by
ELISE PRIESTER

"My father sings too, but mamma and I go home because we like music"

"I asked my mother why I had to give them each a quarter and she said it was an old Spanish custom"

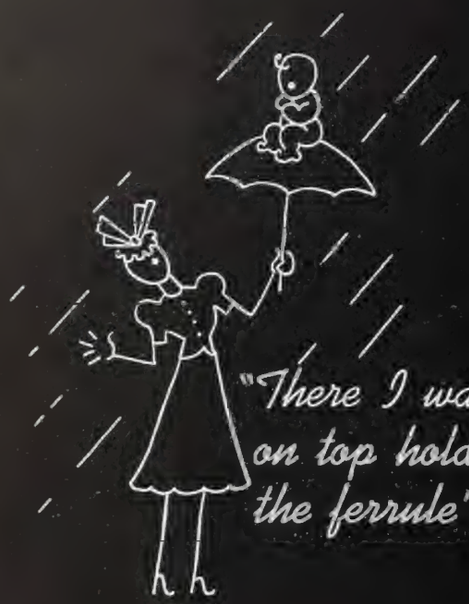
too but Mamma and I go along home because we like music.

My mother used to hunt in Ireland and she says they don't think much of a drag hunt there; they call them "skrimshankers." But she does not like to see the pack kill either. They call it breaking up the fox. She said when she hunted she always prayed like crazy the fox would get away, because it seemed like she was inside his skin and knew just how he felt. One time she went to a hunt with her husband, not my father but another husband she had once. He had a little niece with him and it was her first hunt and he had her blooded, that means they cut off the fox tail and call it a brush and rub it on the person who is at the kill for the first time. My mother felt awful to see the blood on the little girl's nice face and she did not care so much for her husband for a while and he was sorry because he was a good man and did not like to hurt persons' feelings.

My mother says over there they only hunt once a week because it takes them the other six days to sober up.

My mother told me a story about one of her ancestors. It is about horses and I think it is a swell story. Once there was a man named Owen. He was an awful proud man and thought he was pretty good because he had a lot of ancestors who did noble deeds and got their names in the history books. He bragged his family aways married persons who were as swell as they were and that he had the best blooded horses in all Ireland and they all had pedigrees as long as your arm. Well he had a stallion whose name was Shawn Dhue. He was black as night and all of Owen's horses were black too. If one of the mares had a colt that was another color he sold it away to England or France or some far place. One night Shawn Dhue got out of his stable and bred with a mare that was just plain horse and did not have any good blood that anyone ever heard tell of. When Owen heard of it he made the farmer who owned the mare sell it to him and he was going to have it killed because he did not want any cross-breed of Shawn Dhue's hanging around. Before the mare had her baby Owen had to go to France where his daughter was in school. She was very sick and Owen had to leave suddenly and forgot to have the mare killed. Well he was gone a long time before his daughter got well and when he did come back the mare had her colt and everyone was talking about it because it was the color of new butter all over and did not have a different colored hair on it any where. Owen's daughter was named Ann and he thought more of her than he did his own life and did every thing she told him to. So she told him not to have the colt killed because she liked it very much. He said if that's what she wanted it was O. K. with him but she could not keep it with his swell horses so he bought her a farm to keep her colt on. He was a very rich man and of course did not care what he did with his money or how much he spent.

The colt grew up to be a stallion and was he good! Ann loved her horse and trained it herself and when he grew up she put him in all kinds of races and steeplechases and won them and her father did not like it much because it did not have good blood and it made a sucker out of his horses who had lots of good blood. After a while it got to be a well-known horse and lots of persons wanted to buy it but Ann would not sell it for love or money. One day a young man came to see if Ann would sell the horse to his boss and right away he fell in love with Ann but he did not think it would do him much good because Ann had such proud blood in her arteries. Well he came back a couple of times and hung around until Ann got in love with him too. But they were scared of her father so they eloped away one night and it made Ann's father as mad as hops. He packed all her gold and jewels and dresses and sent them to her, but Ann sent them back because she was going to be poor and did not need such fine things, but she asked her father if she could have her horse and he sent it to her with an insult about cross breeds and Ann knew he meant her husband too. Well she loved her father but enough was enough so she got mad and to spite him sent her horse every place her father had horses running and jumping and she beat him every time. She went fox hunting the same time he did and she always got ahead of him there and when she took the stiff jumps her father refused she grinned. After a while her horse won so much money her husband was able to go in the horse breeding business and they stopped being so poor and got quite a little money. Her father kept on trying to beat her and sent to foreign lands for horses to improve the horses he had but Ann kept right on beating him. The horse's name was Garth and when Ann had a baby she named him Garth too. In Ireland everyone believes in fairies and a Garth is a place the fairies come out and dance on at night. All the persons who saw the stallion and knew how he was come by said the fairies had sent him, so that was the reason Ann named him Garth.



"There I was sitting on top holding on to the ferrule"

When the boy Garth was seven he was a pretty good rider and one day he was riding through a lane and he met his grandfather, he did not think so much of his grandfather because he was still mad at Garth's mother and Garth thought his mother was pretty swell. His grandfather stopped him this time and said "Do you know who I am?" and Garth said "I do so, your me grand sire and a contrary old lad if ever there was one." Well his grandfather thought it was a good joke and that Garth was a good spunky kid and maybe cross breeds were not so bad after all, so he went to see Garth's mother and made up with his father and after that they were all good friends and Garth and his grandfather got to be pals.

When I was a little boy I used to wonder how persons got together and were a family. I asked my father and he said one day he was walking along minding his own business and smoking a cigarette when my mother tapped him on the shoulder and said "Young man what is your name?" and my father gaped his mouth open; he was so surprised because he

(*Continued on page 87*)

"And if I did not get Athlete's Foot I would not have time to write this story"

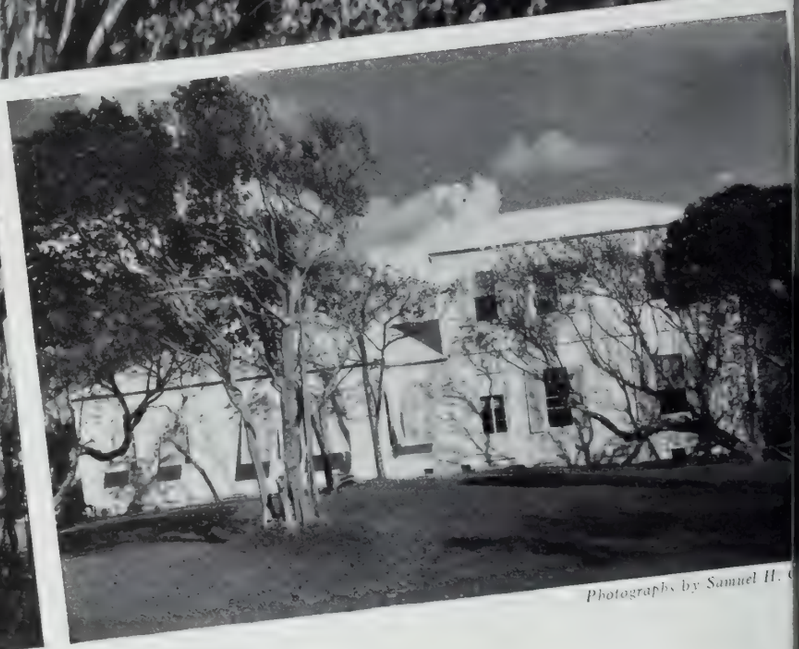
"8 A.M. TOOK IN FO

ABOVE: This panel by John Stoll, who took his titles as if they were entries from a ship's log, is in the Court of the Seven Seas on Treasure Island, San Francisco Bay site of California's 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition

BELOW: "Took in all heads'ls," another panel by John Stoll for the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition. Located over the doors of exhibit palaces flanking the court, a series of these panels carries out the sea motif

"TOOK IN ALL HEADS'LS"

Bahamian Influence on a Florida Ridge



Photographs by Samuel H.

UP FROM the white sands of the bay, with the murmuring ocean swell quite audible, the drive winds toward the massive white house entirely hedged within a gorgeous tropical vegetation of sea-grape, palmette, and yucca, all native to the coastal ridge. Gnarled mastic trees with shiny green leaves are silhouetted against the dwelling, and in the distance spectacular cabbage palms wave their plumy crowns.

Related to the West Indies in more ways than one, southern Florida may well enjoy the felicities of island Colonial architecture, especially that of British origin derived from Georgian times. Decidedly logical is it for this modern American home to follow in its broad hipped roofs and H-plan the pleasant tradition of Bahamian houses. Smooth-surfaced walls result from flat siding of cedar with the interstices filled and heavily painted a dead white, for contrast the cornice, quoins, and shutters being a pinkish cream color. For sake of privacy, the entrance door is located on the north side.

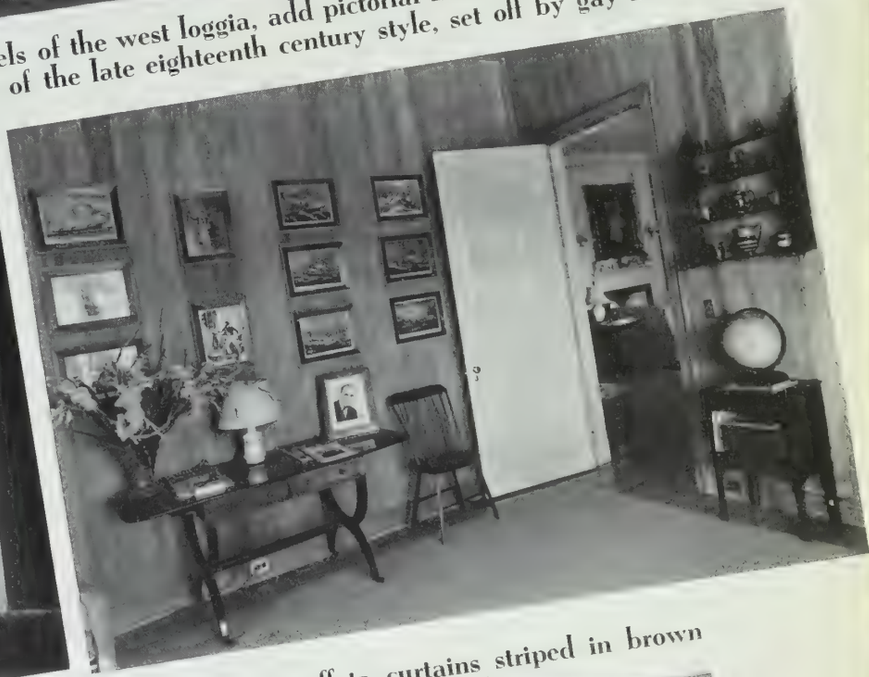
A spacious drawing room occupies the entire downstairs of the central unit. Furniture of the late Sheraton style and early Empire gives a graceful, inviting aspect, and the decorative scheme throughout the house has been directed with this same cheerful, informal mood in mind. Light, clear colors are dominant, and the use of mirrors to suggest cool retreats is most effective.

A pictorial feature of many rooms, and especially the loggia, is the display, in panel moldings, especially designed for this purpose, of numerous historical prints, part of Mr. Webb's notable collection pertaining to the Civil War which also includes rare maps and books.

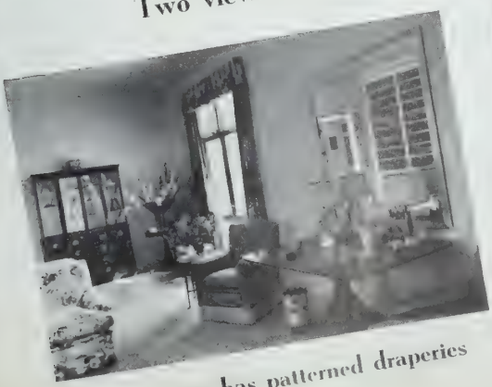
For variety the library adjoining the drawing room on the south is paneled in cypress. Beige taffeta curtains narrowly striped in brown accentuate the tone of the walls. A handsome table has legs of the "curule" type with paw feet. That under the mirror in the drawing room is also unusual in its large top without drop leaves or drawers. This latter room has a fine break- (*Continued on page 96*)

The William Seward Webb Residence at Gulf Stream

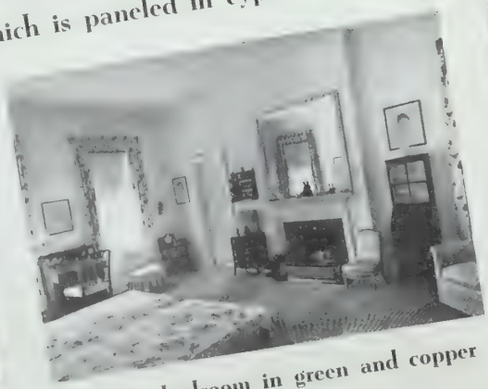
toric American prints, architecturally enframed in wall panels of the west loggia, add pictorial zest to this delightful open lounge. l rooms within are of gracious aspect, with elegant furniture of the late eighteenth century style, set off by gay informal draperies



Two views of the library which is paneled in cypress and has beige taffeta curtains striped in brown



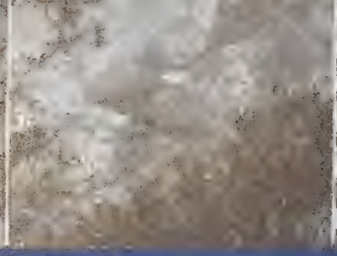
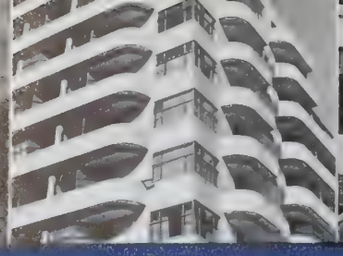
Living room has patterned draperies



Master bedroom in green and copper

Bright and sunny east guest room

JOHN L. VOLK, *Architect*
LANFRANCHI, *Decorator*

SOUTH AFRICA STREAM

LINED

Right now when so many people with wanderlust are eyeing the map of the world more carefully than ever before, South Africa should appear especially attractive. For the benefit of those who don't want to go in for big game hunting, searching for a new species of pygmies, or taking a trek into the jungle, let me emphasize the fact that South Africa offers you streamlined cities, sophisticated spas, and countrysides lush and lovely. The dark continent is now bright with neon lights . . . WILLIAM B. POWELL

Most people are pretty vague about Africa. With the exception of some of the better known tourist spots along the Mediterranean, Africa sounds like a wild and woolly vastness. Vast it most certainly is—yes and it is still pretty wild and woolly. But—and it is a big but—that part of Africa known as South is modern as you please. Of course you can still go native in that country, if that is your "dish."

I've only been to South Africa once, and then just hit the high spots, but those I saw made such an impression on me that I won't be content until I've gone back there to see some places over again and add lots of new ones which I missed on my first trip. Most certainly I'll want to return to Capetown; it has a charm all its own. The famous Table Mountain, which serves as a background for the city as you first see it from the harbor, is even more dramatic than you gather from photographs of it.

Because of a seventy-mile gale, my ship couldn't dock at Capetown for twenty-four hours after we first arrived off the Cape, so I had a good opportunity to study Table Mountain under all kinds of light and shade. While I chafed at being cheated out of a day ashore I was amply repaid by this magnificent harbor scene.

The influence of the Boer settlers is still very much in evidence around Capetown, thus giving to the city a most attractive mélange of Dutch and English atmosphere. So prominent is the Dutch feeling, you often have the same sensation which comes to you in our own South—you wonder who really did win the war! But in spite of the influence of two mother countries, there is a definite South African atmosphere which is decidedly individual. For instance, the architecture which is unique. In fact, I don't see why some of our own architects with clients who want something new and quite different don't have a go at Capetown Colonial right here in America.

The Boer influence is also strongly felt in furniture. The country around Capetown produces a wood which, in spite of an unpleasant name (it is called, of all things, stinkwood), is very beautiful. The antique shops are full of pieces made of this wood and fashioned on lines which show a strong Dutch influence. Even the silver and china of South Africa have an individual character. So, shop hounds, you won't be disappointed. Incidentally, you'll probably have the time of your life doing your shopping in a horse-drawn hansom. I'm sure Capetown enjoys the distinction of being the only city left in the world where one can shop in such fashion. Though there used to be a number of hansoms around the Plaza in New York and an occasional one in the West End of London, they are almost extinct now. I hope that for a long time to come the city fathers of Capetown will manage to keep their hansoms from falling apart. I long to drive around in one again, especially down Aderley Street where my last stop will be at the flower market. Here flower girls of the type seen in London sell you armfuls of those beautiful South African flowers of every variety and gorgeous coloring—and for the proverbial song.

There are many trips to occupy each day of a week's stay in Capetown. The first, of course, will be out to the Cape of Good Hope. The highway which leads you there is reminiscent of the Grand Corniche, as it winds along the Atlantic high up on the rocks. Once out at the point which is called the Cape you will experience a great thrill as they show you the spot (the guides swear you can actually see the place) where three oceans meet—the Atlantic, the Indian, and the Antarctic. If you take another route back to Capetown you will pass miles of beautiful, broad beach (*Continued on page 90*)

Left: A giraffe in Kruger National Park. Top, left to right: Polana Beach, Drakensburg Mountains, a Johannesburg apartment house, the Johannesburg Country Club, and above, a high ox-power native cart in the mountains of Cape Province

Photographs by Black Star, Thos. Cook & Son, South African Railways and Harbors, and Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

comes the WESTMINSTER

1.

2.

THE dogs in the photographs on this and the next page are among those which are expected to appear at this year's Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show. If they do it is quite probable that they will go far in both breed and variety competition, and though we don't make this statement as a prediction, it is possible that from among them may emerge the winner of the highest award of all—best in show. Meanwhile these and the other contenders relax in their kennels until show time, some of them resting after an arduous 1938 show season, all of them receiving the finishing touches of grooming and conditioning. Dog fanciers can only wait and wonder, for the Westminster competition is much too keen for anyone to predict with assurance.

Each one of the dogs presented here is a leading performer of the present time and has made an outstanding record during the last year. However, if you follow the shows at all you will be able to name several great and worthy dogs that have not been included for various reasons. Most important of the missing of course is the dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton. However, Herman Rinkton probably won't be shown at Westminster; nor will Ch. Jessie v. Sonnenhohe, F. F. H. Fleitmann's fine Doberman Pinscher. Then there are Mrs. Hartley Dodge's German Shepherd Giralda's Geisha, Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke's English Setter Ch. Bayldone Buccaneer of Prunes Own, to say nothing of a dozen others, left out because no suitable pictures were available or because space precluded. For further information on many of the dogs on these pages see the "Dog Stars" department on page 10 of this issue.

(1) First on the list is Champion Bumble Bee of Delwyn, Kerry Blue Terrier owned by John Mulcahy. Bumble Bee was the best American-Bred terrier for the year 1938. (2) Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstilskin C.D. Mrs. Milton Erlanger's famous American-Bred black Poodle doesn't seem to mind being clipped. (3) The black Chow, Ch. Tally Ho Black Image of Storm, owned by Mrs. L. W. Bonney, has a promising future. (4) Another of Mrs. Bonney's winners is the Dalmatian Ch. Cruiser of Tally-Ho. (5) Here is shown the winner of the A.K.C. Toy Group award, the great American-bred Pekingese, Ch. Kai Lo of Dah Lyn, owned by John B. Royce. (6) Ch. My Own Brucie the black Cocker bred and owned by Herman Mellenthin topped a sensational series of wins with best in the 1939 Spaniel Show and the A.K.C. Sporting Group award. (7) Ch. Biene von Elbe Bogen se Sumbula, is Sumbula Kennel's winning Boxer. (8) Ch. Nornay Saddler, the imported Smooth Foxterrier, owned by the Wissaboo Kennels, is seen here in the arms of his young mistress Miss Wissie West; Saddler is the foremost show contender of the year, having won a record number of best in shows. (9) Mrs. Amelia E. White's Afghan Hound Ch. Amanullah of Kandahar has a handsome cream colored coat and an enviable record of wins. (10) Harry Hartnett combs the silky coat of his Irish Setter Ch. Milson Top Notcher, the absolute leader of the breed. (11) One of the year's best Hounds was Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman from Mrs. Wm. du Pont Jr.'s Beagle Pack. (12) Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke's Pointer, Champion Pennine Paramount of Prune's Own is one of the best Pointers ever brought to this country. (13) Ch. Rosebud of Research is a fine type Wire owned by Mrs. Lee Turnbull of Pleasant Ridge, Michigan. Notice the collection of trophies. (14) Ch. Modern Boy of Stucile is a dangerous contender in the sporting group; his owner is C. N. Myers of Hanover, Pennsylvania. (15) Last on the list—Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodle that won the A.K.C. annual prize for the best American-Bred dog, is shown here being carefully manicured by Mr. Sherman Hoyt

Photographs by Walter Beebe Wilder except for Goro from Black Star Morgan Photo Service Ralph Morgan Tauskey

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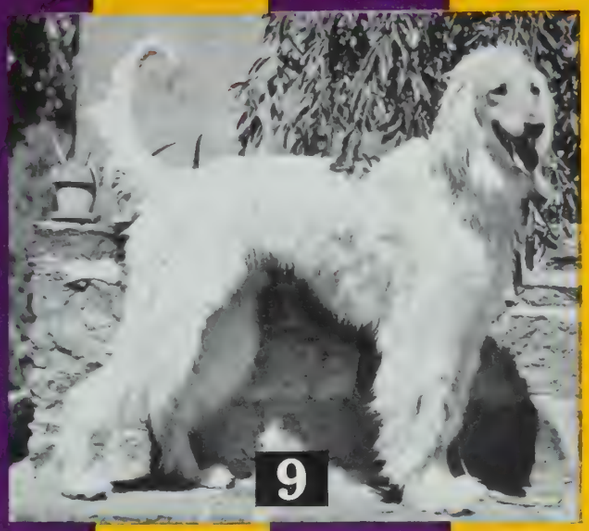
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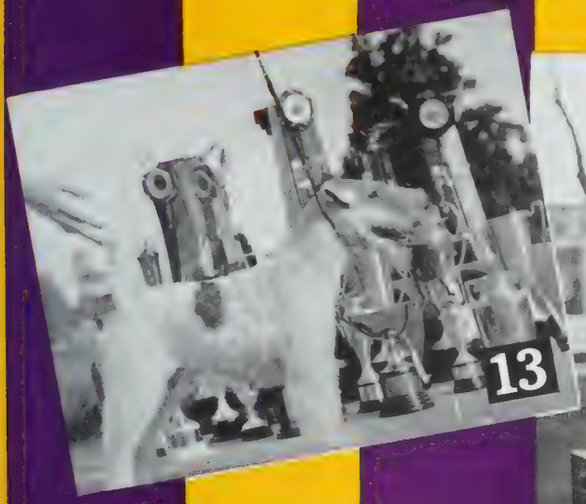
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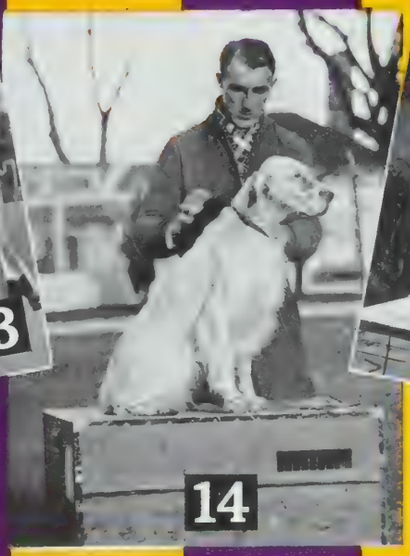
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In 1796, Colonel William Smith's estate, Mount Vernon, bordered New York's East River at 60th Street

The amazing parterre of the original Claremont estate hardly suggests the real beauty of the progenitor of today's well-known Riverside Drive inn

Country Life in Old New York

RITA WELLMAN

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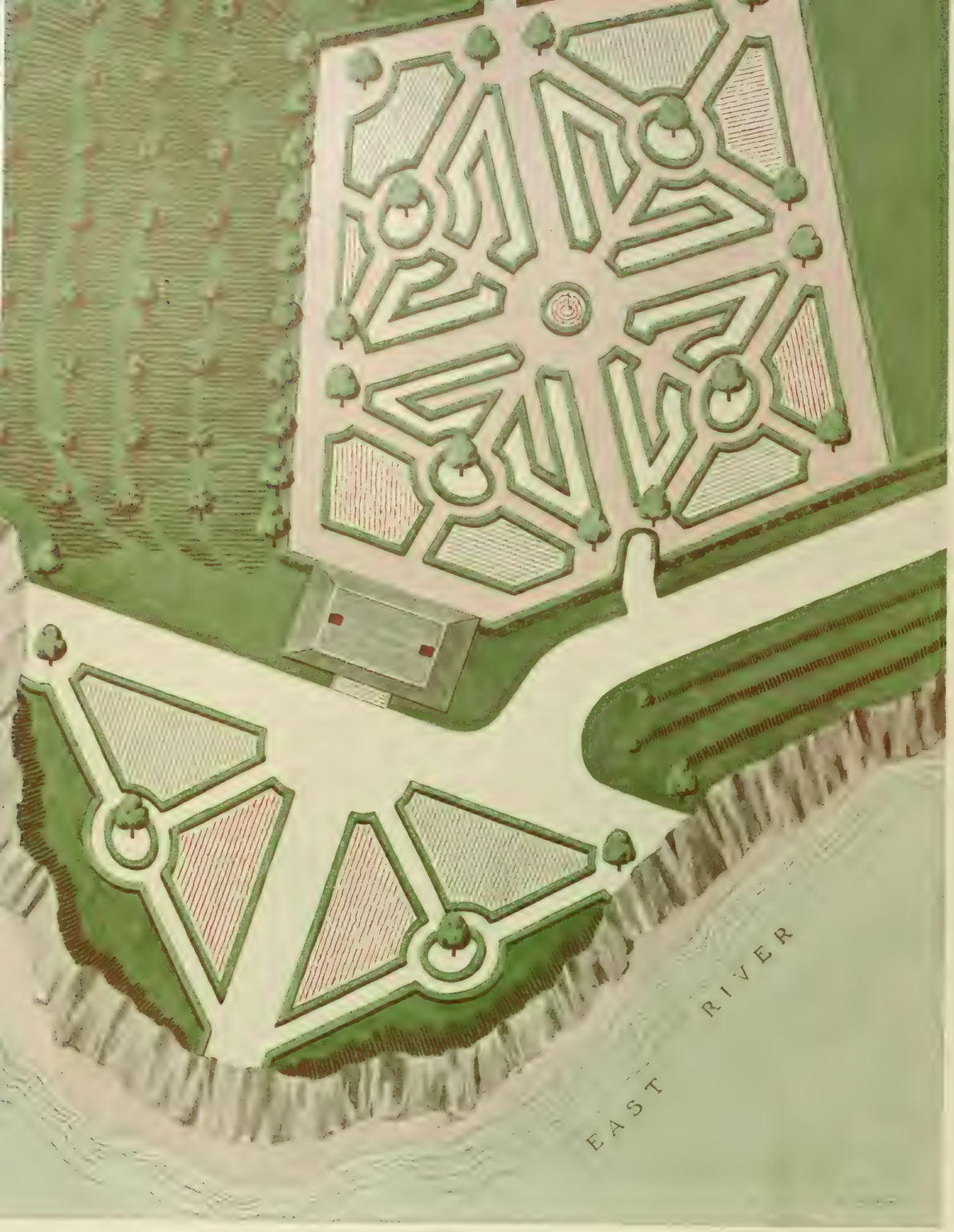
A New York with numerous large estates, with tree-lined avenues and acres of greensward reaching to the river banks: this rural city, almost impossible for the modern New Yorker to visualize, existed in the eighteenth century and had not entirely disappeared by the middle of the nineteenth. Even in Washington Irving's day, a man of Olmsted's type, with a genius for civic planning, could have created any number of public parks carved from large estates still intact. Lack of parkland would not have set him back in his plans for the city's future millions, but his scheme would probably have been blocked by the "progressive" ideas of the city fathers. The city council at the beginning of the century thought only in terms of city blocks and seized upon the gridiron plan as ideal for raising real estate values. With the gridiron clamped down on the island, there could be little provision for beauty and comfort; gardens, lawns, woodland sections, all that came within the uncompromising form of the gridiron had to be destroyed.

Many forgotten old New York gardens and estates have been reconstructed in water-color drawings from maps and surveys by the Index of American Design, a unit of the Federal Art Project under the Works Progress Administration, as supplementary background material for its comprehensive pictorial survey of early American decorative and useful arts to be published and distributed among universities, museums, schools, and libraries. Among the water-color drawings reproduced herewith by permission of the Index of American Design, are the reconstructed plans of four country estates, all of which were in New York proper. Three of them were intact as late as 1860, but since then even these have vanished.

The Dutch settlers of the seventeenth century could not have been greatly impressed by the wild, primitive beauty of the island of the Manhattoes. They were traditionally great horticulturists and the island, with its good climate and abundant sunshine, appeared to them as a future nursery for Holland's botanical experiments. They lost little time in transforming the wilderness of the Indians into their Dutch ideal of snug farms with trim orchards, fields, and gardens. But they had not reckoned upon the destiny of Manhattan, written in its rocky foundation and its great harbors. No sooner had the carefully planned and tended farms of the burghers begun to yield profits, than the city corporation was at work cutting them up into building blocks for future development. Irving writes of the change that came into the lives of the Dutch at the beginning of



Left: Looking down upon the lovely East River of the middle eighteenth century not far from where Bellevue Hospital now stands, the Ketteltas estate combined rolling orchards and crop lands as well as elaborate formal gardens cleverly adapted to the irregular area and terrain

Right: Reflecting the Victorian desire for romance, formality, and intricate effects in plant forms as well as in garden design, the early nineteenth century Isaac P. Martin estate on Washington Heights at 171st street comprised beds and borders, greenhouses, fountains, and parterres in a rolling, wooded countryside

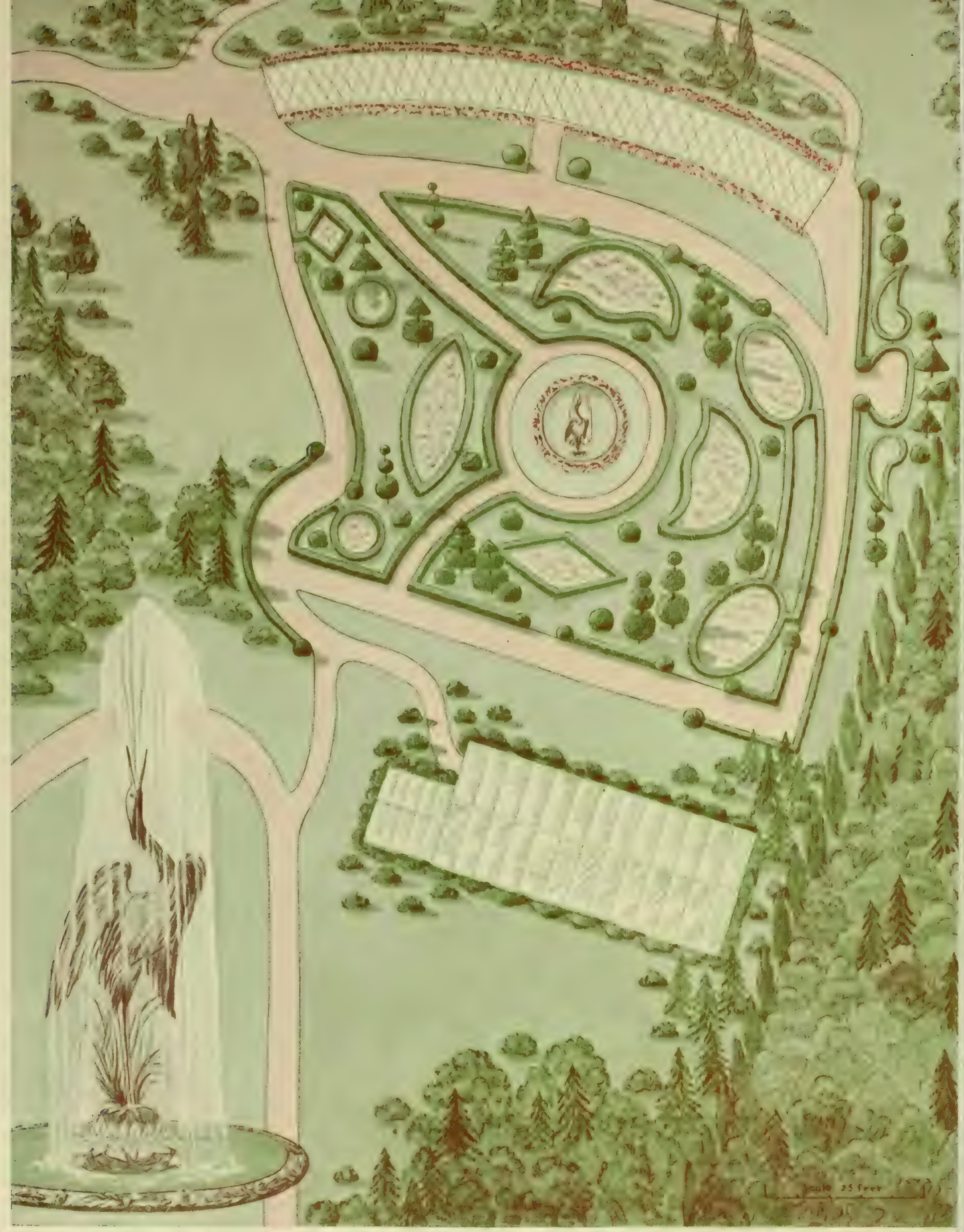
The drawings that accompany this article were made by Helen E. Miller and Tabae Hosier under the supervision of Mr. George Stonehill

the eighteenth century. "With all the habits of rustic life," he says, "they began to find themselves the inhabitants of a city." Like the stately parks of the subsequent descendants of English settlers, the cabbages and sunflowers, tulips, and simples of the Dutch farmers had to give way before the advance of urban improvement.

One of the most ambitious of Holland's horticultural experiments in the New World was the scientific garden laid out by the Dutch West India Company about 1638. The Company's garden (plan is shown on page 60) was built on a large tract of land that extended from Broadway to the North (Hudson) River. The midway crosswise path was in the exact position of the modern Rector Street, and the front gate was where Trinity Church now stands. Here the practical-minded Dutch planted trees, bushes, shrubs, and medicinal plants brought by the Company's ships from the tropics. Native American plants were also cultivated with the idea of testing them out for Holland's use. The West India Company's garden was laid out in traditional Dutch pattern with neat, geometrical beds, and fruit trees grouped at one end.

After the English had gained control of the island, large estates in the English style were laid out in many parts of Manhattan. Today, near the Queensboro Bridge, against a background of gas tanks, you may be surprised to come across a small remnant of what was once a large eighteenth-century estate in the English style. All that remains, on an embankment above the street guarded by a privet hedge, is a two-winged stone house built in Colonial style. It was once the carriage house of "Mount Vernon" built in 1796 by Colonel William Smith, who intended it for a wedding present for his fiancée, Abigail Adams, daughter of the second president of the United States. Colonel Smith's plans were too ambitious for his funds. He got into difficulties and had to relinquish the estate, and Abigail never lived there. This pretentious Mount Vernon, which came to be called "Smith's Folly," extended from Avenue A to First Avenue, and for a considerable distance north. (The reconstructed estate is reproduced on page 56.) To the left of the approach to the river was a large Colonial garden with two rows of square flower beds. The manor house stood somewhat farther back, facing the river over a serene stretch of lawn. The carriage house, which still stands, was remodeled later when the large house burned down. It is now in the possession of the Colonial Dames of America.

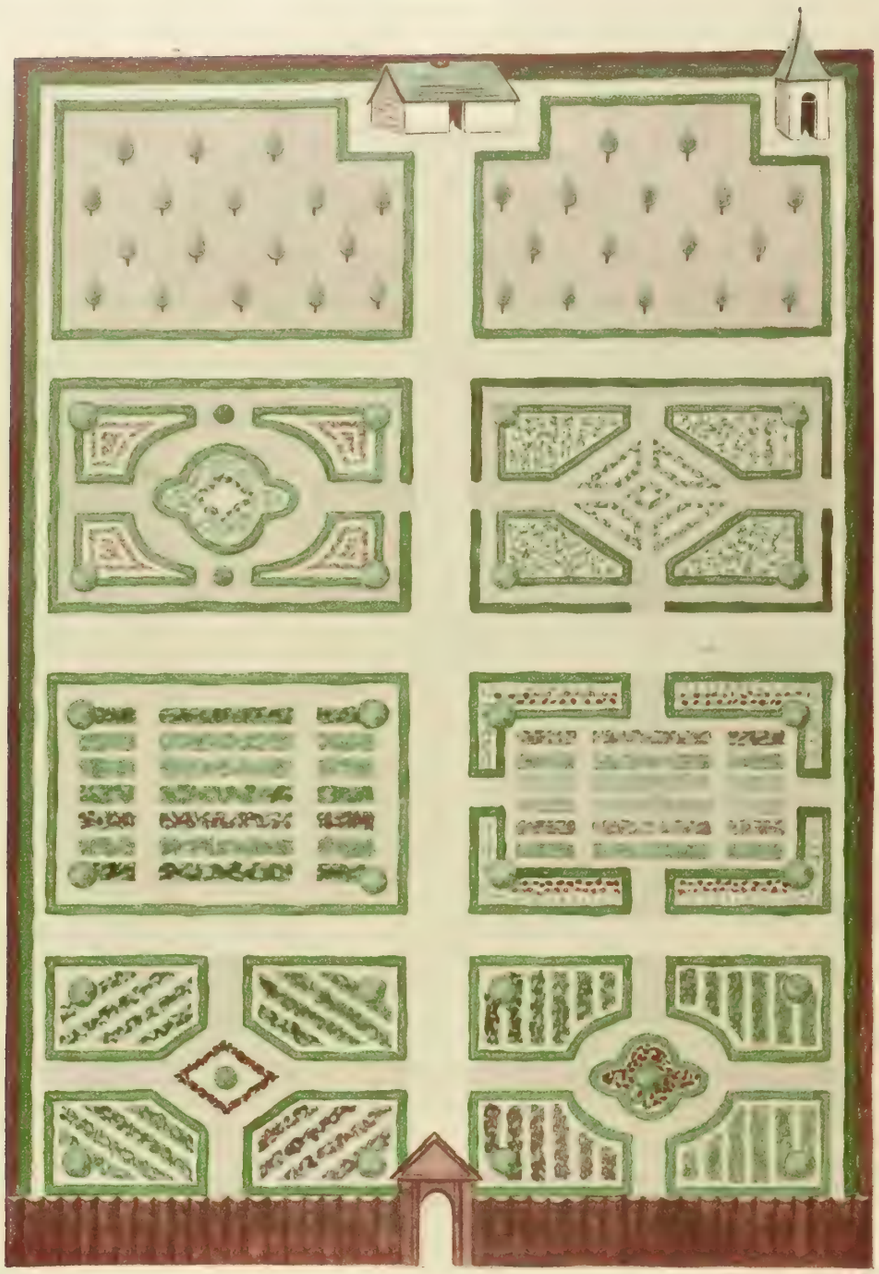
An interesting eighteenth-century estate, also on the East River,



THE I. P. MARTIN GARDEN — THE BLACKWELL SURVEY

was that of the Ketteltas family. The land, bought from Jacobus Cartier Thiess about 1767, bordered the East River about a block from where Bellevue Hospital now stands. As the drawing (on page 58) shows, the landscape architect when laying out the grounds followed the Dutch tradition of geometric planting; but uneven terrain caused him to make the large flower garden an unorthodox flatiron shape which must have been disturbing to his Dutch sense of horticultural propriety. Within the "flatiron," however, he was able to right matters, and his adroit pattern attained formality in spite of the imposed shape. Strictly geometrical and Dutchly precise, too, as the drawing reveals, is the landscape design he created for the section where the bluffs reach a point over the river.

Modern New York has its incongruities and inconsistencies—for example, its amazing skyline, the lowest average skyline of any great



DUTCH WEST INDIA COMPANY

EXPERIMENTAL GARDEN

city in the world, pierced by the tallest buildings in the world. In the nineteenth century, there was the contrast between the city that prided itself upon its "up-to-dateness," and the sprawling, shabby, rural life it had not succeeded in crowding out. The elevated railway of the 'Eighties, with its puffing engine, ran by sedate brownstone buildings, with here and there glimpses of the pseudo-Renaissance chateaux of the newly arrived "kings" and "barons" of industry and finance. Above 60th Street, however, it encountered squatters' shanties with their pigs, goats, and cabbage patches. On the West Side the richly shaded, leisurely rural old Bloomingdale Road was still fairly holding its own against the aggressions of the expanding city; and along Ninth Avenue, above 60th Street, a thriving foreign population worked in its potato fields in wooden shoes and exotic costumes as if there were no metropolis within a hundred miles.

New York's landed squires were gradually pushed out of their positions of advantage on the splendid river sites in what are now mid- or lower-city sections, and by the 'Seventies most of them had established country estates on Washington Heights. Here was the rugged grandeur dear to the Victorians, who liked to combine their elaborate gardens with scenery of the kind they read about in Sir Walter Scott. Some time between 1860 and 1864, a surveyor named Blackwell (his first name is not known) was commissioned to make a topographical survey of Washington Heights. He produced a manuscript map of several hundred sections covering all of the estates in the northwestern part of New York City. Blackwell's survey is now in the Municipal Building, but it was only about two years ago that its importance to historians, and to those interested in old New York estates, was discovered. This discovery was made by research workers of the Federal Art Project's Index of American Design who found that the maps, valuable in themselves, were made doubly so by Blackwell's annotations on the back. They found that he had made careful drawings which illustrated the exact arrangement of landscape details on the various tracts covered by the survey. Besides placing the main buildings, he had also given a full description of driveways, groupings of trees, greenhouses, garden structures, and other features that would ordinarily appear only on a landscape architect's plans.

One of the estates surveyed by Blackwell was that of Isaac P. Martin, at 171st Street and Fort Washington Avenue. The drawing (on page 59) is a reconstruction of the estate as it was in 1847—an interesting example of the early Victorian taste in landscape architecture, an exterior which, in sweeping scrolls and elaborate romantic effects, is a counterpart of the contemporary interior decoration. Andrew Jackson Downing, a true Victorian, had defined the word "picturesque" for his contemporaries, telling them it was power exposed. On Washington Heights there was an abundance of "power exposed" in the great, sheer rise of the Palisades, in the tall forest trees, and in the bold stretches of naked bedrock. On the Martin estate the Victorian ideal was achieved by a combination of the primitive with an intricate pattern of crescents and horseshoe bends, and the grotesque, contorted shapes of shrubs trimmed by topiary artists.

The Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive and 124th Street is on land that was once a part of the beautiful Claremont estate. (A small section of this land has recently been reclaimed by Park Commissioner Robert Moses.) The old township of Bloomingdale had not been entirely obliterated in the mid-nineteenth century. "Only at Eighth Avenue is the progress of the city stayed," wrote the commentator in Mrs. Eliza Greatorex's book of sketches, "Old New York," published in 1875. Claremont on the fringe of Bloomingdale, had therefore an approach that was still countrified. In the Greatorex book it is described as having a "succession of grassy knolls down to the river's edge," the grounds being covered with hemlocks, pines, maples, and oak trees. According to Stokes' "Iconography of New York," the mansion was built by a member of the Post family. (The Greatorex book states that it was built by Michael Hogan.) It was occupied for a time by Lord Courtenay, afterward Earl of Devon, who brought Lafayette's cook, Chaudlet, to cook for him there. After Lord Courtenay had gone back to England, the house was lived in for a time by Jerome Bonaparte. A painting of Claremont in 1855, now in the Museum of the City of New York, shows a part of the egg-shaped parterre reconstructed in the drawing on page 57. This parterre was a rococo design of an extreme type which would have been greatly admired in its day. Conspicuous in its artificiality against a background of wild beauty, it would appeal to the Victorian who would have found it not only "picturesque" but also "artistic."

One of the country's earliest plant testing establishments was the Dutch West India Company's experimental garden whose enclosing stockade extended from the site of the present Trinity Church on lower Broadway to the North River

The EPSOM DOWNS of the Tropics

Photographs, Miami News Service

TED RAMSAY

FRIDAY afternoons from early in January until mid-April find Nassau town literally deserted. All the stores are closed and shuttered, there is almost no traffic on Bay Street, and even such usual rendezvous of smart visitors as the Porcupine Club and Dirty Dick's are empty, for Friday is race day. As you drive out to the track at Montagu Park you follow (on the left side, of course) a lovely road that winds along the edge of the water; you see its brilliant blues and greens between the palms and sea grape trees and pass native women carrying bundles on their heads. Just beyond the golf course of the Bahama Country Club you turn into the final approach, under an impressive arch and then past the friendly gateman. Inside the park you find that the frantic bustle of every track you ever visited is curiously absent. From the spacious and comfortable stands the view is out across the mile track to the sparkling sea. Drinks are served anywhere in the club house or at the small tables that dot the lawn, and behind the stands are a large paddock and a board that lists the probable odds, opening, closing, and one mid-way. There are no bookmakers, the betting being conducted on a scale of pool mutuels.

A band plays as the horses file out of the paddock and pass the stands and then, after the tense moments at the post, the crowd roars "They're off!" It is the old familiar pattern of racing that raises the blood pressure of countless enthusiasts from Santa Anita to Epsom Downs but, somehow, horse racing in Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, is not quite the same. There is the colorful surge of bright silks and glistening bodies, the white roll of dust behind flying hoofs, and the mounting excitement as the eighth poles are passed, but still you feel that it is different. Some of the British Colonial charm of Nassau has been woven into the pattern and the result is entirely distinctive.

The horses will attract your attention first. There are races for three classes of horses: Thoroughbreds, horses of recognized English or United States bloodlines; half-breeds, which are produced by crossing native mares with imported Thoroughbred stallions; and natives, horses which were brought into the Bahamas so long ago that they have no traceable bloodlines. These native Bahamian ponies are much smaller and more lightly built than the Thoroughbreds. They won't measure up to your expectations of what racing horses should be but still they have stamina and courage. The half-breed races are the most popular. The mile record is held by Brooks-Carlisle, a six-year-old bay horse, with a time of 1.54. Slow by comparison with foreign time, but the track is built on sandy, tropical soil and even though the the horses are not apt to establish any

world's records, the day that Brooks-Carlisle made this mark was a gala event for Nassau. Bitter Spice, a four-year-old horse, holds two records made on successive Fridays. Four furlongs in .53 1/5 and six furlongs in 1.23. The biggest event of the year is for H. R. H. the Duke of Kent Cup for half-breeds. This cup was presented to the Racing Association on the Duke's last visit to Nassau and is raced for yearly during late February. In 1938 it was won by Morning Star. Most of the breeding and raising is carried on in the Exuma group, where the best pasturage in the Bahamas is to be found, and the horses are brought to Nassau, a hundred odd miles, as deck cargo on small sailing boats.

No large stable is owned by any one individual. Some of the horses belong to year-'round British residents who rate in English society; some of them belong to natives (blacks), and some to half-breeds—in fact you might even win a race horse for yourself on the flip of a coin during a drinking session around a Nassau bar—but, unlike regular racing, the track officials inform the owners when they can race their horses. They make up the card for the coming Friday and send out notices. The owners have no choice, except that they can scratch their horses when they wish. Horses of one class are never raced against those of another and handicapping is by weight based on performance regardless of age.

The jockeys are native boys but, although their technique is sometimes more amusing than effective, they work just as hard and ride just as fiercely as the best. Most of them are young, they are always proud of the bright silks they wear and in one respect they are at the pinnacle of their profession; nowhere is the "jockey strut" more pronounced than in Nassau. These boys must be over twelve years old before they are allowed to ride in races and must weigh more than 80 pounds (some of them weigh as much as one hundred and eighty), and they are graduated in November from the ranks of exercise boys when the trainer for whom they have worked during the off-season recommends them to the licensing committee. The leading jockey of last season was Alfred Glinton, riding for his second year. He was born in Nassau, is fifteen years old, and weighs eighty-two pounds.

Several years ago an American enthusiast purchased four race horses at Miami's Hialeah Park. One of them was a poor buy but had to be taken along with the other three, so, finding a loss on his hands, the new owner shipped the broken down Thoroughbred to Nassau for fun. The horse won his first start at Montagu Park so easily that at his next outing the track officials handicapped him with a jockey about the size of a veteran butcher of German descent weighing one hundred and eighty pounds or more. He won again. The third time out the horse was set back one hundred and fifty feet behind the start and not allowed to run until the field broke. Again he won. Competitively speaking, the British saw no amusement in the affair so they decided against allowing any more imported American Thoroughbreds to race on the Nassau track. It was an outrage, of course, but one big laugh to the American colony vacationing in Nassau, who had never in their lives seen a horse handicapped by distance in quite this manner. (*Continued on page 88*)

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL

Below: Mr. Harry McNair, Director of the Chicago International and one of the judges of the saddle horse classes

Above: Mrs. H. B. Heide and her son John Heide watch the show from a box. Mr. Heide, Sr., is an officer of the International Horse Show. Right: Mr. George J. Peak of Winchester, Ill. Mr. Peak has exhibited at the International since 1900

Above: Mr. H. R. Carter of Wheeling, West Virginia, with his prize Suffolk stallion, "Butterfield." Left: Mr. B. C. McClure of Chicago, owner of Mar Mac Farms and an exhibitor

In the judges' box above are Mrs. William Cox of Cohasset, Massachusetts, who came on to judge the Children's Classes, and Mr. R. E. Moreland of Lexington, Kentucky, one of the judges for Three and Five-Gaited Saddle Horses

Mrs. William B. McIlvaine, Jr., of Lake Forest, Ill., was one of the spectators at the Chicago Horse Show

Mr. W. J. O'Conner of Chicago, Secretary of the Horse Show Committee at the Chicago International

Above: Miss Louise Brydon and Lieutenant Wallace Wakeham. Left: Mr. James Emmett, Jr., and Miss Jane Markman, both from Hinsdale, Illinois, exhibitors at the Chicago Show

Spectators at the Chicago International were gathered from near and far. Below are Mr. and Mrs. E. Tauk and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Houshalter, visitors to the show from Thinesville, Wis.

Lieutenant L. Pachl, Lieutenant R. L. Johnson, and Captain W. S. Everett, members of the 124th Field Artillery "Hornets" polo team

Photographs by Gerald Young

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

ST. MORITZ, QUEBEC, TUXEDO PARK

Skiing at the Chateau Frontenac's ski fields at Lac Beauport, twelve miles out of Quebec, are, above, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crowley of New Haven

On the Silveretta rink at St. Moritz is Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, wife of the American Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, with two of her children, Jean and Teddy Kennedy

Massachusetts visitors to the Lac Beauport ski country developed by H. Smith-Johannsen, Miss Gladys Coffin and Miss Lee Watson of Boston

Going for a sleigh ride at Tuxedo Park are Miss Catherine S. Colt, driving the sleigh, and Theresa Adrian, her passenger

Above: More Massachusetts skiers visiting the Lac Beauport district, Mr. H. G. Pollard and Miss Sally Partchert of Lowell, Massachusetts

Left: Mrs. Crawford Blagden skating at the Tuxedo Ice Club

Vacationing at the Seigniory Club in the Province of Quebec are, left to right, Miss Fay Smith of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Dewey of Chicago, and Mr. Richard Herold of St. Moritz, out for a day's sport in the Valley Farm District

Right: Miss R. E. Wheelright of Newton, Mass., vacationing at the Chateau Frontenac

Crawford Blagden gives Crawford Junior a pick-a-back ride over ice at Tuxedo Park's lake

Miss Mary Porter of Westmount, P. Q. and Edward Deems, Jr., of Forest Hills, L. I., watching the ski joring races at the Seigniory Club

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flato of New York City set out for a day's sport from their country home on the Seigniory Club grounds

Mr. John Locke of Villa Nova, Pa., vacationing at the Seigniory Club during the holidays

Photographs by European, Canadian Pacific, Seigniory Club

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

SEA ISLAND, PINEHURST, PALM BEACH, AND LONG ISLAND

Honeymooning and bicycling at Sea Island, Georgia, are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Granville Williams of Cincinnati. She is the former Marian Ruth Rendigs

Right: The Belgian Ambassador to the United States, Count Van Der Straten Ponthoz golfing at Pinehurst, with the Countess his wife

Left: Stopping off at Sea Island in their sloop "Her Silia" are Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Etnier of Gilbert Head, Maine, on a leisurely cruise

Also honeymooning at Sea Island (above) are Mr. and Mrs. Karl R. Schoettle of Philadelphia. Mrs. Schoettle was formerly Miss Margaret Diss

Right: Spectators at the field trials of the Pointer Club of America, held at Pinehurst, are Mrs. Julian T. Bishop of Greenwich, Mrs. Louise Fownes Blue of Pittsburgh, and Mrs. John Weeks of New York and Easthampton

Left: Escaping the winter cold at Palm Beach are Mr. and Mrs. William Mairs Duryea of Westbury, Long Island, strolling along Worth Avenue

Above: Playing in the Father and Son Golf Tournament at Pinehurst are Mr. J. L. Hutton and his son William of Easthampton, L. I.

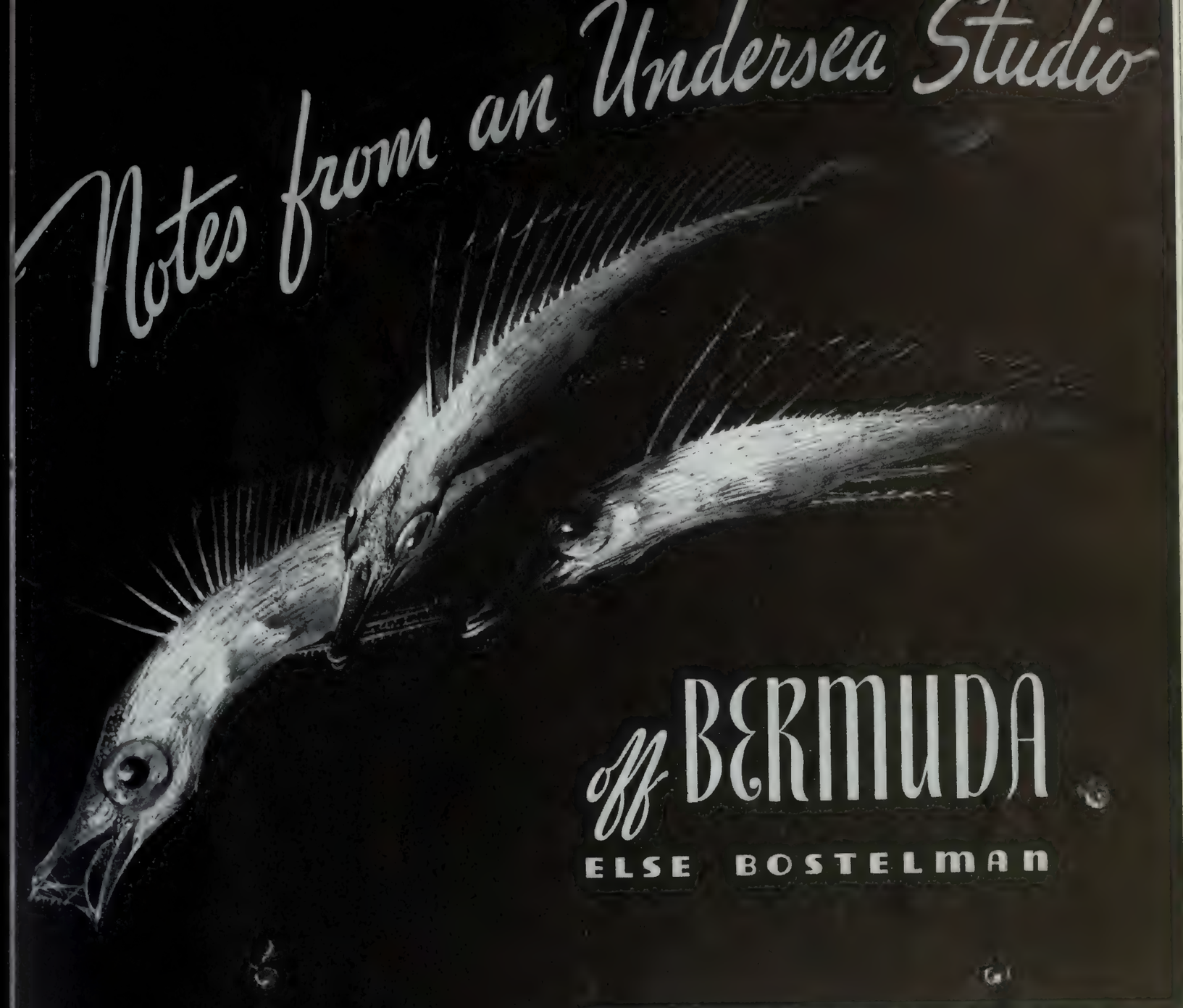
Above: Mr. W. R. Coe, Sr., chats with Jock Munroe, gamekeeper at Whippoorwill Farms in Smithtown, L. I.

Below: Out for a day's sport at Whippoorwill Farms. The shooting party, from left to right: W. R. Coe, Junior, Arthur Gwynne, Gerald M. Livingston, Buell Hollister, W. R. Coe, Senior, Ira Richards, W. H. Macy, and H. D. Macy

Photographs by Morgan, Rotofotos, Terhune, and Levick-Jones

Notes from an Undersea Studio off BERMUDA

ELSE BOSTELMAN



Our expedition launch was anchored several miles off the coast of Bermuda. The forty-foot metal ladder dangled loosely over the side. Making my first steps down, dressed in the usual bathing outfit, I felt suddenly suspended in a maze of turquoise-green color as I swayed uncertainly back and forth on the ladder which, at the moment, seemed without reliable support or stability. My hands clutched the iron chains—at least one of them did; the other held on with three fingers, while two grasped a small zinc engraver's plate to which was attached a steel pin. With this equipment I was to record the outlines of forms which I might see down below.

The waves were already playing around my shoulders when a gentle but heavy weight pressed me down and beneath the surface. The diving helmet had been put over my head and rested loosely on my shoulders.

At that moment the air pump started on board the launch. Even pumping brought fresh air from it through the long hose to the helmet. This enabled me to breathe naturally and at the same time kept the water in the helmet down to chin level. Being now below the waves, I felt practically nothing of the sixty pound burden of the copper helmet. The water had taken away the weight to the extent that I could feel myself just comfortably upright. Through the glass window in the helmet, I still saw the coastline with its white sand, its leaning cedars,

The Oceanographic Expeditions of the New York Zoological Society of Tropical Research, under the Directorship of Dr. William Beebe, were stationed at Nonsuch Island, Bermuda. Mrs. Bostelmann was staff artist on four of these expeditions. The amazing fish depicted by her on these two pages are deep sea forms, not the types she painted during the underwater experiences described in her article.—Editors

and its little houses among which was my island home. But all were now distorted in a very unnatural way by the surface ripples.

Hesitantly, step by step, I went downward, thrilled with the expectancy of the vast unknown. Suddenly, at about ten feet, it seemed as if I could not go one step farther. A painful sensation in my ears tried to rob me of the joy of this experience. I remembered the instructions given me before starting that first descent; they were to swallow frequently in order to relieve the increasing pressure in my ears. Possibly I did swallow—I do not remember; but, looking down, I saw that the seascape was coming to meet me. I gazed into a magnificent valley with peaks of tall coral reefs, swaying sea-plumes, slender gorgonions, purple sea-fans. Forgotten then was all pain—I must go down just a few steps more, and a few more.

Then—I had touched bottom, the softest, whitest sand imaginable, in which the gentle current had designed symmetrical ripples. I had descended to fairyland, six fathoms below the surface—thirty-six feet as landsmen know them, roughly equivalent to the height of a small, two-story house.

I felt as though I were viewing a grand stage setting. Vertical sunbeams broke through the absolute brightness of these levels. Spellbound, I feasted my eyes on fantastic coral formations which, only a short distance away, faded into blue shadowy silhouettes, building themselves up into columns and castles of unknown architecture. Bridges, as I approached them, proved to be bent-over sea-plumes; slender corals reared in the near distance like phantom towers. Everywhere absolute stillness—yet ceaseless activity. For all these formations are colonies of tiny living creatures which, during untold years, have been building their coral dwellings one upon another, the new upon the old.

And yet, with all the brilliancy of my immediate surroundings, I instantly missed some essential colors as an artistic necessity. All the delicious hues of greens, bright yellows, oranges, and mustard-color shades gave soft and unusual effects, but there was no red to be seen anywhere, nor the delightful purple of the sea-fans which I had seen two fathoms higher up during my descent. At this depth those two colors have already disappeared as far as human observation is concerned and my red bathing suit, the red sea anemones, and the purple gorgonions all appeared just gray. Were one to descend deeper, more colors would become invisible; the sun's rays seemingly swallow them. However, to dive much deeper is not advisable. The water pressure might make the experience less enjoyable, and the light would be dimmer and the seascape rather colorless.

Out of the dusk came, shadowlike, a school of silverfish, sparkling like burnished metal. Gayly colored parrotfish passed me fearlessly, ignoring me as if I had been some natural growth of that region. Translucent jellyfish, infinitely more enchanting than butterflies in our upper gardens, drifted by.

I could not resist the temptation to try to break off a small piece of coral from what I thought was a near-by branch—but my hand grasped empty space! I did not know then that, under water, distance fools one, so that my coral was still a little way off though it seemed so close by. When, finally, I reached the branch that the castle builders of the deep had constructed (and who knows how long it had taken them?), they resented my instrusion and gave me a sting that served to remind me for a long time that "coral picking" at these levels is forbidden.

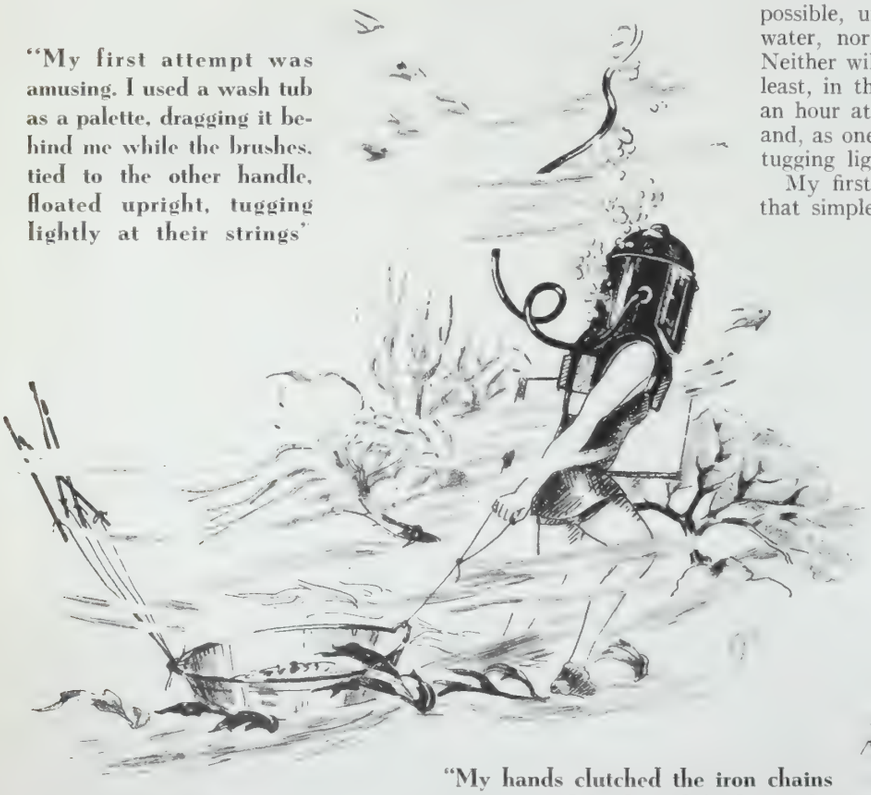
Absorbed in my new relationship of being face to face with all the fascinating denizens of the depths, suddenly I was again distracted by the consciousness of human feeling. Some of the nosy little creatures around me, tiny fish with the courage of whales, had decided to investigate the intruder and had begun to nibble at my arms and legs, very gently, but in a way to make me realize that, after all, I did not belong to this underworld.

The air hose was long enough to permit me to walk around freely, but that was not so easily done. I had been told to bend my knees slightly when walking on the ocean floor, but even then walking was more of a gentle floating and drifting over the ground, done very, very slowly. My movements reminded me of slow-motion pictures in which galloping horses come down to earth like lazy snowflakes. And to draw on my zinc plate with my steel pencil proved quite a difficult matter. It seemed unbelievable how slowly I was able to bring my right hand up to the left one which held the zinc plate so I could make my notes. Also I had to be very careful not to bend my head, for if I did my helmet would most likely tumble off and I, released from its weight which held me down, would ascend in the quickest way—without using the ladder. Knowing that I would in this way return almost instantly to the upper world gave me a feeling of security in this new medium.

SINCE that first descent, I have dived many times in different waters around Bermuda. But the greatest fun was actually to paint at the bottom of the ocean. After I had descended, my painting outfit was lowered by ropes from the boat. Generally I used an iron music stand for an easel on which was tied my frame covered with stretched canvas. My palette was weighted with lead and on it were squeezed gobs of color in all the rainbow hues. The use of wet colors under water in this way might at first strike one as impossible, unbelievable. But oil colors have never yet mixed with water, nor have they ever lost their brilliancy in this medium. Neither will the usual oil canvas be changed by salt water—not, at least, in the time that I used to stay down which was about half an hour at a stretch. My brushes were securely tied to the palette and, as one can imagine, floated with their wooden handles upright, tugging lightly at their strings and bobbing in the gentle current.

My first attempt at undersea painting, before I had settled on that simple and efficient procedure, was (*Continued on page 102*)

"My first attempt was amusing. I used a wash tub as a palette, dragging it behind me while the brushes, tied to the other handle, floated upright, tugging lightly at their strings"



"My hands clutched the iron chains as I swayed back and forth on the ladder. The waves played around my shoulders as a gentle weight pressed me down—the diving helmet . . ."

Sketches by
THE AUTHOR

FOREST LODGE

Redlynch Park, the estate of Margaret, Countess of Suffolk, Somerset, England, presents a rightabout-face to Forest Lodge

The Arizona estate of Margaret, Countess of Suffolk

MARTHA B. DARBYSHIRE

Lady Suffolk had every reason to know as much about Arizona as any of us. She was Margaret Leiter of Chicago before her marriage. When she came to Tucson for a two months' stay, she was back on native ground. She liked it. Time is not motion on the desert. The tempo is more that of England than the reckless high gear of America. The dry atmosphere and the concentrated dose of sun which Arizona's cloudless sky pours out, agreed with her.

The two months passed quickly, leaving a lot of unfinished business in the form of new house plans. Yes, the Forest Lodge Estate was already purchased and the architect employed. Everyone rides and drives in Tucson, and Lady Suffolk enjoys both. Scouting for a desirable location on which to build had merely meant regulating the daily rides and drives to a charted survey of the surrounding country with a definite objective in view.

Nine or ten miles north of Tucson there is a sand trail that leads off from

Maynard L. Parker

The winding road leading in from the main highway here crosses a bridge over an arroyo and turns back into the front courtyard. Left: terrace view at Lady Suffolk's English estate, Redlynch Park

the paved road out across the desert toward the Catalina mountains. How Lady Suffolk found it is a mystery but she did and the discovery ended her search. By good fortune six hundred and forty acres, adjoining a government reserve, was available. Back along the winding old road, half a mile from the highway, Lady Suffolk located the house site. Tucked almost under the mountain's feet the house is secluded, giving privacy, and yet conveniently located near a main thoroughfare.

Lady Suffolk chose an ultra-modern type of architecture. Modern architecture, she admitted, might be difficult and unfriendly to handle in a residential neighborhood where the near-by houses insist upon defiantly boasting about past traditions, but out by itself, on

The dining room at Forest Lodge has an Italian travertin floor and oyster white walls and casement curtains. Cherry red lacquer chairs and sideboard set off the ebony table. The living room has a sand-colored hand-tufted rug

The modern house fits in perfectly with the flat planes and sharp-cut mountains of the desert

The bath, with Italian travertin floor and an interesting use of glass brick

The view out of the main entrance door. Right: The view window in the living room

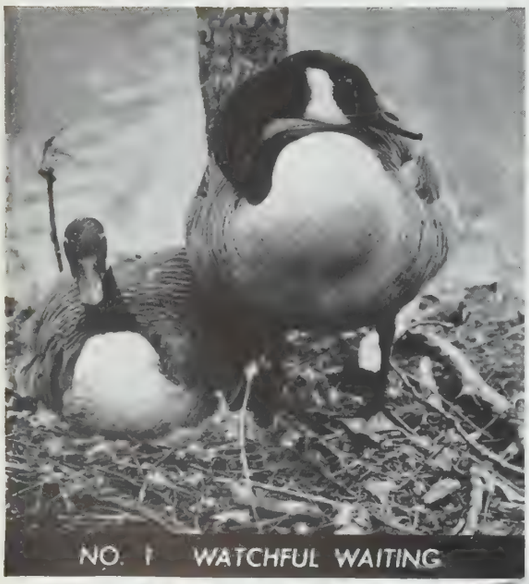
a vast desert with a background of mountains as austere as its own walls, modern architecture, she contended, should be in its glory.

She was right, absolutely. The straight lines of the house stepped down in easy strides from roof to decks, to veranda and on to the ground, where the desert picks up the ends and runs with them out over vast sand stretches. Yes, the desert and the bald-walled, streamlined house are of one mind. Even the most anti-modernist would have to admit the great planes of the desert, broken only by the dynamic design of the giant cacti and the sheer, sharp-cut skyline of the mountains is, at last, a background in which the modern house settles down without argument and the two live happily ever afterward.

Close relationship suggests, not only unity in purpose of thought, but some resemblance in face and form. Lady Suffolk wanted her house to be of a similar complexion to that of the sun-tanned desert and the coppery rose-tinted mountains. Try, though, to tell anyone to mix nature's colors. To begin with, no two people see the colors alike. Much better to let nature supply her own sample. In an arroyo, not far distant, Lady Suffolk (*Continued on page 93*)

KNIGHT IN GRAY ARMOR

BEN EAST



NO. 1 WATCHFUL WAITING

Editor's Note

The following sequence of photographs was taken on the banks of the Pere Marquette River, thirty miles inland from Lake Michigan's eastern shore and five hundred miles south of the normal summer home of this pair of wild geese

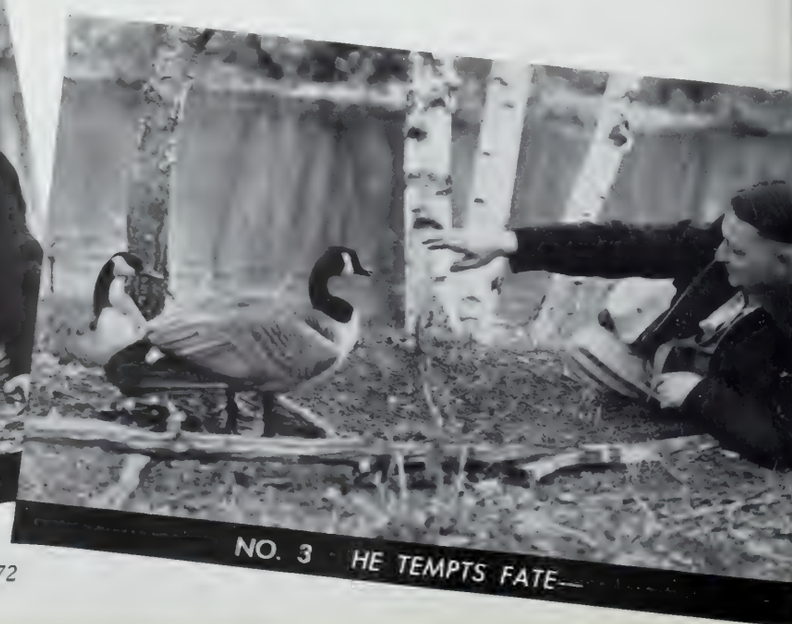
Photographs by the author

OF COURSE you know the wild geese! Maybe you've crouched in a sinkbox of a cold November morning on a sand pit that ran far out into the bay, with a flock of callers staked out in front. Or maybe it was in a cornshock blind beside a Midwest wheatfield, and the time was December, with a light fall of snow on the iron-hard ground. You clamped your chattering teeth together and strained your eyes for a thin black line along the horizon above the lead-gray sea or the level fields. At last you saw it, and it came on, and you felt the frost-thickened blood hammering in your ears when the wedge slanted down, wings set, necks craned, honking a wary, questioning greeting to your treacherous layout on the ground.

Perhaps you've lain awake in the cold and rainy nights of early autumn and listened to the clarion flight talk, like the distant belling of small hounds, as a flock circled low above your roof. Bewildered geese, lost in the rain and fog, wing-weary from the long journey. And your heart quickened to the spell of their wild voices in the darkness and the storm.

Or maybe you've watched them drive their living spearheads across the high blue vault of the spring sky, faring on, unfaltering and steadfast, toward their summer homes in the bleak and desolate marshes far to the north. You dropped your work and turned your face up and stared after them until they were only a line of tiny

NO. 2 SCOTT IS TOLERATED



NO. 3 HE TEMPTS FATE—

pecks in the far distance, until the last wind-shredded note of their voices no longer carried back to you. And you felt dim longings stir. You wondered where they were going, on what wilderness-cloistered lake or barren tundra the flock would rest when the spring dusk came down. Somewhere in you was born a vague, unspoken wish to go along. I reckon maybe it was the wild geese that first set the soul of man afire and fanned to forge-heat his dream of flying! But however you've known wild geese, until you have seen them at their nest on a lonely marsh or beside a wilderness river, you do not know them at all. The home of the gray goose is his castle. Until you have watched him defend it, heard his anxious honking ring across the marsh, seen him come charging with never a thought for odds; until you've watched his mate rise from her eggs raging and hissing, daring you to cross the drawbridge—until you have seen and heard these things you cannot know the wild goose for what he is, a nobleman among waterfowl and a stout lad indeed in a brawl!

I waited half a lifetime to see Sir Whitecheeks stand on the sill of his castle and fight with bare black bill and bare wing knuckles in defense of his wife and nursery. And it was well worth the wait.

Wife is the right word, too. No paramours, no succession of mistresses for this sturdy gallant of the marshlands. No passing affairs of a single summer on a grassy headland under the midnight sun, lightly begun and swiftly forgotten. No casual winter dalliance in the salt marshes off the Louisiana coast. No two-timing, no cheating. When a pair of them say "I do" on a willow-bordered lake on their first flight into the North they say it for keeps, barring things that befall beyond the control of geese or men. He's a gentleman of old-fashioned virtues and lasting devotion, this wide-winged gray migrant. He lives by the same stern code he sets for the lady of his choice, content with domestic joys, the renewed ecstasies of the seasons, the long journeys of fall and spring.

There's a story I recall, of a "naturalist" who stumbled upon the nest of a wild goose on the shore of a lake in the northern barrenlands and was promptly drubbed into an undignified retreat for his pains. I read it, as a youngster in a country school, nearly thirty years ago. I waited those thirty years to taste for myself the thrill of that story.

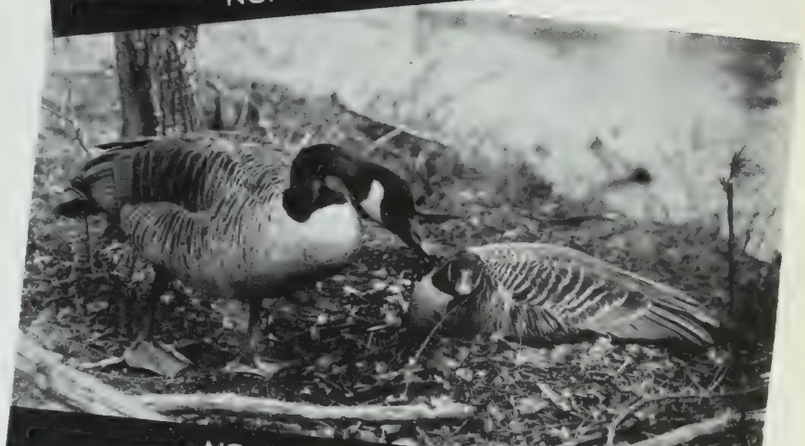
I'll never know how the pair of wild geese came to nest on the bank of the Pere Marquette river, thirty miles inland from the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, five hundred miles south of their normal summer home. It had been maybe fifty years since a wild goose had been known to nest in that region.

The origin of this single pair remains a mystery. Maybe they were migrants from a passing flock that dropped in on the river to rest at nightfall, found the wooded shores and the wild country to their liking, and decided there was no cause to travel farther.

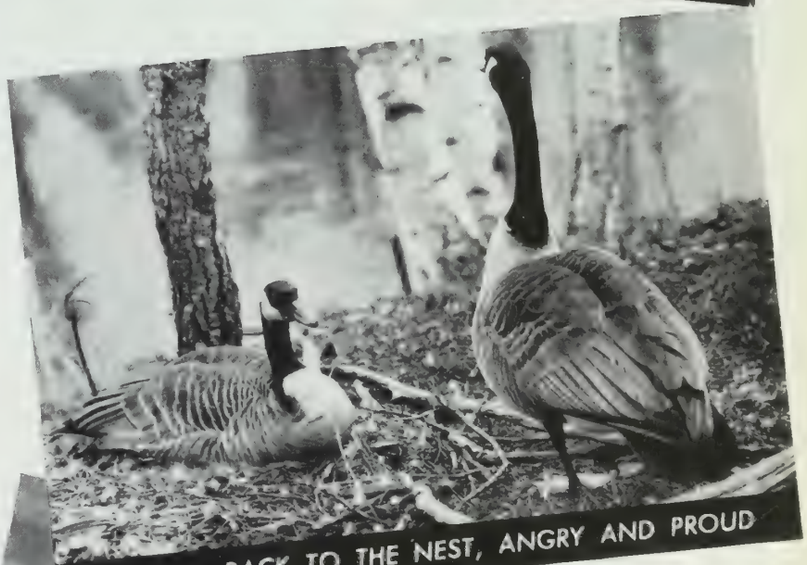
Or there is a chance they were refuge reared. Two big waterfowl sanctuaries in Michigan are trying hard to bring back the wild goose as a nesting bird in the state. A half century ago it was a common summer resident on Michigan marshes. But the country was cleared and drained, and gunners harassed the flocks, and the geese left as the frontier retreated, seeking seclusion in the bleak land to the north, beyond the green Algoma wilderness.

Now the Kellogg Bird Sanctuary near Battle Creek, fifty miles north of the Indiana border, and the United States Biological Survey's Waterfowl Refuge, on the barren Seney marshes up in the Lake Superior country, are doing what they can to entice the wild geese back to Michigan's summer marshes. The two refuges keep big flocks of pinioned geese that nest in (*Continued on page 96*)

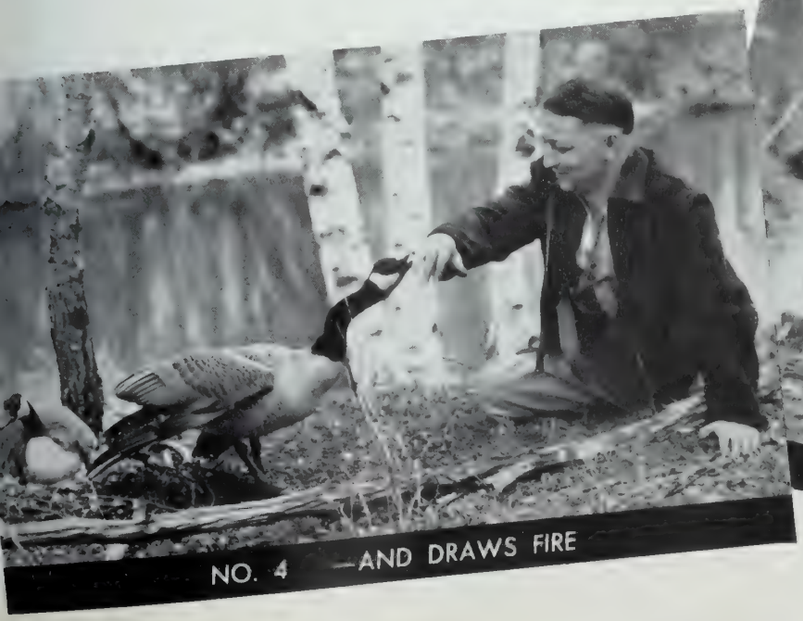
NO. 8 ON WATCH TOGETHER



NO. 7 HE REASSURES HER



NO. 6 BACK TO THE NEST, ANGRY AND PROUD



NO. 4 —AND DRAWS FIRE

NO. 5 THE END OF THE ROUND

ACCENT ON WILD BIRDS

The tree swallow delivers her groceries on the fly

Photograph by the author

RAYMOND S. DECK

THERE are endless devices, of course, for highlighting the country place, for giving it sparkle. Some country dwellers lean toward exotic plantings; some to distinctive fences. More countrymen than one maintain an effective horsy note from driveway clear to guestroom. But barely a place is there in the land, from the broadest California ranch to the most compact estate in Westchester, that wouldn't take on new interest from an accent on nesting birds.

Perhaps February seems an odd month for looking at spring and nesting birds. Snow in profusion doesn't savor of warm sunlight and bubbling wrens. Still, if you'll listen sharp, before the month is done you may hear the rolling tattoo of woodpeckers struck already with the spark of spring; and the portentous lesser tappings of chickadees digging holes in punky birch.

Why spring is just around the corner! It's time to nail new bird-boxes for bluebirds to limbs in the orchard. The day has arrived for loosing the hinged floor of the wren box in the grape arbor to scoop out the twigs which brown bobtailed Jenny stuffed in there in '38. And there are shelves, I trust, in your spruces and maples, where still lie the muddy frames of robin nests which once bore blue eggs and speckled fledglings. Clean out every nesting site on the place if you would be a thrifty landlord. Of course this phoebe or that robin might well enough return to redecorate last year's tumble-down nest, but even these easy-going souls might rather find things shipshape. Don't delay too long the day of refurbishing. Lease-hungry birds are starting north today in a flood like that of human apartment-hunters in September.

The importance of having every nesting site on the place clean when the prospective tenants arrive doesn't hinge on any special squeamishness among birds. Wild things will overlook a share of good clean dirt. But "furnished apartments" exist only in the human cosmos. A nesting box or hole in a limb, or a crotch stuffed up with nesting material appear to a house-hunting bird as one already occupied; and trespass and eviction among birds are not as popular as among us more spiritual humans.

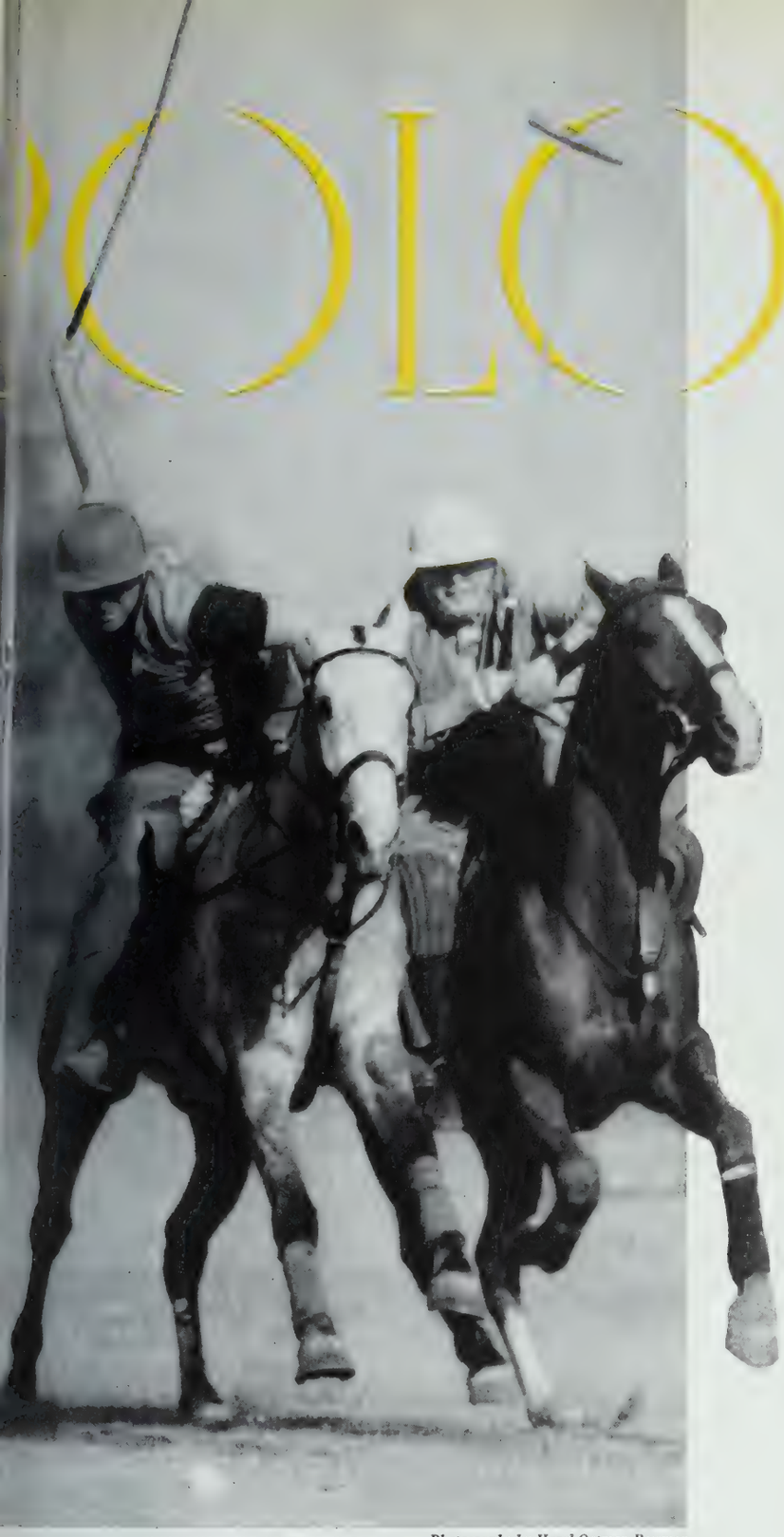
Of course there are a lot of ways of attracting spring and summer birds, quite apart from the business of setting out plenty of bird-shelves and houses. But there still is more trick to getting the nesting sites occupied than many people realize. The commonest mistake made in placing birdhouses, perhaps, is locating them too deep among trees. Airy places are better. The kinds of birds given to accepting man-made nesting sites are not comfortable either in groves or on stark tree trunks. The instinct of ages teaches birds that weasels and such marauders are more plentiful in such localities than food is. It's best to locate boxes in half sunny places where vermin can't lurk unseen; on fence-posts and such; head-high on the trunks of young trees; in the angles of trellises or arbors in the garden; beneath the eaves of buildings less than fifteen feet up.

Any post or trunk supporting a birdhouse should be guarded by a down-sloping cone of sheet-metal or wire screen, to prevent cats from climbing up for a meal or bit of sport. And every box should be mounted at a generous angle toward the ground so rain can't beat in freely. (Every natural nesting hole you've ever seen was on the underside of a sloping limb or inclined trunk; or else sheltered from stormy weather by leaves and twigs.) And the "half-sunny" angle to locating a bird-box determines whether many a bird house will have a tenant.

It has always been a source of wonderment to me that birds anticipate at nest building time just where leaves are going to appear later, and in what direction they will cast their shade. I've watched robins build nests in the lowest crotches of high-topped cherry trees; catbirds fashion their (*Continued on page 100*)

POLO from the Near-Side

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.



Photographs by Hazel Oatman Bowman

Roy Barry and H. A. Fitzsimons in action at San Antonio

It was snowing heavily outside. It was near zero. And the wind was howling a gale. The next day the papers were to say that it was the most miserable Thanksgiving, from the point of view of Old Man Weather, in forty-eight years, or something like that, and added that below-freezing temperatures were to be expected from then on throughout the long old winter. The bleak drive in from the Meadow Brook Club, virtually deserted at this time of the year, took a good—or bad—two hours.

Anyway, it was dark by the time we slipped and slid, trudged and struggled slowly by the World's Fair grounds, with the loyal little windshield wiper ticking merrily like a metronome. And the snow was still falling—so deep by that time, it must have been up to Grover Whalen's carnation—when someone in the auto who had noticed our California license plates, a hopeful hold-over from last year's very pleasant polo winter, said, jokingly:

"One thing about you native Californians I like—you're not too proud to put heaters in your cars!" This, presumably, was *very* funny—especially when we might just as well break down and confess that we had no heater. But we couldn't laugh. For too long that afternoon we had wandered around in the bitter cold watching a hardy young gentleman-sportsman, Seward Cary, of Buffalo and New York, who has played polo for only fifty-seven years, working his ponies over the snow-swept Salisbury plains. And about that time our hands were more frigid than the ice in Madison Square Garden and we could hardly keep them on the wheel. Snow sifted through where the window next to the driver, whoever he was, had been lowered a little to keep the frosted windshield from getting fogged on the inside too as we crawled perilously across the ice-glazed Triborough Bridge. And by the time we reached home through the snarled traffic over city streets already bumpy with snow and slush, we were sure we had lumbago or pneumonia, or both, and it hurt us to move, to speak, or even to smile. And then, "at long last" we got inside, and the telephone was ringing. And we rubbed our hands, picked up the receiver, and heard what the voice on the other end of the wire had to say.

Believe it or not, it was our "boss" on this very beautiful magazine. "Do you suppose," the voice asked, "that it would be possible for you to hop into that car of yours after Christmas; meander down through the warm Southern states; find your way through the swampland and semi-tropical jungles of Spanish moss and cypress for a few days at Palm Beach and Delray where the Florida sun will shine down on the crack low-goal polo that the Phipps family are planning down there along the palm-lined banks of the turquoise Gulf Stream; and go on through the great ranching and polo pony breeding and Southwest tournament centers of Texas; and eventually join the British forces, wintering at Del Monte, and report the progress of the English team right through all their California games; and drop in at Aiken, South Carolina, en route home in late April for a last-minute preview of the American Big Four, practicing there on the eve of the great International Polo Matches on Long Island in June?"

Well, the speaker should have been out of breath. We know we were. And at first too frozen to answer. Yet there was no haste or excitement in our tone of voice as we spoke with one of our more calm Bostwick Field efforts, into the mouthpiece. Editors, with all due apologies, have a way of changing their minds if a humble reporter waxes too enthusiastic and we'd taken all the chances of being left out in the cold that we wanted to risk for that day.

"Of course, it's a tough assignment—" we drawled laconically, "but I suppose it might be arranged. . . ." And then we whistled the first few bars of the best old theme song of all—"California Here I Come." In fact, by the time you read this, we'll be long "Gone With The Wind."

But have you ever been to Llano, Texas? That's where we stopped off last year on a similar trip, and that's where we'll be during January. That also happens to be the little cow town that has a sign blazing across the head of the main street, "Welcome to the home of Cecil and Rube," or some such greeting that means strong language in polo talk the world over. Llano, incidentally, though it really isn't incidental, is also the home town of polo scribe Hazel Oatman Bowman, whose facile pen and attractive personality accompanied us on Charles B. Wrightsman's triumphant polo invasion of Mexico City last year with Mr. Wrightsman's world-famed Texas Rangers, a team that won all the principal high-goal tournaments in England last summer, besides those in California last winter, and boasts none other than 10-goal Cecil Smith at No. 2. Last year the Texas Rangers in California also had 10-goal Stewart Iglehart at No. 3 in its celebrated line-up, and this year for the big West Coast tourneys and special matches against the visiting British International squad, it is expected at this writing that Mr. Wrightsman's team will again ride with Smith and Iglehart, with team-leader Wrightsman up forward at the lead-off post and an up-and-coming Texas player, Roy Barry, at Back.

Heading South to Texas' Winter Polo Headquarters

Rube Williams, Texas star, adjusts his leathers between periods in game held at Brackenridge Park

Mrs. Lea Aldwell, Mrs. Rube Williams, Lea Aldwell, Lt. Col. Tom Hastey, and Miss Hastey chat at Randolph Field

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mather of San Antonio after lunching with General Quinones to arrange the Texas-Mexico match

E. G. Bradley, Willis Hartman, Rube Goodnight and Clarence Starks, Wichita players wintering in San Antonio, Texas

Left: Lt. Col. James A. Watson, retired, now managing San Antonio polo, talks with Cecil Smith and Charles Wrightsman

Cecil Smith has fully recovered from his injuries of last summer's Open Championship on Long Island and is said to be hitting the ball farther than ever before.

But to get back to Hazel Oatman Bowman—to talk to her on Texas polo is to get right down to polo "Good Earth." A lot of the polo in Texas is played on dirt or "skin" fields, though very expertly oiled and true, fast-playing surfaces at that. (The big dirt field at George Miller's famous Polo Ranch at San Antonio is as wide and smooth as Meadow Brook's International Field). Mrs. Bowman is a newspaperwoman as well as a good housekeeper and gracious hostess—we can hardly wait to tear into one of her barbecues as we write this—and though she calls herself a housewife and a homebody, she rides those pinto ponies of hers like Tommy Hitchcock swinging down No. 1 Field on Tobiano in the good old days. Before we run into her again in January she will have been to Mexico City once more with another Texas polo invasion of the picturesque capital city below the Border. But when we throw over the anchor in "San Antone," as San Antonio is affectionately referred to by the Texans, she'll be there to meet us and, in exchange for high-goal polo news from the Eastern seaboard, she'll give us the local polo dope around her part of the world.

So we'll make a tour with her way down South there in old San Antonio. Racing pell-mell for the ball across Miller Field we'll see Texas' own cowboy son and idol, Cecil Smith, if we get there before he ships the Wrightsman string on January 25th to California. We'll see Rube Williams, Lea Aldwell, York Ratliff, or Tom Mather reverting to type, as cowboys will, in their (*Continued on page 98*)

The three Barry brothers from Oklahoma City, all three-goal men. Left to right: Harold, Bill, Roy

Left: Bill Braid, popular polo player from McLean, Illinois, talking with Ted Voigt of San Antonio, a former Army player who often referees the San Antonio polo games

Above: General Jesus Jayme Quinones and Senora Quinones of Piedras Negras, Coahuila, Mexico, in San Antonio to discuss arrangements for a Texas team to play in Mexico

Left: Talking it over after a match at Harbord Field. Jack Semons of Boston and York Ratliff of Llano discuss the game

Watching from the sidelines at Brackenridge Park are, left to right: Bill Braid, Lee Downs, Hobart Reed and Rube Goodnight

DESIGN IN NATURE'S SILHOUETTES

FLORENCE K. TOMLINSON

TRI-SYMMETRY

Tri-symmetry is one of the most beautiful forms of balance in nature. In the inanimate realm the snowflake is an interesting example. In the plant world, this principle expresses itself repeatedly in leaves and flowers. Three plants that exemplify this particularly well are clover, trillium, and iris as shown here

To appreciate nature fully, the arts, and the life about us, one should know the fundamental laws of design. These laws are most easily observed and understood in plant life. Nature is full of undiscovered beauty and order, not alone microscopic, but unobserved by many who have not learned to notice or acquaint themselves with Nature's laws. We find that we improve not only our vision but our hearing and feeling as well; for music, architecture, sculpture, literature, the dance, and painting all have as their fundamentals these same laws of design which may be called the basic rules of art. They deal with line, form, and space. They can also be applied to color in painting, weaving, or to any use of color.

CONTRAST and VARIETY

Contrast and variety must be studied to be recognized in mass and line. In plants the shape of the flowers and buds usually contrasts with that of the leaves, but often so gradually that the transition is hard to see. Two common examples illustrating this are indian paintbrush and cerastium

SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

SYMMETRICAL BALANCE and UNITY

No other form of balance is so stately as that exemplified in a plant or art form in which two opposite sides have similarity. Slight variety only adds interest. The clearest example of obvious balance in design is based upon symmetry, the repetition of the same form on both sides of a central axis as in these stems

A good design is by its very order always simple, but not all simple designs are good. Design is orderly arrangement. A pattern may be intricate and yet not be superfluous embellishment if it obeys the laws of order. In any good design, whatever the article may be, service or use is always the first requirement. Works of primitive men and women prove that they, too, borrowed the principles of design from nature and followed them in their arts.

Practically everything we use has been designed, sometimes well, sometimes ill. We should learn to recognize good design as recognition generally means appreciation of the finer forms. Practically everyone is a designer a good portion of his life—whether it be in landscaping a garden, penning a letter, or decorating a room.

RHYTHM and SEQUENCE

When lines seem to flow, and when forms repeat, a rhythm is created. The repeated form is even more beautiful in progressive growth leading to a flower or a cluster of flowers. This rhythmic repetition of lines and the easy transition from line to line create a harmonious unified whole. Here the common yarrow

BI-SYMMETRY and RADIATION

An excellent example of the principle of bi-symmetry is found in many seed pods. Radiation is also expressed by these maple keys and leaves. Soft and sharp edges always add interest and variety to what might otherwise be a dull pattern. The lost and found outlines also contribute to the design's interest and charm

In the illustrations, harmony and unity are expressed throughout. Many of the terms in design overlap and often many terms will be found exemplified in one tiny plant. Systematic growth of parts leading to dominant sequences naturally forms harmony.

When the flow of line is harmonious and the forms are repeated rhythmically, all parts taking their special part in forming a satisfactory and relative whole, unity results. Many, many good examples could have been chosen. Study the examples here given and you will soon recognize and appreciate them yourself. If we go to nature in all humility and search diligently, we will be rewarded. Nature is a generous teacher, and we can apply these fundamental principles in our daily life, thereby broadening and enriching it.

BALANCE and RADIATION

Radiation is the term used to designate the growth of various parts from a central spot or axis in a design. There are many beautiful examples of radiation in plant life: Petals on a flower, or leaves growing from a stalk or base. Usually the units are relatively spaced so as to create a graceful balance, e.g. this viburnum

Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

THE resignation of Mr. F. J. Bryan, "The Judge," after thirty years' service as Secretary of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, will be universally deplored. I use the word, "service," intentionally, for during his long association with the American turf he never failed to serve the best interests of racing. In announcing Judge Bryan's resignation, Mr. Henry W. Bull said, *inter alia*, "For a period of thirty years, racing in this country has had no greater asset than Frank J. Bryan. An indefatigable worker and with the love of racing deeply inborn, his efforts have consistently been toward the raising of standards. As an official in the steward's stand, as racing secretary and as handicapper, his honesty and efficiency have never been questioned. He and the late Mr. Walter S. Vosburgh might well be named the two great 'incorruptibles' of racing."

These are true words and yet they fall short, perhaps, in summing up the Judge's contribution. The work of every such responsible official must be, in the nature of things, largely disciplinary and negative, yet the Judge contrived—because he was a good judge—to make his rulings, however drastic, however forcible his "thou shalt not's," positive and constructive. If a sinner showed hope of redemption the Judge would explain the reason behind his punishment and the philosophy of the Rules of Racing. He labored with jockeys and trainers and owners and other officials, and with the ignorant public, to teach them that racing was not merely an institution for making or losing money, but fundamentally a great and historic sport. He taught them that if the sportsmanlike traditions of the turf were forgotten or debased, the whole structure of racing would fall to pieces as a discredited and disreputable gambling game. He was not, of course alone in preaching this doctrine, but none among the high priests was more consistent and none persevered more faithfully than he.

Particularly the Judge has been concerned with organizing and supervising hunt race meetings and in this capacity he has been a great builder of amateur sport. Horse racing is a matter of opinion but the gentleman rider is the upholder of a code of life. To that honorable fraternity Judge Bryan has been a father confessor and advisor. It would be impossible to exaggerate the good lessons he has taught and the constructive things he has done.

I do not know what the Judge intends to do in the coming years. That his activities will be concerned with racing is as certain as anything can be certain; that his efforts will be for the good of the sport is equally guaranteed. Wherefore we wish him not only one Happy New Year, but many of them.

Enforced labor

In the old days when This Department was editor of "The Sportsman," every this year's end and every next year's beginning were turned into drear, grisly periods by the fact that my partners insisted that I should write a "Review of the Year in Sport." I was utterly unsuited for that purpose. I knew little and cared less about certain activities which enchanted vast numbers of my fellow men. Bowling, bicycling, basketball, trapshooting, gymnastics, weight lifting, etc., etc., have always left me cold with an Antarctic chill. A citizen might shoot five hundred clay pigeons in a row or chin himself a thousand times and yet those records could have been placed in the most sensitive section of the cornea of either of my eyes without causing the slightest irritation. I would not have known that they were there.

Aside from this insensitiveness to vital activities in the great world of sport was the fact that a review of the year meant a great deal of work and, frankly, I hate work. It meant rereading the sporting sections of the newspapers for 365 days and culling from that material large, vague generalizations about which was the best three-year-old of the year or the outstanding Graeco-Roman wrestler. Spurred by the taunts and sneers of my partners, I staggered through this hideous drudgery year after year, never flattering myself for one moment that anyone would be imbecile enough to read my synopsis of the sporting scene, and yet writing it doggedly. I can only attribute this perennial performance to a very weak character. I was ganged by my wicked partners.

The sports world in review

Nowadays it is all done for me. The New York "Herald Tribune" turns its slaves to work and publishes—on Christmas Day—a summary which is far more complete than mine ever was. It even tells you that Angelo Trulio, unattached, retained his title in the Metropolitan singles of the Four Wall Handball championship, a fact which I am sure I would have missed somehow. And I hazard the assertion that you didn't know either that the winner of the National Single-blade Canoeing championship was Ernie Riedel of the Pendleton Canoe Club, New York. These things escape us commentators. But there it all is in the "Herald Tribune"—to be permanently embalmed sooner or later in the "World Almanac."

Old habits take a long time dying. With the turn of the year I find myself thumbing over old newspapers and magazines, looking up records and performances, just as if I were condemned to compile another Review of the Year in Sport. We inveterate commentators and clippers simply cannot read a newspaper without emerging with an item of interest. See what I found in one issue of the "Herald Tribune" during the past year:

ABORIGINES CHAMPIONS IN ANY EATING CONTEST . . .

Prize winners at a world's eating contest would be Australian aborigines, according to Miss Inez Dadswell, a research worker of the University of Melbourne. In support of her belief she cites many achievements. She declares two Australian natives ate fifty pounds of kangaroo at one session, lasting from dawn to dusk. Another consumed an entire emu at three sittings.

A young native during one day's hunt ate a goose, two turkeys and a lizard about two feet long. Five aborigines downed 150 swans' eggs at a meal.

Further researches disclosed the strategy which the higher Chinese command plans to employ vs. the Japanese:

Japan's adventure in China will meet a fate similar to that of Napoleon's Moscow campaign, General Pai Chung-hsi, deputy chief of the Chinese General Staff, declared in an interview today. He said the Chinese were adopting "entire area tactics," unlike the positional warfare waged at Shanghai, Suchow, Taierhch-wang and Hankow.

Pai explained that the new tactics meant that the Chinese troops would not fight for possession of a point or line, but would seek to control an entire area. For example, he said, if the Japanese pushed southward, the Chinese would move northward, and if the Japanese advanced westward, the Chinese would move eastward.

My mind, such as it is, does not move in quite the same channels as that of General Pai. If I were commanding the Chinese army and the Japanese advanced westward, I would advance westward also but more briskly than my opponents. Similiarly, if they advanced southward, I would advance southward also, practically *ventre à terre*. If you follow my reasoning, you will understand how war can be made into one great advance in almost any direction. Not so with my colleague Pai who, I fear, is an incomplete strategist. However, to come back to sport, on the reverse of the page which outlined General Pai's southward-westward strategy, I find the following gem:

RUNNING HELPS YALE SQUAD

Yale football players run a quarter of a mile to and from their practice field and have special rubber shoes for this purpose.

Here, reason totters. The paper in question is dated December 18, some weeks after the Yale squad had finished a season chiefly devoted to running in the wrong direction. And how could it help the Yale squad to have special rubber shoes or how—but this tired old brain turns to the next column and absorbs a little more information:

The reindeer is unique among deer in that the female, like the male, carries antlers, although they are smaller. It also differs from most deer in having young without spots, writes Ernst Schwarz in "Nature Magazine."

Happy New Year

Well, it's a fine thing to have young without spots but antlers are a complication. And it all goes to show how much you can learn by reading the newspapers.

And so I end in a state of confusion and general dithering. Here and there young men and women are skiing down hills and breaking their pelvises with shouts of pleasure and high glee. Our funded aristocracy is solemnly entraining for Palm Beach and other glittering oases, there to shine in heavy splendor. Those strange creatures, the native sons of California, are proving their supremacy in football over fellow creatures from the North, South, and East. All things seem to be moving in their accustomed grooves, while I sit here with a toothache and a file of old newspapers, hoping against hope that 1939 will be a better year than 1938. The last has been a nightmare—bad blood and festering hostility abroad in the world, prophesies of war, a widespread terror that there *would* be war—again—domestic statesmanship funny and foolish, and a depressing hurricane thrown in for good bargain.

Alas, I can't check the quotation at the moment, but you will remember perhaps, as I do approx- (*Continued on page 96*)

More than a Ton of Giant Marlin

Six great fighting fish averaging 422⅔ lbs. was the author's catch in three exciting fishing trips to Cat Cay

S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

The author with one of the 400 pounders taken off Cat Cay. This fish ran his bill through five inches of planking and dented the ice box on the "Cookie"

CAT CAY, B. W. I., is an island some three miles long and a quarter mile in width. It is situated fifty-two miles across the blue Gulf Stream from Miami and rests on the western edge of the grand Bahama Bank. The Pan American plane will drop you off there before continuing on its way to Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, 125 miles beyond.

It is an enchanted island and plenty of people go for other sports and forms of recreation besides fishing. There are fine tennis courts, a grand skeet field, miles of paved bicycle paths that wind around the snow white beaches where the swimming is unequaled. There is a beautiful manor house, guest cottages and cabanas, all built along British architectural lines, and also half a dozen private homes. But probably the majority of visitors go there for the deep-sea fishing, and, in any month of the year it is just about as fine as can be found any place in the world.

For the angler who does not care to go off-shore and fish the Gulf Stream, there is His Royal Shyness and Highness, that silver bullet of the flats, the bonefish. If he desires to fill his boat fishing in the shoal waters over the various reefs, he will catch the hard fighting amber-jack, savage striking barricuda, the beautiful African pompano, four varieties of groupers that like to hide in the rocks, and the heavy jew-fish which comes up as if you were raising a steel safe from the coral floor beneath your boat. In between these you can take plenty of small cero and Spanish mackerel which will whet your appetite for the larger varieties as well as for the dinner that night, as they are a marvelous table fish.

Along the edge of the reef where the green water changes to blue, the shelf drops off for many fathoms. It is in here that the big and gamy monsters of the Gulf Stream venture to fill their stomachs with the smaller fish.

In May and June the big tuna that weigh up to 600 pounds come rushing by on their way north to Nova Scotia where they will feast on herring throughout the summer months. In among them an occasional Allison tuna, the most beautiful of all the tunas, will be caught. Throughout the year the speedy and streamlined wahoo will be taken along and over this coral shelf.

Proceeding a little further off-shore from December until July the angler will catch the smallest member of the marlin family, the greatest jumping-jack of them all, the white or common marlin; the second largest ever taken in the world, weighing 158 pounds, was caught off Cat Cay by Carl Badenhausen, who has a home there. While fishing for this grand gamester and his cousin, the great blue marlin, the angler will be picking up many lovely and iridescent dolphin, the fastest and most beautiful of all the small fish. They too are fine on the table and at the same time are relished by that cousin, the blue marlin. You will also catch three or four species of bonita and the small Atlantic albacore, other varieties that are on the blue marlin's menu.

From over the reefs to well outside where the blue marlin are found, you will take the great kingfish, the world's record having been caught in these waters, a 72 pounder, by Lerner B. Harrison; and there are few more spectacular sights in the fishing world today than a great kingfish, the bait in his mouth, coming out of the water in a high arching leap. He rarely hooks himself on this rapid race up from the depths but so accurate is his aim that he nearly always gets the bait—which in nine cases out of ten is being trolled for blue marlin, the hook being too large for this lofty leaper. I almost forgot the sailfish. There are plenty of them.

Of course a great many anglers come to Cat Cay for all kinds of fish, both large and small, but there are not many, I believe, whether they admit it or not, who have not a keen desire to catch the wonderful blue marlin, the senior member of the Atlantic marlin family, and one of the three aristocrats that swim off our eastern shores today.

The giant bluefin tuna may make a longer and more sustained run. He may break your back before you can land him. No doubt he will give you a harder workout, particularly when caught in that 2000 feet of water off of Cat Cay when he is hard and lean and in magnificent shape for his northern migration. The broadbill swordfish is harder to hook, but as he jumps but seldom, you won't get the spectacular fight. But for a fish that is very difficult to hook, if you are lucky enough to hook him at all, the blue marlin boasts the hardest mouth of all the billed fish, makes the fastest initial run of any

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Photographs by Sherman Pratt

7 steps in boating a GIANT!

A 426 pound marlin on a rampage. In order, from the time he took the hook until brought alongside, this series of pictures shows the consecutive steps in boating a giant marlin. 1. The strike. Note dorsal and bill as he hits the bait. 2. Coming out after the first run. 3. Greyhounding. 4. Tail action as he skitters on the surface. 5. Going in after a high jump. 6. Charging on the surface, head shaking. 7. The finish. Gifford has him by the bill as the mate puts the strap around him and the fight is over

fish I have ever seen, and follows it up with three or four more o almost equal speed as he jumps all over the surface of the Gul Stream with a dazzling exhibition of greyhounding, tail-walking an somersaulting; and will still have, after all this is over, the enduranc to go down to depths of 500 feet or more when you are doing you utmost to stop him.

Just to add to the tension that the angler is under in those water he will likely as not have a half dozen hungry sharks swimmin around waiting to bite chunks out of his beautiful prize as the fis tires and becomes helpless in defending himself against these dirt scavengers. No blue marlin or any other fish with so much as a scratch on him, or any kind of mutilation from another fish, car be classed as having been fairly caught. We call them "apples cores," and hard as it is on the fisherman, it is simply one more bad break in a game that is full of bad breaks.

Actually I do not think the blue marlin fears anything that swims He can run away from any shark, or number of sharks, and I ever believe he can fight off the ferocious mako, which is the only shark worth catching. When a blue marlin tires or is hooked deep in the gills or stomach, the sharks usually try to gang him and it is up to the angler and his boatman to work fast and do all in their power to get the fish into the boat.

The mako shark, which I have just mentioned, is also much desired by anglers and can also do some tall jumping on his own account. He looks like a blue projectile when he comes out, and there are a good many of them in Cat Cay waters. Ernest Hemingway holds the North American record with a 786 pounder caught there, the second largest ever taken in the world. And when you get a mako up to the boat you want to look out for him. They die very slowly and are the ugliest of all fish in the way they act when being gaffed and after being pulled into the cockpit. I know of several occasions where they have smashed up everything that they have hit on the fishing launch and driven the entire party up on the cabin roof.

Now there are blue marlin that run as small as 100 pounds and there are a great many between two and three hundred, and even these small ones are capable of a magnificent burst of speed and may even jump higher than their older brothers. They all boast a large tail with a magnificent wide spread for fish of their size. This also goes for the black marlin of the Pacific; that big tail is their propeller which naturally means speed.

The angler fishing out of Cat Cay for blue marlin does not think of one and two hundred pound fish. He wants one of 400 pounds or over just as the angler who goes to Nova Scotia in the summer months wants a tuna of 600 pounds or over. To me a 600 pound Nova Scotia tuna, and a 400 pound Cat Cay blue marlin, are equal as far as the difficulty of catching and personal satisfaction is concerned, and I would rate them that way as they go up by every hundred pounds. But in the five years blue marlin have been fished for off Cat Cay, Tommy Shevelin's 636 pounder is still the high fish.

Often blue marlin will hit the bait purely from a desire to kill or out of curiosity or playfulness, and when they are in these last two moods the angler's problem is greater still. It is difficult to gauge just how much slack line can safely be dropped back to the fish before slamming on the brake and striking to set the hook, and boy! you certainly must strike them and when you do—give them everything you've got! Personally I prefer to stand up as it gives me a better view of what the fish is doing and I believe I can get better leverage when I begin hitting. Don't think for a minute that the big hooks are easy to drive in their hard mouths. Striking him correctly and then easing off the tension on the heavy drag that has been set to aid you in hooking the fish on his fast opening runs are the two most important things to remember.

To illustrate my point about blue marlin I will relate briefly the successful encounters I have had with blue marlin in my last three trips to Cat Cay waters. I am not going to tell you about the ones I didn't hook. There were a few. There were many more that got away after doing that opening hundred yards in what seemed to me a good deal better than ten seconds. But I will tell you, and I am not exaggerating, that on these three excursions I lost four fish that I had on from a four minute battle to one hour and forty-eight minutes; and that each one of these great marlin most conserva- (*Continued on page 88*)

1938 MARINE ANGLING RECORDS

"Broaching Broadbill Swordfish" by W. Goadby Lawrence, courtesy of the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop

Compiled by THOMAS AITKEN

A mutilated fish is never accepted as a record. Weighing of fish must be witnessed. Fish must be caught on rod and reel in an ethical, "legal," and sportsmanlike manner. Observance of tackle specifications and accepted angling-club rules prevailing in the locality where fish was caught usually make it eligible for recognition. Species identification must always be made by an accredited authority. Omission of any species indicates that no valid claim for record has been filed.

NOTE—During 1938 a Pacific sailfish weighing 215 pounds was reported from Acapulco, Mexico, although the catch was never supported with affidavit or a request for angling recognition. A black marlin weighing 532½ pounds was caught, June 26, 1938, in Panama Bay, by Miss Nancy Corse, Quarry Heights, Canal Zone, to exceed in weight any species of marlin ever caught in American waters by a woman angler.

Corrected to January 1, 1939—Copyright, 1939, Outdoor Life

WORLD'S RECORDS

SPECIES	LB.	YEAR	ANGLER and WHERE CAUGHT
AFRICAN POMPANO (Hynnis Cubensis)	35	1938	Rowe B. Metcalf, Off West End, B.W.I.
ALBACORE (Germo alalunga)	66¼	1912	Frank Kelly, Off Catalina, Cal.
AMBERJACK (Seriola lalandi)	106	1937	Harvey M. Harker, Off Pass-a-Grille, Fla.
BASS (channel) (Sciaenops ocellatus)	74	1929	Chas. D. Beckmann, Chincoteague, Va.
BASS (striped) (Roccus lineatus)	73	1913	Chas. B. Church, Vineyard Sound, Mass.
BASS (white sea) (Cynoscion nobilis)	68½	1937	James Bailey, Off Coronado Isl. Mexico Boundary
BLUEFISH (Pomatomus saltatrix)	25	1874	L. Hathaway, Cohasset, Mass.
BONEFISH (Albula vulpes)	13¾	1919	B. F. Peek, Bimini Flats, B. W. I.
COBIA (Rachycentron canadus)	102	1938	James E. Stansbury, Off Cape Charles, Va.
CREVALLE (Jack) (Caranx hippos)	42	1931	Moise N. Kaplan, 10,000 Islands, Florida
DOLPHIN (Coryphaena hippurus)	63	1930	Zane Grey, Off Tahiti
KINGFISH (king cero) (Scomberomorus cavalla)	73½	1935	Lerner B. Harrison, Off Bimini, B. W. I.
MARLIN (Pacific black) (Makaira nigricans marlina)	976	1926	Laurie D. Mitchell, Bay of Islands, N. Z.
MARLIN (Atlantic blue) (Makaira nigricans ampla)	636	1935	Thomas H. Shevlin, Off Bimini, B. W. I.
MARLIN (striped) (Makaira mitsukurii)	692	1931	Alphonse Hamann, Off Balboa, Cal.
MARLIN (white) (Makaira albida)	161	1938	L. F. Hooper, Off Miami Beach, Florida
PERMIT (great pompano) (Trachinotus goodei)	37⅛	1936	Howard C. Miller, Off Miami Beach, Fla.
ROOSTERFISH (Nematistius pectoralis)	72	1937	C. C. Chandler, Gulf of Panama
SAILFISH (Atlantic) (Istiophorus americanus)	106	1929	W. A. Bonnell, Off Miami Beach, Fla.
SAILFISH (Pacific) (Istiophorus greyi)	190	1938	Edmund Tremayne, Galapagos Islands
SHARK (mako) (Isuropsis mako)	798	1931	H. White-Wickham, Bay of Islands, N. Z.
SHARK (white sea) (Carcharodon carcharias)	993	1935	Francis H. Low, Off Brielle, N. J.
SNOOK (robalo) (Centropomus undecimalis)	49½	1926	L. S. Caine, Marco, Fla.
SWORDFISH (broadbill) (Xiphias gladius)	842	1936	Geo. W. Garey, Off Tocopilla, Chile
TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)	247	1938	Harry Sedgwick, Panuco River, Mexico
TUNA (Allison) (Semathunnus allisoni)	236	1924	Andrew R. Martin, Off Cape San Lucas, Mex.
TUNA (bluefin) (Thunnus thynnus)	864	1938	F. Alfred Kenney, Shelburne Harbor, Nova Scotia
TUNA (curved yellowfin) (Semathunnus itosibi)	265	1937	Jas. W. Harvey, Off Oahu, Hawaii
TUNA (Guild) (Semathunnus guildi)	176	1933	Aksel Wichfield, Off Tahiti
WAHOO (Acanthocybium solandri)	124¾	1935	J. B. Stickney, Off Hawaii
WEAKFISH (sea trout) (Cynoscion regalis)	17 3/16	1933	Fred J. Conzen, Peconic Bay, N. Y.
YELLOWTAIL (Amer.) (Seriola dorsalis)	60½	1908	W. W. Simpson, Off Catalina, California
YELLOWTAIL (S. Seas) (Seriola grandis)	111	1926	Zane Grey, Off Russell, New Zealand

NORTH AMERICAN RECORDS

(Other than those included in the World's Records)

SPECIES	LB.	YEAR	ANGLER and WHERE CAUGHT
DOLPHIN (Coryphaena hippurus)	61	1935	Jack Gore, Off Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
MARLIN (Pacific black) (Makaira nigricans marlina)	622	1936	Geo. F. Baker, Jr., Gulf of Panama, C. Z.
SHARK (mako) (Isuropsis mako)	786	1935	Ernest Hemingway, Off Bimini, B.W.I.
SWORDFISH (broadbill) (Xiphias gladius)	601	1936	Michael Lerner, Off Cape Breton, N. S.
WAHOO (Acanthocybium solandri)	91	1937	Harry J. Tucker, Off Bermuda

UNITED STATES COASTAL RECORDS

(Other than those included in other charts)

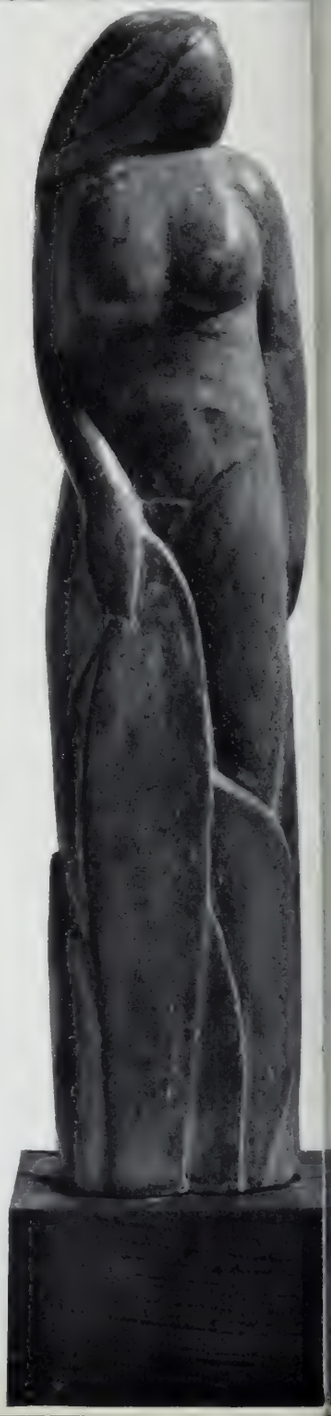
SPECIES	LB.	YEAR	ANGLER and WHERE CAUGHT
KINGFISH (king cero) (Scomberomorus cavalla)	65	1936	D. A. Kane, Off Tavernier, Fla.
MARLIN (Pacific black) (Makaira nigricans marlina)	588	1935	U. C. Murcell, Off Catalina, Cal.
MARLIN (Atlantic blue) (Makaira nigricans ampla)	439	1938	Hugo Rutherford, Off Cape Hatteras, N. C.
SWORDFISH (broadbill) (Xiphias gladius)	573	1927	Geo. C. Thomas, III, Off Catalina, Cal.
TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)	231	1924	Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, Jr., Key Vaca Cut, Fla.
TUNA (Allison) (Semathunnus allisoni)	170	1936	Dan Stebbins, Off Miami Beach, Fla.
TUNA (bluefin) (Thunnus thynnus)	710	1938	B. Davis Crowninshield, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
WAHOO (Acanthocybium solandri)	78	1929	T. D. M. Cardeza, Off Long Key, Fla.

WORLD'S RECORDS BY WOMEN

SPECIES	LB.	YEAR	ANGLER and WHERE CAUGHT
ALBACORE (Germo alalunga)	55¼	1927	Mrs. Lee M. Doxie, Off Catalina, Cal.
AMBERJACK (Seriola lalandi)	86	1935	Mrs. W. H. Kirn, Off Bimini, B. W. I.
BASS (channel) (Sciaenops ocellatus)	52	1936	Mrs. R. P. Deubell, Off Cape Charles, Va.
COBIA (Rachycentron canadus)	71	1938	Mrs. Bryan Travis, Off Cape Charles, Va.
CREVALLE (Jack) (Caranx hippos)	34	1938	Mrs. Michael Pym, Off Key Largo, Florida
DOLPHIN (Coryphaena hippurus)	51	1937	Mrs. Warren Webster, Jr., Off Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
KINGFISH (king cero) (Scomberomorus cavalla)	58	1927	Miss Mae Haines, Off Long Key, Fla.
MARLIN (Pacific black) (Makaira nigricans marlina)	823	1932	Mrs. Eastham Guild, Off Cape Brett, N. Z.
MARLIN (Atlantic blue) (Makaira nigricans ampla)	510	1936	Mrs. Paul C. Sanborn, Off Bimini, B.W.I.
MARLIN (striped) (Makaira mitsukurii)	402	1934	Mrs. Carl W. Carson, Off Catalina, Cal.
MARLIN (white) (Makaira albida)	152	1936	Mrs. Marion B. Stevens, Off Bimini, B.W.I.
SAILFISH (Atlantic) (Istiophorus americanus)	92½	1938	Mrs. J. F. Crane, Off Miami Beach, Florida
SAILFISH (Pacific) (Istiophorus greyi)	165	1931	Miss Peggy Hardwick, Cocos Island, Costa Rica
SEA TROUT (So. Weakfish) (Cynoscion nebulosus)	16¼	1937	Mrs. J. B. Law, Off Stuart, Florida
SHARK (mako) (Isuropsis mako)	495	1932	Mrs. V. G. S. Taylor, Bay Of Islands, N. Z.
SHARK (White) (Carcharodon carcharias)	432	1938	Mrs. Michael Lerner, Off Wedgeport, N. S.
SWORDFISH (broadbill) (Xiphias gladius)	426	1921	Mrs. Keith Spalding, Off Catalina, Cal.
TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)	231	1924	Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, Jr., Key Vaca Cut, Fla.
TUNA (Allison) (Semathunnus allisoni)	172	1924	Mrs. Keith Spalding, Off Cape San Lucas, Mex.
TUNA (bluefin) (Thunnus thynnus)	760½	1937	Mrs. William Chisholm, II, Off Jordan Ferry, N. S.
TUNA (yellowfin) (Thunnus macropterus)	145	1924	Mrs. J. M. Greenfield, Off Cape San Lucas, Mex.

[Acknowledgment is made to the American Museum of Natural History, New York, for assistance in compiling these records.]

ART discovers modern woman



THE world says there is a modern woman of independent kind whose capacities and rights are something to be considered nowadays. If so, perhaps it is permissible to ask her to remove that feathered hat, or bonnet alluringly swagged with ribbons, in order to gain a clear and harmonious concept, unhampered by momentary fashion, of what this new sphere of action has done for the feminine creature.

On freedom bent for many decades, she must have achieved some measure of difference between herself and the perfect woman of the past, languid captive of man, yet ever willing to endure his erring ways in graceful patience. One must not overlook, too, that brilliant galaxy led by Cleopatra, the quintessence of femininity some believe.

"Superwoman is as passé as the Superman," is the remonstrance. Yet contrasts are provocative, and immediately upon calling to mind Ruskin's "Lilies of Queens' Gardens," as well as the odalisques of Ingres and Delacroix, a legitimate means of discernment is found in today's art.

The Nude, of all motifs in sculpture and painting, has the essential *presence* to convey human aspect and spirituality of life. Ever haunted by woman's peculiar beauty, artist and sculptor have never willingly relinquished the mysteriously fascinating and profound mould of the human body, which embodies a definite aesthetic canon of comeliness and elegance for woman alone.

Fine present response must be credited greatly to contemporary liberating forces of feminism, of which the credo deems so important a zest for life, happiness in appropriate functions, and enjoyment of the secretive ego. Implying these physical and psychic reactions are the works, here pictured, of Raoul Dufy, Kai Nieslen, and Elizabeth Straub. They are truly in touch with the real modern woman.

AT THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

Raoul Dufy's "Les Baigneuses" joyously breast the waves, a radiant lithograph. "Eve and the Apple" by Kai Nielsen glorifies maternity. Lent by Clay Club is Elizabeth Straub's terra-cotta. "Tall Grasses"

Give it the glamour of GLASS and be proud to call it "home"

Each of your rooms can be made as joyously livable as those pictured here. Many other uses for Pittsburgh Glass are described in free booklet which is yours for the asking. Write for it.

A RECEPTION HALL can speak volumes for the charm of your home and its hostess. In W. J. Sloane's House of Years, a graceful gun metal colored mirror creates a feeling of spaciousness and loveliness. There are scores of styles and colors to choose from in selecting mirrors of polished Plate Glass to dress up your entrance hall.

BREAKFAST should be a cheering meal. How could it fail to be in a charming room like this? PC Glass Blocks let in quantities of softly diffused light . . . yet close the room away from the distracting outside world, in private morning coziness. Use PC Glass Blocks in your own home for beauty, quiet, light and insulation.

THIS LOVELY LIVING ROOM in Sloane's House of Years suggests how you can use glass to make your living room more attractive. Plate Glass book shelves, a mirrored coffee table, Plate Glass mirrors surrounding the fireplace from floor to ceiling or a decorative Girondole wall mirror—the possibilities are practically endless.

THERE'S A SATISFYING LUXURY in this beautiful bathroom designed by Maxwell A. Norcross, Cleveland architect. Your bathroom, too, can win the admiration of your friends with such exciting improvements as colorful Carrara Structural Glass walls, Plate Glass shower door, or a flesh-tinted mirror back of the tub.

NIGHT-BLOOMING BEAUTY through Plate Glass adds to the appeal of this conservatory designed by Architect Earl W. Bolton, Jr. Windows with shelves of Plate Glass create an interesting effect. Picture windows, corner windows, glass screens and table tops are other ways to use the bright polished beauty of Plate Glass.

WHAT WOMAN doesn't long for a full-length mirror to really *see* herself? See that stocking seams are straight, that a slip doesn't show, that the whole effect is one of harmony? Now she can have a full-length Pittsburgh Plate Glass door mirror, which can easily be attached to any door. Write for name of your nearest dealer.

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A fox hunt and some other things

(*Continued from page 48*)

is not used to having strange omen speak to him so he did not y any thing at all and my other said "Don't gape your outh open like that you look ly; tell me your name?" and y father said "My name is homas ma'am" and my mother id "Well Thomas I am going to arry you" my father gaped his outh wider than ever and my other said "Come come now no onsense, come along and be mar-ed or I will give you a hard slap" o he went along and they were arried and lived happily ever fter. I used to believe it but I now now he was fooling that entlemen have to get down on heir knees and propose honorable arriage to the lady and will I eel silly when I have to do it. You ave to buy a license and have it anctified by the church or a jus-ice of the peace or you cannot ave legal children.

My father said how I got to be his son: he came home one day and my mother had her hands be-hind her back and she yelled "Sur-prise, Surprise" and told him to choose a hand. He picked the right one and when my mother brought it around it had me in it and he said if he had chosen the left one he certainly would have been em-barrassed because when mother brought that around it had a black baby in it. My mother said how she got me to hold in her hand for my father to choose was this way. When she was a little girl she read Mr. Barrie's book about Peter Pan and she read it so often she got to know Peter pretty well. So whenever she went to London, England, she went to call on him, even when she got to be a big lady. In a place called Kensington Gardens the English people have built a statue of him and my mother used to go and talk to him about the island where babies live before they are born and Peter is the boss of. One day she went to say good-bye to him because she was going back to the United States. It was raining pretty hard but she did not mind because it rains so much over there you get used to it. She said good-bye to Peter and went home and when she got there she was going to close her umbrella when some one yelled "Look out or you will drop me;" so my mother put down her umberella without clos-ing it and there I was sitting on top holding on to the ferrule. I was all wet and my hair was slicked down with the rain and my mother knew right away I was a going away present from Peter Pan so she gave me a good hot bath and an aspirin tablet so I would not take a bad cold; and she combed my hair and brought me back to the United States. I think it is swell to tell kids stories like that because after a while they grow up and have to study biology and it is kind of messy. This year we had a fish to cut up and we had the same fish for a couple of days and boy! did it smell before we got through.

This summer I was in New York with my mother and she said I was to pay bills and do the tipping so I could get some *savoir faire* which is French for not fall-ing over persons' feet or upsetting water at the table and getting the right change. She told me ten per cent of the check was the right money for a tip, but when we left the hotel I had to tip the boy who brought down our bags a quarter and he gave them to the man at the door and I had to give him a quarter to put them in the car. I asked my mother why I had to give them each a quarter and she said it was an old Spanish custom but I guess she was joking. I think it is a pretty easy way to get money. My father says it is a racket.

In September when I came home I started being a dormitory boy at school because it is twelve miles to go to school every morn-ing and twenty-four by the time I get home at night. I start at seven-thirty and get home at seven. My mother thought maybe I had better stay there week days and come home over the week ends. Well I was in a room with two other boys and when my mother saw them she said "Good Heavens" but I thought they were all right at first. We were all the same age. One was a scrappy kid that was always taking punches at boys for nothing. Me too. He was a skinny little shrimp and I did not want to hit him because you have to get mad and you get all hot and sweaty and then you fight and afterward someone always comes along and makes you shake hands and it is a good deal of trouble. My mother said to ignore him but it is pretty hard to ignore somebody who is kicking you in the shins on the sly when no one is looking. I am a big boy and when I do have to fight with boys my age some one always says "Look at the big bully" even if they are a good deal older. I look older than I am. I look as old as Bob Dillman and he is sixteen. My mother says only unintelli-gent nations and persons resort to force but my father believes in a good sock in the nose when needed. The other roommate used to rush up to my mother when she came out and tell her how much money his father had and about his mother's jewelry and his aunt's house. My mother has not got much patience with persons who talk about money because she thinks manners and who your grandfather was and things like that are more important than money, but she kept on being polite anyhow. Well the boy kept hinting to come home with me over the week end and gave my mother his mother's address to write for permission to leave the school, but my mother said life was too short to have a face like that around more than you could help and kept putting him off with fair words. My mother picked up some of the day boys on the way to town and she asked them what they thought of my roommates because I was having trouble with them. One boy told my mother he did not think the boy she disliked most had very good manners be-cause he spit on the floor all the time. My mother asked me did I ever see the boy spit on the floor in our room and I thought she was feeling bad enough so I said no I never did see him spit on the floor but I did not tell her about the spit places on the rug every morn-ing. I guess he spit in his sleep.

I got disorder campus three weeks one after another and did not get home for the week ends. Once I got it for forgetting my tie and once for not sweeping under my bed. The last time I guess they just got used to putting my name down because I never did find out why. When I did get home I had a disease and boy oh boy was my mother mad! She went out and took the school apart. I had to come home and be treated at the hospital here. Every time she took me there she got mad all over again. My mother is not very healthy and throws up easily so my father said "Jeanne try and be reasonable about this" and my mother said "Reasonable, reasonable, I've been reasonable so much I've broken out in a rash with it." She took me out for a week so I could get treated and the Head and Coach came to see me. My mother thinks the Coach is a very intelligent man and has good ways with boys, I guess he has because all the boys are nuts about him. When they don't do right he bats them around and the boys don't mind a bit. I think he is swell. Well they talked and talked, my mother talked the most. She said what was there in a private school that costs a good deal of money that was not in a public school that was free and the Head said there was things in a private school that could not be put into words and my mother said they certainly did not put the athletic foot they had out there into words. Anyhow I got an extra vacation and now I am a day boy again and am I glad! Home when it is time to get up my father comes in rubbing lather on his face and singing "Get up you bums and witches, put on your government breeches, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning." In-stead of bums and whiches the song has two swear words but my father does not say them. I never get up and then he yells "Mamma this fella won't get up" and Mamma comes tearing in with my dog and sicks him on me and the dog barks and tries to nip me. The cat comes running too and gets under everyone's feet and we all have fun. At school they blow a bugle and you get up——or else.

The cat we have now is a kitten. It is new. My mother found a boy

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dragging it around by the neck and she talked him out of it and gave him a dime. She had to feed it warm milk with a medicine dropper and sleep it on a hot water bag. It was so weak it could only stagger and when it tried to meow nothing happened. Nancy the girl next door asked my mother if she invented a meowless cat. It got all right and now it is a pretty good cat. My mother says she thinks its ancestors are questionable but it is doubtless by garbage out of ash can. She says most of her cats have been by garbage out of ash can because that is the only kind of cat she likes. Once she had a blue Persian that was very expensive and it was an awful stylish cat and would only eat certain things. She said it would sit and stare at her with a haughty look and make her remember one of her ancestors was hung in a Fenian Uprising.

One night my father was fixing cocktails and the kitten kept following him around meowing and my father said it was saying "Whiss-Keee, Whiss-Keee" and my father said "No you can't have any whiskey, it is not good for cats" and mother said "No and it's not so hot for humans either." My mother is a prohibitionist.

It is an ill wind that blows no good and if I did not get Atheletes Foot I would not have time to write this story.

This story is published through the courtesy of the U. S. Cavalry Journal and appears in their February issue.

The Epsom Downs of the tropics

(*Continued from page 62*)

Mutuel tickets on the races are either five shillings ($1.25) or ten shillings. No place tickets are sold—win and show only. Daily doubles are held every Friday, the highest return having been paid last year when a ten shilling ticket was redeemed for $1.825. But Nassau odds can work both ways. Last year an American visitor from Miami, Edna Weeks, purchased a ten shilling ticket on a horse named Max Baer which won the race. This was fine but when she went to collect, the track only paid off nine shillings sixpence. Thus it cost the bettor sixpence to hold a ticket on a winning horse!

Prior to the establishment of the track in 1934 there was no scheduled racing in Nassau. Occasionally match races would result from discussions of superiority by rival owners but these were infrequent and unsatisfactory. Now, however, every effort is made to put Nassau's racing on a high plane. United States and Canadian Racing Association rules are closely followed with the exception that there is no Thoroughbred Registry and horses are named at will. Don't be startled if you find Man O' War and Equipoise on the card. Among the good horses appearing at the track during the 1937-38 season was one named War Admiral and he won—once. Any cases of dishonest racing are followed by summary action on the part of the stewards. The pulling of a horse by a jockey, for example, causes the offending boy to be set down for life. The stewards are men of highest standing. They are The Honorable A. K. Solomon, leader of the Government House of Assembly; Mr. Edward S. Toothe, an American who has beein visiting Nassau regularly for forty-five years; Mr. H. C. McLean, resident manager of the Royal Bank of Canada; Mr. H. S. Winkworth, member of a prominent English racing family; and Dr. Hugh Johnson, a civic leader of Nassau. Mr. Stanley H. Marsh is manager and secretary.

Membership in the Jockey Club is headed by His Excellency The Honorable Charles Dundas, C. M. G., O. B. E., and Lady Dundas. Other Jockey Club members, who are also box holders, include Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Oakes, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund C. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Vernay, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Jr., and Commander and Mrs. C. J. Alexander.

The track has become more popular each season but the coming of racing to Nassau has changed racing more than racing has changed Nassau, for the sport, in this instance, has conformed to the reigning spirit of indolent gaiety. You wander around and sip drinks and greet friends. You make bets and do a little quiet, good-natured yelling as the horses sweep past the club house, and then you either collect your winnings or alibi your losings but you don't get upset or worried. You feel that the racing is more for your amusement than for the furtherance of your fortune and you relax and enjoy yourself accordingly. You *might*, of course, get all steamed up, because the horses are evenly matched, the races are just as exciting as though their time were seconds faster, the competition is keen, and those who like hard, clean sport will find it at Montagu Park, but the general atmosphere is against you. Thus Nassau retains its individuality in all things—even in so organized a sport.

More than a ton of giant marlin

(*Continued from page 82*)

tively weighed 800 pounds or more. How do I know they would have gone that big? Well, after you have seen as many big blue marlin behind your bait as I have seen, and in the air, not to mention the ones that my guides, Captains Tommy Gifford, Bill Hatch, Larry Bagby and Eric Sawyer have viewed (and after having looked at some of the big ones that have been caught commercially) I think you would also under-estimate their great weight.

In these three trips I took six fish. The first one was an Atlantic striped marlin, the largest ever caught at Cat Cay, weighing 426 pounds. Tommy Gifford saw him in a school of dolphin, knocking them around as if they were chips of wood and picking up the ones that he wanted. This marlin was a hot fish and grabbed the bait on the run. I had no difficulty hooking him after which he charged around the surface like a torpedo boat destroyer for about ten minutes, then jumped all over for an equal length of time, fought deep for ten more, and was in the boat in 32 minutes. A typical three-way fight. The tackle used was an Edward Vom-Hofe 14-0 reel, Vom-Hofe 30 oz. triple enameled rod, Ashaway 54 thread line.

A couple of days later I had another fast strike alongside a south bound tanker, and the fish never was in the water the first five minutes, jumping practically under the tanker's stern for the entire time. Her crew had a grandstand seat for one of the most amazing shows I have ever seen any fish produce. I got him up to the boat in short order and for the next four minutes he almost took me sidewise out of the chair with the most terrific headshaking as he died of convulsions, having been hooked in the stomach so that he was bleeding to death. He also weighed 426 pounds.

The following morning I came out and had just come over the edge of the Stream when my fishing companion, Ted Kendall, hooked a beautiful blue marlin. He had been fishing both rods and as I was about to pull the other line out of the outrigger and take it in, Gifford yelled at me "For God's sake, leave it out" as this was the mating season and at that time of the year the blue marlin are apt to run in double-headers. The bait was well under water and the boat stopped when, believe it or not, the lure was pulled out of the outrigger. Nobody on board saw the fish, and they all told me it was just one more damn shark. However, I had had experience enough to play him for a marlin and I threw off the drag and gave the fish a good deal of slack before striking him. As I had not been fishing my hands were covered with cocoanut oil and I can still feel the line burn I received when the reel went over on my wrist. Unfortunately, at this stage of the proceedings, Kendall lost his fish and I flopped into the fishing chair cursing that I should have my arm burned by a dirty shark. By this time, with my hands still exceedingly slippery, I had three more burns on my wrist, which were giving me a good deal of pain. Within two minutes I knew instinctively that the fish on the line was not a shark. After a short run, a gorgeous marlin came to the surface shaking his head with the blood pouring out of his mouth. Tommy shouted gleefully that the fish was gill-raked and the fisher-

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man wrist-raked. After ten minutes of hard fighting, for the sharks were sure to be around, I had the marlin alongside the boat and Gifford took the leader. I had not even started to put the harness on, and when I think of the sloppy fashion in which I fought that fish for the first two minutes before I realized it was not a shark, it still makes me shiver. A minute later the marlin had broken loose from Gifford, and before I could screw up the drag, he was calling me choice names and telling me to "get going—this is no Southampton tea party." However, I got him back and we had him tied up in thirteen minutes. He weighed 500 pounds even and I was back at the dock in twenty-five minutes after having left it. This fish probably lost thirty to forty pounds as he had lost all his blood and a stomach that was full of food for it also vomited its stomach and gullet which is a trick the bill-fish do when hooked deep.

These last two blue marlin were caught on the same extra-heavy outfit that I had taken the striped marlin on. It was lucky that I was using it as the sharks were swimming all around so as to be on hand for a late breakfast.

A few days later I went out on Lou Wasey's *Cookie* and hooked a nice fish in the wake of the boat after missing him off the outrigger. This fish took out about 1200 feet of line, then doubled back and was jumping within thirty feet of the boat with about 900 feet of line off my reel. He jumped over thirty times by actual count and when we brought him alongside he charged the boat and ran his bill five inches through the wooden planking and dented the tin of the *Cookie's* icebox. I still have the bill all covered with wood dust. I came very near losing this one as he got out ahead of the boat and we had to run over the line to prevent him from making a complete circle around it. He weighed 400 even and was boated in twenty-one minutes, foul hooked squarely in the angle of the jaw on the outside which gave him an extra advantage and was boated on a 12-0 Vom-Hofe reel, 26 oz. Vom-Hofe hickory tip, and 36 thread Ashaway line.

On the next trip fishing with Capt. Bill Hatch I hung one weighing 406 pounds in twenty-four minutes. He was hooked in the jaw and came completely out of the water when he took the bait and jumped twenty-three times on the heavy 54-thread line with the 14-0 Vom-Hofe reel and a 36 oz. Tycoon rod.

All blue marlin are magnificent in their color variation and as they die they are the most gorgeous things to watch, with the colors fading out, that I have ever seen. This fish was a particularly beautiful one, and his bill also took on a vivid blue hue as he passed away. It is the only one I have ever seen that showed any color in his rough, black bill, either alive or dead. Why this phenomenon took place I could not venture to say, but Mrs. Farrington, Hugo Rutherfurd, Hatch, and his mate Jimmy Rogers all witnessed it.

Much as I want to catch these wonderful fish, and even with the great thrill I get out of fighting them, it always gives me a feeling of sadness to watch them die. Max Fleischmann hit the nail on the head when he said they reminded him of an electric light bulb slowly burning out. This fish made five in a row that weighed 400 or better. Yes, it was quite a streak and I felt pretty good about it except when I thought of the four "Boscos" that were over twice as big that had got away.

In 1938 I went down for only four days over the Fourth of July. I fished with Capt. Larry Bagby and Eric Sawyer on the *Cookie* again and raised a nice fish that crossed the wake to the bait with his dorsal fin erect, his back awash, and the upper lobe of his caudal fin or tail straight in the air. It looked as big as the Washington Monument to me. He swam up, grabbed the bait, and kept right on coming towards the boat which Bagby and Sawyer instantly gunned ahead at full speed. I struck a slack line, sat down in the chair, took up the slack and then got up and struck a tight line and hit the fish four or five times. The marlin then made a good run but never came out. I got him back within 150 feet of the boat and then the unexpected happened. If I had thought that the second fish I have described did some headshaking, I wish that you had been fast to this fellow. It was indescribable. All you can do is checkmate it by throwing off the drag and screwing it up again. As the headwagging continues the line might easily break and possibly the rod if the tension on the reel is not put almost at free spool. In between the shakes you must screw it up again. I am frank to admit that if I had not had the experience with that other headshaker I would never have caught this one. That five minutes was as tough as I've ever put in with any fish. Then he came out, did a few long, leaping greyhounds, sounded, came out again, and we saw that he was tailed up. That is, the leader had become wrapped around his tail, and when this happens if you can keep them on the surface you will almost always get your fish if the sharks don't get there first. I can still see Bagby stretching way out to reach that leader, with only his toes braced under the combing to hold him in the boat.

The fish looked to weigh well over 400, but when we weighed him at nine o'clock that night with the old maestro, Charlie Cook, superintendent at Cat Cay, handling the scales, for once we didn't underestimate a blue marlin. He weighed only 378 pounds and my streak had been broken. This fish was caught on Vom-Hofe 12-0 reel, 39 thread Ashaway Line and 28 ounce Tycoon Rod.

That day we had raised six fish before two o'clock, hooked four, and caught two in what is known as very rough water.

Even though my lucky streak had ended, the average for my last six blue marlin at Cat Cay is 422 2/3 pounds, and I will put that against any marlin fishing at any place that has been fished to date in all the oceans of the world. And better still, while I was having my fun, Mrs. Farrington, Ferdie Roebling, Ted Kendall, Sherman Pratt, Ben Crowninshield, and Hugo Rutherfurd, who I was lucky enough to have fishing with me, caught eleven other blue marlin, and Rutherfurd's pair weighed 508 and 568 pounds respectively, making him the only man who has caught two weighing over 500 in the Atlantic Ocean.

When you visit Cat Cay I most sincerely hope you match that pair for fight and size.

South Africa streamlined

(*Continued from page 53*)

stretching along the Indian Ocean. On this milder shore (there is quite a difference in the temperature of the two oceans—Capetowners can have their choice of water depending on the day) there are hotels, cabanas and villas, around which bougainvillea and brilliant flowers look their best in the bright South African sun.

Another day you'll drive out to the rolling vineyard lands, visiting quaint towns such as Stellenbosch and Somerset West and stopping at country houses where that good Cape wine is hospitably dispensed. Some of the historic places, such as Groote Schuur (the home of Cecil Rhodes) and Groote Constantia are full of fine, old woodwork and colorful arts and crafts. At the latter (which is now a public place) you'll be served an afternoon tea, as elaborate and inviting as any to be had in England.

Going up the east coast of Africa you'll probably stop at Port Elizabeth, a modern, booming seaport. Though you may not want to stay there long, Port Elizabeth is interesting for a day or two. The minute you step off the gangplank you'll probably be whisked off to see the snake farm which seems to be the town's only sight. And certainly it and the one in San Paolo in Brazil must be the two best farms of their kind in the world.

You mustn't miss Durban, the seaside resort which attracts people from all Africa—even from the northern coast. Spreading along for miles like the beach at Miami or that at Atlantic City, Durban's shore is lined with a row of hotels and pensions. Just as Capetown provides a novel means of transportation through its hansoms, Durban goes its sister city one better with its rickshaws. Now a rickshaw is no novelty to those familiar with travel in the Orient but what makes Durban's rickshaws so unusual is the pullers. No Eastern country can boast rickshaw boys as colorful. They are

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huge Zulus, inky black as to skin, but gaudy as can be in their trappings of feathers and beads. These wild-looking but merry fellows are a sight to behold as they pull you at a strange gait through the Durban streets.

It's an unusual scene the traffic presents. When you're stopped by a red light in your rickshaw, you may find yourself sandwiched between two cars of the latest model from Detroit. Durban is as modern as Hollywood—in fact it often reminds you of that California city. With wide boulevards, an unusually large number of movie houses and huge apartment houses built on modernistic lines, it is far removed from the way you're apt to picture an African city on the Indian Ocean.

But color abounds and you're sure to stumble on it. Besides the rickshaw pullers there are colonies of Zulus and Indians near by. Right in Durban there is a Zulu compound where they put on a dance, which for vivacity, skill, and complete abandon was, with the exception of dances in Fiji and Bali, the most exciting seen on a world cruise.

Among the many new buildings of Durban is a bang-up establishment called The Playhouse. Belying its name, this is not a theatre but a restaurant of many floors—table d'hote meals on one, dancing on another, and a grill room in the basement. At The Playhouse white robed Indians serve you South African food at its best. Another welcome rendezvous for tourists is the country club attractively situated on the beach. A French steward sees to it that there is smooth service, good cuisine and, if you are lucky (and male) you can be put up in the bachelor's quarters of the club where they take excellent care of you.

Like Capetown, there are many interesting places to visit in the environs of Durban. Certainly you should drive out to Pietermaritzburg (which you'll soon learn to shorten into Maritzburg, just as you'll call Johannesburg, Joburg). It's about a sixty-mile drive to Maritzburg and a lovely one, through country that reminds you many times of our own Arizona with its strange, horizontally-lined terrain. Half way you can stop to look over the fields where the great Valley of a Thousand Hills battle of the Boer War was fought. Here also is an amusing country hotel, the Drummond. Like many hotels in South Africa's hinterland, the hotel is composed of a main building, surrounded by little circular huts of white adobe with thatched roofs. Called *rondovels*, each one can serve most satisfactorily as the quarters for a single person or a couple.

Though Maritzburg may be a sleepy looking town most of the time, it comes to life during the racing season and is, as a matter of fact, a pleasant place to rest up for a few days (for sometimes you need rest after the gaiety of Durban or Johannesburg). 2,500 feet high, Maritzburg is famous for its climate and golfers will be glad to know that there is an excellent and beautiful links there.

Another trip you'll take is to Isipingo, a simple resort with a small hotel perched on a rocky island where the ozone is as bracing as Maine's. Salt Rock, an hour and a half away by motor, is another resort which is a pleasant contrast from Durban and its wide, flat beach. Salt Rock is well named. It's so rocky one swims there in a pool which has been blasted out of the rocks—the same sort of thing as you have at Antibes. As you swim in the placid water of the pool, the waves dash against the rocks far below, sometime sending their spray clear up to the pool.

Johannesburg is even more modern and bustling than the two cities I have touched on. The commercial metropolis for South Africa, Joburg, could be transplanted to America and be quite at home—skyscrapers, crowded thoroughfares, suburbs full of extravagant estates such as those you find at Grosse Point or Beverly Hills.

And South Africa's adoption of the modern is not confined to its cities. You can now view the country's prize sight, Victoria Falls, by flying over it. Dawn or sunset are the two favorite and most exciting times. To get a taste of wild animal life, you don't have to go off on rough treks of several weeks; nowadays you can motor luxuriously through the wonderful Kruger National Park. As you loll back in your limousine you view leopards and zebras as they frisk about on their native heath. After a day in the wilds, when you return to your room at the comfortable Sabi River Bungalows (a hotel where you live in the lap of luxury—a swimming pool, golf links, and fresh food sent in daily by airplane) you can step in a hot tub and ring for a martini. That's Africa today—at least that's the way it is if you want it so—and I do!

In past tradition

(*Continued from page 40*)

gleam still more brilliantly.

Later, standing salts are plainer than these, as shown by the Charles I steeple salt, made in London in 1626. The taste of the court was definitely in favor of undecorated surfaces, plain except for moldings, with openwork portions catching the attention by bracket supports of varied outline. Quite of the period is the tall, pierced steeple on the cover, a feature of silversmiths originating in the period of James I.

The earliest of the existing handled bowls without feet belong to the seventeenth century, yet in the beginning they were as plain as the above steeple-salt. Only after the Restoration did fashion again favor an elaborate surface-embel-

lishment such as the tulip and acanthus decoration on this Charles II silver gilt tazza, caudle cup, and cover. Frequently embossed with hunting scenes, this particular one displays a quaintly rendered quadruped in the foliage. Extremely rare is it to find cup, cover, and plateau associated.

An important, dignified article is the mace, like sceptre and baton universally accepted as symbol of authority. This oar mace of Boston, sold by that city about a century ago for one hundred and forty-five dollars, is now valued at five thousand dollars or more. The head bears the royal arms of George I encircled by the crown, and beneath, the crowned attributes of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland—respectively, the rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp.

Pottery, of course, did not satisfy Europe's indulgence in ceramic beauty, and after the discovery of hard-paste porcelain by Johann Friederich Böttger, the finest wares were made at Meissen. This factory was sacked in the Seven Years' War by Frederich the Great who afterwards took over a Berlin porcelain industry for purposes of industrial promotion. Unique examples of this Berlin product are two potpourri jars with covers crowned by pine-cones, and decorated with medallion portraits, one of King Louis XVI of France, and one of King Frederich the Great of Prussia. The latter approved the eminent civilization of France, and even his Berlin factory could not compete with the tremendous popularity of porcelain made at Sèvres.

Porcelain and pottery were highly competitive, and English earthenware, such as the beautiful set of "Mason Ironstone China" dinner service (page 38), richly gilded and hand-painted in royal blue and green, over transfer-printed panels of flowers and birds, achieved a handsome decorative effect rivaling the best porcelain.

Forest Lodge

(*Continued from page 71*)

found a type of clay that was the exact color she wanted. She could not precisely name the color. Working it into thumb-sized flat patties, she saw what she called terra cotta. It might be a form of plastered earth mixed with iron oxide and powdered rose quartz with a tint of something mauve, or to be less technical, it might be a mixture out of my lady's beauty kit—sun-tan cream, rose-red rouge, and lavender eye shadow. But that was for the paint mixer to worry about.

The plan was successful. Mr. Richard Morse, the architect, sent bits of the clay to the cement paint company and they matched it—reproduced the color so skillfully that the stucco face of the house fits in with the desert sand and the coppery rose granite mountains as naturally as the bronze-skinned native Mexican boys who work in the garden.

It *is* a cactus garden, of course. The entire desert in the Tucson territory, for that matter, is a cactus garden, but the idea of laying out a special plot of ground was to have every known native variety collected together. Mr. Crowninshield, the Arizona cactus landscape architect, designed the garden and supervised the planting of many varieties of cactus.

The architect planned the house to present a pure, straight front to the world, with its stucco-finished concrete and brick walls smoothed out into broad, bold areas, leaving the design to depend for style on the horizontals of glass brick used above the veranda windows and in the vast expanse of the casement windows. There was a practical reason, added to the decorative value, in emphasizing glass. To control light with glass brick, where subdued radiance is desired, is as essential in a desert home as it is to give open view with clear glass of the many magnificent vistas.

In the interiors of Forest Lodge, Lady Suffolk, in conjunction with her architect, worked out a color scheme so sensitive that it takes part in the outside play of lights and shadows, which is one of the solid virtues of the desert. The emphases are slight and carefully timed. The high notes are clear and true. Since green sings a lead part in nature's serenade, so is sea-green used in the entrance hall walls. Peter Rooke-Ley, the decorator, has exhibited a fine feeling for these backgrounds in his selection of curtains and loose covers for the chairs and davenports. Particularly are the sensitive colors and bold designs of the hand-blocked curtains in the living room keyed to the values of the desert. The fruitwood console and matching chairs with pigskin seats in the entrance hall strike the correct contrast in an otherwise severely plain area. The floors of the hall, living room, and dining room are of Italian travertin.

At Redlynch, Lady Suffolk's home in England, there are drawing rooms elegantly furnished with antiques and hung with priceless paintings, but Forest Lodge is built for folk in riding and active sports togs. Here the large living room *is* a living room, informally decorated with built-in furniture of bleached white birch, comfortable lounge chairs covered in striped and self-figured linens, shaggy hand-tufted rugs and hand-blocked linen draperies.

The architect came into the room long enough to lend his hand to the decoration scheme by planning a long window seat along the west wall, which faces a large view window on the east and a mirror of equal size. Sitting here, the sunset at your back is reflected for you, inside in the large mirror and out through the window against the rocky peaks of the Catalinas. It is a changing landscape painting, done in different colors with the end of each day.

Old English Silver

Of the wide selection of fine Old English Silver now being shown at Mr. Guille's Galleries, the Irish Potato Ring illustrated above is a most interesting example. It was designed as a circular base for a wooden bowl or dish in which potatoes were served. Popular modern uses are as a base for a salad bowl or a glass flower bowl. It is most unusual, being plain, and was made by Robert Calderwood of Dublin about the year 1760 during the reign of George III. A wide choice of Modern Reproductions are also on exhibition.

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The desert house is a decided contrast, both inside and outside, to Lady Suffolk's formal English background, yet it sounds as if the Arizona desert is running rural England a close second in Lady Suffolk's esteem. This first year she came for four months, bringing with her a group of friends as house guests. Her allowance of time for residence here, at one stretch, is six months and from now on, Arizona gets its full quota.

Leading on crossing shots

(*Continued from page 46*)

that were not twenty yards in height, were out of range. It is a good thing to remember that there are very few trees in the country over ninety feet high, that is thirty yards; add another ten for your highest birds and you have a range of forty yards. If you wish to prove this, observe the pigeons wheeling over the buildings on a city street. Pick out some that appear impossible to hit above the fifth or sixth story, or about a steeple and then remember that you only have to allow an average of about eighteen feet for the first floor ceiling and about twelve feet for each succeeding one. How high is the pigeon?

Quite as important is the fact that not one bird in a hundred is traveling at a ninety degree angle to the gun. In almost every instance it is rising and passing at an angle which is increasing or decreasing its range rapidly, so the lead, even if accurately estimated, which is impossible, is not a stable factor.

One hears a great deal of sage advice on sticking to the same brands of cartridges and particularly the same loads. But facts do not bear this out to any great extent. To illustrate, 3 drams of a certain smokeless and an ounce of No. 6 shot figures out on that mallard at seventy-five feet per second at forty yards, to a required lead of 9.30 feet. Using $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounce of shot to 9.37 feet switching to 3 drams and an ounce of No. 7 shot to 9.67 feet. Personally I never believed that I could shoot well enough to get down to such small decimals, but I do know that when using any brand of powder and shot in good cases, they killed if I lead correctly. The poor shot to whom it means the least worries the most about his ammunition.

Also in the course of a day we usually shoot at several varieties of game birds or wild fowl, some of which fly faster than others and their varying size tends to misjudgment of the range. One bird is aware of your presence and scared into its best efforts, another passes at moderate speed. Because a duck can fly fast does not mean that it is going all out every time it takes the air. Take an illustration, the canvasback with a speed of 99 miles an hour by airplane test; this means 145 feet per second. It would travel 34 feet by the time the shot charge reached it at a range of sixty yards, 14 feet more than the mallard flew in the same time. Wouldn't you be ashamed if you knew that you had missed a bird by fourteen feet? But as they are of the same size you easily could if you did not recognize the species and realize that it was not as near as it appeared to be. This matter of judging the range raises mischief with our scores. Mallard and canvasback when stretched out in flight average from 22 to 24 inches in length, most other ducks only about 18, and teal 14 to 15 inches. I once took a sportsman, with whom I had done a lot of grouse shooting in the Highlands, to a famous pass in Saskatchewan where we frequently shot ten or eleven species of duck in a morning, where canvasback and teal came over like bullets close to the water, and sprig, gadwel and mallard towered in the air. He was a good shot, but he could not contend with the situation as he never knew whether he was shooting in the soft evening light at a large bird high over him or a small one near by.

Most important of all is the personal factor; one man has a slow eye and another sees quickly, but he swings slowly, while a third may get on quickly and then lose the advantage of it by dwelling on his let-off. Another is lethargic in every way, his perception is slow, his muscles and trigger finger do not respond quickly, yet despite it all he is a good shot.

Some attempt has been made to measure the trigger time, that is the lapsed time between the command from the brain to let-off, and the complete release of the trigger; it has been variously estimated at from 1/25 to 1/250 part of a second. I do not pretend to know how much reliance could be put in these figures which are at best far apart, but I do know that the variation between individuals most certainly does call for a great difference in the necessary amount of forward allowance. There is also ignition and barrel time to be taken into consideration and even lock time, if we wish to be exact, as these items of time were not taken into consideration in our time of flight figures, but they are of no material consideration to the sportsman as they account for inches rather than feet.

Far more important when we are shooting at long range is elevation which no one pays much attention to at shotgun ranges. For instance our charge of No. 6 at the quoted velocity would drop twelve inches at sixty yards and six inches at fifty yards, not much when one considers the dispersion of the charge at fifty yards, but when added to a tendency to shoot low, it could account for a great many misses.

In all I have given five fundamental reasons, or shall we say excuses, for missing. Inability to judge speed of flight, miscalculation of range, misjudgment of the angle of flight, variations in mechanical and ballistical differences in the arms and ammunition and the unaccountable personal factor. Quite an aggregation to contend with and hit a flying bird at all.

It should be clear that to connect with a bird it is essential to lead it, at all but the shortest range, to overcome the time of flight of the charge and the lapsed time between the action of the brain and the ignition of the charge. A lead is imperative as we cannot place the charge instantaneously on the target. Were we to attempt to overcome this by use of scientific charts of allowances and a stationary gun, we would not hit one bird in five hundred, due to the variable errors in calculation. Hence the man who stops his gun at the moment he pulls the trigger can never become a good shot, no matter how keen his judgment of distance and speed of flight may be.

The only thing which makes consistent kills possible is swinging the gun in accurate and rapid alignment with the line of flight, until after the charge has left the barrel, because it reduces the personal factor to a minimum.

It has been admitted that the time consumed in sighting, and for the trigger finger to act upon receiving the command from the brain, as well as the speed of the swing, varies with each individual; indeed it is not constant in any one individual. Obviously, if the proper allowance was always made and the gun kept swinging until after the charge had left the muzzle, the personal factor would be eliminated, be the tendency fast or slow. There would then be no foundation for the oft-quoted advice that so-and-so requires a lighter gun or an easier pull, as he is shooting behind his birds. What would be the difference whether one took 3/100 of a second or 6/100 to accomplish the combustion of the charge? But carried far enough, that is drifting back to the hypothesis of a stationary gun, and correct allowance would be impossible of attainment. Science and training cannot overcome our proclivities for error. We do miscalculate speed and range, but as we reduce the necessary lead, we reduce proportionately the possibility of error, hence it behooves us to take advantage of everything which will minimize guesswork. Think quickly, aim quickly, swing quickly, adopt as light a pull as is safe, which will hasten your release and eliminate the extra allowance necessitated by a slow let-off. I do not mean that one should hurry. The old adage, "the more haste the less speed," was never more true than in shooting. Bring up the gun behind the bird and race the muzzles past it. Or if you prefer it bring up the muzzles on the bird and race past in line with its flight, though this latter method, while somewhat faster, is not as accurate as to elevation. But in either case, without dwelling on the aim, or pull, or stopping the

gun, let off while in full swing and *follow through.* It must not be inferred that one should make a long swing, which is a common fault. The gun should be brought from the ready position to the firing alignment with a minimum of movement. Swing must always be present, but not a prolonged swing of sufficient duration to last beyond the period required for a quick shot; otherwise it may spoil the alignment, endanger a companion, and will always retard the use of the second barrel. But remember that the faster the swing, the less lead is required, for the fast swinging muzzle gains more in the race with the bird than the slow swing in the period required for the brain and the ignition to act. By so doing you are placing the charge out where the bird will be by the time it has covered the range. You will have cut to a minimum the allowance required, except that consumed by the time in flight.

If you stop to think about it, you will see that lead once established is partly automatic; that to some extent it cares for itself. The line of sight down the barrels (when we lead) is at an angle to the direct line of vision, thus forming two sides of a triangle, and the angle of their divergence is constant, so that the base (or lead) is increased in proportion to the length of the two sides. Hence if a certain amount of daylight between the muzzles and the bird makes an allowance of three feet at twenty yards, the same allowance will lead by six feet at forty and nine feet at sixty. This is of utmost importance, for if we underestimate the range (and our errors are generally on that side) our mistake is automatically corrected to some extent. It must not be inferred from this that so long as we make an allowance at twenty yards that it will suffice for a greater range, because there is the added time of flight and a decreased velocity to be contended with. A lead that will suffice to kill at thirty yards cannot be just doubled at forty. It will usually have to be trebled, but it does mean that we do not have to hold an apparent 19.77 feet in front of a passing mallard at sixty yards to connect, if we are racing the gun past it at the time of the discharge.

Nor has the lead in any case got to be exact, if the charge reached the mark simultaneously or in a flat sheet, this would be true, but in reality it is strung out far more than most shooters appreciate. The approximate distance between the first and last pellets in the charge from a full choke gun is about twenty-seven feet; a lot of it is defective shot which would not kill, but ninety-five per cent of the charge is spread out in a column nineteen feet long at sixty yards range, the first ten of which are the most effective part. The advantage of hitting with it is of course apparent.

It is common for the old-timer, in response to the inquiry, "How far should I lead that bird?" to give his reply in feet. As I have intimated this is very vague advice, for two men's opinion of what actually corresponds to so many feet at a given range will vary to a marked degree. It is better to say so many lengths, having in mind the size of the bird. As we have stated, a mallard is about two feet long in flight. Three lengths in front at forty yards would be much more definite and incidentally that is the lead that I would hit it with, though I know sportsmen who would say their lead is much less. Also, it is always in lengths of duck and pheasants, or whatever it may be, that I gauge my lead, which is a good thing, for while the smaller birds often appear faster, it is the largest ones which get up the greatest speed. People rave about the speed of teal, but I have seen a canvasback or a goose go by one as if it were tied.

But getting back to his lead, what did the shooter referred to in the beginning mean when he mentioned a lead of five feet? Did he mean that he actually leads five feet, that his shot charge is aimed to pass that distance in front of the bird's head (which would only call for a couple of inches of daylight between the muzzles of a twenty-eight inch gun and an object forty yards away), or does he actually hold five feet in front of a bird which he looks at as if it were the same distance from him as the muzzles? If he meant the latter his lead on a bird at forty yards is enormous. Test this for yourself with a yard-stick held across your muzzles and note what a few inches subtend at various ranges. Then you will appreciate how utterly impracticable it is to establish your leads by what someone else does. You cannot see them with his eyes, and he cannot translate his picture to you, and even if he could, it would not be likely to fit in with your controlling factors.

Learn to swing fast. Never stop the gun until after the shot is fired, as you race with the bird, and when you kill, establish a mental picture of the bird and the lead at the time when it collapsed in the air. Make a mental note of that lead in lengths at the bird and when you miss consistently swing faster through the next one rather than increase the distance. But keep those mental pictures in your mind every time you fire—pictures of birds at long and medium and short range.

I have never tried to analyze the length of my leads on driven pheasants and duck or other game, though I know it would be quite easy to reduce it to feet and inches by measuring my mental pictures, gun in hand, against a suitable background. I would do so if I thought it would benefit anyone else, but I know it would not, nor would it help me. I have my mental pictures and they bring results. What they are in feet is of no im-

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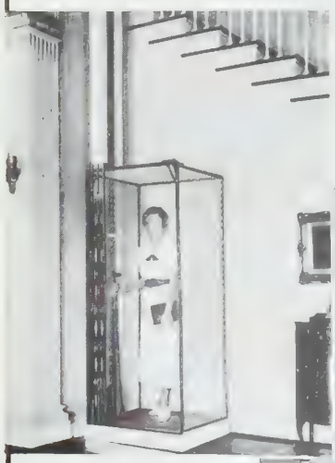

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portance, but as I visualize them I am sure that the distances are actually greater than the average shot believes them to be.

Seen and heard

(*Continued from page 80*)

imately, those few terrific lines:—

"All, all of a piece throughout
Thy chase had a beast in view.
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue . . ."

Yes, I'm glad the old year is out. Let's hope to begin anew.

Short book reviews

The following books have been duly received and contents noted:

"Modern Salmon & Sea Trout Fishing," by Major Kenneth Dawson (Charles Scribner's Sons, $4.50). This is a short and intelligent book on salmon fishing in England. The author assumes perhaps that his readers are almost as well informed as he is himself, so that his comments are not always entirely clear to the novice. Otherwise well written and straightforward.

"A Sportsman's Creed," by E. C. Keith (Charles Scribner's Sons, $5). A delightful, well-written book in the best tradition of British sporting writers, about shooting, birds, nature, and the out-of-door life. Heartily recommended.

"Sport in Norfolk County," by Allan Forbes (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, $10). To those of us who live in or near the Hub of the Universe, it is a rather charming indication of a point of view that Mr. Forbes' book should be entitled "Sport in Norfolk County" without the name of any state being appended thereafter. There is, of course, to a Bostonian, only one Norfolk County, just as there is only one Middlesex County, or Suffolk. I suppose that other states do have Norfolk Counties, but we ignore them. Mr. Forbes has written a most delightful book, principally concerned with polo at Dedham, Massachusetts, with hunting at the Norfolk Hunt Club, and with all kinds of sporting activities. Mr. Forbes was a polo player of skill and distinction and naturally devotes more space to that game than to other sports, but his book gives a vivid and cheerful picture of a happy period and of a group of American sportsmen who lived and played with high spirits and high quality.

"Donoghue Up" (Charles Scribner's Sons, $3.75). The naïve and interesting reminiscences of a really great jockey. Perhaps the word "jockey" should be changed into "horseman," for it was by his understanding of horses that he won races. Anybody who has a feeling for the turf will find this one of the most stimulating of recent volumes on racing.

"The Enchanted Bluegrass," by Elizabeth Simpson (Transylvania Press, Lexington, Ky. $5). Mrs. Simpson presents with an extraordinary amount of research and detail a description of the various charming estates in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky. She conveys a sense of the peculiar quality of that happy region and anyone who has visited the enchanted Bluegrass will welcome and appreciate this book.

Also received, but too late for review in this issue: "Tennis Fundamentals and Timing," by Ethel Sutton Bruce and Bert O. Bruce (Prentice-Hall, Inc., $2.50). "The Hannes Schneider Ski Technique," by Benno Rybizka (Harcourt, Brace and Company, $2.50). "Cue's Guide to Winter Sports, 1939, which is edited by E. Sinclair Hertell (Cue Publishing Co., Inc., $1).

Bahamian influence on a Florida ridge

(*Continued from page 50*)

front bookcase cabinet with oval brass handles and shelves well adapted to display china. Sepia flowers and dark green leaves pattern the chintz of soft, clear yellow background. Bookshelves line either side of the fireplace.

On the first floor of the south wing, with a private outside entrance, is the master bedroom suite. The green and copper colored chintz patterned in hydrangeas, used for window draperies and bed covers, has been applied to the walls of the two bath-dressing rooms. A bureau of the Hepplewhite-Sheraton period and a secretary-bookcase are special items.

Upstairs are four large, sunny guest rooms with private baths. In the north part of the house, adjacent to the entrance hall, are the dining room, pantry, kitchen, and servants' hall. An extra wing to the northwest houses servants' rooms and garage.

Knight in gray armor

(*Continued from page 73*)

their limited freedom as they would nest in the wild. The bulk of their offspring are allowed to go unpinioned and free, to migrate into the North with the wild flocks that pass over, or to mate with their own sort and scatter out to nesting locations on near-by marshes, as they please.

The experiments are gaining their ends, or seem to be. Gray geese are nesting in the wild once more in the vicinity of the refuges in increasing numbers summer after summer.

It seems logical to believe that the pair on the Pere Marquette river may have been the offspring of such a flock. This much we know, and no more: they were full winged, and wore no leg bands. They led their young away to unknown haunts on the river as soon as the family was able to travel and were not seen again. They behaved as wild geese often behave on their nesting grounds in the barren marshes of the far North. In reality their origin makes little

ifference. Suffice that they were wild geese, nesting in the wilderness, with a down-lined castle to defend and no fear in their hearts.

It was Ward Scott who found them and who passed the word on to me. A trout fisherman, Scott. He follows the river from the first week of open season to the last. He marks the passage of summer by the first hatch of gray drakes, the time of caddisflies, the period when the rainbow spawners go back to the big lake, and various kindred omens.

He was wading the Pere Marquette the first day of trout season, in late April, when he encroached on the domain of the geese. The gander challenged him briefly from midriver and attacked without waiting for a parley or signs of retreat.

Scott stood his ground, fighting a purely defensive fight, and came out of the first round with a black and blue bruise that reached halfway from elbow to wrist. Only one thing, he reasoned, could account for such reckless fury and foolhardy courage. The gander had a nest somewhere in the vicinity. He took more buffeting from wings and bill and worked his way around the next bend. There the goose raised up on her nest, on the dry river bank no more than two yards from the water, and heralded her presence by angry honking.

A week later Scott took me back to the place. We forded the river, still high from the spring freshets, some distance down stream, wearing trout waders and toting a heavy load of cameras. Scott made no attempt to go quietly. We cut across two bends of the stream, through the pine and aspen thickets. Then from the top of a low bluff he pointed out the goose, flattened on her nest right at the river's edge some fifty yards away.

Her head and neck were outstretched flat along the ground beyond the rim of the nest. Obviously she was making herself as inconspicuous as possible to escape detection. Her black bill was pointed our way. She had heard us coming. I'd have to get much nearer than that for pictures. I began to look about for cover, seeking something that would at least partially screen my approach. Scott grinned and waved me on. "You won't need to sneak up on her," he assured me. "She won't leave. She's not afraid of you. Anyway, she'll have reinforcements in a minute and she knows it."

They were not long delayed. We had covered perhaps half the distance to the nest when the gander spoke. He was standing beside the trunk of a big pine on the river bank, and his first bugle note, ringing loud and clear through the forest, was a warning to respect. He followed it instantly with action. He came stalking out into a small opening to meet us, honking in angry protest, running his long serpentine neck out in a fashion to give pause to any but the most incautious foe.

He did not rush us, but he came steadily on until we halted, maybe thirty feet from him. Then he stopped, too, walking back and forth in front of us across a dim path used by fishermen, honking, marking time, taking our measure. When we made no further move to advance he turned finally and marched quickly down the river bank and took to the water. For a minute he swam back and forth near the bank, within the fringe of overhanging alders, and the woods rang with his defiant cries.

We started toward the nest again and the gander struck out into the full current of the river, swam swiftly back as if retreating until he was abreast of his mate. She was standing erect now above her rain-soiled eggs in their deep bowl of gray down, and her resentful, anxious notes had joined his. We walked on a few steps moving slowly to lessen the alarm of the two geese. Unknowing, we crossed some invisible deadline the gander had laid down around that nest.

His bugling was suddenly sharper, more angry. Then he was in the air, lifting from the swift river like a small gray warplane.

That swift assault from the air was incredibly bold and the last thing I had expected. The gander came plunging down like a diving bomber, straight into our faces. My arms went up instinctively to fend him off and I gave ground a pace or two in spite of myself. But he did not strike.

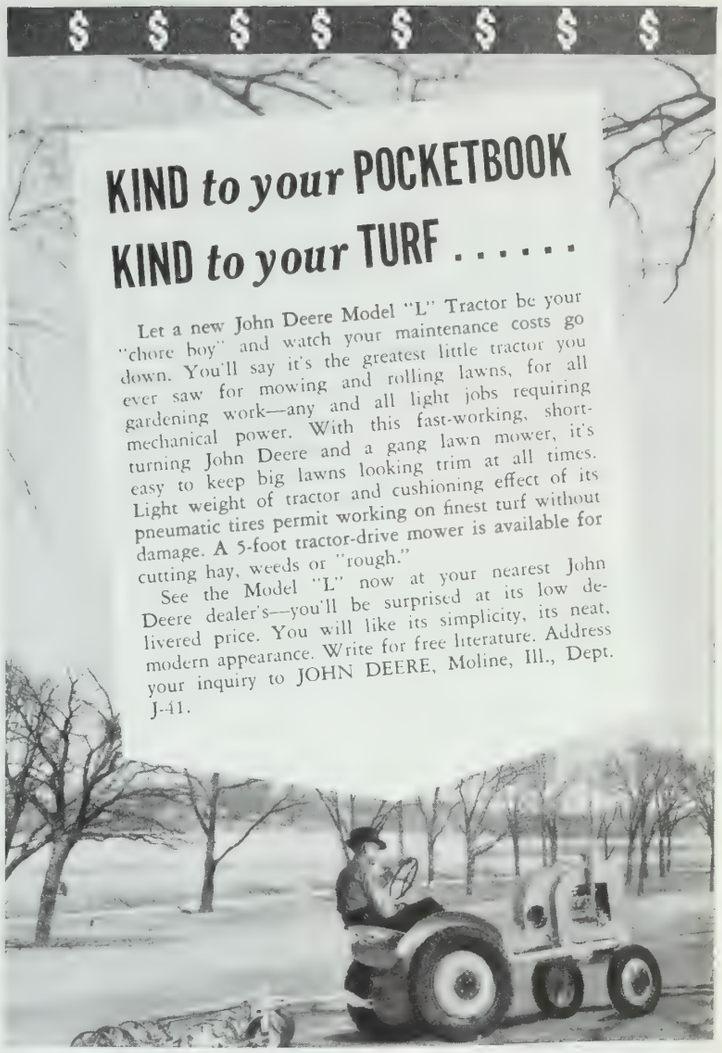
No more than a yard away, breast high, he checked, braking with his wings almost touching us, and then dropped to the ground at our feet. There he rushed us instantly, a hissing gray dragon, wings outflung like broad shields.

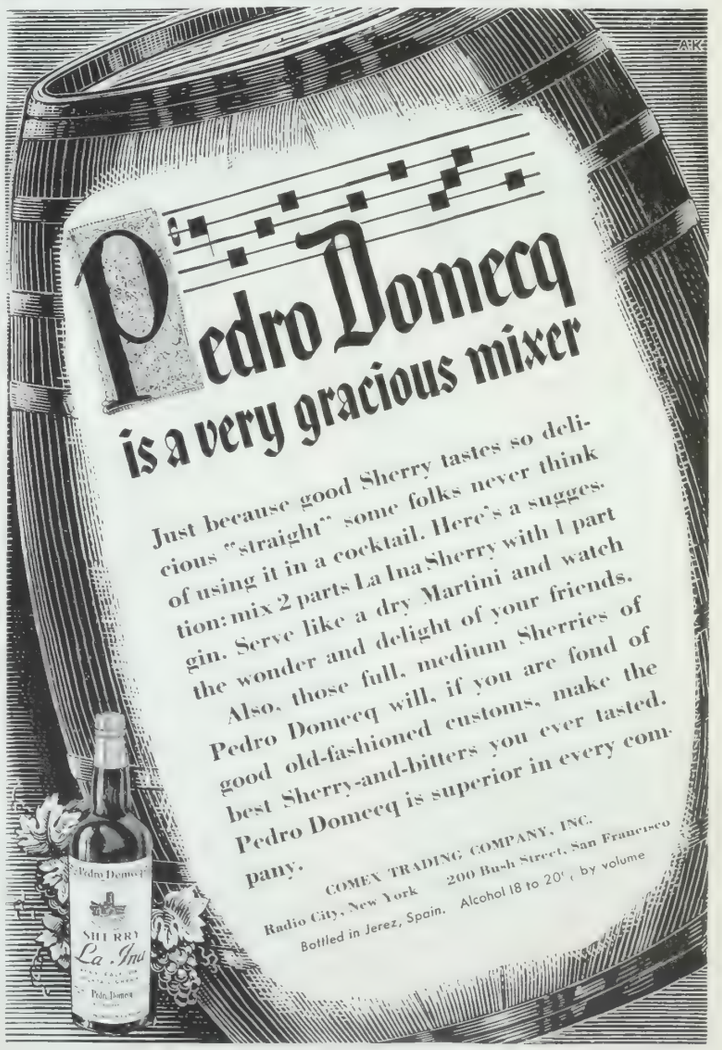
Scott was ahead of me on the path. The gander caught him by a wader leg with his sturdy black bill and hung on like a bulldog, pommeling knees and legs with the elbows of his wings. But after a second or two of fierce beating his blows slowed quite a bit, grew half hearted.

Scott stood stock-still, waiting, grinning at me across his shoulder. It was his fourth visit to the nest since he had found it. The old gander, for all his anger and boldness, was growing used to the man, beginning to take him for granted in spite of himself. It was hard to stay steamed up about a caller who came four times and did no harm but only moved quietly and watched for an hour or so and went away, hereditary foe though he might be.

The gander's wing flailing died away in a minute or so, though he still kept a vicelike grip with his heavy bill. "No steam left," Scott told him good naturedly. He held up his arm with the big black and blue area. "That one hurt."

The gander backed off at last as if puzzled because we failed to





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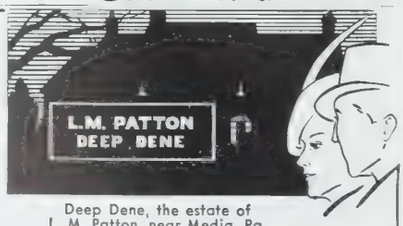

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ight back. He turned, still honking loudly, and stalked back to his mate. When we followed step by step he offered no resistance, only flung a full-throated protest across his shoulder at us a time or two.

Through all the commotion the goose had not left her eggs. She was still standing erect above them, watching anxiously. Within ten feet of her we brought the cameras into play. The gander had turned on us again, bugling steadily, charging us in short, angry rushes but retreating to the side of his mate as soon as we backed a way a few steps.

At the end of each brief sortie he took time out to run his bill hurriedly and caressingly over her head and neck, reassuring her, telling her plainly enough that he could handle the situation and intended to, that she had nothing to fear. When we made no quick movements, offered no hostilities, the two geese gradually quieted down. The goose settled uncertainly on her eggs again, the gander kept this place beside her or stalked back and forth in front of the nest, defiant and steadfast.

There was still a deadline about the nest itself, past which he would not let us come. We tried it a dozen times and each time the results were prompt and positive. The instant we moved too near he rushed us with open bill and spread wings. And behind him each time the goose sprang up from her eggs, ready to take a hand if we broke past his guard. Twice a foot or a camera came too near for her pleasure, while the gander was driving Scott back across the boundaries of the forbidden zone, and each time she struck out viciously with wings and bill, but never at any time was she drawn more than a foot or two from the nest.

The idea of retreat, I am certain, never entered the thoughts of the geese the long hour we stayed there, much less the thought of deserting the eggs.

We settled down finally to a watchful truce, the four of us. Scott and I sat quietly on the ground no more than two yards from the nest, one on either side. So long as we made no quick or threatening movements they tolerated us there, the goose even sidling back to her brooding, while the gander walked around her, ran his bill gently and swiftly along her neck or jabbed at us occasionally in mild mistrust. Still the forest rang from time to time with his resentful bugle calls.

The last we saw of them, from the top of the bluff, the goose was back at her brooding with the gander beside her keeping a vigilant watch in the direction of our retreating voices. The long shadow of a Norway pine on the river bank was falling across the nest. The silence of the late spring afternoon had returned to the forest, unbroken at last by the geese. No sound came from them as we went on across the bluff, beyond their sight and out of hearing too.

Less than a fortnight later their courage and patience bore fruit. Five of the eggs hatched. No one saw the young. The parents led them away into the river marshes at once, as is always the way of wild geese.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 76*)

chaps and high-heeled boots. It'll be a lovely winter afternoon—ideal weather for polo, and the thermometer hovering around sixty—and the boys will be trying out some of their new ponies—top mounts in the making as we'll see them, but several months ago just cowponies, though cowponies with the right strain of Thoroughbred blood in their veins, munching mesquite grass on some ranch near San Antonio. It'll be informal polo that we'll see. An auto horn will announce the end of a chukker. There'll be no half-time, no scores. And only a few scattered cars will line the sideboards—family groups, and mostly little bands of enthusiastic women who make up the most loyal supporters in the saga of good keen sport and are known as "polo wives." It'll just be practice, week-day "socko," but the kind of rip-roaring-hell-for-leather, yet strangely calm and collected competition from which real champions, ponies, and players are made. Hard work, yes, but fun!

And then we'll pile into the car again. And this time it will be Harbord Field at near-by Fort Sam Houston. More cowboys and polo pony dealers in action? Well, hardly. But, nevertheless, they *can* ride! These natty players are the army boys of Southwest polo—Lt. Col. Tam Hastey, Capt. J. D. Scott, Lieut. Bruce Scott, Capt. John Gross, and many others. Another week-day game, yes, and informal polo—but there's a difference. The army officers are not riding their meal tickets!

Then Mrs. Bowman will take us to a beautiful turf field at Brackenridge Park for a Sunday game. The aforementioned Charles B. Wrightsman, Houston oil-sportsman, who is just plain "Charlie" to his many friends of the Lone Star State, has just breezed into town. He comes primarily to visit his stable which everyone knows is one of the finest private strings in the galloping game. But he always stays long enough for a game of polo, and has lined up with the Austin team on this afternoon at his customary position of No. 1. Playing with him are Cecil Smith, at No. 2, Dutch Evanger, at No. 3, and H. W. "Rube" Williams, at No. 4, or Back.

Opposite them are the Barry Brothers, a 12-goal three-man combination "just between the family." Originally native Texan cowboys, they currently write "home sweet home" over box stalls in Oklahoma City. But just to make it all Texas, or Texas over all, they have claimed the popular Tom Mather, erstwhile cowboy from Eldorado, Texas, as their

eam-mate. Although the scoreboard reads Oklahoma City, a rose by any other name, or, in this case, a team by any other name would be as good. Or would it? Hold on there, we're not so sure. . .

Because, turning loose like a Texas "norther," the Barry boys and Tom Mather, well-mounted and in tiptop condition, are clicking perfectly. With a four-goal edge by handicap, the final gong finds them well in the lead over the Austin favorites.

And thus polo in San Antonio goes 'round and 'round—from early fall when the players and dealers return from the Northern and Eastern polo centers, on through the winter and early spring months 'till 'long about the first of May, when the hopeful trek to Long Island and other distant and fashionable polo places begins. Then the stay-at-homes, such as the army players and the San Antonio civilians, who play polo as a hobby, must mark time until the fall homecoming when the click of stick and ball and muffled thunder of flying hoofs echo once more with real championship rhythm.

With the able Lt. Col. James A. Watson, retired, managing polo for the San Antonio Polo Association, a good season will already be well under way by the time we snub up to the old Texas hitching post along the sideboards in January. This year we'll see new sights, for during the past summer two new fields were constructed at the Exposition Grounds, one a "skin" or dirt ground, and the other a turf field of well-kept grass. In addition are the six old fields, Miller, Harbord, Pershing, Brackenridge, Harrison, and Randolph; Brackenridge and Harbord being turfed.

So every day, and often twice a day, polo of some sort will be going on at two or more of these excellent fields. Round-robins are quite popular, for in the friendly polo circles of San Antonio, the more players "cutting-in" and the more followers of the game assembled at one field, the merrier the occasion. There seems no more accurate way to describe Texas polo than to say, in perhaps a banal manner, that they are one great big happy family, those polo people. Army players and civilians; high-goal stars, who have traveled far and learned the best way—through experience in the fast company of the best in the world; and those, without whom no polo could be successful—the steady workers of the low-goal brackets from which ride the great stars of the morrow. . . . Some of the latter, like some of the former, are proud to call themselves polo "dealers" and "traders" in this land of wide open spaces—and wide open, hospitable, homes—that produces on great ranches as fine a type of Thoroughbred polo mount as can be found anywhere. . . . And there are cow-punchers and visiting Mexican Army dignitaries and civilians—all playing together, lined up either for or against you. . . . Riding-off a Texas cow-woodie dealer who is playing for profit—and bumping hard, too may be a wealthy oil man or ranchman who raises polo mounts as a sideline and hops on them and over the sideboards for pleasure. And so it goes. . . .

Out of all this emerge well-schooled polo ponies and America's future polo stars, who in the course of time leave their native terrain for distant greenswards to try their luck, fortune, or what have you. Behind is left the leisure class of Texas poloist, the steady and staid type, that sends the younger boys off with a "Hope you have a good season—I'll keep an eye out for some pony-prospects for you next fall;" and then, one hopes, keeps a loyal eye on the pages of COUNTRY LIFE to see how the favorite sons are doing "out in the big-time."

The group of gentlemen-players and the army poloists add spice to the activities in San Antonio while the local boys are making good near the big cities. Otherwise, the dealers, traders and trainers might take their business of "making" polo ponies too seriously! After the ones that are left behind have a few mounts to their liking, they feel that they can not let a day go by without a game of polo, for they must make hay, as well as polo ponies during the time until such prominent players as Cecil Smith, Rube Williams, George Oliver, and Terrence Preece return from the fall tournaments in the East to Texas for a few months and must hurry to finish off the schooling of their valuable mounts in time for the mid-winter California season.

It's a mad scramble—dealers scouting over West Texas ranching country for polo prospects, sometimes right on the flying heels of each other—one buying a promising looking pony perhaps that another dealer just ahead of him has turned down. A cagey dealer usually has his eye on his market all summer on Long Island. That is, when he's home he "points" a certain type animal for a certain type player whose style of riding and horsemanship might not suit the mount turned down by the other dealer. We remember hearing one of the Barry brothers remark last winter that he bought his mounts in Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas, to which Tom Mather drawled, in his best Will Rogers style, "Shucks, he buys in three states, and I buy mine in three counties." And he meant three Texas counties not far from San Antonio. It's almost incredible how many miles of touring it takes sometimes to net a single polo pony. One player, of the lucky Tom Mather caliber, hunted eight days and got four good horses, while another dealer scouted as many days and found none. Just how much luck enters into this chase for blooded horseflesh is a matter for conjecture. But it's a good thing, as aforementioned,

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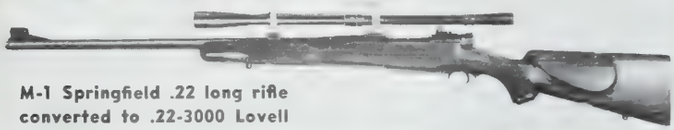

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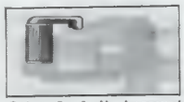

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that most polo players horse hunting have a certain type in mind that they are looking for. It's about all that keeps the boys from getting in each other's way . . . or do they keep entirely out of one another's way?

At Miller Field, George Miller, veteran Texas dealer and player, who admits to being in his seventies and still plays tournament polo, and his two famous polo protégés, Cecil Smith and Rube Williams, maintain their training grounds. With Miller this year is Hobart Reed, a popular San Antonio poloist, who spent the past summer playing in California. Thus a Miller Field polo team. Others who train in San Antonio either own their stables or lease them from season to season.

Two out-of-state gentlemen-players whose presence adds considerable impetus and fun to polo around San Antonio are E. G. Bradley and W. L. Hartman, Wichita, Kansas, oil men, who have been bringing their strings of polo mounts to San Antonio for several winters and have their own 'planes in which they "commute" between business and pleasure. Associated with them are two brilliant young 4- or 5-goal players, both former Texas cowboys, Clarence Starks, who keeps the Hartman ponies fit, and Rube Goodnight, who is with Bradley.

Others with whom we'll renew associations of which we've always been very glad are: Lea Aldwell, a prominent Texas sportsman who raises some of the world's best polo mounts on his "Head of the River Ranch" near San Angelo and this year has a string of thirty-nine ponies stabled at San Antone; Dutch Evanger, manager of the St. Louis Country Club polo this past summer, who plays the Aldwell ponies—many of the Aldwell mounts were responsible for the great Western victory in the Chicago East-West games in 1932; W. G. "Bill Braid, gentleman farmer poloist from McLean, Illinois, who has played polo all over from Meadow Brook and Aiken to California; H. A. "Hugh" Fitzsimons, wealthy San Antonio resident, who has ranches in Llano, Ker, and Dimmit counties; Jack Lapham, as well known in the East as he is in his home city of San Antonio. A charter member and head-man of the San Antonio Polo Association, he has been working for the interest of polo in San Antonio for many years. Mr. Lapham is also head of the Southwestern Inter-Circuit Division, and without a doubt is one of the most influential polo powers-that-be in Texas. Charles Armstrong, prominent ranchman, who raises polo mounts on his ranch in South Texas, and competes in the spring tournaments along with his promising poloist young son, John, a student in Texas University.

Others we look forward to seeing again are: York Ratliff, who hails from Llano and is well-known on Long Island where he has been selling ponies for some years. Ratliff buys his ponies in and arou Llano and schools them there his home until time for the Ja uary tournaments to get unc way at San Antonio; Jack Semo and his father, E. J. Semons, Boston, Massachusetts, who tra a string of ponies in San Anton each winter, buying them in Sou Texas usually, and disposing them on the Myopia Polo Cl market, and thereabouts, ne Boston; Semp Russ, of a we known San Antonio family, ar Lee Downs, originally from Brad Texas, associated in the bus ness of raising and training po mounts, and outstanding also polo players. Each spring Dow takes a string of good-blooded well-trained and experienced poni to Long Island, and off and o during the summer Russ "take off" from business in San Antoni long enough to drop out of th sky on Long Island and see ho things—meaning his polo "hosses —are getting along.

If history repeats, we ought t find around San Antonio such vis iting players as the Farish Broth ers and sons, and Billy Dritt fro Houston—all of whom were well-known in Eastern intercollegiat polo—Buster Wharton, with his E Ranchito team from Arlington near Fort Worth and Dallas; Billy Skidmore; Dr. Rayworth Williams, and others; also some players from Austin and Shreveport, Louisiana.

General Jesus Jayme Quinones of Piedras Negras, Coahuila, who is in charge of all Mexican government troops on the Border, visited in San Antonio on December 15th. General Quinones, himself a distinguished polo player of Mexico, acted for General Manuel Avila Camacho, Mexico's polo-playing Secretary of War, in extending an invitation to Tom Mather and the Barry Brothers, who were his guests at a luncheon at the Plaza Hotel to form a civilian four to visit Mexico City in January. The American team was to have been known as "Oklahoma City-Texas"—which seems fair enough under the circumstances. . . . Now, Oklahoma City Taxes—might be something else again.

Accent on wild birds

(*Continued from page 74*)

quarters among the bare twigs of azalea bushes; and once I saw a pair of kingbirds pitch a nest together on a naked blueberry limb with no swelling bud closer than three feet away. But every one of the lot proved to be perfectly shaded from the blaze of the sun. We would know from observing such things, if we did not find it obvious, that all bird-boxes should be located in half-open spots where early morning sun and that of late afternoon, perhaps, can warm up the boxes and their contents; but never where the full blast of the mid-day sun can strike them. Neither should they be placed in full shade. It's best if such shade as they do re-

ceive, is cast by somewhat discant foliage. And it's highly important that there be safe refuge cover within a few feet of the box: the tousled canes of rambler roses, a clump of upright shrubs, or the limbs of a luxuriant thick-growing tree.

Very few people find it desirable to build birdhouses at home nowadays. For such as do enjoy tinkering at things of the sort, there are government bulletins and numerous other publications which tell the best materials for nesting boxes, the size of entrance holes for various species, and so on. Sometimes it's diverting to trump up original designs to fit one's particular scheme of things; then either to make the boxes in the home workshop or have them turned out by a specialist at that sort of thing. Any number of ideas can be devised for giving character to your personal bird layout: using miniature reproductions of the main house for wrens or purple martins, for example. But the enterprising makers of bird-garden accessories offer such handsome variety and such sturdily built things on their own account that almost anyone can suit his taste without custom work. For myself I prefer rough "rustic" boxes and other trappings. Frequently I bring in from a woodlot sections of limbs or trunks with discarded woodpecker or chickadee burrows ready-made in them. These are mounted not far from the house in a mild concentration which brings in numerous birds from a distance.

Fountains, bird baths and other services of drinking water are frequently as potent in attracting wild birds as are nesting boxes. Particularly, in hot dry weather, such spas will be visited by nearly all of one's avian neighbors. Members of the thrush family—robins, wood thrushes, and the like—and their distant relatives of the mocking-bird clan, such as catbirds and brown thrashers, find especial delight in flouncing about in a shallow bath in sunny weather; and many other birds will make daily use of a watering-place the season through. It is superfluous, perhaps, to warn that the bird bath should have a shallow, sloping basin, for manufacturers offer endless types of formal and informal fixtures of the sort in proper design. The suggestion may be more in order, that water in the bird bath should be changed from time to time, and that it seems a bit more gracious to clean out the tub occasionally.

Offering nesting materials, from mortar to linen, to snobbish bird visitors sometimes will induce them to take up their sojourn on your grounds. Wet mud is an unconventional but worthy item of the sort. Robins, phoebes, and barn swallows, all three on the can-do list of dooryard tenants, must have access to mud for the construction of their adobe nests. If there is no natural mud puddle close at hand you might well whip up a synthetic one with the aid of the hose. Four-inch strips of coarse twine may prove seductive to orioles, robins, and thrushes; or if you're feeling sort of la-de-da you might tie out loose bundles of bright-colored yarn in similar lengths. (Cover yourself on this last indulgence by pretending you're studying wild birds' sense of color.) Materials of these sorts should never be offered in longer pieces, for many's the nest-building bird that's been killed by getting tangled in a long piece of string. About this extraordinarily populous home sanctuary, Dr. Arthur Allen of Cornell University makes it a practice to offer during the nesting season, horsehair stuffing from old upholstery, and fluffy tufts of cotton which are picked apart by goldfinches, redstarts and other less well-known birds.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE have happy facilities for attracting wild birds through the nesting season by virtue of their extensive interest in gardens. First and last it's the trees, the shrubs, and lesser green things that say yes or no to the modern accent on wild birds. Even severe formality can be adapted to the development of an amateur bird refuge. Robins very often will build on limbs of the sheerest elms; song sparrows will find cover enough for their terrestrial nests in even the closest-clipped rock gardens. But if certain shrubs and low trees are set here and there, and a slight emphasis is given to favored annuals and perennials in the border and cutting garden, the place can be spiced with birds.

Birds don't fancy isolated plants of any sort, either for nesting places or for their feeding. They prefer to live among snarls of vines and grassy things where shelter and fat insects abound, rather than on orderly lawns and sharp paths. It isn't impossible, perhaps, for the average gardener to make a slight concession to this state of affairs for the boon it gives. Hawthorns, for instance, can be planted in little clumps instead of singly; maybe close to grassy pastures rather than beside the naked drive. Another weigela or two near the lone one growing now, may attract a family of gold-throated catbirds. An extra sprinkling of fire-flowered things like bignonia, nasturtium, salpiglossis, very well may fetch in a humming-bird or two to dance all summer long above your flowers. Flocks of chickadees and goldfinches will seek out miniature sunflowers let go to seed. And there's a certain modest clump of silverberry shrubs which, in autumn fruit, more than once has enticed wild pheasants — with thrushes, and handsome purple finches—almost to my door.

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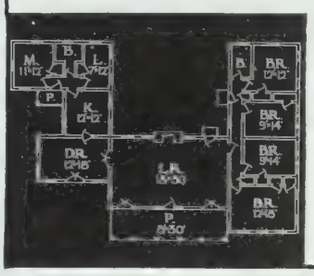

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To top off the simple scientific interest of watching wild creatures live their lives close at hand; to add to the esthetic virtue of sprightly song and bright feather sifting over the place, birds bring to the country dwelling a distinct utilitarian value. They are no lazy relief charges, no sit-downers. Birds are industrious, able workmen worthy of their hire. One Baron Johann von Berlepsch demonstrated that beyond all question on his Bavarian acres years ago. The record of that classic experiment tells that this gentleman developed the whole of his broad estate as a bird sanctuary. He set out nesting boxes galore, with baths and buried shrubs in proper places. He rid the area of run-wild cats and other insidious predators. Within a brief space of time no fewer than nine hundred pairs of birds were rearing broods in his rent-free boxes! Then a pestilence came, of forest-leaf caterpillars. Like Japanese beetles, perhaps in your own vineyard or garden, the insects devoured the last leaf in the region. The last leaf, that is, except in the green valleys guarded by von Berlepsch's near two thousand parent birds. There the caterpillars were stringently controlled, consumed in hundred-weights by these birds and their innumerable nestlings.

Not everyone can build a bird-garden on the Baron's grand scale. I can't, certainly. Maybe you can't. But an experimental gesture in that direction isn't much trouble. You or anyone else can add verve to his place by the simple expedient of nailing up a few bird-boxes in proper places, setting out a simple or elaborate bird-bath according to taste, and perhaps dedicating a corner of the garden to perennials in feathers. Doing the lot, of course, before spring, overtaking winter, has driven the early birds already from your door.

Notes from an under-sea studio

(*Continued from page 68*)

quite amusing. It was suggested that I use a washtub for a palette; that I squeeze the oil colors onto the bottom of the tub as if it were a palette. I tried it. A string tied to one handle made it possible for me to drag the tub behind me as a youngster pulls his express cart, while the brushes, attached to the other handle by two-foot strings, pointed toward high heaven. With the string in one hand and my canvas under the other arm, I shuffled off to the spot I had chosen to sketch. The canvas frame was tied to an iron ring which could rest easily against a rock. The only way I could manipulate my painting materials was by kneeling down to them, pulling down a brush as needed and, with the tip of it, transferring the color from the tub bottom to the canvas. But the first time, expecting to fill my brush with blue to paint sea water on the canvas, I found that I had once more misjudged distances and touched the gray-green instead. However, this really did not matter, for as my technique does not require a preliminary drawing, I was able to turn the canvas over and use this color for the corals in my picture.

But when I turned to my improvised tub-palette for more color, I found it gone! I had neglected to tie it, and the gentle current had rocked and drifted it away. Fortunately it had not gone far and, gliding toward it on my knees, I was able to grasp the end of the string and pull back my residence of Diogenes. But imagine all this being done in slow motion! Thereafter I used my lead-weighted palette under the sea, and later experience proved that a palette-knife could take the place of all my brushes, giving a quicker and more efficient way of recording colors. So I left my quaintly bobbing brushes on the island.

Those short periods of sketching enabled me to record correct colors of unbelievable charm from some of Nature's grandest compositions. Nevertheless, such sketches are, at best, merely form and color records; the finished pictures with all their detail are always done at the outside studio, the work stimulated by the diving trips.

Quite a different matter is the making of a deep-sea picture—a portrait of some mystic creature drawn up from the murky, unexplored depths of the ocean. Often those on my table varied from one foot in length to the dimensions of a pea—or less. The first time I was confronted by these scaleless, silvery or jet black little fish, my curiosity quickly gave way to enthusiasm. Through the microscope a new world of undreamed of beauty was revealed. These fish had made a long journey up to my table and, far from their home in eternal night, they had found here an unsought destiny. For hours, perhaps, they had been pulled along in one of the long silk nets trailing behind the stern of a sea-going tug. From the net there was no way of escape, nor from the Mason jar fastened at the very end of the net. Thus, from the depths of an everlasting night—about 1000 fathoms—and an ice cold temperature, through an enormous change of pressure, they had been drawn up into a sun-flooded world where they could not possibly adjust themselves. For those reasons they lay lifeless before me.

The sunset glow still lingered over the rose-tinted water of Bermuda when these little captives would reach my table. Then began the busiest time of my day as I undertook the quick sketching of their fleeting, iridescent hues, their still glowing light organs, the ephemeral brilliancy of their metallic sheen. It often happened that the colors changed several times in a few minutes. Then after the shades had been recorded, they were gently placed in jars of formalin in which their form, if not their lovely colors, would be retained indefinitely. For this work transparent water color provided an efficient medium.

After studying the shape and structure of these fish through the microscope, and with my color sketches at hand, I was able to make enlarged, correct drawings true to life. I could let my models chase or play across my paper, singly or in schools, whatever their respective habits of moving about in their native element might be. In turn they could show themselves from all sides, from above, or underneath. Sometimes I let them face me—and I am astonished at how often they resemble one or another of my friends! Lots of fun they are.

All this artistic beauty of the wonder world of the shallow waters, as well as of the mysterious realms of the deep ocean, has existed for aeons of time though all unknown to us. But now we can utilize it, bring it within reach of our modern life, enjoy it as part of our daily existence. On the walls of our summer homes on the ocean we can create the atmosphere of these cool serene levels beneath the waves. Our bathrooms, our swimming pools, our porches, our game rooms—all offer welcome places and opportunities for such decorative treatment. And these rich marine fields hold infinite suggestions for development in all the fine arts.

Still other surprises await the traveler who wishes to explore for himself this fantastic, newly discovered world. The joy of shallow-water diving, as I have learned to know it, is today a sport open to all. Modern sea resorts of the tropics offer their undersea treasures to their guests, providing diving helmets and other necessary apparatus. In Bermuda, for instance, one can walk deliberately into and down below the waves along a path that leads to this submarine fairyland. One may find himself suddenly facing a brilliant blue angelfish, or a black rock-beauty with its long, floating yellow fins, or a golden-red squirrel-fish, a cunning bluehead, or any of countless others. One's path may be crossed by a little wandering roof-garden—a clump of sea anemones established on the top of a hermit crab's shell. Little fish may come and nibble at you, too, as they did at me, to find out what kind of strange thing you are.

I think it is not too much to say that nothing in the upper world can compare with the luxury of this nether realm of the sea, with its colors, its atmosphere of mystery, of poise, and tranquility. No modern adventure can surpass the supreme joy of exploring its unique grandeur.

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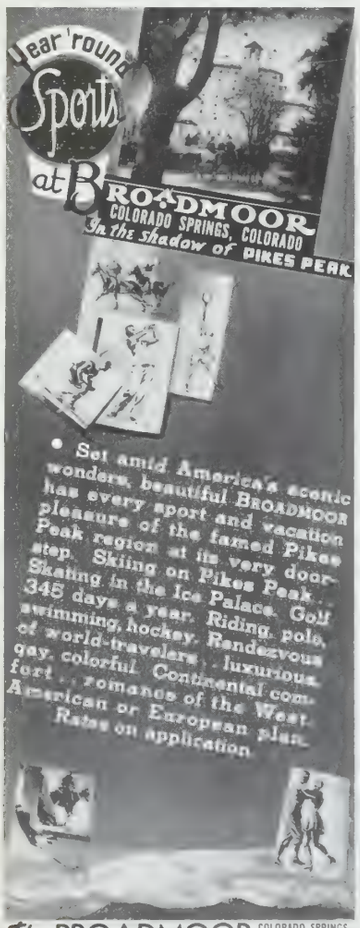

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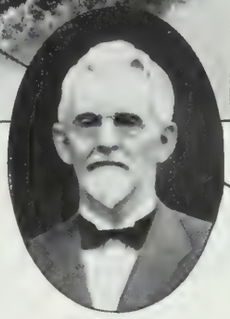

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DOG STARS by Vinton P. Breese

WITH an entry of 3,070 dogs the sixty-third annual exhibition of the Westminster Kennel Club, held February 13th, 14th, and 15th in Madison Square Garden, was the third largest renewal in the history of America's oldest kennel fixture, having been exceeded in 1937 with 3,146 dogs and in 1938 with 3,093 dogs. However, this slight drop was expected as the club had placed the limit at 3,000 dogs and tried to adhere to this as closely as possible in order to prevent overcrowding of the exhibition hall where the dogs are benched. With the current number of exhibits there was ample accommodation for canines and humans alike and it was probably the best balanced show held in years. In speaking of balance, quantity is not considered but the even combination of quantity and quality and the variety of breeds represented. The latter numbered ninety-six of the 109 breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club and in this respect the event has the widest range of variety of any kennel fixture in this country. There were on view such rather rare breeds as Affenpinchers, Kuvasz, Pulis, Rottweilers, Briards, Huskies, Eskimos, Harriers, Otterhounds, Lhasa Terriers, Lakeland Terriers, Norwich Terriers, and others seldom seen at the average run of shows. Such breeds proved a decided attraction to the lay public who ran rapidly through the catalogue trying to identify them. There can be no question that, although not so large as the limited breed Morris and Essex outdoor event by about one thousand dogs, Westminster remains the leading all-breed show of America.

Wolford Press

Ferry v. Rauhfelsen, winner of best in show

The Westminster Show

RARE BREEDS. Although the event numbered only twenty-three dogs less than last year, this deficit would have been greater were it not for a marked advance of a number of the less popular breeds such as Afghan Hounds which rose from 28 to 40; Huskies, from 4 to 22; Eskimos, from 1 to 17; Corgis, from 29 to 42; Skye Terriers, from 8 to 14; West Highland White Terriers, from 29 to 35; Pugs, from 4 to 22; Keeshonden, from 2 to 16; Gordon Setters, from 14 to 23; while Japanese Spaniels rallied from 5 to 19; Pekingese, from 57 to 72; Pomeranians, from 51 to 63; Chows, from 23 to 31, and Newfoundlands, from 26 to 31. It was some of the more popular breeds, in fact most of them, which dropped below last year's figures such as Cocker Spaniels, from 210 to 196; English Setters, from 100 to 71; Irish Setters, from 89 to 64; Springer Spaniels, from 71 to 39; Chesapeake Bays, from 28 to 9; Beagles, from 54 to 44; Collies, from 82 to 62; German Shepherd Dogs, 59 to 49; Great Danes, from 104 to 79; St. Bernards, from 31 to 20; Irish Terriers, from 74 to 53; Boston Terriers, from 123 to 109; French Bulldogs, from 38 to 23; Boxers, from 103 to 92; Airedale Terriers, from 74 to 68; while a number of others which were expected to register increases registered lesser decreases. Although of more recent years Westminster has not attracted an entry of toy dogs approximating what might be expected at a show of this magnitude nor comparing in size with the remaining groups, probably because owners were averse to having their small pets undergo the three day ordeal, the recent renewal registered a record in this respect, inasmuch as all save one of the toy breeds showed an increase in numbers and in most cases a very substantial one.

STANDING OF BREEDS. Although falling below last year's figures Cocker Spaniels, as expected, still retained the lead with 156 dogs of which 36 were the English type which is becoming increasingly popular in this country. Dachshunde, showing an advance from 157 to 185, captured second place for which they were tied with Fox Terriers last year at 157, while the latter breed dropped to 153 and to third place. Speaking of Fox Terriers, it is interesting to note that while there was a falling off in Wires there was also a compensating increase in Smooths from 33 to 47 and it seems that this was directly due to the influence and all conquering career of Ch. Nornay Saddler. Although three less than last year Scottish Terriers, numbering 112, took fourth position from Boston Terriers which dropped from 123 to 109 and to fifth place. Completing the sextet of breeds which registered entries of over a hundred dogs were Poodles which rose from 88 to 104 and here again was seen the influence of highly successful ringsters of the breed and particularly Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, the American-bred all breed champion of 1938 for the American Kennel Club prize. Time was, and not so very long ago, that frequently round the ringside was to be heard, "A Wire Fox Terrier always wins best in show," or words to that effect when the Wires were repeatedly capturing highest honors, but of recent years there has been a decided change and the award has been fairly well distributed among a number of breeds. It may seem strange to some that outstanding champions influence the popularity of breeds but such is not the case if we recall and paraphrase the adage of the lover to, "All the world loves a winner." Proof of this is furnished by the increased entries in Smooth Fox Terriers, Poodles, and a few other breeds at Westminster.

BEST IN SHOW. The foregoing is a brief resumé of the show in general and the comparative standing of the breeds for this as compared to last year. And now let us proceed to the more outstanding dogs, particularly those individuals which forged through to best of breed, thereby becoming eligible to the groups and were fortunate enough to gain placings in this variety competition. Of course, by right of pre-eminent prowess initial mention must be accorded the dog which was adjudged best in show for this towering triumph traditionally carries with it the unofficial title of champion of champions of the year, although the same now easily and equally applies to the Morris and Essex best in show winner. The six winners of the variety groups displayed themselves in pose and pace before the veteran all-rounder, Judge George S. Thomas, who was very careful and deliberate in his consideration of the contestants, moving them many times, while his proceedings were punctuated by resounding applause from the record attendance. His final selection for the premier prize was Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Doberman Pinscher, Ferry von Rauhfelsen, a recent importation from Germany where he had created a sensation by beating all dogs in that native land of the breed. This superbly symmetrical black and tan marked animal displayed every attribute of the breed to the utmost degree, showing extreme alertness, absolute action, and answering the bidding of his handler, McClure Halley, in a most intelligent manner. The latter was remarkable as he understands no word of English, has been in this country only ten days and Mr. Halley can speak no German. He is a dog of perfect proportion and size, combines quality and substance in an ideal manner, clean and well defined muscular development enhanced by a gleaming

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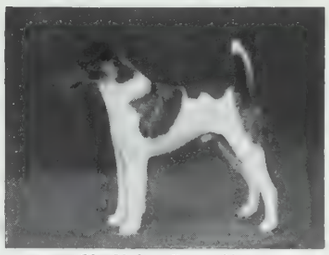

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Leading the Terrier group was Champion Nornay Saddler

The black Cocker Ch. My Own Brucie the best of the Sporting dogs and also top American-bred at the show

The Beagle Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman was the best Hound

The Yorkshire Terrier Ch. Miss Wynsum headed the Toys

coat and is the best of his breed ever seen in this country. He had headed the working dog group while the remaining contenders, Herman E. Mellenthin's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie; James M. Austin's Smooth Fox Terrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler; Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau; Mrs. William du Pont, Jr.'s Beagle, Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman; and Arthur Mills' Yorkshire Terrier, Ch. Miss Wynsum were the winners of the sporting terrier, non-sporting, hound, and toy dog groups respectively.

BEST AMERICAN BRED. Coveted almost as much as the best in show prize was the James Mortimer Memorial Trophy for best American-bred dog for which from the six finalists, the Cocker Spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie; the Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, and the Beagle, Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman, were eligible to compete. Having already examined the dogs Mr. Thomas quickly awarded this prize to the Cocker Spaniel, a towering triumph and particularly so because of the presence of the glamorous white Poodle which through an extensive and intensive campaign covering the entire country had won the American Kennel Club prize for best American-bred dog of 1938. Ch. My Own Brucie, bred by owner, is a dog of ideal size, substance and action to do his work afield in addition showing the finest finish, form and merry manner for the show ring. Of the great number of splendid specimens of the breed in the past, this Cocker Spaniel is considered by many members of the cult to be the best. Although beaten by the Cocker Spaniel, the Poodle was not to be denied a share of the more important final awards for again sallying forth with the aid of her litter brother, Ch. Blakeen Eiger, they won the prize for best brace in show over five other beautifully balanced and finely finished braces. The prize for best team in show likewise brought forth six quartettes of remarkable uniformity and quality. The winners were Croglin Kennels' Sealyham Terriers, Ch. Croglin Christina, Ch. Nutfield Snowfall, Ch. Brash Best Man, and Belle Dorothy.

WORKING DOGS. A class of twenty-two working dogs was judged by G. V. Glebe who placed to the top the Doberman Pinscher, Ferry von Rauhfelsen and later remarked that this dog won rather easily. Second went to Mrs. Lewis Roesler's Old English Sheep dog, Ch. Merriedip Master Pantaloons, a light pigeon blue with white markings, the desired square build, characteristic plantigrade-like gait, profuse coat, and plenty of power and substance. Third, William W. Gallagher's Shetland Sheep dog, Ch. Rob Roy of Page's Hill, of correct size, dark sable coloration with full white markings, fine finish and altogether an excellent example of this miniature Collie breed. Pressing on closely in fourth place was Mrs. Barbara Lowe Fallass' Pembroke Welsh Corgi, Ch. Fitzdown Paul of Andelys, a rich fox red of proper proportions and size, a sound free mover with an especially intelligent manner, which made him quite a favorite with the ringside.

SPORTING DOGS. Due to the illness of Mrs. Walton Ferguson, the well known all-rounder, Enno Meyer, judged a very large and closely contested class of sporting dogs. Although competing against much larger dogs, it soon became evident that the judge was impressed by the true type and merry manner of the Cocker Spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie, which has carried him to victory for the American Kennel Club prize for best sporting dog of 1938 and several times best in show. Second went to Dr. Samuel Milbank's Labrador Retriever, Ch. Earlsmoor Moor of Arden, a splendid specimen of this breed, shown in fine form and the only representative of his breed ever to win best in show in this country which he has done on two occasions. Pressing him extremely (*Continued on page 15*)

Photographs by P. T. JONES

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PUTTENCOVE KENNELS
Mr. & Mrs. George Putnam, Owners
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Month in the Field by George Turrell

Percy Jones

Above is Cinar's Soot, the 1938 winner of the Country Life and The Sportsman Cocker Spaniel Trophy; his master and mistress Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman; the perpetual challenge trophy and their replica

Cocker Trophy . . . . Futurity . . . . Southern Spaniel Trial

BROTHERS seem to be playing an important part in the competition for the COUNTRY LIFE and THE SPORTSMAN field trial trophies this year. We told you last month about the two Labradors Glenairlie Rocket, the winner, and Freehaven Jay, second for the retriever trophy. Now, having checked over the Cocker records, we find that the winner is Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman's Cinar Soot, a brother from a succeeding litter of Dr. Milbank's Cinar's Spot of Earlsmoor, first in 1937. Both of them are sired by Dan of Cinar an imported dog whose sire was a champion in England, and whose dam, Merlin Mistletoe, is also imported and whelped two field trial winners before she was brought to this country. We now hear that there is still another litter of the same breeding. These puppies have been distributed among people who are sure to make field dogs of them, so the competition, for the 1939 trophy should be keen. It seems that Soot himself is the sire of a puppy—there was only one. Perhaps it will take care of the 1940 contest.

Soot, called Dusky for short (it was found almost impossible to say "sit Soot" without becoming tongue-tied), is a large handsome Cocker of the English type, obviously built for field work and capable of dragging the biggest and toughest crippled cock pheasant out of the briars. He is all black except for a streak of white under his chin and on his chest, as you can see from the picture on this page. There is nothing of the lap dog about him, a failing that many Cockers have these days; in other words he is the type that we should see more of. Morever when he was brought up to the office for the presentation of the trophy he was one of the most perfectly behaved dog visitors we have ever had. Incidentally all of the credit for Soot's field trial record belongs to Tom Briggs, veteran trainer and handler of the Harriman retrievers. Soot is the first Cocker that Briggs has ever had in his charge so they made their successful debut in spaniel trials together.

WINS. There are deplorably few worthwhile Cocker stakes at the present time. Many of them lack the minimum of six dogs required if points towards our trophy are to be credited. In spite of this fact Soot did remarkably well, and as you can see in the following list most of his wins were in large stakes against good competition. His record was as follows: 2nd in the Cocker Open All-Age at Fishers Island with 8 entries; 4th in the Open All-Age at the Monmouth County Trial at Vanderberg, N. J., with 9 entries; 3rd in Open All-Age at the Valley Forge trial with 11 entries; 2nd in the Limit stake of the Cocker Spaniel Club of America's event at Verbank, N. Y., with 11 entries; and 1st in the Open All-Age at the same event with 16 entries. The total number of credits gained was 24, far more than any competitor. This is a fine record indeed, especially when the dog in question is still under two years of age. You will note that all but one of the wins were in All-Age stakes so many of his competitors were dogs of riper years and experience.

Soot's first in the Open All-Age at Verbank gives him a leg toward his field trial championship. Spot the older brother also has half his championship so there ought to be a good race between the two next season. As both their names are on the COUNTRY LIFE and THE SPORTSMAN trophy they are eligible for another award—a replica of the above trophy—when and if they become field trial champions.

THE TROPHY. The COUNTRY LIFE and THE SPORTSMAN Perpetual Field Trial Challenge Trophy for Cocker Spaniels is similar to the ditto retriever trophy in many ways. Like the retriever trophy it is given for the American-bred dog or bitch winning the most credits during the calendar year in stakes in A. K. C. licensed or member club field trials. Also like the retriever trophy only dogs born on or after January 1st of the year preceding the trial are eligible, and it can only be competed for in stakes open to both amateur and professional handlers. The name of the dog, as well as the name of the owner and breeder are engraved on the trophy each year. A smaller replica is presented outright to the owner of the winner, and as we said above an additional trophy will be awarded for the dog whose name has been engraved on the challenge trophy and shall during its lifetime win the title of field trial champion.

The scoring system for the trophy follows:

In Puppy, Novice or Non-Winners stakes open to amateur and professional handlers:

1st	place	shall	count	5 credits
2nd	"	"	"	3 "
3rd	"	"	"	2 "
4th	"	"	"	1 credit

In Open All-Age stakes open to both amateur and professional handlers:

1st	place	shall	count	9 credits
2nd	"	"	"	6 "
3rd	"	"	"	4 "
4th	"	"	"	2 "

Certificates of merit have no credit value.

FUTURITY. We have long bewailed the fact that Cockers, the most popular breed of dog in this country at the present time, are so poorly represented in the field. There are only a handful of good field trial performers out of all the thousands and the breed is in grave danger of becoming worthless for anything but house dogs. That's the reason we like big working Cockers like Cinar's Soot and some of the others you see in the trials and that's also the reason we feel that the Futurity stake is one of the brightest spots in the Cocker world. This stake is sponsored by the Cocker Spaniel Field Trial Club of America and has been mentioned in this department before. Its purpose is to encourage the breeding of Cockers for field trials and to bring out a larger number of puppies each year. According to Mrs. Wheeler Page they have already received the nominations of 25 bitches for stake to be run in November of this year, and though the nominations of puppies from these bitches are not due until the 10th of March they have already received an encouraging number. They have the following guaranteed purses: 1st, $250; 2nd, $125; 3rd, $75 with $50 additional to the breeder of the winning puppy. Due to popular demand this stake has been made an annual affair.

The rules state that nominations for the 1940 stake must be made between January 1st and October 30th. The stake for which these nominations are to be made will be run the following year (probably at Verbank, N. Y.). Puppies must be nominated by March 10th of the year in which the stake will be run. It is open to both American and English type Cockers and is not restricted to

embers. The newly elected officers of the club are as follows: resident Wheeler H. Page, Vice resident Ralph C. Craig, and ecretary Treasurer Mrs. George . Carruthers.

OUTHERN SPANIEL RIAL: Another interesting trial, ne in which both Springers and ockers participated was the third nning of the Georgia-Carolina ield Trial down on the Whitehall lantation near Savannah, Georgia, n January. Spaniels are not comon in the South for this is the nd of Pointers and Setters, so he majority of the entries were wned by Northerners and fresh rom Northern covers and pheasnts. Quail were used instead of the sual pheasants for this trial and he spaniels were faced with the roblem of marking and retrieving much smaller bird than they vere used to. We hear that the najority of them did exceedingly vell, and when during the second eries of the Springer stake a naive bevy of birds was found they had an opportunity to show their worth as "single" dogs. As a matter of fact this is the idea behind he trial as we understand it. To demonstrate that spaniels are ideal dogs to use in conjunction with wide ranging Pointers and Setters for quail shooting. The "bird dogs" to be used to find the coveys and the spaniels to retrieve and hunt out the singles in the heavy cover they usually scatter in. The scene of this trial was a ten acre broom straw field somewhere near the Savannah River. It was conducted very much as the average Northern spaniel trial would be, birds being planted for the dogs to work on. How about a trial actually combining both types of dog? To our way of thinking it would be an interesting and very workable experiment.

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 12*)

close in third place came Harry Hartnett's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson Top Notcher, the present leader of his breed as were his forebears, Ch. Milson O'Boy, Ch. Higgins Red Coat, and Ch. Higgins Red Pat. Like them he showed stunning style together with a gleaming rich red coat. Fourth, T. Norman Morrow's Springer Spaniel, Colonel of Audley, beautifully broken in color, proper proportions, ideally combining substance and quality and a fast free mover. Unplaced but apparently well up in the rating was Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke's great Pointer, Ch. Pennine Paramount, a six time best in show winner, and a superbly symmetrical and stylish showing bird dog which was a great favorite with the spectators.

NON-SPORTING DOGS. Although not so large as sporting, working, terrier, and hound groups the non-sporting dog class furnished some very close competition. However, there was no stopping Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, whose beautifully barbered, snow white coat enhanced her correct conformation. The judge, Vincent G. Perry, later remarked, "I could find nothing about her which detracted from the picture of elegance so vital to the Poodle breed and that includes the much disputed carriage of tail. She is a beautifully balanced Poodle and one of good coat and style." Second went to Mrs. A. V. Hallowell's Chow, Ch. Lee Wol Lah Son, a big, massive, square built, rich red, with the desired scowling expression and absolute soundness. He is an excellent showman and the current leader of his breed in the East. According to the judge, with a bit more coat he might have won and he was the group's best mover. Third, Mrs. L. W. Bonney's Dalmatian, Tally Ho Sirius, a very typical, clean-cut dog with evenly distributed spots, the best of running gear, so essential in this coach dog breed, and fast free action. He was bred by his owner and represents five generations of Tally Ho breeding. Fourth, Harry J. Brogman's Boston Terrier, Ch. Stepper's Gallant Son, a well-marked stylish little chap of cobby build and good legs and feet but according to judicial action less highly regarded than the aforementioned trio which seemed to be very closely matched in merit.

HOUNDS. Although usually shown by a professional handler, the Beagle, Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman was handled by his owner Mrs. William du Pont, Jr. He is a workmanlike, merry mannered little hound of rich coloration and excellent action. The judge Chetwood Smith, remarked, "The six dogs left in the ring were all high class, in my judgment all well above ninety points. I would mentally rate the Beagle at ninety-four so you can see how close it must have been between him and the fourth place Dachshund (Mrs. Annis A. Jones' Ch. Herman Rinkton) not to mention the two in between (Q. A. Shaw McKean's Afghan Hound, Rudiki of Prides Hill, and the Greyhound, Windholme Kennels' Ch. White Rose of Boveway, placed second and third respectively)." Rudiki is a profusely coated reddish fawn with the long shoulder, flank, leg hair and topknot of a lighter shading. Ch. White Rose of Boveway is a medium sized bitch which immediately attracts attention by reason of being all white which enhances her symmetry. She is a four time breed winner at Westminster. Ch. Herman Rinkton, rated by many the best of his breed ever seen, was his usual effervescent self, always a great crowd pleaser and according to ringside applause the favorite. Retained in the ring after ten hounds had been excused, were Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Bloodhound, Ch. Brigadier of Reynalton, the best of his breed ever

(*Continued on page 18*)

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Early Spring Cattle Sales

AYRSHIRES: March 7. Henry M. Schaffer Auction, Fleetwood, Pa.
April 29. Ohio Ayrshire Club Sale.

GUERNSEYS: March 21. Dispersal of John B. Seitz' Herd, Camp Hill, Pa.
March 28. S. F. Maccracken Estate Dispersal, Lancaster, Ohio.
March 29. Florida Promotion Sale, Largo, Florida.
April 8. Dispersal of Stephen Golubic's herd, Fleetwood, Pa.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS: March 9. Earlsville Sale, Mexico, N. Y.
March 15. Plung Bros. Estate Sale, Hudson, N. Y.
March 20. Annual Iowa Holstein Breeders' Sale, Waterloo, Iowa.
March 27. J. E. Murphy Dispersal, Hammond, Wis.
March 28. Struve Bros. Dispersal, Plymouth, Wis.
March 29-30. W. L. Baird and Francis Darcey 25th Anniversary Sale, Waukesha and Watertown, Wis.
April 6. 104th Earlville Sale, Earlville, N. Y.
April 12. Elkhorn Spring Sale, Elkhorn, Wis.
April 27. New England Spring Sale, Brattleboro, Vt.
April 27. Backus Bros. Special Heifer Sale, Earlville, N. Y.

ABERDEEN ANGUS: March 6. Bendavis Farms Dispersal, Rushville, Indiana.
March 13-14. Iowa Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Sale, Des Moines.
March 15. Texas Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Sale, Fort Worth.
March 16. Mercer County Spring Sale, Aledo, Ill.
March 20. Oklahoma Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Assn. Second Annual Sale, Stock Yards, Okla. City.
March 20-21. Nebraska Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Spring Sale and Show, Columbus, Neb.
March 23. Illinois Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Sale, Springfield, Ill.
April 18. Howard Co. Aberdeen Angus Breeders' Sale, Fayette, Mo.
April 24. Northern Illinois Breeders' Sale, Sterling, Ill.

JERSEYS: April 15. Ohio Jersey Cattle Club, University Farm.

Three Springs Goat Farm

A SHORT time ago we went out to Three Springs Farm in Califon, New Jersey, to see Donald E. Marshall's licensed goat dairy. This was our first encounter with goat's milk production since we visited Mr. Juan Ceballos' Three Winds Dairy (the similarity of the names is accidental) out in Westbury, Long Island. At that time we described in this department the methods used to produce certified milk, marveling at the great demand for goat's milk for babies, invalids, and those who just like it, and pointing out that goats are not the dirty, evil smelling beasts that many people believe them to be but are almost as adaptable to modern dairy methods as cattle and produce delicious milk. We were therefore more or less prepared for what we saw at Mr. Marshall's farm: the sanitary methods and well cared for goats. The main difference between the two establishments is the fact that the Three Springs herd was a business proposition from the first whereas the Ceballos dairy was started as an experiment and later grew into a lucrative business. The consequence was that we learned a lot more about the commercial side of goat's milk production from Mr. Marshall.

TOGGENBURGS. This herd of Toggenburgs was started three years ago. Donald Marshall, finding business conditions in the city not to his liking at that time, decided to "go back to the land." He purchased his present fertile farm in the New Jersey hills out between Morristown and Hackettstown. He repaired and redecorated the substantial hundred and fifty year old house complete with oil burner and modern plumbing; named it Three Springs Farm because three springs rise in the hillside behind the house, and started into business, despite skeptical friends, with a pair of goats. This pair has now grown to twenty-eight, and Mr. Marshall will continue to enlarge his flock. It would have reached an even higher number this year if last year hadn't proved to be a "buck year." In other words, Mr. Marshall's does presented him with seventeen buck kids and only five does with which to increase the milking herd. He says that he can keep on increasing for some time and still be able to sell all the milk he can produce.

Marshall first became familiar with goats and goat's milk while on the island of Crete where he sold automobiles and tractors shortly after graduating from college. There the herdsmen drove their flocks of goats from door to door milking them to order. Nor was he unfamiliar with farming methods when he started, for he had spent many summer vacations working on a farm and had studied agricultural engineering at Cornell.

DAIRY METHODS. Some newsreel men were at the farm the day we arrived, taking moving pictures. We followed around as they made their shots, and it wasn't long before we had a brief but comprehensive insight into the workings of the dairy. The milking does are kept in a long barn with their heads protruding through board frames that serve as stanchions. The floor of the barn is of concrete and an easily cleaned trough runs behind the whole length of the row of stalls. The entire place gleams with whitewash and scrubbed cleanliness, and while the equipment isn't as elaborate as that at the Ceballos dairy, it is efficient looking and workmanlike.

At milking time the does are led from their stalls or from the pasture where they graze in good weather to a room where, after being washed, they jump up on a small platform so that the dairyman in a spotless white uniform can milk them. The milk, after being cooled, is poured into sterile cartons which are sealed and dated. Goat's milk has a lower bacteria count than cow's milk and therefore will keep perfectly for a longer time. It is rich in salts and phosphates some of which are not found in cow's milk and runs around four per cent butterfat. The fat, however, is in such tiny globules that it does not rise and it is necessary to use a special separating device to remove the cream. The salts and phosphates are particularly valuable for infants, people with stomach disorders and others allergic to cow's milk. Contrary to popular belief there is no objectionable smell to the female goat. It's only the buck that smells during the breeding season which lasts from October to May.

ECONOMY. One thing about the dairy barn that struck us at once was the fact that six or eight cows would have filled the building to capacity, yet there was plenty of room for three times as many goats. This is one of the advantages of goat dairying. They take up much less space than cows, eat a lot less—seven goats to one cow is the usual ratio; and there is a good demand for the milk at many times the price commanded by cow's milk. To give you the figures, it costs about twenty-five cents a day to feed a goat. The milk sells readily at from forty cents a quart wholesale to sixty cents a quart retail, and a good milker should average two quarts a day per year. This same good milker will give five or six quarts a day when she first freshens and three or four on the average. The lactation period lasts ten or eleven months and Mr. Marshall has heard of it lasting two years. The trouble is that they have a very definite breeding season so it is hard to keep up the milk supply all through the year. It is hoped that this and other difficulties can be overcome in time by selective breeding. Goat dairying, in the modern sense of the word, is a pretty new undertaking and no one knows what can be accomplished in the future by using the proper bloodlines.

DISEASE. Goats are prolific, averaging two kids at a time, three being common and five being heard of occasionally. At present, at least, they are hardy too, though Mr. Marshall thinks that succeeding generations bred for heavy production and kept in the confinement of dairies may be more susceptible to tuberculosis, Bangs disease, and other cattle maladies than (*Continued on page 18*)

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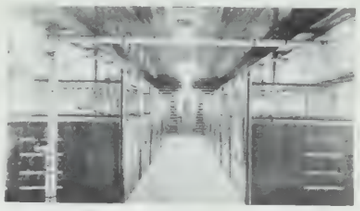

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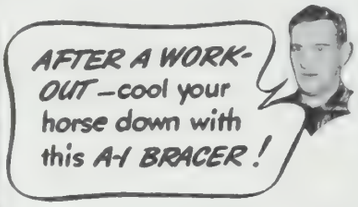

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they are now. At present there are only three cases of tubercular goats on record. Mr. Marshall told us about two of these but couldn't remember about the third. One case was an experiment. A goat in poor condition was kept with a cow that actually had T.B. and the goat contracted it. The other was the case of a man who saw a "Goat for sale" sign by the roadside. He found that the goat in question was confined in a filthy pen so small that it could hardly turn around, and apparently it was also in a half-starved condition. The prospective buyer decided that the merciful thing to do was to purchase the poor beast, take it home and put it out of its misery. When he got it home it was so grateful for the good treatment and food that he gave it that he didn't have the heart to kill it. It proved to be a T.B. reactor.

LICENSE. The Three Springs herd is the first licensed goat dairy in the state of New Jersey, and as New Jersey is the state to recognize and regulate goat dairies it is actually the first state licensed herd in the country, though it is possible that herds with local licenses exist here and there. Mr. Marshall received his license last October and about six other New Jersey dairies soon followed. There are still other worthy dairies that have not yet received their licenses, so you can see goat's milk is a more important commodity than most people think. This milk code has already put New Jersey far ahead as a raw goat's milk producing state, and goat's milk should be sold raw as pasteurizing destroys its value. Incidentally until recently most of the goat's milk has come from Texas and California where there are large range flocks. This milk was, with very limited exceptions the only safe goat's milk available to the public until recently. It is shipped canned (condensed) or in dried form and is usually made into cheese, one of the most important uses of goat's milk.

JERSEYS. The distinction of being the first Jersey breeding establishment in this country to breed and qualify two Medal of Merit sires, and the first to breed and qualify a Medal of Merit father and son, has recently come to Sibley Farms of Spencer, Massachusetts. Recently Mildred's Owl 199194 Gold and Silver Medal sire bred and owned by Mr. John R. Sibley, the owner of the above farm, qualified as a Medal of Merit sire. He is the son of Spermfield Owl's Progress also a Sibley owned and bred Gold and Silver Medal bull that won his Medal of Merit in 1937. Mildred's Owl is the sixteenth bull of breed qualified as a Medal of Merit Sire.

In spite of the fact that Mildred's Owl has not belonged to Mr. Sibley at all times he qualified entirely under Sibley Farms ownership and with the records of Sibley bred daughters. When he was about a year old Jersey Crest Farms of Oconto Falls Wisconsin bought him. Four years later Mr. Sibley got him back again. A year and a half after that he was transferred to the Massachusetts Agricultural College Herd where he was in service for about six months and then returned to Sibley for the rest of his life. He qualified for the Silver Medal at the age of 11 years and 2 months; the Gold Medal at 15 years and 10 months and now, at the age of 18 years, has gained the Medal of Merit.

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 15*)

seen, and Miss Rosanelle W. Peabody's Borzoi, Ch. Otrava of Romanoff, a litter brother of the recently deceased Ch. Vigow of Romanoff, two time winner of the A. K. C. prize for best American bred dog of all breeds.

TERRIERS. Always an extremely hot group at Westminster the terriers appeared to be even more closely matched in merit than usual and were judged by Robert Sedgwick. However, James M. Austin's Smooth Fox Terrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, the greatest best in show winner of any breed in kennel annals with forty such successes to his credit, led the lot. Black head and saddle marked, from which he gets his name, he is a terrier of pronounced hackney build and stance, practically perfect type and certainly the best of his breed ever seen. Second, went to John Mulcahy's Kerry Blue Terrier, Ch. Bumble Bee of Delwin, of ideal size, shape and substance, finely finished and full coat of the desired steel blue color. This bitch is the winner of the A. K. C. prize for best American-bred terrier of 1938. Pressing her closely in third place came C. C. Stalter's Scottish Terrier, Heather Select, a sturdily built die-hard of correct size, long lean head with plenty of jaw power, dense hard coat, and an excellent showman. Fourth, Harold M. Florsheim's Welsh Terrier, Ch. Towie Thareglia, a richly colored little chap of true taffy type as compared to miniature Airedale type and a stylish shower. Among other excellent terriers in this class were Anthony Neary's Bedlington Terrier, Ch. Lady Rowena, of Roanoaks; Mr. and Mrs. Z. Platt Bennetts' Bullterrier, Coolyn Northwind; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coll's Irish Terrier, Molly Lass; Mrs. J. G. Winant's West Highland White Terrier, Wolvey Pattern; Mrs. Robert B. Choate's Sealyham Terrier, Ch. Radio Beam of Robin Hill; and Iradell Kennels' Skye Terrier, Ch. Brocadale Henry.

TOYS. The toy dog group represented the best of breed winners of the largest entry of toy dogs in recent years at Westminster and were judged by Mrs. William C. Thompson. The winner, Arthur Mills' Yorkshire Terrier, Ch. Miss

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AMERICAN-BREDS. Other winners of prizes for best American-bred of their respective groups were the Cocker Spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie, in sporting dogs, the Poodle Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, non sporting dogs; the Beagle, Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman, hounds; the Old English Sheepdog, Ch. Merriedip Master Pantaloons, working dogs, and the Kerry Blue Terrier, Ch. Bumble Bee of Delwin, terriers. The best braces were Peter D. Garvan's Cocker Spaniels, Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodles, Windholme Kennels' Greyhounds, Cosalta Kennels' German Shepherd Dogs, John Mulcahy's Kerry Blue Terriers, and Mrs. W. Wylie's Pomeranians. The best teams were Mepal Kennels Cocker Spaniels; Richard Fort's Keeshonden, Ellenbert Farms' Dachshunde, Waseeka Kennels' Newfoundlands, Croglin Kennels' Sealyhams and High Ball Kennels' Pugs.

OBEDIENCE TEST. As in recent past years besides the regular judging, which is of paramount importance to dyed-in-the-wool fanciers, the club arranged for novel features to interest the casual spectators and this year these were in the form of obedience test work and a sled dog competition; both of which were witnessed for the first time at the Garden. Unlike the obedience tests held at most shows and because of the limited time and space available due to the replete judging schedule, these contests were between teams of six men and women each with alternates and a diversity of breeds, selected by Mrs. Whitehouse Walker, president of the Obedience Test Club and chiefly responsible for the introduction of this form of competition into this country. It brought together the leading human and canine exponents in this new field of endeavor. The judge was Joseph Weber, widely known as a trainer and judge of obedience dogs. In the first obedience test the women-handled dogs won with a score of 74 to the men's 70. However, in the second session the men slightly more than evened matters with a score of 82 to 69.

SLED DOGS. The sled dog competition was under the direction of Mr. Felix A. Leser, formerly a Whippet racing enthusiast, who since residing at Saranac Lake, N. Y., for a number of years has become keenly interested in sled dogs and their work. The competition for these dogs was divided into three parts. In the first the dogs were judged on appearance as teams with their handlers in conventional sled driving costume. In the second the individual dogs engaged in a pulling contest to show their strength and the third was a pulling contest for teams. For these last two tests a testing machine such as is used to demonstrate the pulling power of horses was provided and a special rubber matting to furnish traction. Otherwise such tests would have been impossible on the smooth floor. Hampered by lack of space and missing snowy trails and firmer footing, the teams nevertheless succeeded in hauling a two-ton clearing truck around the ring with ease. In a measured straight away distance Edward P. Clark's team of Eskimos won easily with the time of 0.06.6.

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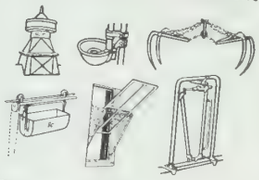

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Horse Notes & Comment by Elizabeth Grinnell

Hein Gorny

Florida . . . . California . . . . Gulfstream . . . . New Rules

TIME to take out my crystal, remove the dust, and gaze into it to see what it will predict for the two great handicaps that are to be run on March 4th. I'm asking this glass to go quite far into the future because there is considerable doubt as to what horses are going to run at each of the tracks, and so few of them have started as yet that their form is questionable, so don't judge it too harshly should it read the races all wrong.

FLORIDA. Down in Florida it shows me Hialeah Park on a bright, sunny afternoon. I see War Admiral the public choice for the Widener. With Wayne Wright in the saddle and the Admiral's past performances, to say nothing of his reputation, it seems natural that he should be picked as the horse to beat. Well, War Admiral has been beaten and he can be beaten again. One thing that is not to his liking is early competition and on two occasions he has proved this so definitely that there will be a lot of fast horses hoping for the best and driving at him in the early stages of the race. Lawrin, unfortunately, is out of it, but there is Bull Lea, Thanksgiving, and Sir Damion; three horses that are fast enough to make things good and hot for even the very best sprinters and besides these there are several others that are in with very light weights and are apt to be troublesome for part of the journey at least; Sicle T., for instance, or the three-year-olds, Volitant and Roll and Toss. There are enough of them there to make the Admiral say "uncle" and maybe they will but what is going to happen to them while they are doing it? Will one of them have enough endurance and courage left to win? Back in the ruck will be the biggest danger in the race and while they are busy wearing down War Admiral and each other Stout will be getting Stagehand wound up. Can he get up in time? Can he get through the field? The crystal is getting muddy. It's changing now to the same race on a different sort of day. The sky is gray and the track is off but there is a horse in Florida to meet this situation. Neither War Admiral nor Stagehand like the mud but Pasteurized has proved that he does and he has also proved that he is sound again. The Widener may, after all, be his race.

CALIFORNIA. Out in California Seabiscuit will, naturally, be top horse and if races were decided by the merit system he would deserve to win. Back for his third try for the Santa Anita after losing it twice by the smallest of margins; I really hope that he pokes that old nose of his out in front this time. Seabiscuit can run in front all the way or he can come from behind and there isn't a horse in the world that can make him stop trying to win whether he is beaten or not. Dauber is the in-and-out horse on the West Coast at the moment. First he is reported to be out of the race and then he is said to be just as definitely in it, but the last news that his tendon had gone bad again is probably final. As a matter of fact the Santa Anita entries are having a lot of trouble with casualties at this point and this makes things more murky than is convenient for my crystal. For awhile the $100,000 handicap looked like ladies' day with the three great mares, Marica, Jacola, and Esposa among the entries, but Marica and Jacola have been unable to start as yet in spite of the splendid purses that have been offered in two races for their sex, and in the first of these Esposa got caught in close quarters and bruised badly enough to keep her out of the second. Since California is my destination for March 4th, I am watching for news of these mares with the greatest anxiety. I would as soon see them match strides as see Seabiscuit, War Admiral, and Stagehand in the same race, but Marica and Jacola are questionable as to soundness in any case and Esposa is the sort that has to be raced into shape. The more she runs, within reason, of course, the better she goes, so their hopes in the handicap can't be too high. The invaders from South America, Ligaroti and Sorteado, may mix things up and so may Perifox, although in the case of the last two horses I'm not qualified even to guess how much. The ex-steeplechaser Ossabaw has won a race on the flat but that doesn't make him a second Azucar. The three-year-old threat is represented by Porter's Mite and Xalapa Clown but they are carrying a bit more weight than the youngsters in Florida so, taken all in all, it looks as if Seabiscuit would have an easier time in California than War Admiral will in Florida. He should, that is, if it doesn't rain. If it does, Cravat might have something to say about it.

EBB TIDE AT GULFSTREAM. The Flamingos are healthy at Hialeah but that Goose at Gulfstream has laid an egg that isn't golden. There have been sufficient entries; there is, apparently, an inexhaustible supply of cheap horses at this time of year, but after February 1st, when Sonja Henie cut the ribbon that opened the park, both the attendance and the pari-mutuel handle went into a decline until on February 6th, just four racing days later, the customers were told over the loudspeaker that there wasn't going to be any racing. The gates are shut at the moment. The management plans to reopen but the outlook can't be so very optimistic. There is something a little sad about all this. The high hopes, plans and anticipation with which the plant was started, the courage of the twenty-eight year old contractor who, living in a trailer on the grounds, worked day and night to complete it, the excitement of the opening day and then, so soon, the shadow of defeat. But, in the end, maybe good will come out of it all. There is an implication in this story that every new track that is built is not going to collect the enormous dividends one reads about in the papers any more (*Continued on page 101*)

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YACHTING by William H. Taylor

The Coast Guard . . . . Twelve Meters . . . . Dinghies . . . . Havana Stars

THE perfect chronicle of an ocean voyage has come to my attention. It was received by a friend of mine on a postcard mailed from the Canal Zone by a man who shipped out of Gloucester late last fall on a brigantine-rigged yacht bound for Tahiti, and reads, "Hurricanes, fire, broken spars, salty drinking water, no rum, no white women. Jesus!"

It must have been a tough passage at that. A more detailed letter from the skipper of the vessel to another friend reports that said skipper was blown off the foreyard at one point and would probably have been going yet if he hadn't happened to pass near enough to a stay to grab it as he blew off to leeward. And of the sender of the postcard the skipper writes "Larry is one devil of a good egg and worth three fellows as he is just as funny as ever." Greater praise hath no shipmate than that, after a hard and stormy passage.

European

COAST GUARD. Yachtsmen variously bedeviled by government officials who want to make laws forcing them to carry professional officers on small boats, regulating this and requiring that and the other thing, will be pleased and surprised to hear from a friend. I refer to Rear Admiral Waesche, commandant of the Coast Guard, who in a recent talk declared that what boating needs is fewer laws and more intelligent enforcement of them. The Coast Guard gets stuck with the job of enforcing whatever laws other branches of the government see fit to smack us with (remember prohibition?) but its officers, Admiral Waesche says, are instructed to use as much judgment as the law allows in their enforcement, and to work on the theory that they are out there to aid boatmen, not to annoy them unnecessarily. From personal observation I might add that the officers and men are a fine bunch who carry out these orders very well indeed. Reports on assistance cases by Coast Guard vessels and stations now have to include observations on the causes of any accidents or difficulties the rescuers get into, and in time the C. G. ought to have some pretty convincing data on why accidents happen and how they can be avoided.

Right now the Coast Guard is trying to establish definite, privileged mooring areas for yachts around New York (legally all moored yachts are just squatters liable to instant ejection by the War Department) and so ordering things that storm damage in yacht harbors will be greatly reduced hereafter.

SHIFTING SANDS. While we're on the subject of government agencies, Captain Maher of the New York office of the Coast and Geodetic Survey tells me that service is depending a good deal on information from yachtsmen, come spring, on where surveys will be necessary to re-chart shoals and channels that were altered by the September hurricane. There is said to be a lot of change in the underwater topography between Cape Cod and New Haven, especially in localities where the water is shoal and the bottom sandy. If you come across any such divergences from the charted depths when you get afloat again, drop the C. & G. S. folks a line about it.

TWELVE METERS. They finally got around to pouring the lead keel for Harold S. Vanderbilt's new twelve-meter sloop at Nevins's yard on January 20, and are now rushing things to get her ready by April 1, if possible, so Vanderbilt will have a chance to do some tuning up before he goes abroad. The new sloop—biggest rating-class yacht built in this country this year—will be 70 feet on deck, 45 feet waterline, 11 feet 10 inches beam, and 9 feet 6 inches draft, and her keel weighs 35,492 pounds. The other twelve-meter owners are reported to be pretty gloomy about the prospect of racing against the infallible Mike with his metal mast and stuff. Abroad, they're preparing a warm welcome for him, building four new boats to add to the old ones. One of the new ones is for Tom Sopwith, who used to be the British twelve-meter champion before he took up the fruitless pursuit of racing against Vanderbilt for the America's Cup. Another is Sir William Burton, who sailed Lipton's *Shamrock IV* against *Resolute* in 1920. Clinton Crane is making a change in *Gleam,* one of the 1937 American Twelves. Her lead has been sawed up and is being recast in a form that will bring its center of gravity a bit lower and stiffen her up that much more.

INNOVATION. Next to the Vanderbilt boat in the building shed is Henry Nevins's own new sloop, referred to last month, and a lovely job she is, now well along toward completion. In one respect—her double-planked deck—she's a proving ground for a Nevins theory. The bottom layer is quarter-inch phemaloid plywood. Set in thick shellac on that is a laid deck of $^{11}/_{16}$ inch teak, laid wood-to-wood without caulking or seam filler. Nevins never heard of a deck built that way before but figures it ought to be pretty close to the perfect deck, leakproof, with no putty to dry out or seam composition to stick and smear. But he wants to try it out for a season on his own boat before selling the idea to the customers, just to be perfectly sure there isn't a catch in it somewhere.

MISCELLANY. The thinning ranks of large rating-class yachts will be thinner than ever next season, thanks to the hurricane. W. A. W. Stewart's *Queen Mab,* one of the few Universal Rule schooners racing last year, was one of the casualties, and another was Richard Gambrill's class M sloop *Carolina,* one of the old Fifties. Gambrill has replaced her with a much smaller boat, a Fishers Island Herreshoff 31-footer, *Fulmar,* which he bought from Leroy Clark, Jr.

It seems that *Baruna,* last year's Bermuda race winner, won't be in the Fastnet race this year after all. Henry C. Taylor, her owner, is shipping her abroad, but with the definite objective of a leisurely cruise in Scandinavian waters. He may sail a race or two in the Baltic, but figures it would take too much time from his cruising schedule to sail over to England for the Fastnet. This is disappointing to racing men on both sides of the water, but the way we look at it, it's a relief to find a successful ocean racing man who really enjoys cruising, instead of devoting his whole life to competition.

Apropos of which John Alden is building a nice, big, round, fat, rugged, comfortable, able, seagoing cruising ketch and is never, never, going to race her. *Malabar XII* will be 47 feet on deck, 34½ feet waterline, and 12 feet beam, with lots of what it takes for comfort at sea. But we miss our guess if somebody—maybe John himself—doesn't talk Alden into forget- (*Continued on page 26*)

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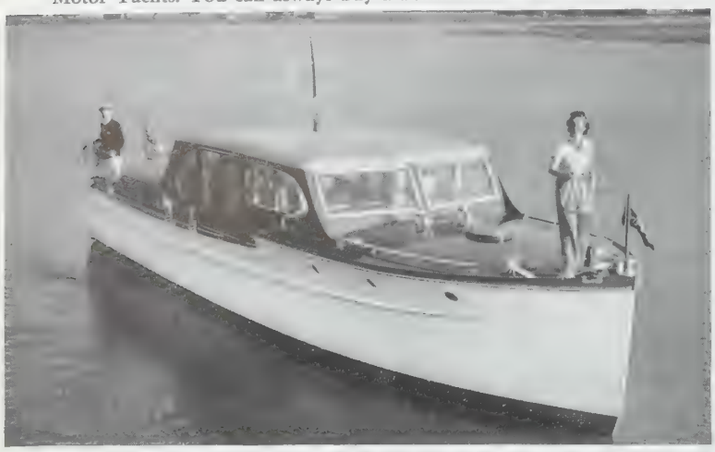

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ting his good resolutions and trying a race or two, just for the fun of it, before the season's over.

There's going to be a race from New London to the Chesapeake this season after all. The Gibson Island Club isn't having any of it, but the Annapolis Yacht Club has rushed into the breach. The course will be the same as the Gibson Island except for a few less miles of Chesapeake Bay sailing at the finish, and the start, as usual, right after the Yale-Harvard rowing fracas late in June. There is also some talk—still very indefinite however—about the Philadelphia Corinthian staging another Cape May race some time during the coming summer.

You can't always believe what you read, even about Star boats. Stan Ogilvy, whose article on rigs in a contemporary magazine recently was interpreted by many as an unequivocal denunciation of the flexible-spar type of Star rig, is having Parkman Boats, Inc., build him a new Star with a complete flexible rig including all the latest gadgets. And Pete Turney, who wrote a piece in the same magazine about flexible Star hulls with "keel-benders" and "bilge-bulgers," isn't having a flexible Star built, though it seems a lot of serious-minded guys didn't realize Pete was only fooling.

DINGHIES. There's quite a bit of agitation stirring again for the establishment of the international fourteen-foot dinghy class in this country. These little boats with their parachutes, genoa jibs, and assorted gadgetry are highly developed racing machines, comparable in a sense to the Stars, though of course a very different type of boat. Several attempts to get such a class going may have been made in the past ten years but along the Atlantic Coast, at least, it has never gained a permanent foothold. One trouble seems to be that to get a dinghy built here that matches the British fourteen-footers in design, construction, and equipment would cost at least a thousand dollars and, after all, a dinghy, to most people, is still a rowboat. A group around Larchmont is now trying to see if it can get some boats built for about $600. You can build good dinghies of that size for that price, of course, but if they can't get something just as fast as the British dinghies the boys won't play, because one of the objects of the class would be international competition. Just as a reminder, the North American Dinghy Association holds a very swell gold cup for international competition that hasn't been raced for in years among our existing types of dinghies, and which would be a very appropriate trophy for the fourteen-footers if they ever do get into international racing here.

HAVANA STARS. You will watch a lot of yacht racing before you see two series as closely contested as were the Star class's annual mid-winter events at Havana last month. In both the Bacardi and Cuba Trophy series the leading boat was put out of the last races by a mishap. In each, two boats finished in a tie on points for first place, and the winning of each trophy was settled by the class rule that the boat that has beaten the other the most times wins in case of a tie.

In the Bacardi series, with nine American and eight Cuban boats, Paul Smart, sailing *Melody* of the Noroton Yacht Club, won by sheer consistency. A sixth, third, and second places gives him 44 points, tied with Adrian Iselin's new *Ace II*, but *Melody* finished just ahead of *Ace* in the last two races, which gave her possession of the trophy.

In the Cuba Trophy series, with eight American, two Cuban, and a French entry, Harold Halsted's *Chuckle*, from Moriches Bay, won two races of the three but finished even on points with Harry Nye's *Gale*, from Chicago, *Chuckle* taking the trophy. The American had little trouble in winning the team race, 21 points to 15 being the final score.

It was fine, if strenuous, sailing weather. The sun shone hot, and the wind blew hard from the south or east every day but one. It was wet, tough going, hard on men and gear, but there's one thing about the Havana series—they race in the morning and you can take an afternoon siesta before the social activities start at the Havana Yacht Club or some other spot.

There were breakdowns enough to indicate that they may be shaving things a little too fine in the rigs. Iselin was leading the Cuba Trophy series on points and was up front in the last race when a spreader fitting let him down. Bill Picken was twice forced out by broken spreaders. Halsted snapped a tiller in one race and Nye split his boom in another.

Harry Nye, one of the best skippers in the class, was the hard-luck king of the series, and most of his hard luck came from the fact that, being a lake sailor, he forgot at critical moments that the Gulf Stream was moving him sideways at two or three knots. With the Bacardi Cup apparently in his pocket he was swept down on a markboat in one race, and with the Cuba Trophy apparently his, he overstood the finish line in the last race and let another boat in between him and Halsted, bringing about the aforesaid tie.

The Cuban skippers are improving and one of the Charles de-Cardenas, who sails *Kurush*, is a real match for even the best of the Americans. And when it comes to clubhouses, the Cubans have an establishment that makes most of our clubs look like so many bait houses. What's more they certainly do provide hospitality to match the clubhouse.

(*Continued on page 108*)

FOX HUNTING by W. Newbold Ely, Jr., M.F.H.

Louis Fancher

Backstage at the Hound Show. The Cross-bred bitches rehearse

Jaw Power . . . Anecdotes . . . Licenses

I HAD the pleasure of sitting next to Homer Gray of the Rombout Hunt at the annual dinner of the Masters of Foxhounds Association in New York. Mr. Gray is not only on the job in hound breeding as evidenced by their Crazy winning last year and their Beula this year, but his work with the local Sportsman's Association is most constructive. During the long hard winters of New York's Duchess County, the hunt feeds the rabbits, squirrels, and birds, and gives the Sportsman's Association one hundred pheasants plus a lot of eggs on the side. We gave one hundred rabbits last year to our little Association and as far as our Scotland Yard can ascertain, only one fox was shot and that by "a city guy." Whether we like the idea or not the fact remains that there is not the tradition in this country for the pink coat and top hat. Almost all references in the press are sarcastic. Their accounts of fox hunts are mainly confined to those with gun and the drives with clubs to exterminate "the well-known noxious pests," and the scribes compliment the absence of "red coats," "high hats," "a bunch of dogs" and "yoicks." The matter of the top hat we plan to discuss in a later issue, but there is no reason why the scarlet coat should not be a badge of a well worth while contribution to the country-side, and it is just such activities as those of the Rombout Hunt which will help make it so.

JAW POWER. On ramming a 5 c.c. carbon tetrachlorethylene worm capsule down the esophagus of one of my best dog hounds, he decided to have his molars meet, in spite of the efforts of my left hand and the four hands of the kennelmen, which brought home the little realized power in a hound's jaws. This power was perhaps best illustrated by that incident we related about the Duke of Buccleuch's Vandal which killed a shark for the Ramle Vale hounds while they were being walked out along the Egyptian seashore near Acre prison where they are kenneled, and almost cut through its neck with his jaws. Incidentally the kennel staff, who are honor prisoners, were greatly pleased at this delicacy for the prison board and triumphantly bore the shark back to the prison cook. However, when it came in the mess hall the first in at the worry was the kennel boy, a former very efficient highway robber. The shark had been over salted and, greatly annoyed, he grabbed the cooking pan by its long handle and walloped the cook soundly over the head for his ill-fated efforts.

HEADLEY'S CONSIDERATION. A fine gesture was recently made in the Headley. On calling on the Huens of Pleasant Valley to invite them to Farmer's Day, Sally Sexton, Joint M. F. H. found that Mrs. Huen had been laid up for almost a year and was very disappointed at not having seen hounds all that time. So Miss Sexton changed their next fixture to the Huen place and Will Summer the huntsman never flinched on drawing the thicket briar coverts up wind so that Mrs. Huen from her chair on her porch might best see the hunt. Even Sir Charles seemed to catch the generous spirit because he obligingly ran in large circles so that Mrs. Huen saw a great deal of the hunt, and after the fox went to ground the huntsman, cap in hand, walked his hounds right up to the dear old lady on her porch so that, ardent enthusiast that she was, she could see them at close range. Needless to say the lady enjoyed it mightily.

EQUINE MONKEY GLANDS. There is reported to be a new glandular treatment in England which has been given to quite a few horses and which, although probably originated to make stake horses out of selling platers, may nevertheless enable the ten-season hunter to prance back like a two-year-old. However the monkey gland grafting that long named Russian doctor uses on old dowagers and unsound old playboys has never appealed to us disciples of Nature, who believe in never trying to go agin her.

LICENSES. Although we do not agree with this gentleman, believing that a tax, but a most nominal one, should be on all dogs, nevertheless Mr. C. A. Darling of Pearcy, Iowa, writes the "Little Rock Gazette"—"I don't believe anyone will deny that a fox hunter is one of the greatest wildlife conservationists, and I believe that I speak for the majority of fox hunters when I say we are for the six-year plan," (The Arkansas Game & Fish Commission's program,—Ed.) "with one exception; namely Section 4 which reads: 'An act to provide a dog license for all hunting dogs, including hounds used in chasing fox for pleasure.' A hunter can buy a license for a bird dog in Arkansas, round up several more licensed hunters and all with one dog license kill more birds than he and his friends can eat in a week, but did anyone ever have a fox chase with one hound? No, it takes at least a pack which is six hounds and the more the merrier. If that act were passed by our legislature it would mean on a pack of hounds taxes each year amounting to nine dollars. Mr. Graves was a guest at our state fox meet in November at Forrest City and brought the commission's six-year program before us and we went on record as approving it. Some of us were even in favor of paying a fox hunting tax of a dollar and a half helping to maintain a sport which is considered only as a form of revenue by taxation. Furthermore, if this act to license all hunting dogs were passed, how about the boy at the cross-roads with his squirrel and rabbit dog? Can they all pay the licenses? Do you think the boy should be deprived of his dog? Arkansas is noted for its fox hounds and by licensing all hounds the sport of fox hunting in this state would be dealt a death blow. It would thereafter be like so many other things these days, just a rich man's sport. I hope to see this in print as one fox hunter's view."

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. I recently received a letter from Harvey Ladew, M. F. H. of the Elkridge-Harford Hunt reading as follows: "Owing to the great reduction in our revenues it has become impossible for the Elkridge-Harford Hunt Club to retain the services of Alfred Smithwick who for many years has so ably managed the Club's affairs. He has served the kennels, and breeding of the hounds, trained the present huntsman and whips, kept the books for the whole organization and generally has conducted all the various departments of a Hunt Club's business. In Ireland, Mr. Smithwick was an experienced polo player, managed a large farm, and was connected with stud farms and racing stables. He is, we believe, fully equipped to give satisfaction as manager of a hunting establishment, breeding farm, polo club, etc. We are sending out this letter to certify to his capability and efficiency in the hope that he may find employment suitable to his talents."

GUNS & GAME by Col. H. P. Sheldon

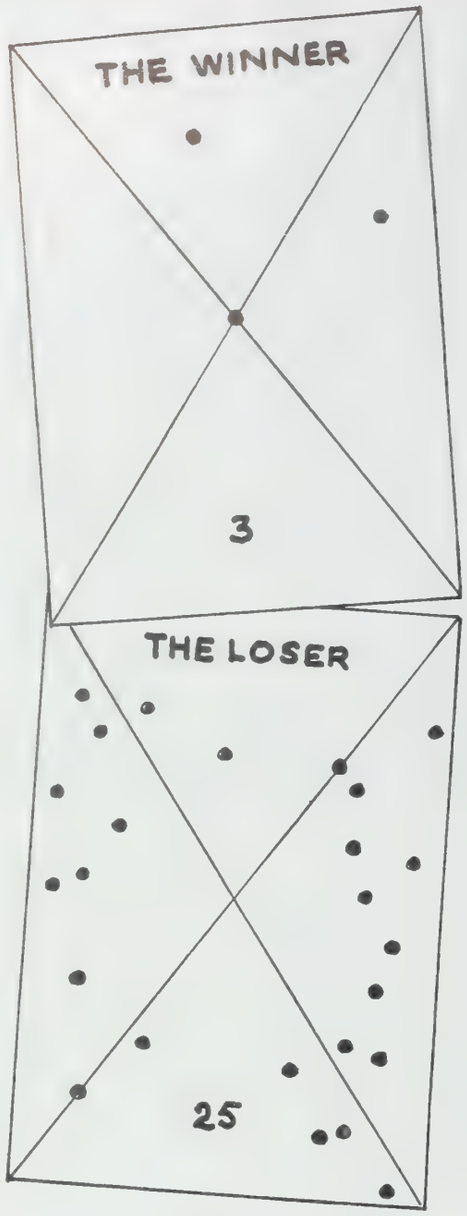
Army's New-Found Comfort

Fireside Musings

Tribute to a Gallant Gentleman

Down in this part of the country they have a debased form of the old-fashioned turkey shoot. Shotguns are used instead of rifles and each competitor fires one load of shot at a small card 30 or 40 yards distant. A cross is first drawn on the card with a pencil and the man who has a shot nearest to the intersection of the lines wins the turkey. Luck is the predominating factor, not marksmanship. A friend who attended one of these matches came home with further proof of the truth of the adage "lucky in love, unlucky in turkey shoots." He had two cards—the one he shot and the one shot by the man who won the turkey. Here they are:

Beyond showing that a shotgun "is a sometime thing," these cards also bear out my contention that gambling is wicked and that I can never hope to win anything at it. I never have won anything except a string of black jet beads I once hooked out of a fishpond at a church sociable—a trifling compensation indeed for the sale of my immortal soul.



The winning and a losing card from one of the "debased turkey shoots" of which the author speaks. The card with three holes was the winner, and the one with twenty-five an also-ran

ARMY'S NEW-FOUND COMFORT. It is a far cry from the heavy leather jack boots, tight breeches, stocks, and long-tailed coats of the Army of 1776 to the new uniform that the Army of 1939 is trying out on selected infantry companies. It is, as you know, slate blue in color, and designed curiously enough on the principle that the soldier's clothing can be easy and comfortable without raising the morale of hostile troops. Toward the close of the Civil War both armies had marched and fought themselves free of their sartorial bindings—like the lady who swam out of her bathing suit. The trousers, if a soldier had any, were loose at the knees and caught up at the ankle with short leggings or else tucked into the boot tops. The new Army trousers are on a similar pattern and I think the upland gunner and big game hunter may find the pattern ideally suited to their needs.

SPORTSMEN PLEASE COPY. In southern fields following the dogs on horseback and dismounting only to shoot, it is possible for a gunner to array himself exquisitely and in a fashion to give expression to his conception of masculine beauty in the field, but if the game requires tramping over rough ground, squirming through brier and thicket, wading through bogs, and climbing hills, a man had better dress for comfort disregarding the promptings of vanity. Nothing will tire a man on foot so quickly as to have to lift and bend his knee against the constriction of tight breeches, while any constriction between the knee and the ankle is actually dangerous. The Army has a fine low boot which supports the foot and ankle. The short legging confines the bottom of the trouser leg and keeps snow, mud, and twigs from working into the shoe top, while leaving the muscles of the leg and the delicate articulation of the knee free to function. This is precisely the sort of an outfit required by the upland gunner and the big game stalker, even though the wood nymphs may show no enthusiasm for it.

One has to pay for whatever protection he takes against physical discomfort in the field. Hip boots will keep a man's feet dry and heavy canvas will fend away thorns; thick woolens will keep him warm, but these things are awkward and burdensome to one who must seek his game afar and on foot. To me wet feet, wet clothes, and a few briar cuts and bruises are less distressing and less likely to take the edge from a day's shooting than the fatigue resulting from floundering about in a heavy outfit.

FIRESIDE MUSINGS. A wild, boisterous gale is howling in the bitter darkness outside. It rattles the bare branches of the maples, hoots down the fireplace chimney, and then goes roaring across the icy fields. It is good to pull the chair closer to the hearth and to draw some comparison between one's present comfort and the hardships endured in other years. On such a night a man thinks of the poor and the helpless crouching from the pitiless lash of the storm, and wonders at his own good fortune and by what right it is his to enjoy warmth and light and books and friends while others have none of these. It seems incredible that within a few weeks following this tumult and wintry tempest will come fair weather and warm air, green fields, woods, and blossoming hedgerows, clear running streams where trout lie.

Some recent remarks of mine concerning the last day of the shooting season have brought a letter from an old friend and companion in the North Countree. I think others may enjoy this picture of a wise, appreciative sportsman at his ease on a winter night in a frigid and stormbound world.

"My dear Saint:

Evening it is with a zooping N. W. wind and the weather at 10° below. I sit in the kitchen, by Godfrey, between a singing radiator and a stoveful of rock maple on top of which is a singing teakettle. So, you see, I am all set and when these few lines are inscribed I may mix a little something to take."

There follows some discussion of a new gun and of the season's expeditions after partridge, woodcock, ducks, and foxes.

"Hunted deer, too. No deer. I carried my shotgun full of rifled slugs and still have them. I feel they'd be very effective, going through the deer and proceeding from that point by dignified bounds over the countryside and finally trundling into Moretown Common and coming to rest on the village green. There the Town Fathers would erect 4 granite posts around it and connect them with chains, on which the children would swing on fine evenings.

"How much of old Thoreau have you ever read? A while ago I came upon some reference to him and decided to re-read *Walden*. I did so, and am now deep in his *Journal*. That old cuss was just about 8 centuries ahead of (or behind) his time. His preachment against reformers 'who forgive you for existing and who take you to their slimy bowels' could well have come from you, and his dislike of being with, or even seeing people he disliked could well have come from me; while his remarks on botany and on virtue could have come from neither of us. He admits the necessity for invention and for progress 'for if the railroads are not built we won't get to Heaven on time.' But he could never have written so understandingly of the Last Day as you did in this month's stint. *You know!*

"Probably it's best to have the last day a stormy one—near N. E. wind steady, beating rain with now and then a blob of snow, water being personally conducted into your boots and you finding few birds and missing even those, from sheer numbness of body, soul, finger and eye.

"Now Mrs. P., tall and very commanding, has returned and there is in her eye a look of bottles, nutmeg and things, and I believe it is God's will that I give over writing and give my attention to that singing teakettle I told you about.

"Michael! We wish all of you the happiest and best New Year you ever set your eyes on, and I wish you damn straight powder and lots of it for ever and ever—Amen.

P. P. P."

TRIBUTE TO A GALLANT GENTLEMAN. Captain Edward C. Crossman was a great authority on small arms and ammunition and an able and always interesting writer. Though I saw him but seldom yet I knew him well. As one goes about among men it becomes easier to rec- (*Continued on page 104*)

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Martinique, 1809 Guadaloupe, 1810 South Africa, 1846-7 Sevastopol
Lucknow Abyssinia South Africa, 1877-8-9 Relief of Ladysmith
South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Marne, 1914, '18 Neuve Chapelle
Loos Somme, 1916, '18 Ypres, 1917, '18 Hindenburg Line
Macedonia, 1915-18 Gallipoli, 1915-16 Palestine, 1917-18

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AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Steamship Sailings

To Europe and the Mediterranean

Sail	From	To	Line	Steamer
March 1	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	California
March 1	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Roosevelt
March 2	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Deutschland
March 2	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Aurania
March 3	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of York
March 3	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Samaria
March 3	New York	Havre	French	Normandie
March 3	New York	London	United States	American Trader
March 4	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Gerolstein
March 4	New York	Genoa	Italian	Rex
March 4	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Noordam
March 4	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
March 9	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Ascania
March 9	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg
March 9	New York	Hamburg	United States	Manhattan
March 10	New York	London	United States	American Merchant
March 10	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Importer
March 10	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
March 10	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Andania
March 10	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Richmond
March 11	New York	Haifa	American Export	Excalibur
March 11	New York	Havre	French	Paris
March 11	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Veendam
March 11	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Pennland
March 11	New York	Oslo	Norwegian America	Stavangerfjord
March 15	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Harding
March 15	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia-America	Batory
March 15	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Caledonia
March 16	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Ausonia
March 16	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	St. Louis
March 17	New York	London	United States	American Farmer
March 17	New York	Genoa	Italian	Conte di Savoia
March 17	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Bedford
March 17	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanyork
March 18	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Britannic
March 18	New York	Havre	French	Ile de France
March 18	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Zaandam
March 18	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Ilsenstein
March 18	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish-American	Drottningholm
March 21	New York	Oslo	Norwegian America	Bergensfjord
March 22	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Europa
March 23	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Alaunia
March 23	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hansa
March 23	New York	Hamburg	United States	Washington
March 24	New York	London	United States	American Banker
March 24	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Shipper
March 24	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
March 24	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Antonia
March 24	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
March 24	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanmail
March 25	New York	Haida	American Export	Exeter
March 25	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia-America	Pilsudski
March 25	New York	Genoa	Italian	Rex
March 28	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	California
March 29	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of York
March 29	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen
March 29	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Roosevelt
March 30	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish American	Gripsholm
March 30	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Deutschland
March 30	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Aurania
March 31	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Scythia
March 31	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Nieuw Amsterdam
March 31	New York	London	United States	American Trader

To Central and South America

March 1	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
March 3	New York	Chanaral	Grace	Santa Rita
March 4	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Eastern Prince
March 4	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
March 8	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
March 10	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Lucia
March 11	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Argentina
March 11	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
March 15	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica
March 17	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Barbara
March 18	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Western Prince
March 18	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
March 22	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
March 24	New York	Chanaral	Grace	Santa Inez
March 25	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Brazil
March 25	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
March 29	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
March 31	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Clara

Pacific Sailings

March 2	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
March 4	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Asia
March 6	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Coolidge
March 6	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hikawa Maru
March 9	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
March 14	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Adams
March 14	Los Angeles	Hongkong	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Asama Maru
March 15	Vancouver	Sydney	Canadian Australasian	Aorangi
March 16	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
March 18	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Canada
March 19	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Taft
March 20	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hie Maru
March 23	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
March 27	Los Angeles	Hongkong	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Tatuta Maru
March 28	San Francisco	Melbourne	Matson	Monterey
March 30	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline

FFICIAL AWARDS: New York Hound Show

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS

ges: Jackson H. Boyd, Esq., M. F. H.
gle dogs (unentered, bred by exhibor)—Won by Essex Foxhounds' Jibail; Millbrook Hunt's Lancer, secnd; Fairfield County Hounds' 'rooper, third.
iple of dogs (unentered, bred by exibitor)—Won by Essex Foxhounds' ib-Sail and Journeyman, Fairfield 'ounty Hounds' Traveler and Trailer, :cond; Millbrook Hunt's Rambler nd Ranter, third.
gle dogs (entered)—Won by Essex oxhounds' Helmet; Millbrook Hunt's 'rince, second; Millbrook Hunt's Jeser, third.
iple of dogs (entered)—Won by Millbrook's Hunt's Prince and 'ucker; Essex Foxhounds' Helmet nd Hero, second; Rombout Hunt's Vorful and Speed, third.
llions (certified to be sires of living puppies)—Won by Fairfield County Hounds' Ringwood; Essex Foxhounds' Trueboy, second; Millbrook Hunt's Hunter, third.
o couples of dogs (any age)—Won y Millbrook Hunt's Lancer, Prince, Swagger, and Captain; Essex Foxounds' Boisterous, Bounder, Baronet, nd Boxer, second; Essex Foxhounds' Tailor, Diamond, Tackler, and Talbot, third.
t dog—Winner, Essex Foxhounds' Helmet; Fairfield County Hounds' Ringwood, second.
gle bitches (unentered, bred by exibitor)—Won by Rombout Hunt's Beula; Essex Foxhounds' Honesty, second; Fairfield County Hounds' June, third.
uple of bitches (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Essex Foxhounds' Trilby and Thyra; Norfolk Hunt Club's Melba and Melrose, second; Fairfield and Westchester Hounds' Dreamer and Ginger, third.
igle bitches (entered)—Won by Essex Foxhounds' Heresy; Fairfield County Hounds' Merrylass, second; Essex Foxhounds' Dignity, third.
uple of bitches (entered)—Won by Fairfield County Hounds' Mermaid and Merrylass; Millbrook Hunt's Melba and Melody, second; Rombout Hunt's Fancy and Julia, third.
ood bitches (certified to be dams of living puppies)—Won by Essex Foxhounds' Dignity; Millbrook Hunt's Playful, second; Millbrook Hunt's Kite, third.
wo couples of bitches (any age)—Won by Rombout Hunt's Crazy, Fancy, Crusty, and Julia; Millbrook Hunt's Melba, Melody, Kite, and Matchless, second; Fairfield County Hounds' Mermaid, Merrylass, Mischief, and Music, third.
est bitch—Winner, Rombout Hunt's Beula; Essex Foxhounds' Heresy, reserve.
est of either sex—Winner, Essex Foxhounds' Helmet; Rombout Hunt's Beula, reserve.
acks (five couples, any age, either sex)—Won by Fairfield County Hounds; Millbrook Hunt, second; Essex Foxhounds, third.

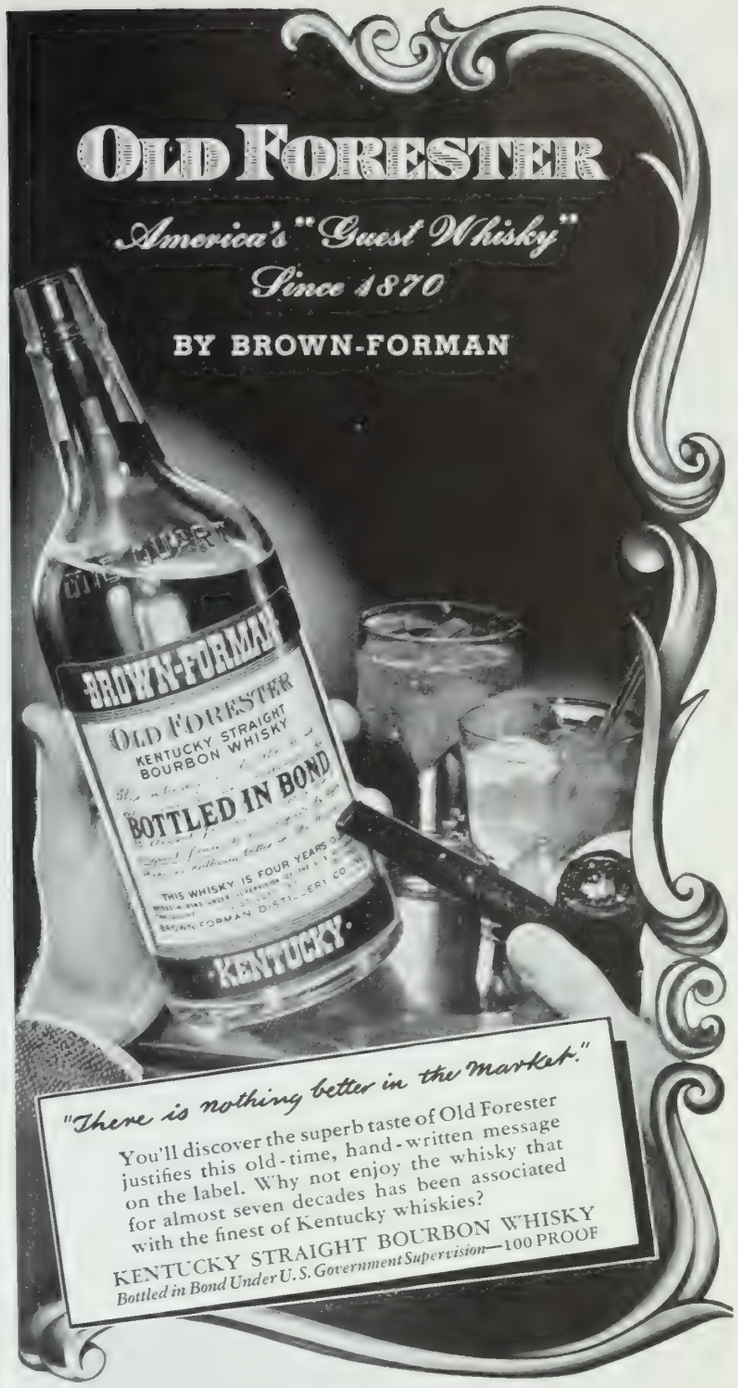
ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS

udges: J. Watson Webb, Esq., M. F. H., W. W. Ogilvie, Esq., M. F. H.
ingle dogs (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Harmony Hollow Hounds' Gander; Rolling Rock Hunt's Driver, second; Rolling Rock Hunt's Darter, third.
Couple of dogs (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Harmony Hollow Hounds' Goblet and Gander; Rolling Rock Hunt's Darter and Driver, second.
ingle dogs (entered)—Won by Harmony Hollow Hounds' Sportsman; Rolling Rock Hunt's Ranter, second; Harmony Hollow Hounds' Factor, third.
Couple of dogs (entered)—Won by Harmony Hollow Hounds' Factor and Sportsman; Rolling Rock Hunt's Reaper and Ranter, second; Rolling Rock Hunt's Steward and Grafton, third.
Stallions (certified to be the sire of living puppies)—Won by Rolling Rock Hunt's Speaker; Harmony Hollow Hounds' Sportsman, second; Rolling Rock Hunt's Marplot, third.
Two couples of dogs (any age)—Won by Rolling Rock Hunt's Tancred, Damper, Reaper, and Ranter; Rolling Rock Hunt's Grafton, Caliph, and Caradoc, second.
Best dog—Winner, Rolling Rock Hunt's Speaker; Harmony Hollow Hounds' Sportsman, second.
Single bitches (unentered) bred by exhibitor)—Won by Rolling Rock Hunt's Vanity; Rolling Rock Hunt's Wenlock, second.
Couple of bitches (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Rolling Rock Hunt's Vanity and Wenlock.
Single bitches (entered)—Won by Harmony Hollow Hounds' Treasure; Rolling Rock Hunt's Charity, second.
Couple of bitches (entered)—Won by Rolling Rock Hunt's Plumage and Abigail; Harmony Hollow Hounds' Treasure and Trespass, second; Rolling Rock Hunt's Abbess and Startle, third.
Brood bitches (certified to be dams of living puppies)—Won by Rolling Rock Hunt's Plumage; Rolling Rock Hunt's Alice, second; Rolling Rock Hunt's Abigail, third.
Two couple of bitches (any age)—Won by Rolling Rock Hunt's Abbess, Startle, Plumage, and Abigail.
Best bitch—Winner, Harmony Hollow Hounds' Treasure; Rolling Rock Hunt's Vanity, second.
Packs (five couples, any age, either sex)—Rolling Rock Hunt; Harmony Hollow Hounds, second.

CROSS-BRED FOXHOUNDS

Judge: William Almy, Jr., Esq., M. F. H.
Single dogs (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Gambler; Meadow Brook Hounds' Grasper, second; Meadow Brook Hounds' Grappler, third.
Couple of dogs (unentered)—Won by MeadowBrook's Grappler and Grasper.
Single dogs (entered)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Factor; Meadow Brook Hounds' Fairplay, second; Meadow Brook's Gamester, third.
Couple of dogs (entered)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Factor and Fireman; Meadow Brook Hounds' Galloper and Gamester, second; Meadow Brook Hounds' Fairplay and Streamer, third.
Stallions (certified to be the sire of living puppies)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Ranter; Meadow Brook Hounds' Scrambler, second.
Two couples of dogs (any age)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Factor, Galloper, Gamester, and Fireman; Meadow Brook Hounds' Fairplay, Streamer, Ranter, and Scrambler, second; Carrollton Hounds' Padwick, Packman, Muster, and Mustard, third.
Best dog—Winner, Meadow Brook Hounds' Factor; Meadow Brook Hounds' Ranter, reserve.
Single bitches (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Meadow Brook Hounds' Gladness; Meadow Brook Hounds' Glamorous, second; Meadow Brook Hounds' Gilsome, third.
Couple of bitches (entered)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Gally and Gladness; Meadow Brook Hounds' Glamorous and Gilsome, second.
Single bitches (entered)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Gratitude; Meadow Brook Hounds' Fragile, second; Meadow Brook Hounds' Graceful, third.
Couple of bitches (entered)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Gratitude and Gamestress; Meadow Brook Hounds' Gayly and Glamour, second; Meadow Brook Hounds' Graceful and Granite, third.
Brood bitches (certified to be the dam of living puppies)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Gratitude; Meadow Brook Hounds' Gamestress, second; Carrollton Hounds' Pansy, third.

(*Continued on page 35*)



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What is Hawaii like? With continuous June weather the year around, Hawaii is a countryside overflowing with outrageously fragrant flowers—green valleys and slopes—all so out of key with reality they look almost as though painted on canvas. *They immediately suggest thoughts of Paradise.*

Hawaii is a story in four main parts—each "part" an Island—Hawaii, Maui, Kauai, and Oahu (on which Honolulu is located). *Each is a reason for happiness.*

Her sports are called by familiar names, such as—tennis, golf, horseback-riding and that very-much-sought-after relaxation. *But they are experienced with unfamiliar satisfaction, for playing in Hawaii has a dreamy, enigmatic quality.* While Waikiki—of which you've heard so much—is too unusual to be called just a beach.

Of course, to make up your mind about Hawaii, you should have complete information, (our pictorial booklet, "Nani O Hawaii", sailing schedule of palatial liners from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, B. C., and costs), *and so we suggest you consult your Travel Agent who is an authority* for the facts which are essential to an essential understanding of Hawaii.

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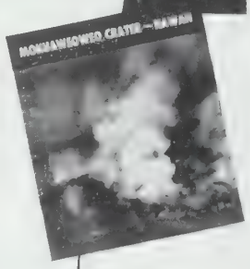

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Incoming Steamships

From Europe and the Mediterranean

Steamer	Line	From	To	Due
Excalibur	American Export	Alexandria	New York	March 1
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	March 2
Gerolstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	March 2
Rex	Italian	Genoa	New York	March 2
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	March 3
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	March 3
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	March 4
Andania	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	March 6
American Importer	United States	Liverpool	New York	March 6
Stavangerfjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	March 7
American Merchant	United States	London	New York	March 7
Pennland	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	March 7
Ascania	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	March 7
Veendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	March 7
Paris	French	Havre	New York	March 8
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	March 9
President Harding	United States	Hamburg	New York	March 11
Duchess of Bedford	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	March 11
Drottningholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	March 12
Lancastria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	March 12
Caledonia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	March 12
Batory	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	March 13
St. Louis	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	March 13
Zaandam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	March 13
American Farmer	United States	London	New York	March 13
Ile de France	French	Havre	New York	March 14
Ausonia	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	March 14
Exeter	American Export	Alexandria	New York	March 15
Conte di Savoia	Italian	Genoa	New York	March 15
Ilsenstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	March 16
Scanmail	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	March 16
Hansa	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	March 17
Bergensfjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	March 18
Montclare	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	March 19
Antonia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	March 20
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	March 20
American Banker	United States	London	New York	March 20
American Shipper	United States	Liverpool	New York	March 20
Alaunia	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	March 21
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	March 23
Rex	Italian	Genoa	New York	March 23
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	March 24
Duchess of York	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	New York	March 25
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	March 25
California	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	March 26
Noordam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	March 27
Scythia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	March 27
Aurania	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	March 28
American Trader	United States	London	New York	March 28
Excambion	American Export	Alexandria	New York	March 29
Scanpenn	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	March 30
Normandie	French	Havre	New York	March 30
Vulcania	Italian	Trieste	New York	March 30
Gerolstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	March 30
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	March 30
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	March 31
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	March 31

From Central and South America

Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 2
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 5
Santa Lucia	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	March 6
Argentina	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	March 6
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 9
Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	March 9
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 12
Santa Barbara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	March 13
Northern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	March 15
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 16
Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 19
Santa Inez	Grace	Chanaral	New York	March 20
Brazil	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	March 20
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 23
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 26
Santa Clara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	March 27
Southern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	March 29
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	March 30

From the Orient and the South Seas

Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	March 3
President Coolidge	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	March 4
Hie Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	March 8
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	March 10
Aorangi	Canadian Australasian	Sydney	Vancouver	March 10
Empress of Canada	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	March 12
Asama Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hongkong	Los Angeles	March 12
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	March 17
President Taft	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	March 18
Monterey	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	March 21
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	March 24
Empress of Russia	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	March 25
Tatuta Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hongkong	Los Angeles	March 25
Heian Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	March 28
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	March 31

OFFICIAL AWARDS: New York Hound Show

(*Continued from page 33*)

wo couples of bitches (any age)—Won by Meadow Brook Hounds' Gratitude, Graceful, Granite, Gainsome; Meadow Brook Hounds' Fragile, Gamestress, Gayly, Glamour, second.

est bitch—Winner, Meadow Brook Hounds' Gratitude; Meadow Brook Hounds' Gladness, reserve.

acks (five couples, any age, either sex)—Winner, Meadow Brook (dog pack); Meadow Brook (bitch pack), second; The Carrollton Hounds, third

WELSH FOXHOUNDS

udge: J. Stanley Reeve, Esq.

ingle dogs (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Gameboy; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Gabriel, second; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Galloper, third.

ingle dogs (entered)—Won by Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Neptune; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Nimrod, second; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Windsor, third.

est dog—Winner, Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Neptune; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Gameboy, second.

ingle bitches (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Tangible; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Tapestry, second; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Garnet, third.

ingle bitches (entered)—Won by Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Gipsy; White Marsh Valley Hunt Club's Chorus, second; White Marsh Valley Hunt Club's Melba, third.

Best bitch—Winner, Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Gipsy; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Tactful, second.

Best of either sex (open only to hounds entered or eligible for entry in Welsh Hound Association Stud Book)—Winner, Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Gipsy; Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Gameboy, reserve.

Best of either sex—Winner, Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds' Neptune; Mr. Newbold Ely's Gipsy, reserve.

HARRIERS

Judge: Harry T. Peters, Jr., Esq.

Single dogs (unentered dogs, bred by exhibitor) — Won by Monmouth County Hunt's Vulcan; Monmouth County Hunt's Vagabond, second; Monmouth County's Victor, third.

Single dogs (entered)—Won by Monmouth County Hunt's Monarch; Monmouth County Hunt's Rallywood, second! Dilwyne Hunt's Pilgrim, third.

Best dog—Winner Monmouth County Hunt's Monarch; Monmouth County Hunt's Vulcan, reserve.

Single bitches (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Monmouth County Hunt's Vanity; Monmouth County Hunt's Countess, second; Monmouth County Hunt's Hastaway, third.

Single bitches (entered)—Won by Monmouth County Hunt's Hesta; Monmouth County Hunt's Haughty, second; Dilwyne's Handsome, third.

Best bitch—Winner, Monmouth County Hunt's Vanity; Monmouth County Hunt's Hesta, reserve.

Packs (five couple, either sex, any age)—won by Monmouth (dog pack); Monmouth (bitch pack) reserve.

BASSETS

Judges: James S. Jones, Jr., Esq., Harry T. Peters, Esq.

Single dogs (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Stockford Basset Hounds' Gamester; Stockford Basset Hounds' Lightfoot, second; Stockford Basset Hounds' Galloper, third.

Single dogs (entered)—Won by Stockford Basset Hounds' Doctor; Followfield Hounds' Raffer, second; Brookdale Bassets' Stanco Handsome, third.

Best dog—Winner, Stockford Basset Hounds' Doctor; Stockford Basset Hounds' Gamester, reserve.

Single bitches (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Stockford Basset Hounds' Vanity; Stockford Basset Hounds' Graceful, second; Brookdale Basset's Stanco Coco, third.

Single bitches (entered)—Won by Brookdale Basset's Stanco Meedy; Brookdale Basset's Bittersweet of Reynalton, second; Stockford Basset Hounds' Barmaid, third.

Best bitch—Winner, Brookdale Bassets' Stanco Meedy; Stockford Basset Hounds' Vanity, reserve.

BEAGLES

Judge: G. Kimball Clement, Esq.

(13 inches and under)

Single dogs (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Stockford Beagles' Rascal.

Single dogs (entered)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Pioneer Skippy; Stockford Beagles' Farmer, second.

Stallion (certified to be sire of living puppies)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Pioneer Skippy.

Couple of dogs (any age)—Won by Stockford Beagles' Rascal and Farmer. Best dog—Winner, Foxcatcher Beagles' Pioneer Skippy; Stockford Beagles' Rascal, reserve.

Single bitches (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Whitoakes Foot Beagles' Winifred; Stockford Beagles' Fairy, second; Stockford Beagles' Fearless, third.

Single bitches (entered)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Rival; Readington Foot Beagles' Gallant Miss, second; Foxcatcher Beagles' Mary, third.

Brood bitches (certified to be the dam of living puppies)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Charm Charmer; Readington Foot Beagles' Gallant Miss, second; Foxcatcher Beagles' Mary, third.

Couple of bitches (any age)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Pride and Suzabella; Whitoakes Foot Beagles' Winifred and Willful.

Best bitch—Winner, Foxcatcher Beagles' Rival; Foxcatcher Beagles' Charm Charmer, reserve.

(Over 13 inches; not exceeding 15)

Single dogs (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Vernon Somerset Beagles' Ledger; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Cleric, second; Foxcatcher Beagles' Comedy, third.

Single dogs (entered)—Won by Vernon Somerset Beagles' Curate; Foxcatcher Beagles' Draftsman, second; Foxcatcher Beagles' Messenger, third.

Stallions (certified to be the sire of living puppies)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Draftsman; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Curate, second; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Trinity Foot Forrester, third.

Couple of dogs (any age)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Messenger and Major; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Curate and Confidence, second; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Cloister and Cleric, third.

Best dog—Winner, Vernon Somerset Beagles' Curate; Foxcatcher Beagles' Draftsman, reserve.

Single bitches (unentered, bred by exhibitor)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Scarlet; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Hilda, second; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Choir Girl, third.

Single bitches (entered)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Master Key Nuggets; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Barbara, second; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Lapwing, third.

Brood bitches (certified to be the dam of living puppies)—Won by Foxcatcher Beagles' Master Key Nuggets; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Lovebird, second; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Lofty, third.

Couple of bitches (any age)—Won by Vernon Somerset Beagles' Lovebird and Mistress; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Hilda and Countess, second.

Best bitch—Winner, Foxcatcher Beagles' Master Key Nuggets; Vernon Somerset Beagles' Lovebird, reserve.

Packs (five couples, either sex, any age, any size) not to exceed 15 inches)—Won by Vernon Somerset Beagles; Foxcatcher Beagles, second; Whitoakes Beagles, third.

(*See page 44 for other Show news*)

FOLKLORE

LINGERS ALONG SAVOYARD LAKES OF

FRANCE

Under soaring mountains mantled in pine-perfumed clouds, folklore's ancient customs still survive...and across flower-rimmed sapphire lakes the silvery tinkle of sheep bells mingles with the laughter of gay cosmopolites ★ On this balcony of sovereign Mount Blanc, bright cabañas and many-hued parasols cast purple shadows upon powdery sand beaches...Lake Annecy, its praises sung by brush and pen...Bourget, with fashionable Aix nestling beneath Mount Revard...Évian and Thonon skirting Lake Leman ★ Chambéry, legendary seat of Savoyard Dukes...Chamonix, famed for its Mer-de-Glace, glaciers and waterfalls.

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French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York

Country Life Sports Calendar

MARCH 193

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3	4
				End of Hunter Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, London, England (from Feb. 28th). End of Dixie Amateur Golf Championship, Miami, Fla. (from Feb. 27th). Canadian Rockies Ski Championships, Banff, Alta. (to 5th). Sonora Ski Club Tournament, Cold Springs, Cal. (to 5th). Motor Boat Regatta, New Smyrna, Fla. Tryon, North Carolina, Dog Show. Cross Country Ski Race, Winnipeg, Man.	Tampa Horse Show, Tampa, Fla. (to 5th). National Pony Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, London. Genesee County Kennel Club Dog Show, Flint, Michigan. Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Ski Meet, Yosemite, Cal. (to 5th). Swiss Ski Championships, Unterwasser. Quebec Kandahar, Downhill and Slalom Ski Tournament, Mont Tremblant, Que. Yosemite Winter Club Invitational Ski Meet. Inter-Scholastic Ski Meet, Seigniory Club, Que.	Widener Challenge Cup Horse Race, Hialeah Park, Fla. (end of Hialeah Meeting, from Jan. 11th). Santa Anita Handicap, Santa Anita Park, Cal. Redland Hunt Point-to-Point Races, Rockville, Md. Spokane Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Spokane, Wash. East Texas Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Tyler, Tex. Beverly Hills Kennel Club Dog Show, Beverly Hills, Cal. (to 5th). Detroit Kennel Club Dog Show, Detroit, Mich. (to 5th).
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami, Fla. End of New Smyrna, Fla., Motor Boat Regatta. End of Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Ski Meet, Yosemite, Cal. Provincial Women's Ski Championships, St. Margaret's, Que. International Jump Race Ski Contests, Garmisch Partenkirchen. End of Canadian Rockies Ski Championships, Banff, Alta.	Tropical Park Spring Horse Race Meet, Miami, Fla. (to April 8th). End of Swiss Ski Championships, Underwasser. End of Sonora Ski Club Tournament, Cold Springs, Cal. Buffalo Trap and Field Club Skeet Tournament, Buffalo, N. Y. Hi-Gun Skeet Club Tournament, Detroit, Mich.	Annual Seniors' Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. (to 10th). Oklahoma Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Fort Sill, Okla. End of Beverly Hills Kennel Club Dog Show, Cal. End of Detroit Kennel Club Dog Show, Detroit, Mich. End of Tampa, Fla., Horse Show.		Phoenix Kennel Club Dog Show, Phoenix, Ariz. (to 10th). Gold and Silver Ski Tests, Badger Pass, Yosemite Park, Cal. Southern Pines Country Club Championship Golf Tournament, Southern Pines, N. C.	British Columbia Ski Championships, Wells, B. C. End of Annual Seniors' Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. End of Phoenix, Ariz., Kennel Club Dog Show. Tucson Kennel Club Dog Show, Tucson, Ariz. (to 12th). End of Santa Anita Park, Cal., Horse Race Meeting (from Dec. 31st).	Pacific Coast Championship Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Ellensburg, Wash. Irish Setter Field Trial Club Field Trial. Babylon Hunt Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Babylon, L. I. Providence County Kennel Club Dog Show, Providence, R. I. Mississippi Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, St. Louis, Mo. (to 12th).
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Downhill Ski Tournament, Mount Seymour, Vancouver, B. C. Inter-scholastic Slalom and Downhill Ski Tournament, Quebec, Que. St. Sauveur, Que., Downhill and Slalom Ski Tournament. St. Agathe, Que., Cross Country Ski Race. Wilbur May Topping Ski Run, Rail Creek, Yosemite Park, Cal. Mt. Shasta Club Ski Tournament. Miami Y. C. Sailing Regatta. Buffalo Trap and Field Club Skeet Tournament, Buffalo, N. Y.	Rappahannock Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Fredericksburg, Va. Spring Tennis Tournament, Southern Pines, N. C. (to 18th). Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I., N. Y. Williamson Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Williamson, N. Y. Sedalia Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Sedalia, Mo.	 End of Mississippi Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, St. Louis, Mo. End of Tucson, Ariz., Dog Show. End of Horse Race Meeting, Oriental Park, Havana, Cuba (from Jan. 12th).	Annual Spring Golf Tournament, Sea Island, Ga. El Paso, Tex., Kennel Club Dog Show (to 16th). 	End of El Paso, Tex., Dog Show.	Hunter Trials, Southern Pines, N. C. Irish Kennel Club Dog Show, Dublin, Ireland. Kandahar Challenge Ski Race, Yosemite, Cal. Southern Ohio Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Withamsville, Ohio. Motor Boat Regatta, Miami, Fla. (to 19th). Rio Grande Kennel Club Dog Show, Albuquerque, New Mexico (to 19th). End of Sea Island Golf Club Tournament, Sea Island, Ga. End of Spring Tennis Tournament, Southern Pines, N. C.	Sandhills Hunt Club Meeting, Pinehurst, N. C. Royal Norfolk Spring Horse Show, Norwich, England. Western Kandahar Invitational Ski Meet, Yosemite, Cal. Annual Biscayne Bay Power Boat Regatta, Miami, Fla. St. Louis Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), St. Louis, Mo. Chicagoland Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Addison, Ill. Cincinnati, Ohio, Kennel Club Dog Show. Santa Anita Kennel Club Dog Show, Arcadia, Cal. (to 19th).
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Mont St. Castin Ski Kandahar, Lac Beauport, Que. Mont Tremblant, Que., Downhill Ski Race. Ski Tournament Giant Slalom, Mt. Hood, Oregon. Miami Y. C. Sailing Regatta. Buffalo Trap and Field Club Skeet Tournament, Buffalo, N. Y. End of Cincinnati, Ohio, Dog Show. End of Miami, Fla., Motor Boat Regatta.	Virginia Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Camp Lee, Va. Ladies' Annual Spring Golf Tournament, Sea Island, Ga. (to 25th). New Mexico Kennel Club Dog Show, Santa Fe, N. M. End of Rio Grande Dog Show, Albuquerque, N. M. End of Santa Anita Kennel Club Dog Show, Arcadia, Cal.	Dayton Kennel Club Dog Show, Dayton, Ohio. (to 22nd). End of New Mexico Dog Show, Santa Fe.	Mid-South Women's Golf Championship, Southern Pines, N. C. (to 24th). End of Dayton, Ohio, Kennel Club Dog Show. Florida State Sailing Championship, Miami. Florida Sailing Assn. Miami Y. C.	Northern Indiana Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Winimac, Ind. McKinley Kennel Club Dog Show, Canton, Ohio (to 24th).	Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree. Asheville Kennel Club Dog Show, Asheville, N. C. (to 25th). Colorado Kennel Club Dog Show, Denver, Colo. (to 25th). National Capital Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Germantown, Md. End of Annual Mid-South Women's Golf Championships, Southern Pines, N. C.	Aiken Mile Track, Junior Race and Trotting Meeting, Aiken, S. C. Metropolitan Equestrian Club Horse Show, N. Y. End of Fair Grounds Lady Horse Race Meeting (from Nov. 24th). Annual Palm Spring Invitational Tennis Tournament, Cal. (to 26th). Star Class Spring Championship, Southern Y. C., New Orleans, La. Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I., N. Y. Sewickley Kennel Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Sewickley Heights, Pa. Wilbraham Fish and Game Club Field Trial, Wilbraham, Mass. (Pointers and Setters). Cumberland Valley Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Hagerstown, Md. Manchester Kennel Club Dog Show, N. H.
26	27	28	29	30	31	
Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta. Westhaven Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Evansville, Ind. Buffalo Trap and Field Club Skeet Tournament, Buffalo, N. Y. Kentucky Pointer and Setter Club Field Trial, Fort Knox, Ky.	Annual North and South Invitation Golf Championship for Women, Pinehurst, N. C. Oriole Field Dog Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Towson, Md.	Annual Pinehurst Horse Show, Pinehurst, N. C. Tennessee Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Knoxville, Tenn. (to 29th). Western Pennsylvania Kennel Assn. Dog Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. (to 29th).	End of Annual Pinehurst Horse Show, Pinehurst, N. C. End of Tennessee Valley Dog Show, Knoxville, Tenn. End of Western Pennsylvania Kennel Assn. Dog Show, Pittsburgh, Pa.	South Jersey F. T. Club (Pointers and Setters). Chattanooga Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Chattanooga, Tenn. (to April 1st).	American Chesapeake Club Field Trial, Benton, Md. (to April 1). Mid-Atlantic Winner's Stake (Pointers and Setters), Point Pleasant, W. Va. Jockey Hollow Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Clinton, N. J.	

A FOX TERRIER—142 years old

An old painting adds a half century to the history of a popular breed

JAMES W. SPRING

ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Boston, Commonwealth of Massachusetts and these United States of America, an almost economic royalist. He did not know that he had attained this station in life, because at the time of which I am writing the Gay 'Nineties were still in the offing. Our almost economic royalist did not own a steam yacht it is true, but he had a city house in the Back Bay, a stable on Newbury Street, and a country house with some acres of land around it. He also had at least one young nephew, a St. Bernard dog named Victor, and a fox terrier called Dandy. Dandy may or may not have had a pedigree, and, as I remember him, I am sure he would have had difficulty in reaching the exalted position of a "best in show" winner. Dog shows were few and far between, and the stud book for pure-bred dogs was of recent origin and by no means a best-seller.

When I say Dandy was a fox terrier I mean just what I say, inasmuch as the wire haired cousin had but recently been honored with the additional appellation of fox terrier. Dandy's head was full, wide between the ears, and his tail suffered from the then fashionable short dock. In that head of his, however, was all the wisdom of many generations of ancestors who had carried on their reason for being, the extermination of four-footed vermin and the pursuit of the fox in his underground retreat. Dandy never saw a fox, I dare say. The fox hunter in New England in the early 'Eighties depended upon a hound dog and a shot gun to bring his quarry down. When it came to rats, however, it was another story. Chasing squirrels was just a diversion which kept his muscles strong and his wind sound. But in the spring of the year Dandy found the complete fulfillment of his ambitions. Then it was that the winter's accumulation was cleaned out of the stable cellar. Then it was that the rats which had made their home in the straw and manure received his alert attention. A spring, a snap, a jerk of the neck was the prescription which when repeated as long as found necessary was the never failing cure for ridding the stable of its scourge of vermin.

No young lad ever had a more intriguing friend and companion. Their joint ventures were many and of the utmost importance to them though not always to the liking of a Victorian household. It is no wonder then that this small white dog, with his black and tan head, later proved to be the influencing force in his decision to breed and show fox terriers as a tribute to the memory of his boyhood friend.

The Gay 'Nineties had but recently been tucked away in cotton batting when my first family of *smooth* fox terriers, as they are now ineptly called, was born. I had become a fox terrier breeder. A breeder by rights ought to have one word at his tongue's end, and that is the word "why?" My "whys" brought forth the fact that the sun never sets on the upstanding stern of the fox terrier. Wherever the English language is spoken this small black and white or tan and white disturbance will be found. Teddy Roosevelt used one for hunting lions in Africa. It is the favorite dog of the maharajas of India. But why pile Ossa on Pelion?

When my sources of information had run dry as to my "whys" I began to inquire "when?" When was the first fox terrier born—a dog like the Dandy of my boyhood days, like those which grace the show bench today? I found that this was a subject about which much had been written and but little was known.

An Englishman, Mr. J. A. Doyle, now deceased, who was an outstanding breeder, exhibitor, judge, and student of the origins of the breed and its then known component strains, at the beginning of the century, wrote entertainingly and with authority. Who but he could breed and so aptly name that line of winning bitches—Mistress of The Robes, she out of Green Mantle, she out of Costume, she out of Seamstress, she out of Distaffina, she out of Needy, and she out of Luke Turner's Champion Needle, whelped in 1876? Or the sisters Danseuse, Footlights, Rehearsal, and Soubrette, they out of Vaudeville, she out of Vivandiere, she out of Cruiskeen (look this name up in your Webster's unabridged), and she out of Luke Turner's Whiskey II born in 1877! Inasmuch as the science of biology as applied to breeding dogs is (*Continued on page 86*)

Three of a Kind

Marguerite Kirmse portrays the smooth fox terrier of today

Courtesy, Sporting Gallery and Bookshop

Country Life Sports Calendar

MARCH 193

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	**2** End of Hunter Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, London, England (from Feb. 28th). End of Dixie Amateur Golf Championship, Miami, Fla. (from Feb. 27th). Canadian Rockies Ski Championships, Banff, Alta. (to 5th). Sohora Ski Club Tournament, Cold Springs, Cal. (to 5th). Motor Boat Regatta, New Smyrna, Fla. Tryon, North Carolina, Dog Show. Cross Country Ski Race, Winnipeg, Man.	**3** Tampa Horse Show, Tampa, Fla. (to 5th). National Pony Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, London. Genesee County Kennel Club Dog Show, Flint, Michigan. Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Ski Meet, Yosemite, Cal. (to 5th). Swiss Ski Championships, Unterwasser. Quebec Kandahar, Downhill and Slalom Ski Tournament, Mont Tremblant, Que. Yosemite Winter Club Invitational Ski Meet. Inter-Scholastic Ski Meet, Seigniory Club, Que.	**4** Widener Challenge Cu Horse Race, Hialea Park, Fla. (end Hialeah Meeting, fro Jan. 11th). Santa Anita Handica Santa Anita Park, Ca Redland Hunt Point-t Point Races, Roc ville, Md. Spokane Field Trial Clu (Pointers and Se ters), Spokane, Was East Texas Field Tri Assn. (Pointers an Setters), Tyler, Te Beverly Hills Kenn Club Dog Show, Be erly Hills, Cal. (5th). Detroit Kennel Clu Dog Show, Detroi Mich. (to 5th).

5 Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta, Miami, Fla. End of New Smyrna, Fla., Motor Boat Regatta. End of Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Ski Meet, Yosemite, Cal. Provincial Women's Ski Championships, St. Margaret's, Que. International Jump Race Ski Contests, Garmisch Partenkirchen. End of Canadian Rockies Ski Championships, Banff, Alta.	**6** Tropical Park Spring Horse Race Meet, Miami, Fla. (to April 8th). End of Swiss Ski Championships, Underwasser. End of Sonora Ski Club Tournament, Cold Springs, Cal. Buffalo Trap and Field Club Skeet Tournament, Buffalo, N. Y. Hi-Gun Skeet Club Tournament, Detroit, Mich.	**7** Annual Seniors' Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. (to 10th). Oklahoma Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Fort Sill, Okla. End of Beverly Hills Kennel Club Dog Show, Cal. End of Detroit Kennel Club Dog Show, Detroit, Mich. End of Tampa, Fla., Horse Show.	**8**	**9** Phoenix Kennel Club Dog Show, Phoenix, Ariz. (to 10th). Gold and Silver Ski Tests, Badger Pass, Yosemite Park, Cal. Southern Pines Country Club Championship Golf Tournament, Southern Pines, N. C.	**10** British Columbia Ski Championships, Wells, B. C. End of Annual Seniors' Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. End of Phoenix, Ariz., Kennel Club Dog Show. Tucson Kennel Club Dog Show, Tucson, Ariz. (to 12th). End of Santa Anita Park, Cal., Horse Race Meeting (from Dec. 31st).	**1** Pacific Coast Champion ship Assn. Field Tri (Pointers and Se ters), Ellensbur Wash. Irish Setter Field Do Club Field Trial. Babylon Hunt Club Fie Trial (Pointers an Setters), Babylon, I. Providence County Ke nel Club Dog Sho Providence, R. I. Mississippi Valley Ke nel Club Dog Sho St. Louis, Mo. (12th).

12 Downhill Ski Tournament, Mount Seymour, Vancouver, B. C. Inter-scholastic Slalom and Downhill Ski Tournament, Quebec, Que. St. Sauveur, Que., Downhill and Slalom Ski Tournament. St. Agathe, Que., Cross Country Ski Race. Wilbur May Topping Ski Run, Rail Creek, Yosemite Park, Cal. Mt. Shasta Club Ski Tournament. Miami Y. C. Sailing Regatta. Buffalo Trap and Field Club Skeet Tournament, Buffalo, N. Y.	**13** Rappahannock Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Fredericksburg, Va. Spring Tennis Tournament, Southern Pines, N. C. (to 18th). Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I., N. Y. Williamson Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Williamson, N. Y. Sedalia Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Sedalia, Mo.	**14** End of Mississippi Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, St. Louis, Mo. End of Tucson, Ariz., Dog Show. End of Horse Race Meeting, Oriental Park, Havana, Cuba (from Jan. 12th).	**15** Annual Spring Golf Tournament, Sea Island, Ga. El Paso, Tex., Kennel Club Dog Show (to 16th).	**16** End of El Paso, Tex., Dog Show.	**17** Hunter Trials, Southern Pines, N. C. Irish Kennel Club Dog Show, Dublin, Ireland. Kandahar Challenge Ski Race, Yosemite, Cal. Southern Ohio Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Withamsville, Ohio. Motor Boat Regatta, Miami, Fla. (to 19th). Rio Grande Kennel Club Dog Show, Albuquerque, New Mexico (to 19th). End of Sea Island Golf Club Tournament, Sea Island, Ga. End of Spring Tennis Tournament, Southern Pines, N. C.	**18** Sandhills Hunt Ra Meeting, Pinehurs N. C. Royal Norfolk Spri Horse Show, Norwic England. Western Kandahar Inv tational Ski Meet, Y semite, Cal. Annual Biscayne Ba Power Boat Regatt Miami, Fla. St. Louis Field Tri Assn. (Pointers an Setters), St. Lou Mo. Chicagoland Field Tri Club (Pointers an Setters), Addison, I Cincinnati, Ohio, Ke nel Club Dog Show. Santa Anita Kennel Cl Dog Show, Arcadi Cal. (to 19th).

19 Mont St. Castin Ski Kandahar, Lac Beauport, Que. Mont Tremblant, Que., Downhill Ski Race. Ski Tournament Giant Slalom, Mt. Hood, Oregon. Miami Y. C. Sailing Regatta. Buffalo Trap and Field Club Skeet Tournament, Buffalo, N. Y. End of Cincinnati, Ohio, Dog Show. End of Miami, Fla., Motor Boat Regatta.	**20** Virginia Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Camp Lee, Va. Ladies' Annual Spring Golf Tournament, Sea Island, Ga. (to 25th). New Mexico Kennel Club Dog Show, Santa Fe, N. M. End of Rio Grande Dog Show, Albuquerque, N. M. End of Santa Anita Kennel Club Dog Show, Arcadia, Cal.	**21** Dayton Kennel Club Dog Show, Dayton, Ohio. (to 22nd). End of New Mexico Dog Show, Santa Fe.	**22** Mid-South Women's Golf Championship, Southern Pines, N. C. (to 24th). End of Dayton, Ohio, Kennel Club Dog Show. Florida State Sailing Championship, Miami. Florida Sailing Assn. Miami Y. C.	**23** Northern Indiana Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Winimac, Ind. McKinley Kennel Club Dog Show, Canton, Ohio (to 24th).	**24** Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree. Asheville Kennel Club Dog Show, Asheville, N. C. (to 25th). Colorado Kennel Club Dog Show, Denver, Colo. (to 25th). National Capital Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Germantown, Md. End of Annual Mid-South Women's Golf Championships, Southern Pines, N. C.	**2** Aiken Mile Track, Hu Race and Trotti Meeting, Aiken, S. Metropolitan Equestri Club Horse Show, N. End of Fair Grounds, L Horse Race Meeti (from Nov. 24th). Annual Palm Springs vitational Tenn Tournament, Cal. 26th). Star Class Spring Cha pionship, Southern C., New Orleans, Nassau Trapshooti Club Skeet Tour ment, Mineola, L. N. Y. Sewickley Kennel C Field Trial (Points and Setters), Sewi ley Heights, Pa. Wilbraham Fish a Game Club Field Tr Wilbraham, Ma (Pointers and S ters). Cumberland Valley Fi Trial Club (Point and Setters), Hage town, Md. Manchester Kennel C Dog Show, N. H.

26 Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta. Westhaven Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Evansville, Ind. Buffalo Trap and Field Club Skeet Tournament, Buffalo, N. Y. Kentucky Pointer and Setter Club Field Trial, Fort Knox, Ky. End of Western Reserve	**27** Annual North and South Invitation Golf Championship for Women, Pinehurst, N. C. Oriole Field Dog Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Towson, Md. Newington Game Club	**28** Annual Pinehurst Horse Show, Pinehurst, N. C. Tennessee Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Knoxville, Tenn. (to 29th). Western Pennsylvania Kennel Assn. Dog Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. (to 29th).	**29** End of Annual Pinehurst Horse Show, Pinehurst, N. C. End of Tennessee Valley Dog Show, Knoxville, Tenn. End of Western Pennsylvania Kennel Assn. Dog Show, Pittsburgh, Pa.	**30** South Jersey F. T. Club (Pointers and Setters). Chattanooga Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Chattanooga, Tenn. (to April 1st). Keystone Setter and	**31** American Chesapeake Club Field Trial, Benton, Md. (to April 1). Mid-Atlantic Winner's Stake (Pointers and Setters), Point Pleasant, W. Va. Jockey Hollow Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Clinton, N.J. Western Reserve Kennel	

A FOX TERRIER—142 years old

An old painting adds a half century to the history of a popular breed

JAMES W. SPRING

ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Boston, Commonwealth of Massachusetts and these United States of America, an almost economic royalist. He did not know that he had attained this station in life, because at the time of which I am writing the Gay 'Nineties were still in the offing. Our almost economic royalist did not own a steam yacht it is true, but he had a city house in the Back Bay, a stable on Newbury Street, and a country house with some acres of land around it. He also had at least one young nephew, a St. Bernard dog named Victor, and a fox terrier called Dandy. Dandy may or may not have had a pedigree, and, as I remember him, I am sure he would have had difficulty in reaching the exalted position of a "best in show" winner. Dog shows were few and far between, and the stud book for pure-bred dogs was of recent origin and by no means a best-seller.

When I say Dandy was a fox terrier I mean just what I say, inasmuch as the wire haired cousin had but recently been honored with the additional appellation of fox terrier. Dandy's head was full, wide between the ears, and his tail suffered from the then fashionable short dock. In that head of his, however, was all the wisdom of many generations of ancestors who had carried on their reason for being, the extermination of four-footed vermin and the pursuit of the fox in his underground retreat. Dandy never saw a fox, I dare say. The fox hunter in New England in the early 'Eighties depended upon a hound dog and a shot gun to bring his quarry down. When it came to rats, however, it was another story. Chasing squirrels was just a diversion which kept his muscles strong and his wind sound. But in the spring of the year Dandy found the complete fulfillment of his ambitions. Then it was that the winter's accumulation was cleaned out of the stable cellar. Then it was that the rats which had made their home in the straw and manure received his alert attention. A spring, a snap, a jerk of the neck was the prescription which when repeated as long as found necessary was the never failing cure for ridding the stable of its scourge of vermin.

No young lad ever had a more intriguing friend and companion. Their joint ventures were many and of the utmost importance to them though not always to the liking of a Victorian household. It is no wonder then that this small white dog, with his black and tan head, later proved to be the influencing force in his decision to breed and show fox terriers as a tribute to the memory of his boyhood friend.

The Gay 'Nineties had but recently been tucked away in cotton batting when my first family of *smooth* fox terriers, as they are now ineptly called, was born. I had become a fox terrier breeder. A breeder by rights ought to have one word at his tongue's end, and that is the word "why?" My "whys" brought forth the fact that the sun never sets on the upstanding stern of the fox terrier. Wherever the English language is spoken this small black and white or tan and white disturbance will be found. Teddy Roosevelt used one for hunting lions in Africa. It is the favorite dog of the maharajas of India. But why pile Ossa on Pelion?

When my sources of information had run dry as to my "whys" I began to inquire "when?" When was the first fox terrier born—a dog like the Dandy of my boyhood days, like those which grace the show bench today? I found that this was a subject about which much had been written and but little was known.

An Englishman, Mr. J. A. Doyle, now deceased, who was an outstanding breeder, exhibitor, judge, and student of the origins of the breed and its then known component strains, at the beginning of the century, wrote entertainingly and with authority. Who but he could breed and so aptly name that line of winning bitches—Mistress of The Robes, she out of Green Mantle, she out of Costume, she out of Seamstress, she out of Distaffina, she out of Needy, and she out of Luke Turner's Champion Needle, whelped in 1876? Or the sisters Danseuse, Footlights, Rehearsal, and Soubrette, they out of Vaudeville, she out of Vivandiere, she out of Cruiskeen (look this name up in your Webster's unabridged), and she out of Luke Turner's Whiskey II born in 1877! Inasmuch as the science of biology as applied to breeding dogs is (*Continued on page 86*)

Three of a Kind

Marguerite Kirmse portrays the smooth fox terrier of today

Courtesy, Sporting Gallery and Bookshop

SCALED TO FIT

Any pair of the fine old scales at Lois Shaw's will add several ounces to your house flair. Old French butcher scales put to an unusual use holding huge jars of various leaves. The aiguille is particularly fine, with a sunburst halfway up its length. The very beautiful color of the old brass as well as the fine proportions of the balance arm make scales of exceptional decorative value

The tiny apothecary scales hold salt and pepper for a breakfast table set with 18th century French silver and Lowestoft on a priceless old sampler. Three pairs of scales stand on a lovely piece of French damask used as a dinner cloth. The center pair, 19 inches high, are money scales with 12 inch balance arm, and at either end a pair of little apothecary scales, holding peppermints or cigarettes, make a very delightful change from the familiar fruits or flowers

A pair of very fine American scales with a most beautiful brass eagle and a fluted column also of lovely proportion. The indicator is interesting, being of ivory, with a brass acorn. The chains that hold the pans are strong enough to support pots of ivy. For a desk light, the painted black iron scales, very fancy with gold decoration and smart nickel pans, holding church candles with old hurricane shades. The ink stand and blotter are of papier-mâché inlaid with nacre

Photographs by
F. M. DEMAREST

A 40″ French scale with a lovely balance arm and unusual chain supports for the pans lavishly full of fruits and vegetables is very handsome for a buffet table. The simple Irish silver is all 18th century and of especially fine color. The "sloke" pot with a long wood handle was made by Joseph Johns, of Limerick, and is intended for serving hot spirits

THE SPORTSWOMAN

MRS. JORROCKS

Above: Mr. Samuel Reeves of Bryn Mawr and his daughter Elise watch a drag hunt in Aiken, South Carolina. Below: Miss Rose Donnelly, a member of the Santa Barbara women's polo team during a practice game on the new Fleischmann Field, Santa Barbara, California

Mrs. Frank Hargreave of Forest Hills, Long Island, skiing at the Lake Placid Club in northern New York

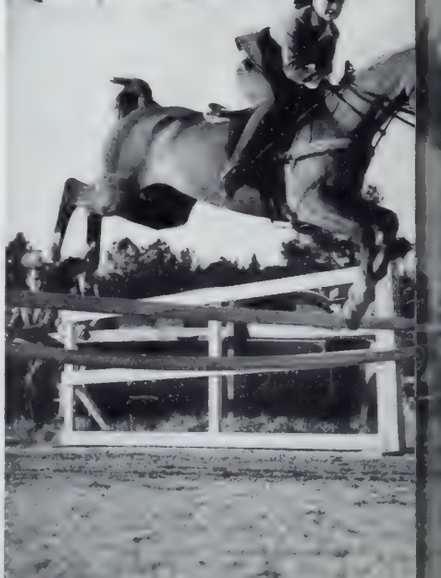
"Winter Sports Capital of the Poconos," Above left: Miss Phyllis Huhn, Greenwich, Conn.; right, Miss Mari Farrell of Loudenville, N. Y.; above, Miss Trude Hastel

Photographs by
Hubert Voight
Wolford
Bert Morgan
Rotofotos
Scott Seegers

SOMETIMES I think that it would be a grand idea if the month of March had been left out of the calendar altogether. Of course this conclusion is reached because of an extended stay in a Northern climate and the conviction that March is going to be the way it usually is. An occasional warm, bright, sunny day, just sufficient to get up your hopes, then zero weather, then dirt, dust, wind, and things like that. It's plumb silly to let weather make such a difference in one's disposition, but it comes from being fed to the teeth with staying indoors and finding it impossible to go out or to find anything to do there if you did. But this is getting involved. Possibly it would be clearer if I had started by saying "March is a month in which to go somewhere else than where you are provided the place where you are is anything like the place where I am in the month of March."

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL. Then you look over the possible places to go and begin to think that instead of being omitted March should be spread out a bit thinner so that people could take in all the things they would like to do. It is impossible for one person, for instance, to see both the Santa Anita Handicap and the Widener Cup when they happen on the same day at opposite sides of the continent and, unless you've special reasons for preferring California to Florida or Florida to California (if you haven't the chambers of commerce of these places will be glad to provide them) or Seabiscuit in the Santa Anita to War Admiral in the Widener, it's going to be mighty hard indeed for you to make a choice between the two.

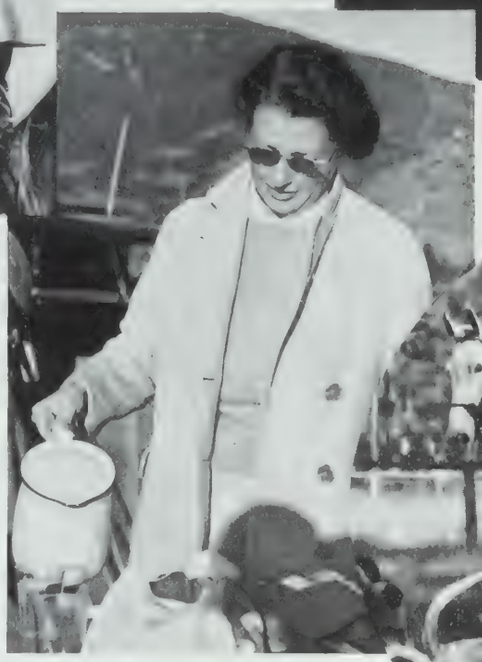
In the circle above Miss Phyllis Preston, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Preston of Waterbury, Conn., bicycling at Hamilton in Bermuda



Right: In the show ring at Pinehurst, North Carolina, is Miss Marion Tyrrell, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Tyrrell from Toronto, Canada

Left is Mr. Seymour Knox of East Aurora, N. Y., with Mrs. Knox, riding in Aiken, S. C.

Right: Driving is Mr. Thomas Hitchcock. With him is his daughter-in-law wife of the famous "Tommy" Hitchcock



Left: Miss Willametta Keck one of the polo players on the Santa Barbara Women's Team

Camden and Aiken don't present such a difficult decision because they are close together and their events so nicely arranged that one can enjoy them both, but you'll have to toss several coins to decide between Nassau, Bermuda, Havana, the West Indies, South America, and all those nice sunny places. Probably it would prove more to hop on a ship and take them all in. You could do that and still have time to go over to the Grand National. Although Aintree wouldn't be quite the place to go for weather still you would have absorbed enough sun to put up with it at its worst for long enough to see the race at any rate. And it would be so easy. Steamship sailings coincide with the date and, if you don't know anyone in England that will do it for you, a good travel agency will cable for reservations in Liverpool and tickets to the stand.

GRAND NATIONAL. At this writing there are fifty-two nominations for the National. To anyone accustomed to steeplechasing in this country that seems like a lot of horses. The size of the fields in the Grand National is due to various reasons. Everyone who has ever owned steeplechase horses dreams of seeing one of them carry his colors in this race; everyone who has ever ridden steeplechases would like to take a crack at that famous course; and there are plenty of trainers, too, who would like to go down in history as having prepared the winner. No wonder so many horses start in this race with more hopes than records back of their chances of winning. But so many long shots have won in the past that it almost seems as if the worst outsider might have a ghost of a chance and, from what the experts say of this year's prospects, there are about thirty such entries among (*Continued on page 111*)

In the circle is Miss Lily Warren of Prides Crossing, Massachusetts, "Master" of the Junior Drag at Aiken

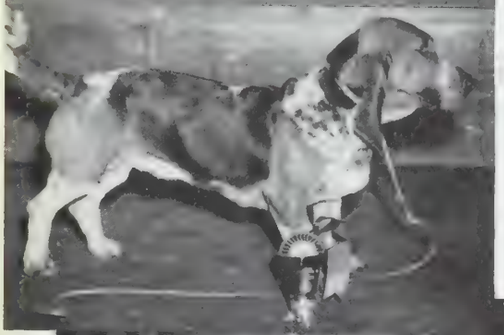
On the left are Mrs. William Funk, her son Billy and her daughter Betty, of Decatur, Ill., who are enjoying the snow at Lake Placid

Watching polo at Fleischmann Field are Miss Laura Forsyth, Mrs. W. H. Williams, Miss Helen Edwards, Mrs. C. H. Jackson, Jr., and Mrs. R. Havenstrite

Left: At the New York Hound Show. Miss Mary Maxwell with the Oaks Hunt's hounds

Right: Miss Eleanore Tompkins, from Glen Cove, L. I., is riding Gin Fizz at Southern Pines

WINNERS! AT THE NEW YORK HOUND SHOW



W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.

IN SPITE of the loss of Henry Vaughan, beloved president of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, and the absence, owing to a death in his family, of Plunket Stewart, the new leader, the New York Hound Show carried on with the best performance in its history. Dr. Howard Collins reported three hundred and seventy hounds from thirty-two packs.

One of the original reasons for this show was to give the servants of the New England Hunts something to look forward to during the months when their sport was stopped by the rigorous Northern winters, but this year the Middle Atlantic States were added to this category by a series of storms which left Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland looking like the locale for a North Pole picture. To the spacious Squadron A Armory skated hound vans from various points of the compass and its excellent accommodations, ample room, and the equitable temperature were appreciated by both man and beast. One of the most commendable features of this year's show, which was appreciated by exhibitors and spectators alike, was the prompt way the classes were run off in the five rings. Too much credit can not be given to Chairman Worth Howard, ex-M. F. H. of Fairfield and Westchester, and to Ned Carle, ex-M. F. H. Smithtown and his able stewards. I have never, in all my experience, seen a more efficient and courteous group.

Will duPont, stricken by the "flu," had to leave the show, so Jackson Boyd, M. F. H. at Southern Pines, was drafted from the Cross-bred ring to judge the American hounds. He gave the award for best doghound to Essex Helmet '37, last year's champion, a second season white and tan dog with a real American hound head, a fine expression and good legs and feet to boot. Helmet has a good body and a real depth of chest. The winning bitch was Rombout Beula '38, a first season tan and white bitch with lots of quality and most soundly put together.

Watson Webb, the Shelburne master, judged English hounds with W. W. Ogilvie, M. F. H. from the Montreal in Canada. Rolling Rock's imported Old Berkshire Speaker '36, by Oakley Gordon '31, won the stallion hound class and later the cup for champion doghound. With plenty of bone he should do a lot for Dick Mellon at Rolling Rock, especially with the fine lot of recently imported English bitches. The champion bitch was Harmony Hollow Treasure '37, by Cheshire Tapster, which Joe Roebling, master of Harmony Hollow, recently told me was the best hunting hound ever in their kennels.

As official organ of the Master of Foxhounds Association, COUNTRY LIFE takes pleasure in listing on pages 33 and 35 the complete awards of the show.

Photographs by Jones and Klein

Winners at the New York Hound Show, reading upwards as the clock runs: Meadow Brook Hounds' Factor, best Cross-bred doghound. Meadow Brook Hounds' Gratitude best Cross-bred bitch. Brookdale Bassets' Stanco Meedy, best Basset bitch. Best Welsh doghound, Myopia Neptune of Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds. Best English bitch, Harmony Hollow Hounds' Treasure. The Rolling Rock Hunt's Old Berkshire Speaker, best English doghound. The Monmouth County Hunt's Mr. Reynal's Monarch, best Harrier doghound and the Essex Fox Hounds' Helmet, best American doghound. Cross-bred foxhounds were judged by William Almy Jr., master of the Quansett Hounds; Welsh foxhounds by J. Stanley Reeve, Esq. Bassets by Mr. Harry T. Peters, Jr., and G. Kimball Clement, Esq. judged the Beagles. Winning Beagles were the Vernon Somerset's Curate and the Foxcatcher's Pioneer Skippy, Meadow Lark Rival and Master Key Nuggets

"Lime Orchard"

The California Estate of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

On ten acres of rolling land in the Coldwater Canyon district, north of Beverly Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. have built a house that is described by them as a California ranch house. It was designed by Roland E. Coate, and Mrs. Hornblow herself worked closely with their decorator, Tom Douglas, to achieve the simple but gaily colorful effect of its interior. "Lime Orchard" is what their estate is called, out of the circumstance that among their countless fruit trees is the largest planting of lime trees in the vicinity.

The house is not at all what you would expect of a motion picture star and her theater-minded husband, but if you make an art of living you will recognize at once the fine hand of two people very good at that art.

It is a nice contrast, this quiet country living amid lime trees, to the artificial atmosphere of studios. It is a relief, too, for Mr. Hornblow from the gearing up of the machines connected with picture producing. It is nice when you get tired of looking and listening to slip out the side door of Beverly Hills, up through Coldwater Canyon in the Santa

The entrance driveway leads up to the motor court facing the main entrance

On a hillside above the bath house, the sun-bath shelter is convenient to tennis court and pool

Mrs. Hornblow's bedroom, with walls, ceiling, rug, bedspread, and drapery in ivy green, has accents of white predominating. The bed drapery of heavy silk is trimmed with appliqued white silk ivy leaves and the French pottery lamps on the bleached wood side tables are also white and green

A kidney-shaped sofa covered in green chintz sets off this living room corner. Curtains are in harmonizing chintz and the bleached oak fernery holds marguerites and white phlox

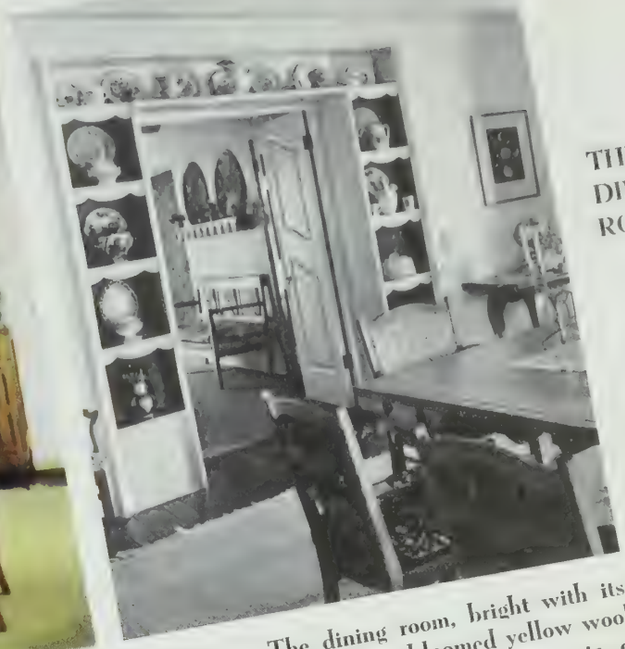
Monica Mountain foothills, which in themselves are beautiful, to the utter ease and comfort of a regular home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow's house is just that: it stands for more downright regular everyday living, in every room in it, than almost any house we can think of. Probably no two words are more overworked in speaking of houses and their personalities than "graciousness" and "charm," but they are difficult to escape when a place has the quality that so thoroughly permeates "Lime Orchard."

As though to get completely away from the theater and all touch of it, the entire house has a real and permanent gaiety, due to a quick-witted sense of color and apparently an infallible eye for the right thing in the right place, to grasp and keep an informal atmosphere.—MARTHA B. DARBYSHIRE.

The upstairs sitting room has a cocoa brown carpet and cream paper on walls and ceiling. The hearth is green brick, and the reed ended cabinet beside the call skin couch conceals the radio

Photographs by MAYNARD PARKER



THE DINING ROOM

The dining room, bright with its yellow wool rug and hand-loomed yellow wool curtains, has old quilted French petticoats on the chairs. Shelves outlining door are terra cotta inside

THE LIVING ROOM

An outstanding feature of the delightfully informal living room in the Hornblow house is the deeply recessed fireplace. Here again gay yellows and greens have been used to advantage and the whole atmosphere of the room is one of hospitable comfort and charm. Opening on the wide brick terrace to the north overlooking the lime orchard and on the porch to the west, this room gets the benefit of the California sun and may be easily shut off when the evenings are cool

FIRST FLOOR PLAN

TOM DOUGLAS
Decorator

ROLAND E. COATE
Architect

Vecchio arabo di Tripoli (Old Arab of Tripoli), by Bruno Santi. Courtesy of Libia Magazine

POLO from the Near-Side

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

HERE it is March—as you may have guessed already. Yet these lines are being written in the sunshine of late January in California—in the picturesque patio, opening on the blue Pacific, of Mr. "Willie" Slater's attractive cliff-top beach cottage, down by the sea and ships at Sandyland, on the wave-washed western shore a few miles south of the colorful old world charm (though it is a very modern Spanish city) of Santa Barbara.

About twenty miles out to sea, guarding this famed channel city that is one of the "Riviera" show places of the world, three silent sentinels of the deep—Santa Rosa, Anacapa, and San Miguel Islands—rear their rugged heads like studded jewels in a turquoise setting. And behind us, towering in ageless strength and friendly protection, is the mountain backdrop of the Santa Ynez Coast Range, whose sunny seaward slope casts languid afternoon shadows that stretch tantalizingly across the emerald turf of the three beautiful Fleischmann Fields. They, together with the distant islands, form natural gigantic sideboards, figuratively creating a sunny amphitheatre of unforgettable beauty for this most perfect playground of the Santa Barbara Polo Association.

Spring is here—though you can always use blankets these refreshingly cool Southern California nights. And you should see what plant life is doing! Nothing to complain about—except there are so many crimson hibiscus flowers and other fragrant blossoms out here under the semi-tropical palms, not to mention the intoxicating scent of eucalyptus groves, acacia, live oak, and native redwood, that it's certainly not the easiest job in the world to get down to earth, shall we say, and attempt to carry on a so-called polo yarn in the proper aroma of the stables. . .

So we'll let the rest of the polo world go by for a few paragraphs, with your kind permission, and go back to digress a bit over the motor route a wandering poloist might take if he had plenty of time between New York and California.

Mr. John Sanford, well-known sportsman, watches his son on Delray's polo field

From Southern Pines, in North Carolina, for instance, where the polo follower heading southward and westward pauses pleasantly to watch Mrs. Lawrence B. Smith (former M. F. H. at Millbrook) and other graceful exponents of the side-saddle and pink-coated gentlemen of the Hunt canter off through the pines on a clear, brisk early morning in January from the meeting place on the sandy soil of Novelist and Mrs. James Boyd. The highlands break off gradually into low, rolling foothills of red clay, which sweep through a part of South Carolina, north Georgia, and go swinging on through Alabama on one side and Florida on the other.

Reluctantly, the drawl of the Southerner's voice dies out a bit as the motoring polo follower nears the Florida line, though you'll get it again in the deep South en route West along the Gulf and, even sooner, in the tranquil, quaint old atmosphere of St. Augustine with its narrow streets cluttered with high-hatted darkies perched on the "boxes" of their horse-drawn parasoled victorias. But, nearing Jacksonville, the Northern brother, filled with thoughts of the romance of broad plantations, is forced to realize that crinoline days and the duelling pistol have given way in the Southland as the frontiers and cowboys have given way in the West. But you don't mind, temporarily, for by this time you are comfortably lazy and your gaze suddenly falls upon a great sign along route U. S. 17—"Chief Tomochichi, Auto Court and Zoo just ahead of you at Kingsland, Georgia."

As you drive up to the Colonial facade of the little white main building, a smiling darky bows low and then escorts you through the modern cafe to the individual cottages, at-

Bert Morgan, Rotofotos, Hubert Voigl

The polo spotlight swings to the South and West. At Florida's Gulf Stream Polo Club in Delray and at Santa Barbara's Fleischmann Field the winter season is in full swing. Starting above, reading clockwise: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell of Santa Barbara enjoy a cup of tea in the clubhouse at Fleischmann Field. Miss Phoebe Thorne, Mrs. A. W. Little, Jr., and Mrs. Gerald Dempsey, all of New York and Long Island, Santa Barbara visitors. Mary Astor presents the trophy to the victorious Santa Barbara "Cowboys"

Continuing clockwise: the sidelines at Delra Mrs. John M. L. Ruthe furd of Sands Point, L. and Mrs. George E. Ken Jr., of Jericho. Mr. Joh De Bois Wack of Sant Barbara, playing this yea in Florida. Laddie Sa ford and George Kent, Jr also at the Gulf Strea field. In the center the page, spectators Fleischmann Field, Sant Barbara, are: Mrs. Hoba C. Chatfield-Taylor Santa Barbara. Mr. Joh Denison and Mrs. Deni son. Miss Ellen Parks Mr. Herbert Thorne King and Mrs. J. P. Jefferso

tractively furnished in the best possible taste; open fireplaces blazing cheerfully in the bedrooms; private baths, and all the comforts of a luxurious Adirondacks' camp. . . And then you are warmly greeted in the best St. Mark's School and Harvard diction, by the host, Thomas Morrison Carnegie, Jr., of New York, a former poloist and metropolitan clubman, whose family for generations has owned beautiful Cumberland Island not far away. And from then on you're "at home" at Chief Tomochichi, pride of the Georgia Coast, with its alligator farm, countless animals, birds, pet pelican, "Bill" (imported Malayan python), and young socialite "boss". . . So much at home, that it's lucky you're not still there. . .

"Tell your polo friends motoring north or south on Florida route 17 not to forget Chief Tomochichi!" observes the loyal gas station attendant a few mornings later and then, switching the subject, says judicially, "Well, I suppose she can stand a couple more—shall I fill her up?" . . .

So you get eight men to help you put down the one-man top and set out again, enjoying the warm sun on your face as you drive through Jacksonville and St. Augustine, and then—ever been to Marineland, Florida? Ah, that's another *must* stop-over for poloists motoring north or south along the Atlantic seaboard.

Marine Studios is the world's largest aquarium. Poor fish that had been enjoying the isolation of their ocean home for countless years now just naturally have no privacy at all. Someone is always calling at meal time or pointing a camera at them during their most intimate moments. The oceanarium is poised on the rim of a sand dune on the Atlantic Ocean. Waves roll in at its (*Continued on page 98*)

Photograph by the author

The Mystery of the Coachman

PRESTON J. JENNINGS

For a long time the writer has had a profound respect for the intelligence of the Brown Trout, especially as concerns selectiveness in its feeding habits. While admitting that he is in the minority, the writer also believes and maintains that Brown Trout take artificial flies because these flies suggest to them some form of natural food. This position has been difficult to maintain and many times he has been forced to retreat, sometimes gracefully, sometimes in utter rout. For instance, an angling friend will remark that he has seen Brown Trout rise and take a discarded cigarette butt which he flipped from a bridge while crossing a stream. At times such as these the writer has consoled himself with the thought that perhaps this particular tobacco-eating trout had been accustomed to investigate any small object falling from the bridge, in the hope that it might be a beetle falling to a watery grave, or an Alder spent from her egg laying, and would have a look or taste just to make sure he was missing nothing. If this thought did not suffice, he could always fall back on the suggestion that anyone who wanted to fish with cigarette butts instead of flies could do so to his heart's content, and that was that.

Often, however, the argument does not end here, and the writer just as often wished that it did. Someone always remembers to say "Well, if Brown Trout take artificial flies because they think that they are some common natural insect, what about the Fan-wing Royal Coachman?" To make matters worse they quote Kenneth Reid who, writing in "The Sportsman," May 1936, had the following to say: "To those of the exact imitation school, a Fan-wing Royal Coachman would quite naturally seem somewhat of an atrocity, calculated to alarm rather than attract wary trout, for certainly the Creator never made a natural insect that even remotely resembled it." Now, the writer likes Kenneth Reid and has read and enjoyed his work for a good many years and, further, was in perfect accord with his opinion of the Fan-wing Royal Coachman—that it is a good fly, that it takes trout, and that it could not possibly be an imitation of any natural insect with which the angling fraternity is familiar.

Drawings by Alma W. Froderstrom

I. Nymph of Isonychia bicolor
II. Isonychia dun or subimago
III. Isonychia velma
IV. Isonychia carrying eggs

Today the writer believes he has found the solution to the mystery of the Fan-wing Royal Coachman and is convinced in his own mind that it is a very good imitation of a very common insect upon which trout are accustomed to feed and that we have been mistaken in thinking of this fly as a strictly fancy pattern.

Before taking up the question of the natural insect it might be well to have a look at the background of the Coachman family and check up on their family tree.

It is evident that much of the early popularity of the Coachman flies was due to the fact that some of our friends "across the pond," used to do quite a bit of night-fishing, although some of the braver souls took occasion to condemn the practise as being too closely related to poaching and being beneath the dignity of a gentleman angler. In any case the Coachman soon firmly established itself in England as a killing fly for night fishing. (*Continued on page 98*)

Farms in the

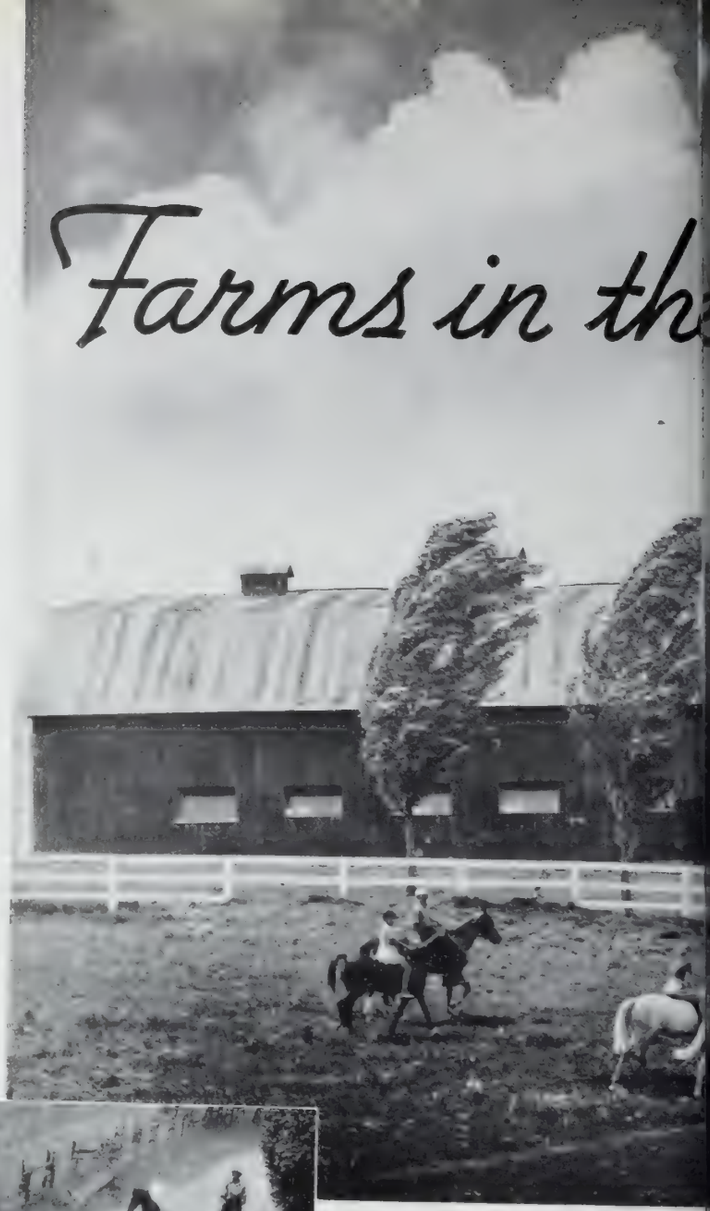
W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.

"RED and blue and white and green—and all the pretty little horses." Many are the hearts that will quicken to this refrain, as those who were raised in the South recall their Negro mammy singing this lullaby while their tired little heads nodded and they dropped off into the Land O' Nod, where in their dreams a herd of rainbow-colored ponies galloped delightfully before their incredulous eyes.

"Red and blue and white and green"—the old Negro refrain almost describes the Dunnottar Pony Farm because here there are black ponies, white ponies, white-spotted black ones, blue roans, chestnuts, browns, grays, red bays, spotted-yellow and white, brown and white, gray and white—and all are "pretty little horses." In fact, every color mentioned in the song except green is actually represented, and even green is evident figuratively speaking, for Dunnottar has a different kind of green pony—the ponies that have not had the long siege of patient schooling before they become the finished product, a training upon which Mrs. Hamilton, the owner, insists, because she never sells a pony until she considers it safe for the child for whom it is bought.

And in this quiet Warrenton valley of "Ole Virginny" between the Bear Wallow and Prickley Pear Mountains with the soft Blue Ridge range in the distance, you will find a delightful blending of the leisurely pre-Civil-War days before the casting of the cannon balls which rest on the Dunnottar gate posts and the efficiency of present-day horse vans.

Mrs. James Hamilton, the former Peggy Keith, was well "entered," we would say, in foxhunting. The head groom, appropriately christened Nimrod, was assigned to Mrs. Hamilton when she was a "yearling" and he was only about "rising twelve" himself. At first Nimrod was the horse and pulled a cart with the little girl cracking the whip over him. Then when there was snow Nimrod trotted around hitched to a little Russian sleigh. Next, at a tender age, he led her on her first pony, Corinna. All this background subconsciously built up her present efficiency, because the person who is any good with horses, on horses, under horses, or behind horses, unless they've started as



The children help drive in the herd of pure-bred Guernseys to the dairy barn at milking time

Play is often combined with work. The children drive the herd of ponies from pasture to stable

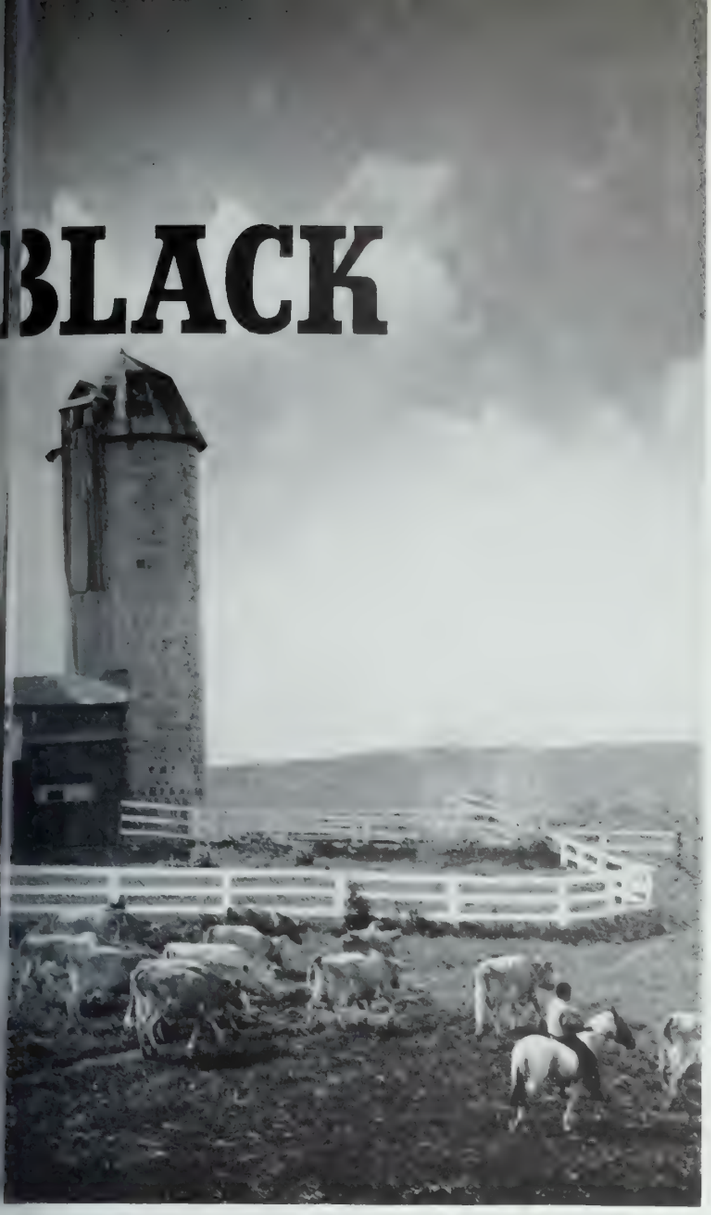
Mrs. Hamilton goes out to exercise, often with as many as ten children — all ages and colors

"DUNNOTTAR"

The Pony Farm of Mrs. James Hamilton

WARRENTON
VIRGINIA

BLACK



Bill helps Jimmy wash down Barry's pony

a child, is as rare as the proverbial Plymouth Rock denture.

Later on Nimrod helped her get her ponies ready for the shows and led them miles on foot. Of course, the work of preparing ponies for the show ring belongs distinctly to the twentieth century. Now he is looking after her children and escorting the ponies in vans to distant points. And under him the prospective little colored stud grooms—Eddie and Charles and Bill and Kat and Alice—are learning all the in's and out's of stable management from a hot mash to braiding a tail. In fact, it is really a farm of ponies and children and they make an ideal combination for each other. The children play as happily and in the same friendly fashion with the colored cook's pickaninnies as did those before the War—and in the South the "War" still means the Civil War. As a matter of fact, any boy or girl who has never had the companionship of a small colored child has missed something unforgettable.

Just as in the childhood days of an earlier generation in Virginia everything was done by horse and the nearest evil smelling automobile was as far away as Richmond, so the Dunnottar children ride to visit neighboring kids, ride to the old swimmin' hole, and ride to picnics, hitching their ponies to branches of trees so they won't break their bridles. It isn't all play though. When it is necessary to send a message to a near-by farm it is "Hop on your pony and tell Mr. Dee his cattle are in our wheat," or, "The dairymen are busy, children, will you get up the cows." Then there is a scampering of youngsters and soon the herd comes slowly up the lane for milking.

From early morning all through the day, and often when the moon is shining, the children are busy with the ponies. All go out to give them their daily exercise. Mrs. Hamilton rides one of her show horses and in her wake rides the squadron of various children of various colors, her own, her neighbors', and the little darkies.

When they get back from exercising, the ponies are rubbed down and, if not being prepared for the show ring, are turned loose in the paddock. Then other ponies are hitched to carts, or various kids have a leg up and play mounted tag, chasing (*Continued on page 112*)

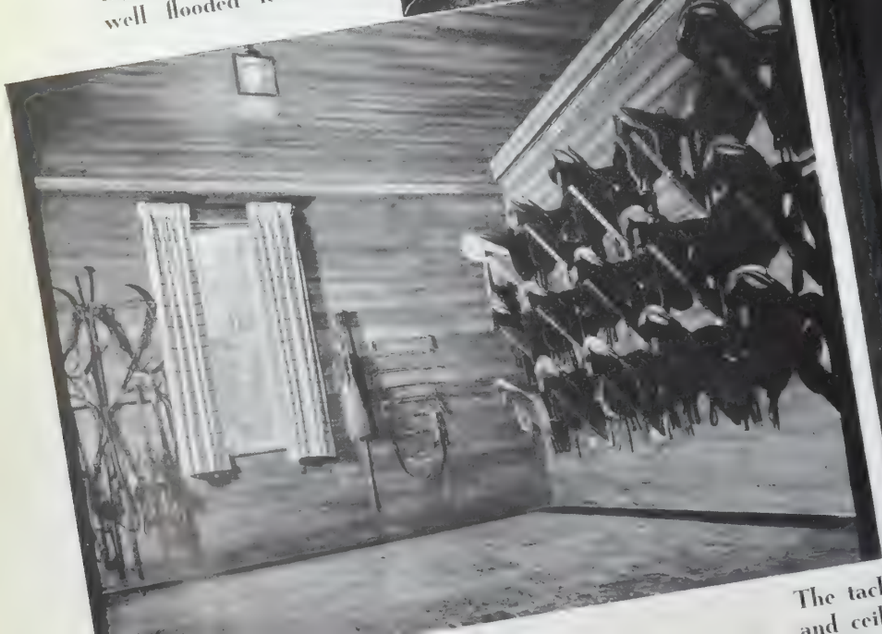
Nine-year-old Picken takes a post and rail

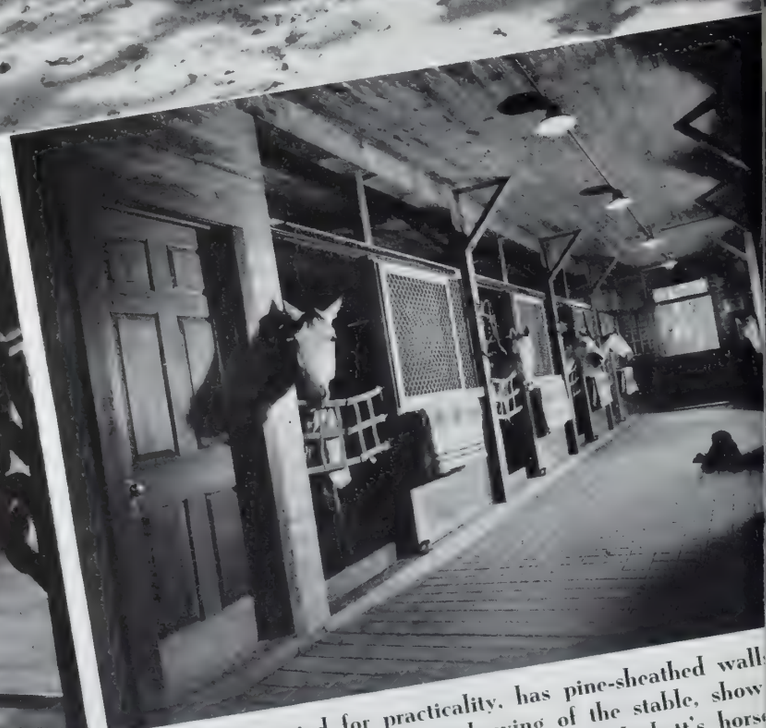
Photographs by WILLIAM RITTASE

In the LONGMEADOW COUNTRY

HEDRICH-BLESSING
Photographer

The main stable entrance, facing east, and flanked by cleaning room and tack room, leads through into the lounge. The New England Georgian building sets naturally into the well flooded level site





The tack room, simply treated for practicality, has pine-sheathed walls and ceiling and a linoleum floor. The north wing of the stable, shows Mr. Hull's hunters, the south wing Mr. Blackett's horse

The Blackett-Hull Stable

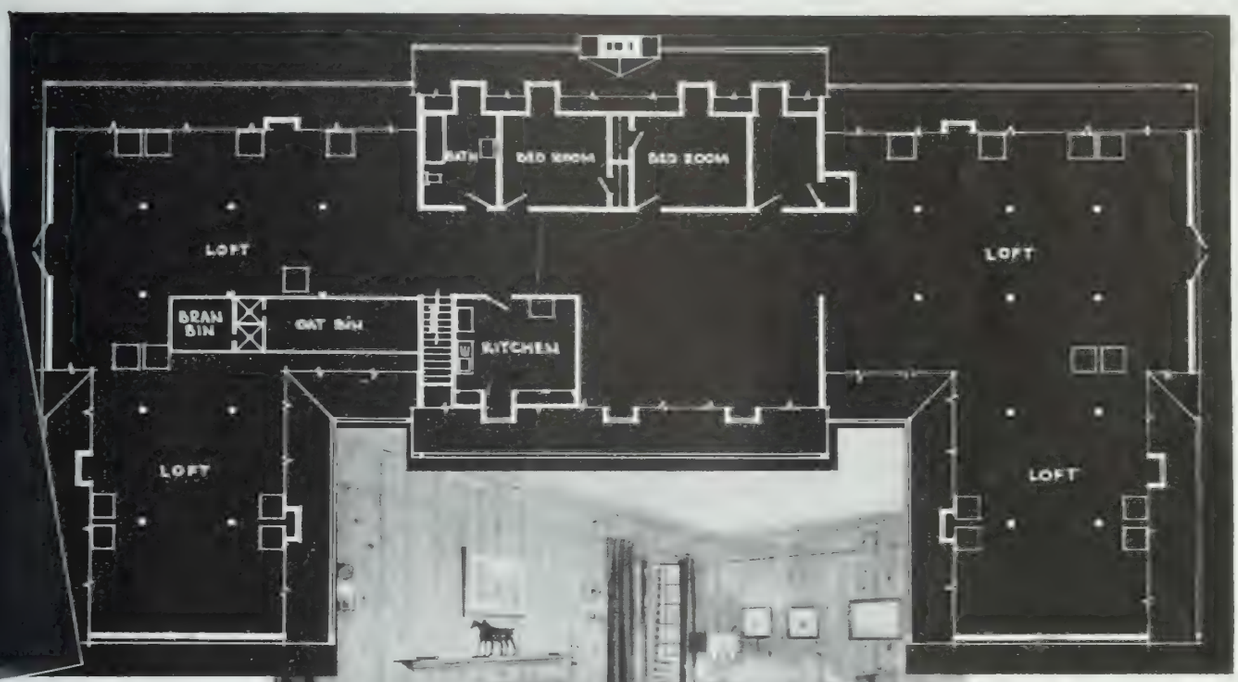
Northbrook, Illinois

THE Blackett-Hull Stable in Northbrook, Illinois, about five miles west of Winnetka, is ideally located in the center of the east section of the country hunted by the Longmeadow Hounds. Besides being in the hunting country, it is also within a quarter of a mile of permanent woodland forming part of the Forest Preserve of Cook County through which the County Commissioners are building an extensive system of bridle paths, several hundred miles in extent. There is therefore opportunity for all kinds of riding.

Being in a neighborhood of high land values, the property is small, consisting of a six-acre piece on which the buildings, ring, paddock, and a twenty-acre schooling ground are built. The stable has stalls for eighteen horses, with all the necessary facilities, and in the loft are bedrooms, bath, and kitchen for the grooms. Outside is a farrier shop, carriage shed, garage, and a corral for loose schooling over jumps. Adjacent is a ring, divided into two parts, the smaller for saddle horses, and the larger for hunters and jumpers, with movable jumps.

The stable building is of frame construction, with thorough insulation and protection against the condensation of moisture which presents such a serious problem in all stables in cold weather. A forced draught hot-air heating plant heats the lounge, toilets, tack and cleaning rooms, and the grooms' quarters; the rest of the building is unheated. Trap doors over the stalls provide ventilation and make it easy to drop hay and bedding down from the loft. Grain is stored in bins in the loft and dropped through pipes into a feed cart in the feed room which also contains small bins for storing special feed. The style of the building follows the New England Georgian in general.

The stable is owned jointly by Hill Blackett and Denison B. Hull. Each, however, owns and manages his string of horses separately, the Blackett horses being stabled in the south half of the building and the Hull horses in the north. Three of the Blackett horses are saddle bred, the remainder being hunters. Both Mr. and Mrs. Blackett and (*Continued on page 102*)



The lounge, paneled in knotty pine, has a handy kitchenette in the south wall, making this room ideally suited for all informal entertaining

DENISON B. HULL
Architect

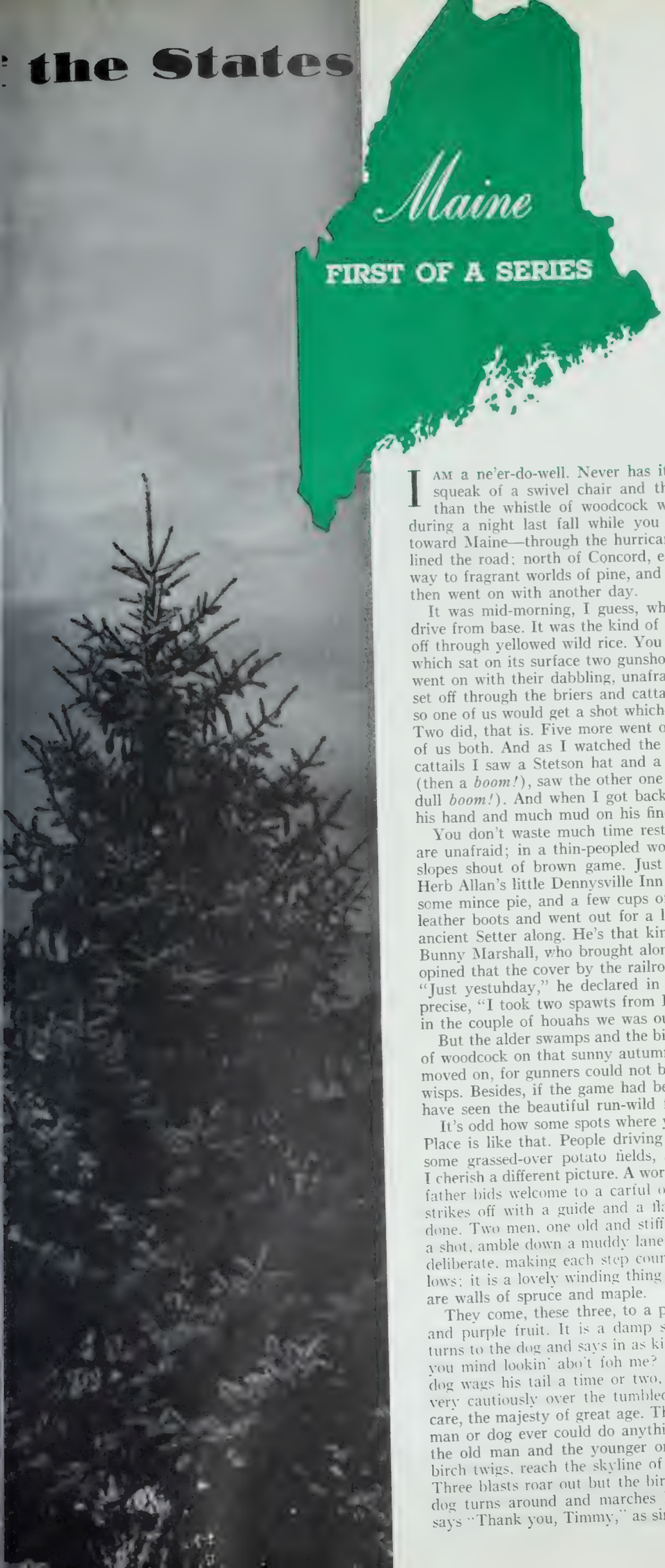
A. DUDLEY KELLY
Decorator

Sport Cavalcad

Down the page: Pointer King "sets" a woodcock; Maine signs don't read "posted"; a Maine woodcock with a U.S. Biological Survey band on it

Photographs by the author

the States



EDITOR'S NOTE: With this issue the editors of COUNTRY LIFE present the first article in a series on sport in the States. Raymond Deck, well known for his sporting and conservation articles, has set out to tour the States for COUNTRY LIFE, investigating and reporting on sport with rod, gun, and camera. This month, Down East after woodcock; and next, on Maryland's Eastern Shore

RAYMOND S. DECK

I AM a ne'er-do-well. Never has it sunk through my ill-thatched pate that the squeak of a swivel chair and the clang of a cash register are sweeter music than the whistle of woodcock wings. Johnny lacks a sense of values too. So during a night last fall while you were sleeping heavily, he and I raced north toward Maine—through the hurricane belt where the torn limbs of a million elms lined the road; north of Concord, east of Augusta, while purpled hardwoods gave way to fragrant worlds of pine, and pine to spruces. We slept a bit at a tiny hotel, then went on with another day.

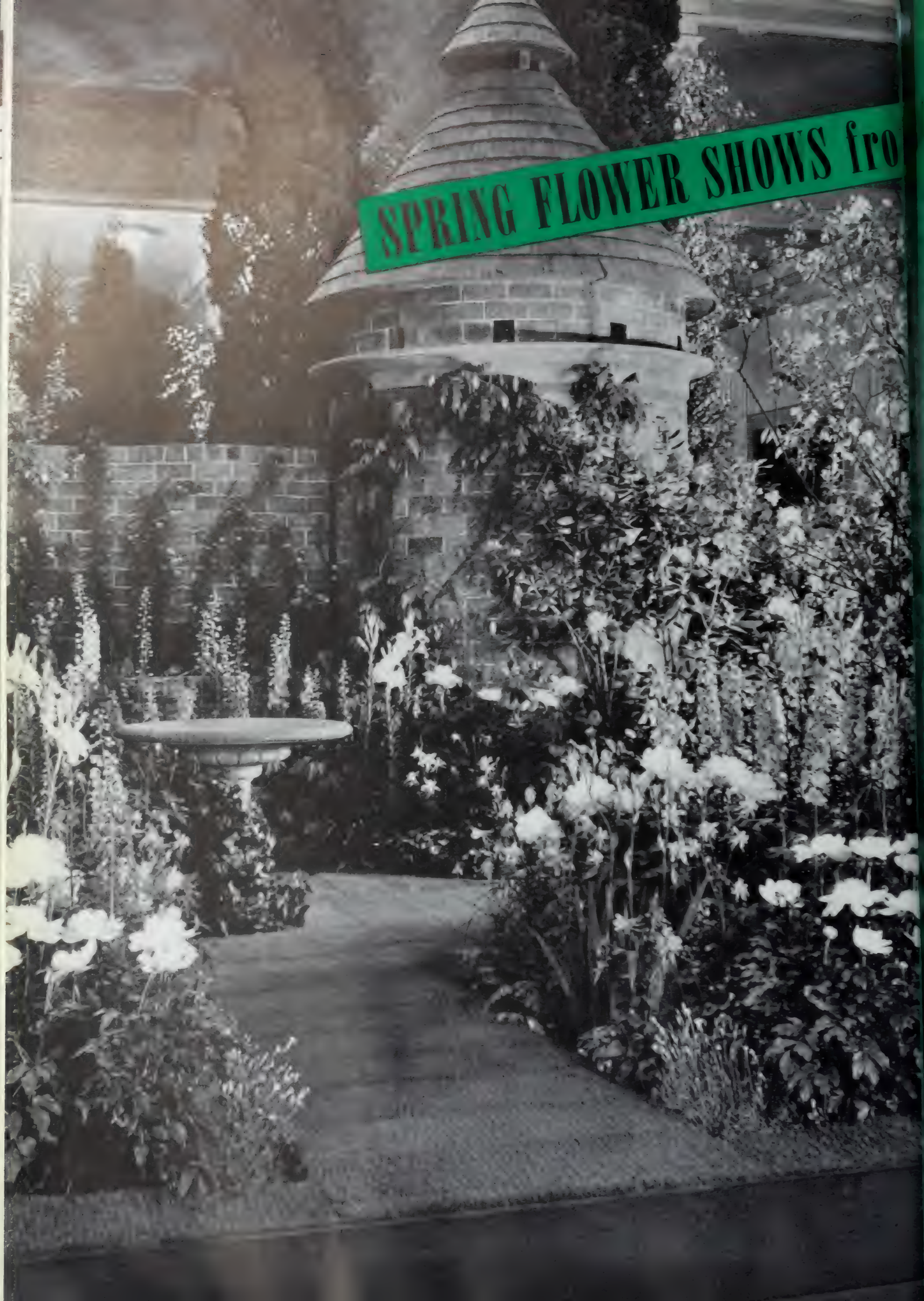
It was mid-morning, I guess, when we crossed a little river just a half-hour's drive from base. It was the kind of river you'd like, with shallow fingers stretching off through yellowed wild rice. You would have liked the squadron of black ducks which sat on its surface two gunshots off. And you would have liked the way they went on with their dabbling, unafraid, while we stopped the car, climbed out, and set off through the briers and cattails in our street clothes. But I went far below so one of us would get a shot whichever way they flew, and they flew toward John. Two did, that is. Five more went out together, low and straight but out of range of us both. And as I watched the gullible brace pass over a close-knit clump of cattails I saw a Stetson hat and a blue serge suit appear; watched one duck fall (then a *boom!*), saw the other one tower high, come spinning down (then another dull *boom!*). And when I got back to the car, John had a pair of fat red-legs in his hand and much mud on his finery.

You don't waste much time resting or eating in a land where the black ducks are unafraid; in a thin-peopled world where countless alder runs and popple-clad slopes shout of brown game. Just a couple of dozen clams each, we snacked at Herb Allan's little Dennysville Inn; and a lobster or two apiece; homemade bread, some mince pie, and a few cups of coffee. Then we changed into khaki and limp leather boots and went out for a look around. Herb went too of course; took his ancient Setter along. He's that kind of host. And he called up his favorite guide, Bunny Marshall, who brought along his Blue Belton with an Indian name. Bunny opined that the cover by the railroad station should be worth a few minutes' time. "Just yestuhday," he declared in his soft Down-Eastese, oddly colloquial, oddly precise, "I took two spawts from Pawtland ovah theyah. We nevah left the pahth in the couple of houahs we was out, but they both got theh limits."

But the alder swamps and the birch-feathered slopes above the depot were empty of woodcock on that sunny autumn afternoon. It is just as well that the flight had moved on, for gunners could not believe in magic if woodcock were not will-o'-the-wisps. Besides, if the game had been there by the railroad tracks we would never have seen the beautiful run-wild farm which men call the "Carter Place."

It's odd how some spots where you hunt stand out above the others. The Carter Place is like that. People driving past it see just a weatherbeaten old house and some grassed-over potato fields, a muddy lane wandering off into the distance. I cherish a different picture. A work-worn farmer who makes one think of Coolidge's father bids welcome to a carful of men and dogs. A man who shoots well indeed strikes off with a guide and a flashy Setter to hunt fast before the afternoon is done. Two men, one old and stiff with "misery," the other younger, not too good a shot, amble down a muddy lane. Beside the old man jogs an ancient Setter, slow, deliberate, making each step count. It is not just a muddy lane that this trio follows; it is a lovely winding thing grown with short green grass. By its rutted sides are walls of spruce and maple.

They come, these three, to a place where wild grape vines flaunt yellow leaves and purple fruit. It is a damp spot which exhales a frosty vapor. The old man turns to the dog and says in as kindly a tone as ever you've heard, "Timmy, would you mind lookin' abo't foh me? Theh might be a biddy in theyah." And the old dog wags his tail a time or two, slowly, conserving energy. He steps very slowly, very cautiously over the tumbled stone fence, walks ahead a few paces with the care, the majesty of great age. Then he points, solidly, surely, as heroically as wise man or dog ever could do anything. There sounds a sudden whistle of wings, and the old man and the younger one watch a big woodcock rocket up through the birch twigs, reach the skyline of trees before either makes a move to lift his gun. Three blasts roar out but the bird flies on and on as woodcock sometimes do. The dog turns around and marches laboriously back to the open lane. The old man says "Thank you, Timmy," as sincerely as anyone could. (*Continued on page 102*)


SPRING FLOWER SHOWS fro

ast to Coast

JOHN C. WISTER

THE great modern indoor flower show is an American institution. It is the outgrowth of a hundred years of smaller shows in this country and was, of course, inspired by the great shows held in April in Holland and Belgium and in May in France and England, shows which include acres of outdoor planting as well as displays of special material in great tents. They attract enormous crowds and entrance tickets for the first day or two run as high as $2.50 as compared with our $1.10 top and 75 cent average admission.

I attended the second of our so-called "National" Flower Shows, held in old Mechanics Building, Boston, in 1911. The change from that day to the present is almost unbelievable; it is both a cause of the greatly increased interest in gardening and an effect of that greatly increased interest. At that time, cut flowers and potted plants reigned supreme, shown mostly by florists and large private estates. There was no, or practically no, effort at interesting, pleasing, or even harmonious arrangement, either in the show as a whole or in its individual exhibits. Displays in the form of gardens were unknown.

Today all that is changed. At all of our great shows the entire area is first planned as a pleasing whole, with one exhibit merging into the next. The result is a gorgeous picture to which people return again and again. The florists' cut flowers and pot plants are still shown in magnificent quality but in greatly reduced numbers, and even they are arranged more or less for effect rather than placed by themselves. Private estates that exhibit are perhaps fewer in number but they make greater effects and use a greater variety of material. The nurseryman has entered the picture, showing rose gardens, azalea gardens, rock gardens, evergreen gardens, water gardens, and plant materials of all kinds and in all sizes in ways they can be used.

And the garden clubs have arrived *en masse*. First they showed merely table decorations or mantelpiece arrangements in miniature, but to these they have added every possible elaboration of artistic arrangement—shadow boxes, plants in globes of water, idealistic dooryards, garden houses, roadside stands, demonstrations of wood-

OAKLAND 1938

← NEW YORK 1938 (Photograph by Louis C. Schwarzendorf)

PASADENA 1937

ST. LOUIS 1938

NEW YORK 1937

land and wild flower conservation. Here are educational flower show features undreamed of a quarter century ago, and also opportunity for individual amateurs to show specialties, like English ivies for indoors, ferns for the woodland or modernistic arrangements.

Botanical gardens or agricultural colleges may show rare plant species, plant propagation methods, the origin of our common food plants, or methods of combating certain plant pests. Horticultural societies exhibit books from their libraries, rare flower paintings, and flower photographs. Garden centers demonstrate their educational work with school children. Dealers show types of plant food, spray materials, garden implements, and the latest horticultural inventions; tree experts illustrate their work in pruning large trees and in combating tree pests, particularly borers; publishers exhibit the latest garden books and magazines.

In a word, what has been evolved this last quarter century is not merely a flower show, but a whole exposition of the country and suburban life of modern America at its finest.

It has been my privilege to attend and study nearly all of the great New York Shows since 1914. There is not space here to comment on their many features, and to single out any one may seem unfair, yet I feel I must mention some of the things that come to mind at once. I remember, in the pre-war shows, the great vases of Killarney Queen and Killarney Brilliant roses, the interesting assortments of Pierson ferns, magnificent carnations. Then came the rose gardens of great rival firms, and after the war the first crude rock gardens (containing about everything except the kitchen stove!), which soon gave way to the less crowded and much more beautiful rock gardens of today. Year after

DETROIT 1938

ear azalea gardens and tulip gardens seemed to each new heights of beauty and, I suspect, ad a great influence in giving the Show the opular appeal that crowds the Grand Central alace until visitors feel as though they were the subway in the rush hour.

In Boston, I remember most vividly the Richmond roses of 1913, the Burrage orchids year fter year, and greatest of all, the Centennial how of 1929, which had more interesting plant aterial on display than any flower show I ave ever seen in this country.

I am proud, of course, of our Philadelphia ows, to my way of thinking more beautiful an any of the others because we have a larger nd better arranged hall, which permits of longer istas and larger features, all on one floor. Outanding there, year after year, are the Widener cacias, usually used as a background at the end f a long vista. One year they were the central eature of the building, arranged in a formal arden underplanted with blue hyacinths. I don't e how anyone who viewed that glorious picture ould ever forget it.

Visitors from abroad have commented on these hases of American shows, and have emphasized ur creation of a beautiful spectacle, our enouragement of the individual small amateur xhibitor, and our tendency to make the shows ducational in many allied interests which are ot strictly concerned with flowers, such as the reservation of the natural beauty of our scenery. One of them, Lord Aberconway, president of the Royal Horticultural Society, so reported at the ociety's 1938 annual meeting in London. He is ot a flatterer and did not hesitate to criticize ur lack of variety of plant material in comarison with the British and Continental shows. t seems to me he was (*Continued on page 106*)

CHICAGO 1938

Photographs by A. E. Arnold Sievers, F. M. Demarest, Forster Studio, P. F. Genereux and Bond Brothers

BOSTON 1937

PHILADELPHIA 1937

A Garden

Photographs by
HARRY G. HEALY

As you enter the main garden, divided from the parterre by a low stone wall, you come to side paths leading left and right. One is seen above, flanked by specimen boxwoods. The four large central beds of the flower garden are bisected by a narrow path that encircles the pool.

At the left is a view from the main garden up the steps leading to the planted terraces and the tennis shelter. At the opposite end of this axis is a large circular stone seat backed by the stone wall that retains the garden at that point. On either side of the seat clumps of redcedar trees tie the feature into the rest of the garden.

The upper of the two center photographs is a view across the lawn through the white birches, whose clean trunks stand out against the green turf. Beyond is the house.

# of Wondrous Beauty

on the estate of Mrs. Carll Tucker at Mt. Kisco, New York

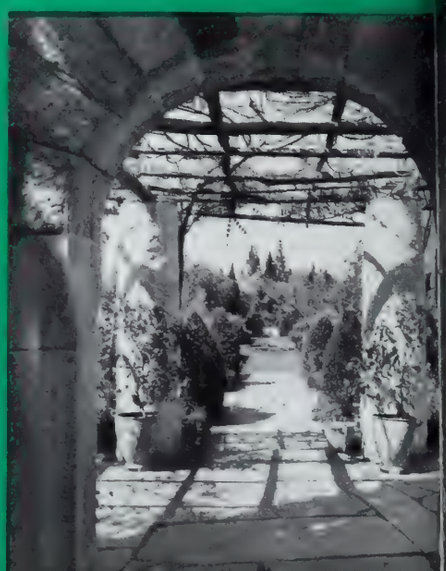
ELLEN SHIPMAN, *Landscape Architect*

In the center of the main garden is this octagonal pool with plants growing in the joints of the surrounding flagstones. The setting is a large grass circle enclosed within an English boxwood hedge, which also edges the broad central grass paths. Here Japanese anemones and hardy asters are seen in bloom. The vista shown above is along one of the side paths in the main garden. Four clipped hemlocks mark its intersection. Annuals will follow the foxgloves, canterbury bells, and sweet william.

A detail of the pergola-enclosed parterre garden brilliant with its late spring flowers

The main approach to the gardens (below, left) is through a central opening in the pergola covering a stone terrace which encloses on three sides a parterre garden (above). Narrow flagstone paths divide this garden into small beds of ornamental shape, bordered with clipped boxwood and filled with tulips, narcissi, and mertensia for early spring effect, and later by columbine and biennials, which are then replaced by fall blooming annuals. Standard lilacs, roses, and wisterias are accent notes; wisteria vines drape the pergola, and potted figs, fuchsias, and other plants are set about on the terrace, as shown in the three pictures at the bottom of this page. Three low, broad stone steps divide the two gardens, that is, the main grassed area and the terraced portion. The main axis, which begins at the arched approach (below, left), is terminated by a wall fountain and small pool. The flower garden is planned for all-season bloom, height and accent being provided by flowering trees and various woody plants such as lilacs, roses, buddleia, wisteria, and the like trained in standard form. East of the main garden a series of terraces and flagstone steps lead up to tennis courts and a spectators' shelter.

From left to right, the approach; the pergola-covered terrace; looking into the parterre



"He just loves horses!"

ELIZABETH GRINNELL

GERALD just *loves* horses—I wish that we could afford to have him learn to ride." From the number of times that I have heard fond mammas voice this remark I'm inclined to think ıat at least half of the parents of this world crave to make orsemen of their children. Just what, I wonder, is at the back of ıeir minds when they say it. Do they see Gerald astride some nimal, whose proud head displays a coveted blue ribbon, smilingly ccepting a huge silver trophy, after defeating all of his little conemporaries in some hard-fought equitation class? Difficult to tell ithout asking questions and getting involved in an endless and ompletely unconstructive conversation, but the chances are they o *not* picture him mucking out a stall or soaping a saddle. This s the age of competitive sport and while it isn't so much fun naybe for the average kid, it's fine for the parents because they an get a lot of thrills out of sitting on the sidelines and watching.

This does not mean that I'm prejudiced gainst competitive horse sports. Certainly ıuch of the world's pleasure is to be had n doing things a little better than your riends do them. The effort that is spent o achieve this aim is interesting; the results, f they are good, are exciting; even if they're ıad they are often instructive. Sometimes, ıowever, I am inclined to wonder if they are ıot being overdone, especially in the case ıf some of the younger children, and someimes I'm sure they are being overdone in he case of the parents.

Find yourself a seat within listening disance of a group of parents when some imıortant riding competition is in progress. They concentrate breathlessly on the whole ırocedure, searching anxiously for the fine points of equitation as taught by the instructor that has had charge of their own offspring. They don't mean to be unkind but they quiver with joy when a rival makes a mistake that they recognize and they nearly smother to death holding their breath while their own little darling is showing what he has. I can't see how there is much fun to that. They are taking it all so seriously that when the ribbons are finally awarded they are going to be miserable if Gerald isn't included, and, what is even worse, they are going to let the poor kid know they are. All around the ring there will be groups of this sort and practically all of them will be thinking that their own child should have won. It is a terrible responsibility to put on the children and isn't it an unfair one? Don't these parents, in their anxiety over the result, rather lose sight of its significance?

What does it mean, after all, to win a riding competition? It means that, in the opinion of one or two experienced people, one child has ridden a well-broken, quiet horse better at that one time than the other children. It can't mean much more than that. Even the winners of the Maclay Trophy and the Good Hands Cup at Madison Square Garden, although they have beaten fifty or sixty other children at the job they are doing and well deserve the titles of Equitation or Horsemanship Champions, they can't really be called the best child riders in the country. Quite possibly there are children who can do other things on horseback better than they can. Horsemanship competitions have not been in existence long enough to say just how many really top riders they will develop. And even if some of these juniors turn out to be famous showring artists, race riders, or polo players, who can say how much of it is due to their early experience? As a matter of fact a cross-section of the best horsemen in the country would probably reveal an assortment of totally different types of training. Undoubtedly competition has its place and it is an important one. It is the seasoning, the zest, the excitement of almost any sort of sport, whether it is connected with horses or not—but it isn't everything.

Yet these parents who want their children to be with horses are right—far more right than most of them realize, for a close association with animals of any kind, and horses in particular, is the best sort of thing in the world for young people. If it is possible parents should always allow their "horseloving" children to have ponies, and the children should really love them enough to take care of them themselves. All this applies to girls as much as boys. Consideration, promptness, and attention to detail, excellent qualities all of them, are very difficult to drum into youngsters. Sometimes it is almost impossible to force a child along a given line of duty when he would rather be doing something else, but when a dear friend is going to be hungry, thirsty, cold or sick because of his neglect he just naturally tends to his job. To attend to the needs of this dependent friend is a pleasure and a responsibility at the same time. Cutting the grass, sweeping the porch, watering the garden are all jobs of work but a pony of your own is something in which you can take a sincere and personal interest. It is beyond all reason to expect children to keep (*Continued on page 94*)

ographs by
Clark Thayer

Old pots brew best

F. M. Demare

ANTOINETTE PERRETT

THERE is a large and interesting collection of tea and coffee pots at the Red Lion Inn, in the beautiful old town of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. It belongs to the Treadway family, eminent proprietors of the Inn for a generation or more, and was made by Mr. Heaton Treadway's mother. This collection is important in showing the activity of the china trade throughout the countryside in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Peddlers played a great part in spreading the good things of life, in extending the luxuries and the graces of sociability. It was they who carried all these pots from farmhouse to farmhouse. And when this particular collection was made, one could still turn to the country peddlers and commission them to be on the lookout for old pots that their predecessors had originally brought to that locality.

Tea and coffee are taken for granted now, but the habit of drinking tea and coffee only came into vogue in Europe about the middle of the seventeenth century. Coffee at that time cost about twenty dollars a pound and tea was so precious that a pot might hold only half a pint with the cups in which it was served on the same diminutive scale. Only the upper classes could afford these drinks and at first it was only royal families and the great nobles who could indulge themselves in services of porcelain, the marvelous material from China, from which they were served.

A much prized Bennington coffeepot, above, with English banana boat. Center: "A Noble Hunting Party" platter of Dr. Syntax "In Search Of A Wife," R. & J. Clews. Below: Blue "Willow Pattern"

The subtleties in the taste and fragrance of tea, served in this rare porcelain, had a marked influence upon the amenities and manners of fashionable society. As for coffee, it was considered a mighty nutriment of the brain, that cleared the imagination, illumined the reality of things and stimulated the mind. It was these qualities of coffee that made the coffee house a meeting place of wits and poets, philosophers and statesmen. Gradually the custom of drinking tea and coffee began to spread down through the social classes. We hardly realize its full significance, but when we hear of a certain period in the early nineteenth century referred to as The Coffee Pot Era, it should call to mind not only large and generous pots but the dominance of a sobering and anti-erotic beverage (*Continued on page 86*)

glish cottage china pleases by its freshness and fancy. Reading ckwise around the page, a pair decorated with nicely arranged ssoms and leaves show Japanese influence of famous potter kiemon's work, known world over. Below, "Old Imari" brocade terns; Rockingham Cadogan pots imitated the Oriental peach-ped vessel without a lid. Next, two teapots possess contrasting tues: generosity and daintiness; elaborately romantic decora-n and sweet simplicity. At the bottom, right, an ample coffeepot th popular urn design (this likely in memory of sculptor, nova) towers above a small pebbled pot with lattice handle. t, a coffeepot depicts the rustic enterprise of placing a beehive; e high-domed lids typical c. 1830. Above, a charming, exotic ting scene is on one pot, with naïvely vigorous floral spray on er. Topmost, German bouquets speak of Meissen rococo beauty

At the New York Hound Show Mrs. C. Wadsworth Howard chats with Mrs. Gordon Grand and Mrs. Edwin Thorne, the former Helen Grand. In another group Gordon Grand turns his back to talk to Roy Jackson, Radnor, and the George Ohrstroms

Mrs. Rebecca Lanier Trimpi, master of the Nantucket Harriers, who chases fox sport over Nantucket's moors during the summer months

Mr. Jackson Boyd, joint master of th Moore County Hounds, Southern Pine North Carolina, in the American Hour ring with Steward J. Norrish Thon

From New England to the Squadron A Armory, Mr. Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., and Mr. William Alm Jr., joint masters of the Quansett Hounds. Mr. Almy judged Cross-bred Foxhounds at th year's show. Right: Mr. J. Watson Webb who judged English Foxhounds with Mr. W. W. Ogilv

Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford of New York, wife of the polo player, golfing at Palm Beach's Everglades

Shopping on Worth Avenue is Mrs. Robert Marvel of Philadelphia, the former Lydia Marston

Mrs. C. Henry Buhl of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, who is spending the winter months in the Florida sun

At right is Mrs. Cummins Catherwood, of Philadelphia, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Atwater Kent

Another winter season resident of Palm Beach, escaping the winter winds of her home in Buffalo, N. Y., is Mrs. George S. Fenton

"The Luck of the Irish"

CORNELIA BONTECOU

It's a good twenty miles to West Barberry, William Shean's country that is, but it was no more than ten o'clock in the morning the day that William and old Dan Sullivan, his huntsman, came over to see would I sell them some hounds.

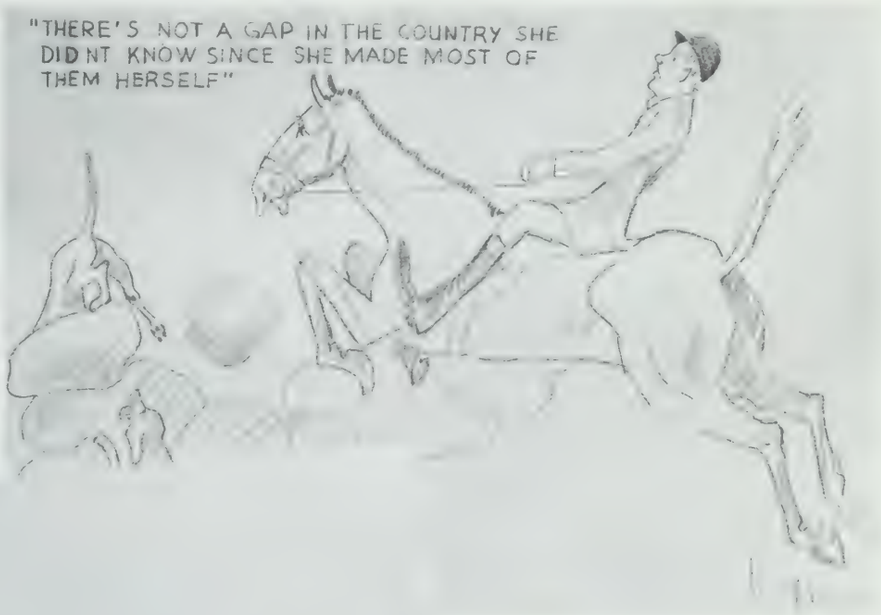
Perishin' cold it was too, I remember, for we was standin' on the sunny side o' the kennels and Tim Clancy, whip for me that time, had been devilin' me about some kind o' a hole there was in the roof. "Them poor creatures of hounds do be destroyed wid the cold," he says, "An' why wouldn't they be? An' all the winds of Heaven blowin' in on thim an' the rain pourin' down on thim?"

"Arrah, 'tis only a little small hole," I says. "A bit o' fresh air will do them no harm."

"A little small hole, is it?" says he, "an' didn't I see the ole hen fly down through it only this morning?"

"An' if it was the cow itself flew down through it, what could I do only take the coat off me back an' put over it. Yourself knows that timber is dear enough and every bit o' money I had for the hunt is gone for feed, and to pay Maggie Karney for the geese she says the foxes ate on her."

"You know well what you could do," says Tim, "only you're that contrary you'll not do it. We have thirty couple o' hounds in these kennels where be rights there should be no more than twenty; they're lyin' one over another the same as sardines in a tin, an' eatin as much as a regimint o' men, and you'll not let one o' thim go. Sure thim old hounds will be no more use to you another season. Why wouldn't you be listenin to sense and get a bit for thim while you can?"



When he'd be talkin' to me that way I'd think surely I'd do what he was axin' only then I'd get thinkin' o' each one o' them, an' I'd say to meself, "Not Fiddler surely; there never was a hound so honest as old Fiddler or so steady on a line —and Harmony, the grand cry she had, you'd not hear her aqual in any pack in Ireland; if you'd be lyin' in your coffin, the heart would rise in you at the sound of her voice." Only this day he had me wore out wid his argifyin' and that's how I come to be as weak as gruel before them when William Shean drove in at the gate bringing his huntsman with him.

"God bless the work," says he.

"You too," says I.

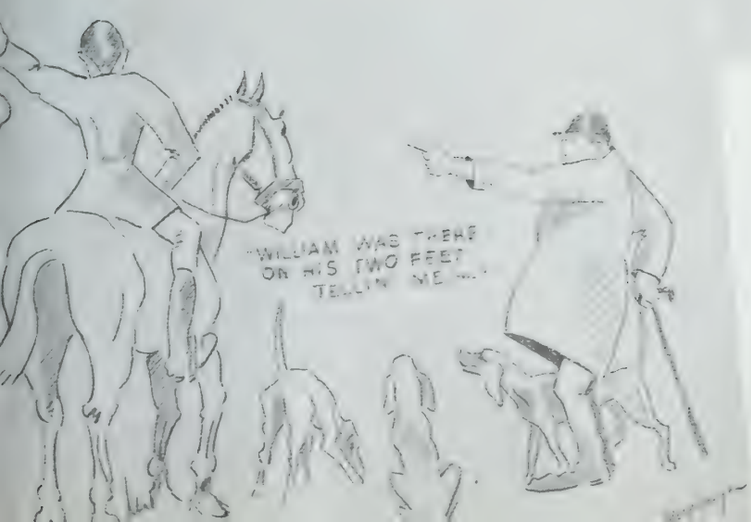
"It's a fine lot o' hounds you have," says he.

"True for you," says I. "You'll not find their aqual in this country, no nor in any other, I'm thinkin'."

"I wouldn't be goin' so far as to say that," says William, drawin' himself up a bit. "I have some good hounds meself that'll hunt a fox as well as the next one."

"You have indeed," says I. "Them pups you raised by our old Rattler are a grand lot altogether."

"What I'm after now," says William, "is four or five couple o'

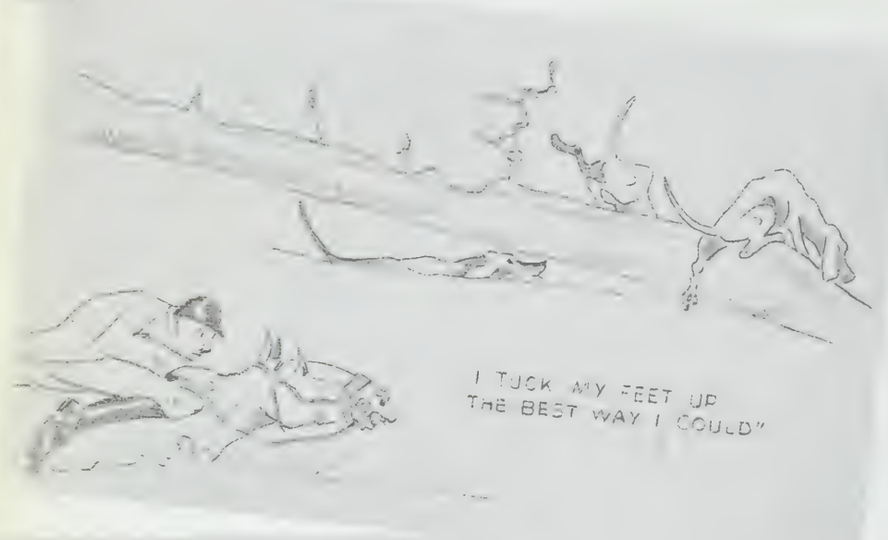


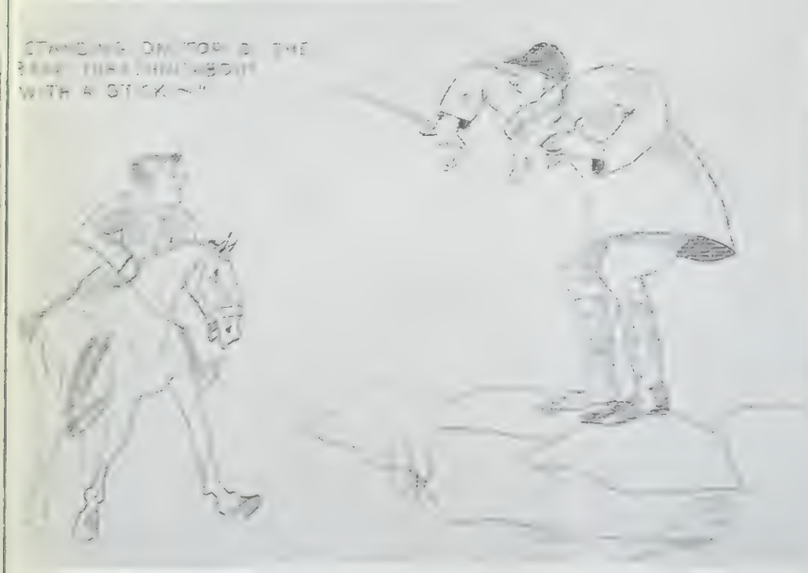
old hounds that would be knowin' their business, and not to be runnin' rabbits, or dogs, or deer, or all such, the way I could take them out wid me young entry an' they'd steady thim down a bit. Would you be havin' any the like o' that?"

"Indeed an' we have," says I. "Our old hounds wouldn't be lookin' at a deer, not if he was to jump on the top o' them."

"Faith," says Tim behind me back as he went to get them out, "them seven season hounds couldn't run fast enough to catch a pig, never mind a deer."

"Now there's the grand hound," says I to William when we had Fiddler out. "Just look at the legs on him; you don't see many the like o' that one—not in the whole o' the land."





"Faith an' you don't," says he. "He has legs on him the len'th of a greyhound."

"The Devil sweep you," says I. "Maybe they'd look a bit long to you now for he has no flesh on him. Sure he's been huntin day in and day out the whole of the season. Is it legs like a bul dog you'd want him to have to be gallopin' thim hills?"

"It's the truth you speak," says he. "Long legs is well enough and it would do the little bitch there no harm to have a bit more of them."

"Arrah, go on wid you an' your legs," says I. "The saints themselves wouldn't please you. I'm tellin' you now, William, that's the finest little bitch ever I had in me pack."

"I believe so, indeed," says he.

But in the latter end, he settled on five couple of old hounds and we was helpin' to load them into his truck when I heard Dan say to Tim, "Is it the truth you're after tellin' him? Are these hounds any good at all?"

"How simple ye are," says Tim. "Do ye think we'd be lettin' thim go if they was?"

"That was what was in me mind," says Dan.

William come around then to fasten up the back an' he says to me, "I'm tellin' you now, Conny, I'm huntin' me north country on New Year's Day and there's deer in it, and if these hounds goes off on them, devil a penny do you get from me for the lot."

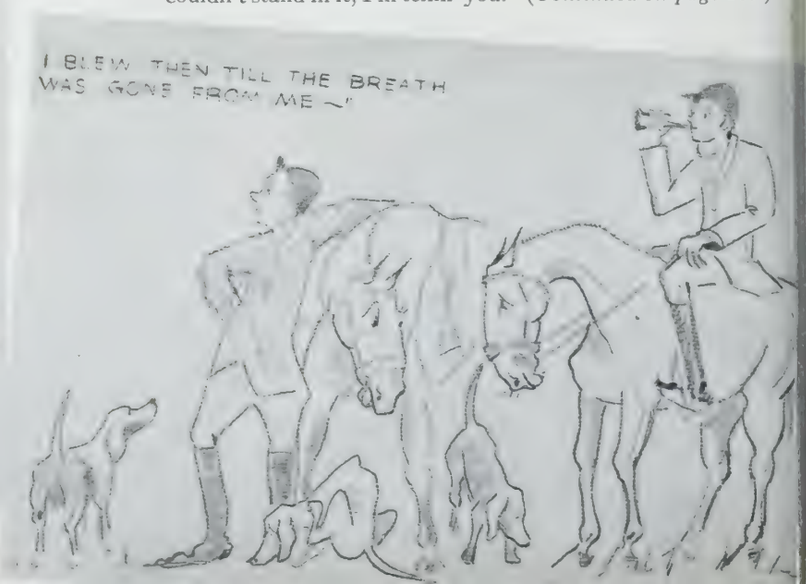
"May the fairies fly away wid you. Maybe I'd take the day off and come over an' go out wid you," says I, thinkin' to meself that would be the way I'd see how they'd do, an' have one more hunt with me old hounds, for the heart was like a stone inside in me to be seein' them go.

"Do that same," says he, "and don't keep me waitin'. The meet's at Karney Cross at ten o'clock." An' he lets a roar out of the truck and away off wid the lot o' them.

Two days before New Year's it was when I got word that William's mare had put her foot in a hole and come down on top of him. Sure they thought he was clean dead altogether, only for the line o' curses he let out of him. But indeed it was bad enough with him, and he said if it was to please the Pope himself he couldn't be hunting on New Year's Day. So the long an' the short of it was that I was to over and hunt the hounds for him. Tim took Bally and old Moireen over the day before the way they'd not be jaded under us for the hunt, and I went over in the morning in time to take the hounds to the meet.

New Year's Day was fine an' warm an' it had been rainin' the day before the same as you'd pour it out of a bucket, so the scentin' was fine only the going was very deep as it's clay lands they have in that country; the hills was like feather beds and as for the bogs they was lakes entirely. Well, we got to the meet with our old hounds, an' glad enough they was to see me, and four couple of William's young entry who walked along with us very nice and peaceable. There was a great push o' people at the cross roads, it bein' a holiday: cars an' trucks, an' bicycles an' all sorts, let alone them as was goin' hunting. William was there on his two feet tellin' me what way I'd be drawing the first cover.

"Now mind you, Conny," says he, "there's good country from this out, only to the north, for that's outside us altogether, and if the hounds get over into them mountains an' cliffs, you'll be beshted entirely. If it was a goat itself it couldn't stand in it, I'm tellin' you." (*Continued on page 109*)



Sketches by M. Kenyon

Flowers "on the hoof"

Four architectural floral designs
by JAMES REYNOLDS

It's a cryin' pity ye ever have to cut
own the flowers. Ye should always
e seein' 'em on the hoof."

SO SPAKE an old gardener who is responsible for the sensational flowers at "Port McSherry" in Ireland, and Mr. eynolds, who had already sensed the same eed in his work with flower arrangements, eartily agreed with him and never forgot he admonition. Whenever possible, he arranges sprays, blossoms, foliage, trailing ines, or whatever the material may be, as early as possible in accordance with the vay it grows—tall and straight, gracefully ending, or loose and drooping; in short, he way Nature designs it.

White tulips, plum blossoms, white geraniums, and black alder berries n loosely modeled Majolica jars

This group of paintings on these pages illustrates Mr. Reynold's unique treatment of flowers as a medium of decorative effect and also as the beautiful objects they are in their own right. It is ever his aim to create in the room where the flowers are used, the sense of line, vitality, and the informal massing of color that one gets—whether one realizes it or not—when viewing flowers growing in a garden. Often the orthodox urn or jar that first comes to hand is too meager and stiff to permit the desired sweep of line and the flowing breadth of form he seeks.

Therefore, for certain houses in Ireland, such as the now famous "Flower House" in Athlone, he designed and had made in Czecho-Slovakia large glass containers; and, at Amalfi and Merano in Italy, graceful, loosely modeled Majolica jars. The two of Majolica ware in the painting of the preceding page, for example, were inspired by old

Cretan wine jars in glazed terra cotta. The Czecho-Slovakian containers, of natural colored glass two inches thick, as shown on these facing pages, are purely architectural in design and especially generous in treatment in order to provide the breadth of opening so important in the arrangement of tall sprays and long stemmed flowers. The jar in the foreground below, is fundamentally chalice-shaped; that of which the top is seen on the opposite page is a massive replica of a classic Greek column. To permit of variation according to the character of his plant materials, Mr. Reynolds had some of his containers—the squarish, goblet-shaped one at the left, for instance—made in sets of different sizes, varying (by six stages in that particular case) from twelve inches in diameter to twenty-two. Whenever possible, he likes the mouth of a container so generously wide that the flowers themselves and their foliage are reflected in the surface of the water out of which they rise.

On a visit to Ireland, that mentor of his times, Horace Walpole, described the county of Connaught as "The conservatory of Ireland," and there is a great deal of aptness and truth in the characterization, for flowers grow there in abundance and almost tropical luxuriousness. And those who grow them carry their sense of appreciation into the way they use them to beautify their surroundings.

Dark red wallflowers and pear blossoms in jars of natural colored glass—two inches thick and semi-transparent. It implies, not quite reveals, the stems

White carnations and white lilacs in a glass tree stump

White tulips, Arab-lilies, snowballs, hyacinths, and plum blossoms—a melange of white flowers arranged in a section of a glass Corinthian column

Black Star

Delhi: The Pearl Mosque from the Diwan-i-Khas and below, the Jumma Masjid

'uttin' 'Em Back Alive

Raising Bob White quail in your own back yard

ORATIO
GELOW

A TRIO OF DAY-OLD QUAIL

To my mind good duck shooting is the sport supreme. For many years at vacation time, or when I had a day off, I headed for some wildfowl rendezvous. Of course I always did some upland game shooting on the side as a duck shoot usually meant taking several days off. Finally, four years ago, I spent seven or eight hours in a floating blind on the Potomac and never fired a shot. Then I realized that the articles in the shooting magazines about the duck famine were not a myth, and I haven't been duck shooting since that time.

What is there left? Upland game, and particularly the Bob White quail, is the answer. The ring neck will serve in the cleanly cultivated, more densely populated sections, but, for some reason or other, he can't in my opinion match Bob White as a game bird. Here in Virginia the same old defeatist philosophy is appearing. Due to the combination of good roads, moderate priced automobiles, and consequent hard shooting, the game supply is diminishing. The same measures are proposed for improving the situation: a reduced open season, smaller bag limits, bounties on predators, and lastly, *reductio ad absurdum,* a "staggered" hunting season. Past experience with shore birds and wildfowl has shown that the initiation of such measures alone is simply the beginning of the end. What is the remedy? How can we plan, not to conserve, but to increase or at least to maintain our present supply of Bob White?

Here are a few suggestions. In the first place, to thrive, birds must have sufficient feed. They must have proper cover for predator protection. An excellent feed patch mixture consisting of sorghum, millet, Kaffir corn, buckwheat, cow peas, soy beans, etc., can be bought at thirty pounds for $2.50. This is sufficient for an acre or for twelve feed strips, each two hundred feet long by thirty feet wide. Each bird shooting enthusiast has friends in the country who let him shoot on their places. Let him furnish them with the seed, pay for the preparation of the soil and seeding of the strips. A few dollars annually towards his tax bill will persuade your farmer friend not to practice too close cultivation around the edges of his fields, along the hedgerows and ditch banks where these feed strips should be located. Besides these regular feed strips, do not forget lespedeza, bird feed par excellence. This year Korean lespedeza could be bought for five cents a pound and twenty pounds per acre is maximum seeding. It will take root in bare, barren land, it reseeds itself, and it is a soil improver. With a little attention it will work wonders.

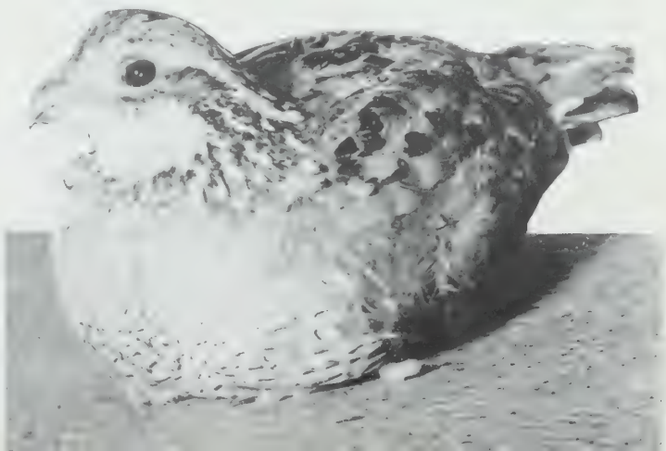
Properly located feed strips will carry Bob White through long spells of dry weather. How often have you heard sportsmen say, "We have a short crop of birds this year. The dry spell killed them off." The dry spell, as a matter of fact, didn't kill the birds directly; it killed their feed.

The Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries of Virginia has published a pamphlet, "Quail Preserve Management—A Few Suggestions" by Charles O. Handley. It's full of red meat; none of it should be skipped. On the bottom of page two and the top of page three are given two examples of properly managed quail preserves: The Falkland estate in Halifax County, representative of the heavily wooded type of preserve, and the Craig Kennels, which are typical of the open type preserve.

The feed situation taken care of, and at small expense, what about restocking? You can buy grown birds for this purpose, though many bird hunters like myself cannot afford that expense. If you can, and do buy grown birds, let me quote for your guidance from a recent letter written by a sportsman friend of mine, of many years experience: "The greatest of all errors committed in dealing with Virginia's game supply is the vice of 'releasing' imported game. . . . There is a great romance about seeing some imported game bird released, even if it is never heard of again, and I include birds which are brought from another state among these imported birds.

"Thirty years ago a few friends united with me in importing a lot of Hungarian partridges which we released in the midst of a seven-hundred acre farm in Central Virginia where we were sure not one would be shot for three or four years. Then a Belgian client, who had a prolonged experience on the best game preserves on the Continent, especially in France and Austria, came to see me. I told him what we had done. With deep concern he said: 'You will not get a bird. They were all strangers to each other. They will scatter and you will never hear of them again.' This prediction was en-

SOME MOTHER—700 EGGS IN SIX CONSECUTIVE SEASONS!



Photographs, courtesy of the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries

A successful back yard quail raising unit on legs has a tray beneath the pen to prevent unfavorable air currents from reaching the young birds. Resting on the ground, the Coleman type movable quail pen is one of the most successful yet developed. Shelter is removed to show nest in the Coleman laying pen

tirely verified, though for the next ten years I spent much time investigating fine coveys of my Hungarian partridges. They were all native Virginia quail. Such is the romantic propagandic force of releasing game birds. The Belgian explained that we should have had a wire enclosure with a wire partition. That all of the male birds should have been put in one side and all the female birds in the other, and we should have waited for them to 'fall in love' (the Continental touch). This would be announced by a male and female bird running back and forth together along the partition wire. At one end of this partition there would be a small sliding door, one in each compartment, raised by attached cords. As the pair approached, the doors would be raised and quickly closed so that no birds would be released until they had 'fallen in love.' The released pair would be mated, they would stop to nest and raise in the neighborhood, and the love of locality would be imparted to their brood. His philosophy of bird life was convincing and all of my observations have since supported it."

When you buy Bob White, purchase them, if possible, in the state where you will release them. Then put them out in "mated" pairs in the early spring in coverts where they will have sufficient feed and proper cover for protection.

This article is intended primarily for the bird hunting enthusiast who wants to do things in a small, inexpensive way. I recommend that he write the Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Ill., for a copy of their booklet "Upland Game Propagation," as well as the supplementary volume "Upland Game Restoration." Both are worth careful study.

"If you plan to use bantams for hatching and brooding game birds you can embark on this absorbing work for as little as $10 invested in equipment and material for building coops and pens. If you incubate eggs and brood chicks with mechanical appliances your investment may be as little as $20 or as much more as you care to invest," so states a foreword in the former publication.

As I had no experience in poultry husbandry, and as I am not much of a "man of my hands" and desired to save my fingers for gunhandling rather than destroy them with a hammer, I selected Everett Black, a shooting buddy, to conduct the experiment. Everett is a crackerjack carpenter, a cabinetmaker, a blacksmith, a stone mason, etc. He has had worlds of experience in raising baby chicks and handling poultry.

Then we became immersed in a voluminous correspondence, regarding incubators, brooders, manufactured coops and runs, and accessory equipment. It didn't take long to discover that it would be easy to lose your shirt in the game if you didn't watch out. We discovered that we could purchase an oil-burning incubator of fifty hen egg capacity for $5.65 and tiny brooders for $3.85 each. Manufactured brooder coops cost $15 each, brooder runs, $4.50 each, growing pens $20 each.

We obtained quotations on quail eggs. The prices ranged from $.35 each or $3.60 per dozen to $6 per dozen. Luckily the local County Farm Agent suggested that we could get a limited supply of eggs from the Game Commission without charge. Investigation proved that this was so, and we were promised two settings, each of sixteen eggs, free. These would be issued on condition that the birds produced would be released in Virginia and would not be used for commercial purposes.

Before starting our experiment we took a day off and visited Mr. W. B. Coleman and his White Oak Quail Farm on the Petersburg Pike a short distance south of Richmond. Any sportsman who travels south on Route 1 and fails to visit Mr. Coleman and his plant has missed something. He is primarily responsible for many of the innovations that guarantee successful quail propagation today. This entire article could be devoted to our visit and what we saw, not forgetting the little hen quail with a record of 709 eggs laid in six consecutive seasons, and the electric incubator which has housed 6700 quail eggs at one time.

Home again and full of enthusiasm, we set to work, or rather Everett Black did. I obtained the material listed in Chapter II, pages 9 and 10, of "Upland Game Propagation" for building a McCarty pen. My partner attended to the construction. As we had only two settings of eggs to care for we simplified the design and built a coop at one end only. I scoured the countryside, located some bantam hens and arranged with the farmer-owner to notify me when they became "broody," so I could order in the quail eggs.

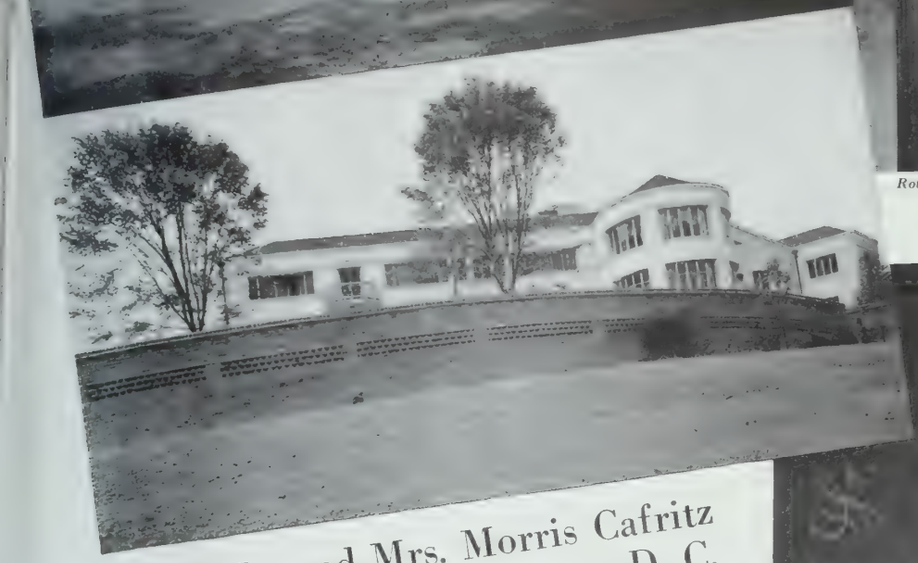
The first setting of quail eggs from the State Game Farm arrived May 28th. They were held, according to instructions, twenty-four hours, and then were placed under the bantam which had been duly deloused. The little hen attended strictly to business. She broke one egg out of the sixteen and on June 23rd, hatched thirteen quail chicks out of the remaining fifteen eggs. This hatch thrived heartily and reached eight weeks of age without loss. They were provided constantly with Coleman's Formula Quail Mash, fresh water and grit. Three times a day they were fed fresh lettuce which they actually gobbled. When they were five days old a little pulverized oyster shell and baby-chick size charcoal were added to the ration. When the quail were four weeks old we began feeding them Coleman's Grain Seed Mixture for Growing Quail. Of course the mash was continued as always. The Grain-Seed Mixture is given the four-weeks-old birds very sparingly (*Continued on page 111*)

Sanitary feeding arrangements, bought or homemade. Bottom, young quail at the White Oak Quail Farm

OUNTRY PLACE IN MODERN

Rotan Photographs

EUGENE SCHOEN, *Architect and Decorator*



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cafritz
Washington, D. C.

An intensely personal house built around the very definite desires and tastes of its owners. Situated near Georgetown, the house is on commanding ground and has been cleverly placed to take advantage of the beautiful view of Washington and the winding Potomac.

The exterior is simplicity itself, of white painted brick with a tile roof. A porch with a curving stair leads down to the formal garden. A simple doorway is flanked with fluted marble pilasters.

Entering, several striking effects are immediately seen and at once there is the impression of modern building materials used in most unusual and interesting ways. The contrasting marbles of the entrance hall floor inset with bronze motifs of the arts, sciences, and sports; the exciting combination of various materials throughout the house from aluminum and bronze, marble and glass to many unique lighting arrangements, some of neon lights, are evidence of how well Mr. Schoen has worked out the owners' ideas and wishes.

A brilliant use of color, frequently Mrs. Cafritz' favorite Fra Angelico blue, gives the whole interior an alive atmosphere. That and the fine use of the more unusual woods and leathers in floors, wainscots and paneling, such as the Brazilian rosewood parquet floor, and the wall-paneling of rose patent leather, and the sharp juxtaposition of an emerald carpet and an ebony wainscot, together with furniture of various tropical woods make this lovely country place an interesting interpretation of modern come of age.

BORA-BORA

"The great god Taaroa made all else, and then upon Bora-Bora he created Paradise"

BY MARTIN BIDWELL

Photograph by
TRUMAN BAILLY

THE sea was pretty rough that third morning out from Tahiti. It pitched our forty-foot boat, the *Viking*, from the crest of one huge wave into the green-blue body of another, with violent, twisting slaps. Only by hanging onto the bunks in the cabin, the railing in the companionway, could we keep our feet. But we managed to brew some coffee and were huddled in the cockpit drinking it and dodging spray, when Taat, our native boy of all work, pointed a brown finger to the north, and said, "Bora-Bora!"

We couldn't see much. Just a brownish lump that rose above the irregular line of distant waves. It looked like a dozen other South Sea islands. But as our sails carried us nearer, Bora-Bora took on a personality of its own, and became unlike anything we'd ever seen before. Encircled by a reef upon which the sea thrashed in impotent rage, it thrust itself up from the center of a tranquil lagoon, way up, into a stark, naked peak that was very much like an ancient and crumbling pyramid.

Our navigation charts indicated a pass through the reef on the north-east side of the island. It was an angry, turbulent place. Huge waves rushed obliquely upon it, broke into shattered foam, and then sucked back again, exposing jagged pieces of coral that could make match-wood of any boat. Taat was up in the rigging looking for a channel and we were still undecided what to do, when a gigantic comber picked us up by the stern and at roller-coaster speed careened us through the pass into the lagoon. There it deposited us and rolled on, diminishing in power and size, until it was no more than a ripple that lapped against the roots of coconut palms along the beach.

When we'd laughed ourselves out of our fright, we continued on our way, now in water as still as a lake, but as vivid with color as a painter's pallette. For an hour we followed the fringe of palms that skirted the great central pyramid. Gradually this belt of vegetation widened, and presently it had become a thickly wooded delta through which fresh water streams flowed towards the sea. From his perch in the rigging, Taat pointed out a coral-rock jetty. "There's where we anchor," he said. And here our three day journey from Tahiti came to an end. We'd reached the village of Fanui.

Our moorings were barely secured before a half dozen natives, red and white *pareus* wrapped about their loins, came from the dense groves of puraus and coconut palms. We had Taat explain that we'd come on a friendly visit to Bora-Bora. And after a long confab in Polynesian, they smiled and said, "*Ia ora na,*" and shook our hands, and kept nodding and motioning into the trees. A half hour later everything was shipshape and we were ready to go ashore. Leaving Taat behind to keep an eye on the *Viking*, we set out along a grassy road that wound itself among the palms. Quite unexpectedly, we came upon the village. Borders of white spider lilies edged the single street, in which a dozen chickens scratched, a grunting pig rooted, and three or four naked children played. The palm frond houses, squatting above the coppery-red earth on wooden stilts, were separated by rows of variegated crotons. The grounds surrounding them were swept clean; nothing was in disorder. It certainly wasn't difficult to understand why Fanui is always considered to be the most beautiful village in the South Seas.

Down the street, from which the naked children had run with cries of alarm, came an erect and muscular old man. His calloused

and splay-toed feet were bare. A red and yellow *pareu* hung below his starched white coat like a skirt. From his shoulders flowed the tri-color of France. His name was Moe. And as chief of Fanui, as official representative of the French Republic, he welcomed us, and urged us to rest for awhile upon the verandah of his house.

He brought us oranges and pineapples. He lopped open fibrous young coconuts for us to drink. And as we sat cross-legged on pandanus mats, eating and drinking and slapping at mosquitoes, all the adult population of Fanui came to inspect us. They held our wristwatches to their ears like children. The old ladies in their cotton Mother Hubbards fingered our broadcloth shirts to discover their texture. Amiably and interminably, they gossiped about us . . . quite oblivious to the fact that we had traveled nearly four thousand miles for the purpose of inspecting them!

Suddenly a naked little boy of five or six, who had been leaning shyly against his mother's knee, burst into tears and ran away. With toothless dignity, old Moe apologized. "It is only that our small ones have never before seen a poppa." And to divert our attention, he displayed those possessions which marked him as a man of affluence in Bora-Bora.

First he showed us a huge brass bed in which he never slept. Then an old sea chest where, beneath a broken lock that had no key, he kept a pair of brown cloth trousers, a high silk hat, and a Bible printed in Polynesian. There were no doors to his house; only a half-length portiere of cotton string. But it didn't matter. For the great god Taaroa had made enough for everyone . . . and besides, who'd be foolish enough to "borrow" from the chief?

In the late afternoon, when it was cool, Moe took us for a walk into the hills. We climbed upward through groves of oranges and mimosa and guavas, until we came upon eight graves marked by crude headstones. "Our kings are buried here," Moe said. Now overgrown with lichen, half-hidden by decaying leaves, the ancient *marae* was almost obliterated. When we spoke regretfully of this, Moe shrugged his shoulders, and quoted an old Polynesian proverb:

"The palm will grow,
The coral will spread,
But men must die."

On our way back to the village, we came upon an open plateau from which we could look down a sloping green ridge to the lagoon. There a native in an outrigger canoe floated through a patch of jade green into the cobalt blue which marked a greater depth. Holding a conch shell to his lips, he blew upon it. A throaty, poignant sound echoed up to us. Somehow it made us keenly aware of the remoteness of the South Seas, of the loneliness and eeriness that makes them unlike any other part of the globe.

A gold-coin moon was rising above the pyramid of Bora-Bora when we returned to the *Viking*. For our evening meal Moe sent a bowl of pineapple *poi*, and a brilliantly-hued *paheri*, the fish that tastes like chicken. It was later, while we sat on deck, and Taat was washing up, that we happened to turn on the radio.

The sound of it brought three or four young natives onto the stone jetty. Instead of red and white *pareus*, they now wore blue-jeans, white shirts, and enormous stovepipe hats wound around and around with strings of yellow shells. One of them said to us in French, "We've never heard music like that before." We explained to him that it sprang three thousand miles across the Pacific in less time than it would take him to count the petals on an hibiscus. He scowled, and then began to laugh. We insisted that what we said was true, and invited him into the cabin of the *Viking* to see for himself. Standing at a cautious distance, he gazed solemnly at the radio. We explained the use of the dials, and pointed out to him the wires that ran up to an antennae suspended between the masts

"All that you hear and a great deal more is blowing across the lagoon and through the coconut palms," we said, "and those wires are the ears which hear it, and this little box is the mouth that repeats it to us."

The native's forehead wrinkled. At last, he said, "No man in Bora-Bora ever saw anything like this before." Taking the shells from his stovepipe hat, he gave them to us, murmuring, *"Maruru,"* (thank you), over and over again.

Returning to the jetty, he whispered to his friends. They laughed at him. "All right, come and see for yourselves," we said. And quickly, by that mysterious telegraphy of the South Seas, word spread to the village. And before we were through all the men and women of Fanui had climbed down into the cabin of the *Viking*, one by one, to listen to music from places of which they had barely heard, and which to them were as remote as Saturn. Incredulity, awe, and sometimes fear, was written on their tawny faces, especially when there was a blare of trumpets, or the roar of a voice advertising automobiles, airplanes, telephones, and railways, meaningless words not understood in the Paradise of Bora-Bora.

Old chief Moe was the last to come. Still wearing the starched white coat and tri-color of France, he now had on his brown cloth trousers and high silk hat, a scarlet hibiscus tucked under the brim. *"Bon soir,"* he said. And sitting beside us in the cockpit of the *Viking*, he listened to one of Beethoven's great symphonies which happened to be coming through the air from New York. Solemnly, sometimes frowning, he listened to the conflict, the struggling confusion, of a European's soul. When the last movement had played itself out, he said, "Our music is of wind in the palms, of waves that break against the reef, of fish that swim in the lagoon. We do not know of such things as that, for within us there is only peace."

There was no envy in chief Moe's brown-black eyes for the achievements of our civilization. For a moment, we even had the impression that he was sorry for us! Presently, he returned to the village. Left alone, we shut off our restless music that was somehow no longer satisfying, and sat on deck to watch the moon fade from gold to silver as it rose higher and higher into a sky that had the texture of rich blue velvet.

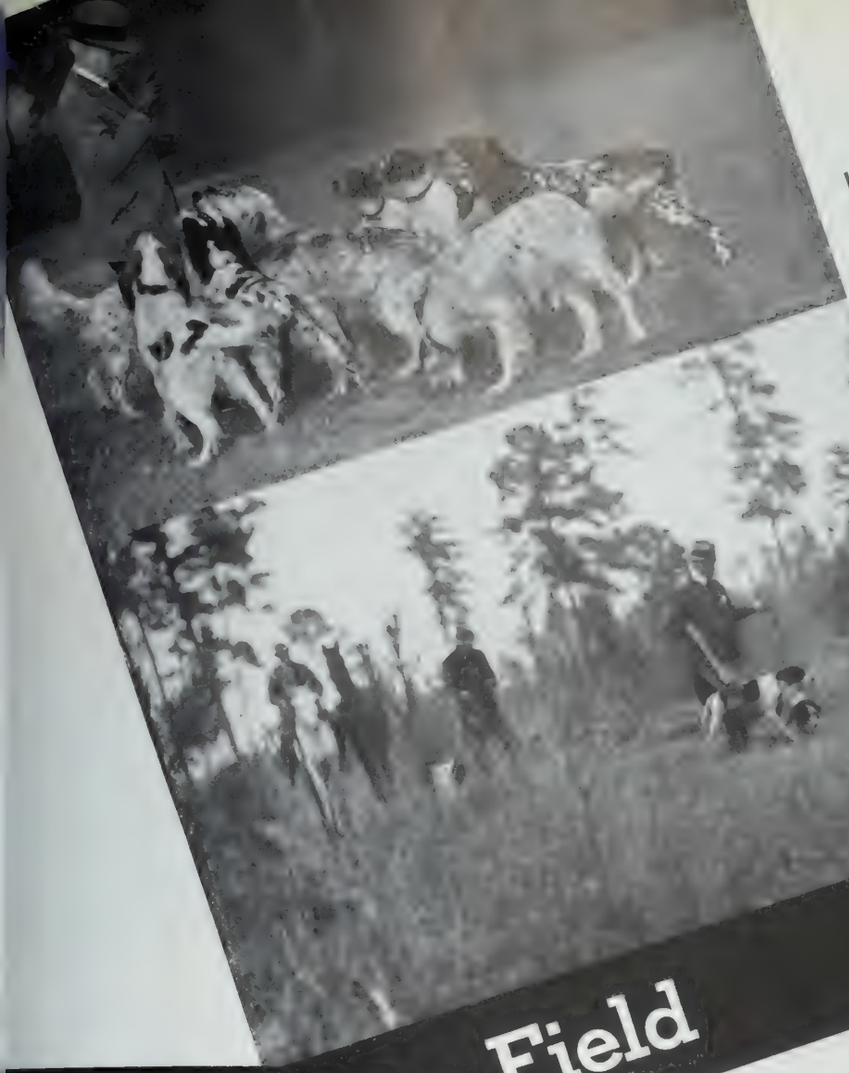
At first we thought it very stupid of chief Moe not to have been impressed by our music and the miracle of the radio which repeated it to us. "It's just as people say," we decided. "These natives can't feel anything very deeply."

But finally, when there was no sound except the distant breathing of the sea, and the wind stirring among the palms, we began to understand what the old Polynesian legend really meant when it said, ". . . the great god Taaroa made all else, and then upon Bora-Bora he created Paradise."

In the pines at Mulberry

Dom on point, Dan backing

In South Carolina



Left: Mr. Harry Kirkover busy inspecting his Pointers and Setters to select the brace or braces to be used for the day's sport. Below left: The dogs are kept at heel while crossing barren ground to save their energy for cover known to be far more productive

Day in the Field

Above: The Pointer Don and the Setter Dan are let out of their crates upon arrival at some near-by quail cover. Lower left: Point! Don has a covey or single

Photographs by
BERT CLARK THAYER

Right: Three dogs are seen being led to cover there to be "cast off" in a search for quail. Below: Jock the Springer spaniel is shown delivering to his master a shot quail he has retrieved

Give heed to your BOOKS

Provide handsome bindings and air-condition the library

HELEN MORGAN

EVEN if you hold the cliché in contempt, you undoubtedly secretly nourish the same conviction that less conversationally-finicky friends utter aloud: namely, that books are one's best friends. Do you treat them as friends or as uninvited guests? Do you keep them in a hothouse or break their backs to make them look more decorative? Springtime is the time for inventory—and also for self-catechism.

As a matter of fact, the emphasis on books as decoration which has gained such headway during the past few years has helped focus attention on the fact that books, like healthy individuals, are responsive to care and climate. No longer is a book's value enhanced if the cover crumbles in your hands, if you sneeze from the dust embedded in it, and if a few swift-legged creatures scurry to cover when you turn the pages. A book can be extremely old and well beloved, yet beautiful.

The most up-to-date controversy on the care of books centers around pure air vs. temperate air, with air-conditioning promising to achieve both conditions. In cities and in homes heated by coal, the sulphuric acid in the air is prolific and harmful. There are those who contend it is most important to keep the air clean, and studies are being made to determine just what effect these gases have on books.

Remembering, perhaps, musty attics and dank cellars where books—those old friends—were wont to be stored, most reformers have laid stress on light and a good, even temperature. A survey of libraries throughout the country put a decided stamp of approval on air-conditioning as a genuine ally of books. The best temperature for bound volumes, librarians state, ranges from 68 degrees to 75 degrees F., the humidity at 55 to 65 per cent. (These figures vary slightly from those determined by the Bureau of Standards in the Department of Commerce at Washington; the latter recommends a temperature from 70 to 85 degrees, with humidity at from 45 to 55 per cent.)

Air-conditioning, the reports say, eliminates the disastrous effect of varying heat on books; makes it possible to adopt uniform temperature standards, not only in one's own home but all over the country—in Texas, where sun dries the land, and in Maine where snow piles up in drifts.

The changes are bad enough. But where there is excess heat, the glue on books dries and the leather bindings are loosened, the oil dries up, and the leather decays. Where the humidity is high, moulds are encouraged to thrive, offensive odors set in, the paper begins to show long, brown stains that can't be eradicated. Dryness, on the other hand, rots leather and causes cracks.

A pretty picture! Not an alarmist's, either, for you've all seen books like these, if not in your own home, in those out-of-the-way bookstalls where you love to browse. Everyone of those books probably had been touched by fond but careless fingers, bought out of love, but soon forgotten.

AIR-CONDITIONING, of course, is ideal if you can get it. Most people can't get it in their own homes anymore than they can solve the controversy between pure or temperate air enthusiasts. The debate will probably be solved eventually after many surveys, and, though it sounds rather remote and technical, it teaches one lesson: stand in the middle of the road and try to approximate each of these "ideal" conditions as closely as you can.

Remember that your books will serve you if you serve them. They will add that gay splotch of color, that air of relaxation today, but not tomorrow, if you place them near a window where the sun streams in. Sunshine not only dries out the oil in leather, but fades the color. Your books will also be useless tomorrow, if you succumb to the current fad of dispensing with bookends to achieve that casual, easy air. It's not easy on the book, when you prop it against another book slantwise on the shelf. The book is suffering, for all its weight is being concentrated where weight was never meant to be—on the lower edge of one cover. In a little while you will try to stand the book up straight (*Continued on page 105*)

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Old English Silver

The illustration shows an exceptionally handsome set of Old Silver Plates in excellent condition. They were made in London in 1770 during the reign of George III by the well known silversmiths, John Parker and Edward Wakelin. A large selection of other fine old examples and many perfectly executed Modern Reproductions are now being shown at the Galleries.

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Old pots brew best

(*Continued from page 66*)

in addition to the ever-growing democracy of society at large.

While I was looking at the Treadway collection, a young girl came up to me and asked me a very pertinent question: "Do you think these pots beautiful?" I hadn't been thinking of them from that point of view. Even now I haven't done that. I am too intrigued by all their varying personalities. They have what we would call in people a very human quality. They have the sort of endearing qualities that come with human frailties and human eccentricities as well as with human aspirations. They have the sort of peculiarities that make for individuality, the sort of originalities that make for character. This variety resulted from the merging of porcelain and earthenware styles at the close of the eighteenth century, when the Staffordshire industry grew enormously, and blue and pink printed ware became so extremely popular.

Of course, a tea or coffee pot must be practical above all things. It has a very direct functional purpose and must be judged primarily by its adaptation to use. A good "pot" shape, for instance, must obey certain fundamental laws of physics in order to maintain a liquid balance, but in how many ways this may be achieved! Some of the pots that penetrated into the country districts about Stockbridge look like farmers' angular wives. Some look like overdressed beauties, putting on airs. Some are tall and graceful, in all ways to the manner born. Some are prim. Some are pudgy. Some are as jovially rotund as an English squire. There are tea pots which are boat-shaped. There are tall coffee pots with straight spouts that have been likened to a lighthouse with a bowsprit. Some pots have inherited the curves of the Baroque. Some have rococo graces. And all have something of what is called style.

Both tea and coffee pots must have generous openings so that they can be easily filled and cleaned. And these openings must have coverings for the retention of heat. These coverings have a precarious position aloft the pots and have to hold on for dear life when the pots go into action. Their precision is an achievement that was not lightly come by. Their ways of holding on are adroit and skillful. Yet no matter whether they lap over the sides or fit into the shoulders, they never appear guarded or self-conscious, and they express themselves with spontaneity in many forms, with molded rims and round or pointed finials topping their multiform shapes.

As for handles, of course, it is a responsible matter to be the handle of a pot that pours hot drinks. And especially if you are of china, you seem to be involved in a high degree of insecurity from start to finish. Some handles look as though they took themselves [illegible] seriously. Some are stoutly a[illegible]lar, four-square. Some are mo[illegible] with neat curves from the nec[illegible] the swelling of the pot. Some[illegible] rhythmic in the highest sense. [illegible] there are also the far-flung cu[illegible] the flamboyant scrolls, the va[illegible]cious curlicues. They may [illegible] over-extended. They must [illegible]tainly have been evolved in [illegible] of the higher regions of mathe[illegible]ics, in some mysterious realm [illegible] calculating curves, but the [illegible] fact that they have survived w[illegible] and unbroken speaks volumes [illegible] their functional effectiveness, [illegible] their ability to give a really [illegible] grip for pouring.

There are spouts and spo[illegible] One of the tall coffee pots h[illegible] straight one looking like a b[illegible]sprit. Some of the boat-shaped [illegible] pots have spouts that fairly cr[illegible] their necks, so that their ens[illegible]bles, with the handles ranging [illegible] in back, have the effect of what [illegible] might call an early streaml[illegible] Some are duck-necked with b[illegible] beak orifices.

When it comes to decorati[illegible] this collection of coffee and [illegible] pots amazes by its variety [illegible] styles. Compare the flower desig[illegible] Some are conventional. Some [illegible] realistic. Some flowers are used [illegible] accents in foliage designs in [illegible] rococo style. Some are used [illegible] sprays after the Japanese man[illegible] Some are combined in bold gro[illegible] with fruits and leaves or in bask[illegible] on pots that are otherwise cove[illegible] with lattice work. And there i[illegible] great variety of genre scenes. N[illegible] Gothic ruins in fashionable pa[illegible] on gentlemen's country esta[illegible] Classical landscapes. Pictures [illegible] houses and gardens. All sorts [illegible] delightful outdoor groups. Stra[illegible] and alluring Chinoiseries, for t[illegible] was truly the very height of [illegible] Chinese trade.

A fox terrier 142 years old

(*Continued from page 39*)

quite modern, he without bei[illegible] aware of the fact, was a biologi[illegible] I quote briefly from his article [illegible] the "Illustrated Book of The Do[illegible]

"There is evidence that in t[illegible] last century terriers were bred wi[illegible] some care. In a memoir of the we[illegible] known Yorkshire squire, Colo[illegible] Thornton, who flourished in t[illegible] latter half of the century a[illegible] whose tastes embraced every d[illegible] partment of sport, we read of [illegible] terrier belonging to him call[illegible] Pitch 'from whom are descend[illegible] most of the white terriers in t[illegible] Kingdom.' It is further record[illegible] in these writings that the Colo[illegible] paid special attention to his bre[illegible] of terriers.

"Pictures, unhappily, do n[illegible] throw much light on the matte[illegible] In old engravings we sometim[illegible] meet with a pair of rough lookin[illegible] mongrels as the companions of [illegible] huntsman or earthstopper, but, u[illegible] happily, excepting the one to whi[illegible] I referred above (a print in t[illegible] 'Sportsman's Cabinet' represen[illegible] ing two terriers at work, one lig[illegible]

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colored, the other dark, both prick eared) none gave a sufficiently detailed idea to be of any value for the history of the breed.

"One exception indeed there is, and that a somewhat curious one: a picture at Vienna by Hamilton, a Dutch painter, who lived early in the last century, contains a composition of fruit and flowers, with a white-haired terrier in the foreground. The dog has all the characteristics of the modern show terrier, with the one exception of a pink nose. He has apparently a good hard coat and perfect drop ears. The shape of his head, the expression of his face, and his whole attitude and outline are thoroughly characteristic and terrierlike. The similarity is the more remarkable since there is, as we shall see, pretty good evidence that the modern wire-haired terrier is the result of a distinct and well ascertained cross in recent times. Hamilton ranks among Dutch painters. His name however, suggests an English connection, and I certainly have never met with a terrier either in the paintings of Snyders or any of his countrymen.

"Now, it may be impossible to trace the origin of the modern show terrier to these dogs in each particular instance. But when we know that a well recognized breed existed some forty years ago, and that dogs are now found possessing precisely the same characteristics, it is hardly too much to assume that the breed has gone on in direct succession."

I have seen the print in the "Sportsmen's Cabinet" published in 1803, referred to by Mr. Doyle, which is an engraving by Scott after a painting by Reinagle, and I assure my readers that no one of the three dogs shown in that engraving bears any resemblance to any fox terrier with which I have been acquainted.

I have seen the engraving, also by Scott, after an oil painting published before 1810, of Colonel Thornton's Pitch, which my friend Mr. Ackerman, who recently has published an interesting volume on the fox terrier, says "is the earliest record we have of a fox terrier." The picture resembles a fox terrier much more than it does any other breed of dog, but it certainly does not indicate that the fox terrier of that picture was much like the fox terrier of today.

Dr. Rosslyn Bruce in his second volume on "Fox Terrier Breeding" gives a print of the picture of Viper painted by Sartorius in 1796. I can only say that if Sartorius faithfully transferred to canvas the dog Viper, his subject is unlike any of the breed I have ever seen. There also appears in Dr. Bruce's book a print of a painting by George Stubbs made about 1750 in which lying on the ground is a dog said to be an early foxterrier. This dog more nearly resembles the modern type.

Mr. Doyle said that when we know that a well recognized breed existed some forty years ago and that dogs are now found possessing precisely the same characteristic it is hardly too much to assum that the breed has gone on in d rect succession. The same concl sion would be justified were w able to find evidence that a def nitely recognized specimen of modern breed existed one hundre and forty years ago, and othe things being equal, it would be fa to assume were such evidence di covered that the breed had bee in existence much as we know today for generations prior to on hundred and forty years ago.

One never knows what a da will bring forth. I started out fo cocktails or tea or what have you and found the "Digby Fox Ter rier" in the home of Dr. and Mrs Eugene A. Noble in New Yor City. Then and there my "when and the records of the breed wen back a century . . . The fox ter rier as you have discovered is typically English sporting dog Therefore it is necessary to tak you across the big pond to intro duce you to one Stephen Digby born in 1742, the next younge brother of William, Dean of Dur ham. Upon the death of his firs wife he married Charlotte Mar garet, the eldest daughter of Si Robert Gunning. Two childre were born of this second marriage a boy, Robert Henry in Septembe 1792, and a girl Isabella in May 1794. The camera had not been in vented at the end of the eighteenth century, so when it came time to have the children's pictures taken the proud father and mother employed a portrait painter for the purpose. They were two healthy golden-haired youngsters who had been brought up in the country much as I had been and *they too had a fox terrier*. Even though he was a battle scarred veteran honorably retired from his duties with the hounds to take his place as their friend and guardian, I must admit that from a show point of view this Digby fox terrier was a better dog than the Dandy of my boyhood days. He had a "Belvoir tan" and black head, with no apparent "stop," a small eye dark in color, and an all-white body, with straight legs strong in bone throughout, much like his descendants which follow the South Dorset pack of fox-hounds today.

John Hoppner, R.A., was the artist employed to paint the portrait of the Digby children and their fox terrier. He was born April 4, 1758 and died on January 23, 1810. The portrait of the Digby children and of the fox terrier, if the dates of their births are any criterion, must have been painted about 1797-1798. It was in the possession of the Gunning family from the time it was painted until it came to New York with four other famous paintings, two by Hoppner and two by Romney, consigned for sale by Brigadier General Sir Charles Gunning and Lady Gunning, and was purchased by its present owners, who have so graciously permitted it to be reproduced now for the first time in

(*Continued on page 106*)

L'HEURE DU *dîner*

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y were better and more valle horses and, even if the boys to go back to school before could have much chance to y the fruits of their labor, didn't feel much cheated. Nor e they. They had put in a lthy, interesting summer and, ther they knew it or not, they d a chance of being better and pier men as a result.

'wo other boys, brothers, used go barnstorming around the ntry fairs with a couple of ers in a truck. They trained n, rode them, and strapped n themselves. If the horses won boys lived high, but if they n't they went hungry because horses had to eat. The chances they learned more on these rs than they did from any other gle experience in their lives. Aner used to spend his summers exercise boy for a dealer that cialized in the best sort of hunt- and steeplechase prospects. He ldn't receive any pay for his vices, of course, because that uld have made him a professnal, but that was the only difence between him and the other rcise boys. He had to break ts, school green horses, and w to customers the animals that re ready for sale, and he had to these things when he was told do them and not only when he like it.

Possibly these are the luckier es, the children that live in ces that afford unusual opporities, but there are plenty of bles and schools scattered ound the country where, if their rents will allow them sufficient e, the children may help around horses, assist in the organiz- of gymkhanas, horseshows, ace meetings," and other actives. There is much hard, manual or connected with such a life t there is also the incentive of satisfaction of accomplishment. e end is well worth the means d any child who really loves rses will enjoy doing these things most as much as he will the tual riding. Riding instructors, o, are, as a whole, more than xious to teach children who ow an inclination to learn many ings besides how to sit pretty d hold their legs and hands in rrect positions. Otherwise they uldn't turn out such excellent pils but, unfortunately, they are ten handicapped by commands m parents. Mamma and Pappa sh Gerald to learn to ride in tter form than the children of eir friends so that he may beat em at the Squedunk show and this ambition must their edution be concentrated. And unless ch parents are fed a dictatorial d knowledgeable line of chatter ey will feel cheated in the price ey have to pay for the lessons, or ey will worry for fear Gerald ay turn into a stable boy; that e instructor is taking advantage him by making him clean his n tack or saddle his own horse, d they then will be in an agony st their darling get hurt by being allowed to ride a horse that is not absolutely safe and quiet. With this type of parent an instructor's life is, indeed, not a happy one.

There isn't much sense in worrying about children when they are with horses. When they are very little or just learning, some older person or some child who knows his way about should be with them. It is dangerous for even the most experienced horsemen to lark across obscure country by themselves because, should some accident occur, it would take an unnecessarily long time to find them but, generally speaking, the more one can learn by himself, the more valuable the lessons will be. A sound instruction in the simple fundamentals, hints as to how annoying problems may be solved, corrections of serious faults as they occur and restraint so that the child may not learn to run before he can walk—these are all sensible, constructive ideas when rendered by an intelligent instructor but even they should be passed out with caution. A child should learn to sit in a certain way, use his hands and legs thus and so and his head likewise, not because he won't win riding competitions if he doesn't but because of far more serious results. These results are pretty likely to occur right in the normal course of events and if the child can be made to realize that they were caused by his own error he isn't apt to commit that fault again and he will be inclined to see to it that others like it are corrected before they become dangerous habits.

Now let's get back to our equitation competitions again, approaching them this time from a different angle. The parents of children who have learned to ride in the great open spaces, to say nothing of the children themselves, regard them with scorn. They think of the competitors as little dressed up dummies and are perfectly sure that they would be absolutely helpless if they were asked to ride a green or dangerous horse, or hunt across a difficult country. Actually this opinion is just as wrong as the one that considers exclusive concentration on competition of paramount importance. The riding competitions are full of superlative young riders and the first flighters had better look to their laurels if some of these children decide to exchange the showring for the great open spaces. Some of them may not have ridden to hounds and possibly they wouldn't go too well for the first few outings but give them a chance to learn what it is all about and it will be a tough proposition to follow them. One must remember that these are highly trained young horsemen. The seats they have learned are easily adjusted to any specialty and their hands are about as perfect as possible. They are masters of adaptability and quick-wittedness and, above all, they have a "finish" that is acquired only in intensive competition. No matter how well they ride many

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of the lads and lassies of the open countries would look better for a bit of this finish and would ride even better for having their hands and wits brought to the height of perfection that is required in top equitation classes. Maybe they wouldn't win at their first outing but is it fair, because they are beaten, to condemn such competitions as so much artificial skulduggery that takes no account of real riding? Wouldn't it be better to question the reasons for defeat and correct them by repeated trials? It would take a bit of time away from the woods, fields, and fences, of course, but it would be time well spent even if they only learned that they don't know everything that there is to know already. When I hear people laying down autocratic laws concerning horses and horsemanship I often think of the answer given by one of the best professionals in this country, a man who is respected on two continents for his knowledge and ability, when asked by an ambitious beginner how long it would take to learn "all about horses."

"Man and boy," he said, "I've spent all my life with horses. Let's see now; it has taken me some fifty years to learn what I *don't* know. Maybe you can figure from that how long it will take you to learn all there is."

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 50*)

back door and automobiles swish by its front gate. The little community known as "Marineland" has grown up with the studio. It includes a smart clubhouse, open to the public of course, with lounging rooms and restaurant and a fashionable bar run by the Glick Brothers of St. Augustine fame, who are Florida's "Jack and Charlies," "Jim Moriaritys" and "Tonies" combined. The decorating was done by Beatrice Stewart, Inc., of New York (the former Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart who is now the wife of the resident manager, Count Ilia Tolstoy, grandson of the noted Russian author). Countess Tolstoy also furnished the adjacent "Auto Court" in the most attractive style. Here, for a dollar and a half, if you please, you can sink into the most "ritzy," comfortable beds and be lulled to sleep by the soothing waves of the Gulf Stream rolling on the sandy shore just outside your windows.

And so—ladies and gentlemen of the polo audience who might be motoring across country to follow your favorite sport—if you can tear yourself away from the Southland; not tarry too long in fascinating old New Orleans; fight off the prolonged, insistent hospitality of Cecil Smith and Charles B. Wrightsman, down around San Antonio way—whose never-to-be-forgotten open-air Texas barbecues are liable to send you on your way at least ten pounds heavier—and then hold out through the Western deserts, where gas comes high, up to 29 cents a gallon; you'll eventually reach the Pacific Coast and find, despite a long accepted opinion that all the best polo in the world is played on the hallowed grounds of the Meadow Brook Club on Long Island, that West Coast Polo is doing right well itself.

Pacific Coast Polo is right now as lively as a covey of half-caste college cheerleaders beset with bees and there's a new, glossy, and absolute smash hit polo season getting under way as this is written. Of course, by the time these lines see the light of day the tremendous polo activity will have gone on gathering momentum and the British International Squad, wintering at Del Monte, will have already flashed into action on the greensward of the Midwick Country Club, near Los Angeles. But already there is an undercurrent of excitement here in Santa Barbara over thoughts of the big tournaments slated for Fleischmann Fields early in March—with the colorful British invaders and Charles B. Wrightsman's famed Texas Rangers, upon which 10-goal Cecil Smith rides, as the chief attractions. They have a new paddock and exercise track here at Santa Barbara this year. Together with the attractive new clubhouse, opened last year, and the three Bermuda grass fields that have been praised by experts who have played all over the world as the best to be found anywhere, the local setting seems ideal. We don't like to mention it, but the weather this year has been little short of brilliant too—so far . . . most of the proverbial rain having come during the fall and December.

San Francisco is planning a World's Series of high-goal polo, from March 17th to April 9th, to be played in connection with the Golden Gate International Exposition, after the British, Midwick, Santa Barbara, Del Monte, Los Indios, Texas Ranger, and other top teams move northward after campaigning at Del Monte and San Mateo following the Santa Barbara series of games. . . And there's talk in the clubhouse locker rooms about: (1) Gerald Balding's rumored injury in India, which may keep the playing-captain of England from joining his team-mates at Del Monte; (2) Disappointment over 10-goal Stewart Iglehart's rumored illness in New York, which will keep him from visiting the Coast again this year where last season he captivated the crowds and made many friends; (3) Midwick's expected line-up for the big events—Eric Pedley, Carl Crawford, "Pat" Roark, and Arthur Perkins; and (4) Thoughts as to how well Pedley will show up this year—for it's generally acknowledged in Eastern polo circles that the only doubt about America's International Team lies in whether or not Pedley, if he can get properly mounted, cares about making a real honest-to-goodness try for the important No. 1 berth.

And the crowds are yelling r big Elmer Boeseke at the Midw games again. For the past two s sons they've been yelling becai he wasn't in the line-ups. It m have been pretty hard for lo legged "Big Bo" during those t ing days of the side-lines. Out w a slowly mending broken leg, th has taken some serious operati to permit him to swing a leg o a pony again, it must have h him in more ways than one to forced to remain out of the ga he loves best for so long. It's be a long haul back for Elmer Boeseke. But he doesn't let a lo haul upset him, for his fam moved to California years ago a covered wagon. Through wee and months and even years, h been nursing that bad leg. A there must have been times wh he felt pretty discouraged, thou his big grin was always there, a he never complained. But it's ov now. . . The former 10-goaler, n at 7, is hitting again — hitti three beautiful goals from t Back position in his initial appea ance in a big Sunday game of i ternational stars the other day and the crowd is yelling for h again. . . And the well-known gri the same one that flashed contin ously across his genial face wh he played through the finals of t East-West matches in Chica with a broken toe, once mo stretches from ear to ear as t famous Boeseke "long legs" stret across his flying mounts as pl swings on down the field.

The mystery of the coachman

(*Continued from page 51*)

Some of the early writers di claim any knowledge of the origi of the Coachman fly and it was n until David Foster published h "Scientific Angler" in 1882 th we discover who invented it. Fo ter says that his old friend, To Bosworth, coachman to four Bri ish rulers, invented it and that was much appreciated for nig fishing. He also says that it wa named "the Coachman" in hon of Bosworth.

While the Coachman flies ha been generally considered in Eng land as night flies and being re presentative of moths, Thaddeu Norris in his "American Angle Book" published in 1864, make no such suggestion in regard t their use in America. He does sa however, that the white wings ar best when the sky is overcast o late in the afternoon. This state ment is most important for i serves as a check on what wil presently follow.

The Royal Coachman seems t have been only a slight variatio of the White-winged Coachman Much of its popularity as a we fly, however, may be due to th fact that it is a handsome fly t look at, and it certainly has ey appeal, both to the human eye an to the trout's. Just show a lady batch of wet flies and she will pick out the Royal Coachman nin

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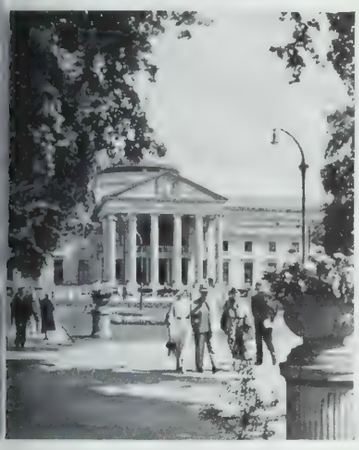

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times out of ten and say "What a pretty fly. May I have one?" and most men are just as bad. Marbury in "Favorite Flies" credits John Hailey with the origin of the Royal Coachman. Hailey was a professional fly tier of New York City, who, having a customer who wanted some Coachman flies that were especially strong, tied a band of red silk around the peacock's herl to prevent its being torn by the trout's teeth.

The California Coachman appears to have been developed on the Pacific Coast. Whether it, like the Royal Coachman, is an accident or whether it was actually designed after some nautral fly, the writer does not know. In any case this fly does bear a very good resemblance to certain natural flies of the western part of the United States, as the writer will endeavor to show. So much for the Coachman family of wet flies.

The two dry flies, the Fan-wing Royal Coachman and the Fan-wing California Coachman, have an established reputation in their respective localities and, to paraphrase Hofland, they could not have acquired this reputation without cause. But exactly what is the cause?

Most trout-fishermen realize that trout must eat in order to live, and a great many good fly-fishermen will even look under rocks along the stream before starting to fish, to try to get some idea as to what the trout are feeding on. These men must have noticed some dark reddish brown forms or cases sticking to the upper sides of stones at the water's edge or to partly submerged stones out in the rapid parts of the stream. These forms or cases are the shape of the body of a Mayfly; in fact, they once enclosed a Mayfly for they are the nymphal shucks of *Isonychia bicolor,* left fastened to the stone upon which the nymph climbed to change into a winged fly. The nymph of this fly lives in the rapid parts of the stream and is the largest species of free-swimming nymph found in America. It does not cling to rocks like the clambering *Stenonema* nymph but rather takes advantage of the back eddy created by the skin friction of the water against the stream bottom. Here it lives and gathers its food by means of especially adapted front legs which are heavily fringed with hairs, these hairs being arranged so that the nymph can form a perfect dip-net by placing his front legs in a parallel position. This net the nymph sticks out into the current and collects what the gods send.

When this nymph emerges from the stream around the 20th of May, earlier as we go south from the Catskills, later as we go north, it usually swims to a partly submerged stone in the stream, or the shore, where it climbs out of the water and immediately splits the nymphal shuck, which remains attached to the rock, and flies away, a subimago or dun. When the fly emerges in this manner it takes wing very rapidly, and flies to a height of 800 to 1,000 feet above the stream level before alighting. *This, coupled with the fact that emergence usually takes place just at dark, is the reason why so little notice has been taken of this fly by fishermen,* despite the fact that from late May on through the summer months hardly a day passes without a few flies emerging, being particularly abundant during the middle of June in the Catskills and during July and August in the Adirondacks.

While undoubtedly a majority of these flies emerge in the manner just described, a great number emerge directly from the surface of the stream. Those which emerge from the surface of the stream seem to have great difficulty in taking wing, and last summer the writer noticed many of them turn over on their sides, become waterlogged and drown. In this, the dun stage, *Isonychia bicolor,* has dark wings; a reddish brown body; front legs reddish; middle and hind pairs yellow; tail yellowish. For some years the writer has associated this natural fly with the Lead-wing Coachman wet fly and his remarks about it in "The Book Of Trout Flies" have been borne out by the fact that the Lead-wing Coachman wet fly on a #8 hook is generally effective when used late in the evening at a time and a place this natural fly is emerging.

After a period of rest the subimago or dun sheds a complete skin and becomes a mature fly, an imago, or spinner. The male fly during this process undergoes considerable structural changes. We are not particularly interested in him however, and for that matter neither are the trout, as the female is the one with the high food value, for she is packed with eggs from stem to stern. The female fly does not undergo such a marked structural change, but her wings which are a rusty black as a dun now become a clear transparent white. A perfect White-winged Coachman, but how does she get on the water to become food for hungry trout?

Just after dark the female spinner flies down to the stream to mate. The males have preceded her and are swarming and dancing over the rapids. The female comes alone, a wallflower for the nonce but not for long for the males are waiting, their enormous eyes eagerly searching the sky. The lone female is sighted from afar, and two, three, or perhaps four males will leave the swarm to meet her, and in the resulting brawl so many of them will attach themselves to her body that she cannot continue flight and the mass of flies falls into the stream. Mating usually takes place high in the air, but it was the writer's good fortune to find them swarming at a low level last year where they were plainly visible. Here we have the natural fly suggested by the artificial White-winged Coachman actually on the water.

While a number of flies fall dur- mating, the great majority of em must complete their mating a normal way, otherwise this ecies would cease to exist. After rmal mating, the female does t immediately lay her eggs but stead extrudes them, a bronze een rounded mass, from her dy and carries them pressed thin the curvature of the rear dy segments. The individual gs forming the mass are held gether by a cohesive substance hich is soluble in water. *Here we ve the Fan-wing Royal Coach- an!* Believe it or not, it is an ex- llent representation of *Isonychia color* carrying her mass of eggs. The fact that this fly lays its gs at night, does not seem to fect the trout taking the artifi- al during the daylight hours, for ice they become familiar with y type of common food they will ke it with assurance whenever it properly presented day or night. must be borne in mind, how- er, that *Isonychia bicolor* is a te evening emerger, and a night g layer, so that the best results ith the artificials may be ex- ected in the early morning or late vening, or on very dark days.

In California there is another ecies of the same family, *Isony- hia velma* which occupies the ame position in the stream and he same general characteristics as *sonychia bicolor* here in the East. he only difference noted between he two is that *Isonychia velma* as a rosy tinge along the margin f the fore wing. Here we account or the California Coachman with ts strips of red feather added to he white wings.

After an examination of the nat- ral flies it would seem that we ould make some improvements or ather some minor changes in the dressing of the artificial Coach- nan that would bring it more nearly in line with the shape and coloring of the individual fly it suggests. For those who like to play with dressing their own flies, the writer offers the following:

1. Where a Coachman fly is to be used in fast water and repre- sent *Isonychia,* use ginger hackle with a single turn of red hackle in front for legs instead of the customary red hackle.

2. For the Fan-wing Royal Coachman substitute the red herl from the center tail feather of an old cock pheasant for the cus- tomary red wool or silk. This is a natural undyed material of a color which well represents the body coloring of *Isonychia* in the egg- carrying stage. If this material is used the shoulder of peacock's herl may be omitted.

3. Use sneck bend hooks for the wet flies, as this type of hook per- mits the dressing of a fly with a fairly long body, which the nat- ural fly has. Bartleet B 7362 is excellent for these flies.

4. Wire all Coachman bodies with fine gold wire, as this will not only protect the herl and pre- vent its being torn by the first trout that takes the fly, but also suggests the joints of the natural fly's body. All Mayflies have 10 body segments, so wind the wire fairly close.

The Lead-wing Coachman, in small sizes—10's and 12's—kills well early in the season, in which case it suggests the Early Brown Stonefly, and the White-winged Coachman also kills well early in the season when it is probably taken for the spinner of *Iron plur- alis* the dun of which is repre- sented by the Quill Gordon dry-fly.

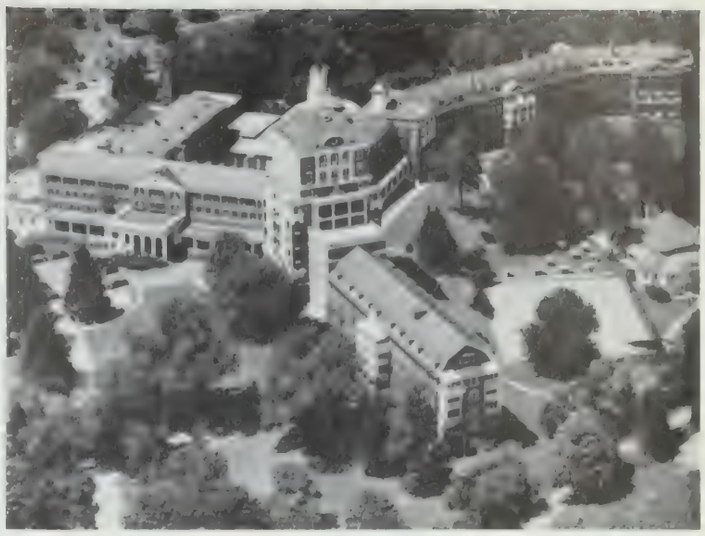
Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 22*)

than each individual that bets two dollars is going to get back the various comfortable sums that he sees listed on the mutuel boards.

STEEPLECHASE EXPERI- MENT. While the East is wor- rying about steelpechasing in a big way California is trying out this sport under a new system that looks as if it might be good enough to last. Starting in November at the Riviera Country Club, two races a day were run on six suc- cessive Sundays and they proved so popular that the management is planning to repeat the program with another meeting beginning the last Sunday in February. The course is over two miles of brush and of the two daily races one is in the nature of a school while the other offers a purse. Toward the end of the meeting last fall five horses: Mrs. John Hay Whitney's Hopeful Jim, Mrs. Spencer Tracy's Lindon, Mrs. Elena Bullock's Severo, Count Tony Landis' West Bound, and Manuel del Campo's Pale Jose, were in line for the championship race which was to be run off on the last day. Before a gallery packed to capacity Arthur Preece, one of Godfrey's horseback riding sons, brought Lindon home first just beating Pale Jose. It is a little late for the East to adopt this idea of racing once a week over one course but to the travel-worn own- ers, trainers, horses, and riders of the Hunts meeting circuit it might, at times, sound like a pretty good one.

NEW RULES. Thirty-six pages have been added to the "Consti- tution and Rules Book" of the American Horse Shows Associa- tion including several pages of newly licensed judges and a large number of new rules. Sections con- cerning local, open, and combina- tion classes have been tacked onto the rule, "Description of Classes" and under this same heading is a long and intricate one about the awarding of championships. This deals with the number of points a horse can collect in certain classes, separating important classes from those that are less difficult to win by awarding only one half point to the latter. This is a very sound and much needed procedure especially as the last



Oh, There's Much

NEWS *for* 1939!

As at about this time of every year since way back in the past century, The Home- stead has much it would say to you—all of it being (we believe) on matters of which you'll like to hear.

First of all we proudly announce that we're all set for the spring that's imminent, and looking forward with confidence and pleasure to the long 1939 season which will be starting almost immediately. The same personnel will look after you, will greet and welcome you, as in other years; the same man- agement will be taking thought for your comfort and con- venience and content; the same policies of the way of life you like, at your own preference, still obtain. The Homestead's still that Homestead which you know intimately, and its smiling spirit is the same.

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And there's a new booklet (still in preliminary state and in multigraphed sheets) which we call "Outdoors at The Homestead;" it's to be a title of The Homestead's "Little Library," and it discusses the fishing here and hereabouts; and it goes into considerable detail about the hiking on some of the more popular walking-trails; and the attractions of The Homestead's environs to nature-lovers and camera en- thusiasts. Do send for a copy; it's informative, interesting.

And of course we'll be glad to have any idea you'll give us as to when in 1939 you contemplate coming to The Homestead; perhaps you'll like a calendar of events, as they're now con- templated; The Hasty Pudding Club will bring down its new show in early April, and maybe you'll want to know about that. Do write us.

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section in this rule reads, "The selection of a champion is a matter wholly discretionary with the judges but the numerical data is to be considered."

Undoubtedly the Hunter Committee has been active. Their new rules include more than three pages of appointments and an equal number on the scoring of hunters, jumpers, and working hunters. It will probably be a good idea to have the Association judges keeping the same sort of scores for a change but there's still work to be done on one section. "In cases of bad style over fences, whether touched or untouched, the Judges shall affix a numerical penalty for such faults, distinguished in some manner from jumping penalties." That's still just a bit vague and how about bad style between fences? Something might be done about that. There is, after all, far more galloping than jumping in the average hunting country.

There are, also, a few new rules for the judges and one that might turn out to be thoroughly useful to those chosen for equitation classes. "A judge may not officiate in any equitation class," it reads, "in which there is an exhibitor who has been instructed, coached, or tutored by said judge, etc." Now when exhibitors or their parents ask what they are doing wrong during a show and the judge tells them, doesn't it come under the head of instruction, coaching, or tutoring? It might save a lot of wear and tear on the judges to pretend that it does anyway. No judge likes to seem unobliging on such occasions but it is, sometimes, awkward to advise. When there is room for such a vast difference of opinion, things that one judge might consider a mistake another might deem a decided advantage.

In the Longmeadow country

(*Continued from page 55*)

their two children, Priscilla and Hill, Jr., are well-known exhibitors in saddle and equitation classes, Hill, Jr. having won many ribbons in children's classes for a number of years. Both children, however, have taken up hunting and turn out regularly with the Longmeadow Hounds. Mr. Hull's horses are all hunters, mostly of the three-quarter bred type. All have been trained by Major Henry Bate, one of the most successful trainers of ladies' hunters in the country. Frosty Morning won the hunter championship at the Ft. Sheridan Horse Show; Ironic won the Longmeadow Hunter Trials, the Ladies' Hunter Class at the South Shore Country Club Horse Show and at the Milwaukee Horse Show, and the Open Middle and Heavyweight Working Hunter Class at Lake Forest, and together with Frosty Morning the Pair Class at Milwaukee. All of them are regularly hunted with the Longmeadow Hounds of which Mr. Hull is treasurer.

Sport cavalcade of the states

(*Continued from page 57*)

in thanking an old and true friend for a favor which has been graciously done.

We went on, Herb Allan and I, without much thought of finding that bird again. We didn't really need to. Just a few rods on, old Tim came alive again. His flag went up. He feathered with staid excitement, about a briery place. Then he moved up, an inch at a time with his legs stiff as ice, and pointed. I flushed the woodcock from such an unhappy angle that I had no chance for even a perfunctory salute; and my host downed it neatly, a mighty way off, which seemed to me a peculiarly fitting thing.

Old Tim is a one-man dog. I struck off alone through brushy places while mine host and the old Setter marched across tawny fields and skirted the fringes of woodland. In a jungly place of down-timber a woodcock hurtled up before me from my very feet. I killed it dead before it cleared the branches. Another flushed a few minutes later, no farther off. Though the shot was fair and I fired at it twice, the bird flew on. *Bang!* From a hundred yards off I heard Herb Allan's old pump. When I emerged from the woods off there some minutes later the Llewellyn was just picking up a plump native bird for an extremely sedate retrieve.

A gunner's days in Maine whisk by like greenwings over rice beds. The sun comes up Down East soon after five, and you spend sunny days like dimes. You're out after black ducks today, perhaps, and surf-riding broadbill tomorrow; then for woodcock again, or grouse that strut like chickens in woodland deer trails. Next it's jacksnipe in windy "pahst'chas"; snipe which are smaller targets than they seem; which twist and dart to convince you that you yet have much to learn about handling a gun.

Out of days on end played away at such sporty hunting, I remember with sharpest zest one short jaunt for black ducks and a light-long day on the uplands. The ducking sortie was an impromptu affair begot by recollection of the blackies which fell by the road at my friend's two shots—and the five that had flown away. We drove down to the little river of an early afternoon and asked at a near-by farmhouse about a boat, a blind, and perhaps a guide. But there aren't any orthodox duck blinds in that bit of Maine because who'd want to waste time and powder shooting at ducks in a land full of deer. We'd be right welcome to take the homemade canoe and use it as long as we liked. The boy would go with us. He hadn't never paid any mind to dawks but he'd saw a lot of 'em when he was tendin' his mushrat traps. And the little favor

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So the boy fetched the whittled-out paddles and a long peeled pole and we floated off through aisles of wild rice. The paddles made a soft *lap, lap* which sounded to me a whole lot like the whistle of woodcock wings and not in the least like the miserable squeak of a swivel chair.

We paddled over endless beds of wild celery and eel grass. We watched wood ducks go up in tens and scores, whistling, glittering like burnished metal in the paling light. And we held our paddles silent when a great ball of a red fox trotted out of black spruce forest into an abandoned field, and stood and looked at us for a long minute. We were watching a sleek, black muskrat swim across our bow when we heard one portentous *quanck*. It wasn't the cry of a startled fowl such as had sounded so often as we paddled up here. It was a soft, contented quack; an eloquent quack. The sky had grown gray, unnoticed, and the evening flight was on. The hands of the watch stood at half past three when we looked aloft and saw three buxom blackies bound from some broad lake to shallow feeding grounds behind us. For where the sun comes up at five and ducks are unafraid the evening flight starts early. Ah, dusk must drop and the ducks must fly before the clock strikes four, Down East!

We saw 'em, man! Just last fall it was that we crouched in a homemade canoe hidden back in the rushes and had one stirring half hour of shooting at the evening flight. The birds came in pairs, in dozens, from nowhere and suddenly they were everywhere. One V I saw above the skyline of spruces and a shimmering pencil-line against the east. Then six giant blackies were coming full-tilt to our cove. Bigger, blacker, faster they came until they were almost upon us. And though our youthful guide swore we should let them drop in to the celery bed to serve as "toll-ahs," John couldn't take it and I couldn't either so we let 'em have it, head on, and downed three. *Bam! Quanck! Boom!* But such things must end too soon. It was four o'clock and seven big blacks lay on the water about us with one teal which had looked like a bantam as it cupped its wings, then braked—and struck the water with a little splash, quite dead.

Yep, ducks are fine. And grouse. But there isn't any game like the woodcock and you know that just as well as I do. I don't know what it is that makes him the way he is: his flight, the whistle of his wings, his elusiveness. Still, woodcock weave a spell about men who like to hunt. John and I drove nearly two thousand miles in all, just to gamble on shooting four little woodcock a day for maybe a week or so.

Imagine an old-American land framed in giant spruces, where back roads are good enough, but not too good; where no empty shells lie on the floors of covers. Here are no nailed-up signs but warnings of traps set for bears. Ruffed grouse puff off from the very edges of highways. Everywhere you go in the forest aisles, in the grassy old fields, are the trails, the worn paths of deer. And in the heart of this make-believe world, picture alders in lanes and seas, on hills, along the silver skeins of a thousand creeks. The funny part is that there *is* a land just like this. Gentlemen, I give you the upland covers of Down-East Maine!

I give you as guide, Dar Blanchard; as a shooting companion, a fellow like my friend John. Blanchard's Pointer must go along, no matter how good your own dogs are, for King is a specialist. What if he does occasionally dance up and down on his haunches when a woodcock has lain as long as flesh and blood can lie before a pointing dog! I know the feeling myself. I forgive him; King is a woodcock dog in all his glory. Which is, perhaps, as one would expect it to be, considering that Blanchard is a professional trainer, that King's blood is as blue as flows in dogdom, and that the pair live together in a woodcock paradise.

Bam! Boom-boom! Bang! I guess the tiny cover in which we loosed that certain mighty cannonade is the most delectable spot in all of Maine! A 'cock had flown at us head-on from a wild flush before the guide. He seemed a very giant, that little seven-ounce bird as he fluttered in. I fired at him once as he came on; again as he pivoted to drop on the wood-edge a few rods away. And John turned loose one storm of shot beneath him as he hung; another above him before he'd got under way. But neither of us touched him and he whittered saucily off through the cover, a bit puzzled perhaps, but too self-possessed to rise for us again.

And the cover *was* a lovely place and full of birds. Two lanes of alders drifted off beside two little creeks, to fade imperceptibly into big woods. There was the open field of a one-time farm, so grown-up with tumbled grass that you could make out the hoof prints of individual deer in the crisscrossing paths. And across the dirt road was a dark spruce swamp, with "hackmatacks" flaming here and there like yellow candles. King had nailed a bird in the alders almost before we were out of the car. His bell stopped tinkling and John and I walked up behind his frozen form where the cover was not too thick, and I flushed the bird for John to kill.

John killed another bird ten minutes later in an open field. It sailed up before him, he said, as he tramped beside a little fringe of alders which the dog hadn't reached yet. And I failed to get a shot at a long-bill which King had held for minutes, no doubt,

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and which whirled out behind a screen of branches before I got within range. Then the old dog snapped into a stylish point beside a tuft of birches. We took our time on this one because the cover was tricky and we wanted to be sure that we were both in position to get a shot.

The bird went out low and hard. He went out by a different route from any of the several we had considered. I snapped at him as he zipped through an open spot and missed him. Then I shot again and the bird tumbled with vast finality. I went over and picked him up, feeling pretty good, and turned with a genial smile to pass some pleasantry with John. He looked kind of grim as though he hadn't slept well or something and then I noticed he was blowing smoke out of his gun. It was one of those things, you know, because while John can shoot a lot better than I can, I don't apologize for my own shooting very often, and then only in print.

Then I noticed that the bird had a numbered aluminum band on its leg, put on by the U. S. Biological Survey. Since I get a great wallop out of finding out about things like that I said that I would take the band to send in to Washington and that he should take the bird because he could shoot better than I could and the chances were that I had missed it altogether. He was properly affected by my good sportsmanship so that he looked a bit guilty as he pocketed it and he didn't even hear me mutter that I hoped one of my chilled eights would break a filling out of one of his fangs.

It was late afternoon when we came on that last world of alders: a vast sweep of land where the shrubs rolled on and on from our feet to the skyline. Dar was telling, I recall, of the day last year when he'd gone out with King and his trusty twenty-gauge for a busman's holiday.

"It was right ovah theyah by the rivah," he said. "King pointed a 'doodle in some brush an I flushed him out. When the bird went up an' I killed 'im, a black duck jumped up from a cove. I knocked him down with anothah shot. Then I heard a squawk an' seen a jacksnipe crossin' th' run. I got him with th' third shell."

Picture game flying up, falling down at a rate like that! Or picture instead the frosty, leaf-carpeted slopes which we trod as the sun sank low on our autumn day. John had his limit of woodcock then, and I had one to go. And since I had but one to go I first struck across the springy pasture which flanked the alder land. I hoped I might pick up a gray snipe to go with one I'd killed an hour before.

"Point!" the guide called and I went where he was and saw King poised, statuesque beside a brook. But the old fellow's tail gave a lazy wag as I came close and I knew that the bird was running as woodcock will when the day is growing late and the ti has come for them to fly back a forth like bats through sun skies. The dog circled over a lit radius, then pointed again; w on. Away up ahead we heard t whistle of stout wings a glimpsed our bird as it escaped lie and flush on some other d Just a moment passed then, fore the Pointer made game aga He smacked into that bird, ha and before I flushed and killed I looked before the dog's flari muzzle and spied the gray-brov woodcock crouched like a bit stone, on naked ground.

There we found the big flig when our limits were done, woodcock flown in from No Scotia and New Brunswick; birds bred in Maine by the shor of the Bay of Fundy; of the teen ing host which had vanished late from the alders by the depot. Th sprang up ever and again befo us as we walked. King point one close beside, and when t guide with his trim blue twen shot it down, two more bir flushed within hearing. Anothe darted off wild, like a snipe, whe the Pointer caught its scent fro far away. And in the brief tim there before the sun had set, Da shot a limit of wild brown 'coc without a miss. We could see dozen birds flying as we left.

Dar told us as we drove bac to the cross-roads village, that w shot a lot bettah than most cit spawts did. That made us fee kind of good, the way one feel when he makes a double on "pa tridge" the first time in his life The guide really hoped the othal fellahs from New Yawk wouldn show up, so he could take us afte black dawks on the morrow. Tha made us feel even bettah. Ther suddenly we were almost at th door of the guide's home and in the road before us we saw a great white-tail buck, looking at us puzzled, but not afraid. We watched him for all of thirty long seconds before he bounded into the roadside spruce like a thing on springs. Then one of us opened a compartment of the car and we drank a toast to brown game and happy days, past, present and future, in mellow Down-East ale.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 30*)

ognize fine qualities where they are present in another's spirit. On such occasions something within one's own heart goes out to claim that man as a friend. Old timers will know what I mean when I say that Ned Crossman was one to take along when the going would be tough and there would be need for courage, humor, strength and character, and unselfishness.

Only a few weeks ago I wrote of the death of Mrs. Crossman. Now with deep sorrow at the loss of another friend I write to say that Captain Edward C. Crossman has rejoined his lady. I wish them eternal joy in their reunion.

(ve heed to your books

(*Continued from page 84*)

(/ to discover it's a hopeless c ple. It leans, crooked, on its s and will remain that way.

While we are on the subject of a ngements, try laying your big l ks flat on the shelf and don't v lge books in so tightly that you r st tear the covers when you l them out.

Keeping in mind the even tem- ature and the humidity de- bed as most effective by librar- s, you will be better able to ose a location for your book- lves—not by the window, nor the fireplace. Either place lends lf to excesses. Nor should the ks be arranged too high, for air rises, as everyone knows, to ceiling. If these locations are ided, the books will have a r chance, for nearly every in- igent individual today does all can to maintain an even tem- ature in his own living quar- s, even though it means fans, nstant vigilance over the radi- r, and tiffs with the landlord.

Now that the books are placed, at do we do with them? Shh . . . re going to mention dust kets. Those upstarts on the liophilistic front who collect dern jackets drawn by noted ists such as Rockwell Kent may tight; it's the bibliomaniac o usually splutters at the ought of covering a book with a cket. This latter attitude has so eped into the national conscious- ss that few people are able to ew the subject dispassionately, d people who can see the cket's protective virtues reluc- ntly succumb and fall in line ith those who proclaim, "Of urse, no respectable person ould have a dust jacket in the use."

As a matter of fact, Paul Lem- erley, a veteran collector of leveland, reputedly never threw book jacket away and there are hers like him. Visiting Lemper- y, one could see, for instance, his py of "The Red Badge of Cour- ge" with its jacket on, just as came to him in 1895!

Now and then the heresy is hispered, and here we utter it loud: If you want to, use the ust jacket you have or make one fit your decorative scheme. No ne, surely, is going to accuse you f loving a book the less.

The dignified, glass-enclosed ookcases that used to appear in xpensive libraries are pretty much thing of the past. Though they erved as protection, they also reated a harmful condition by utting out the air. The best com- romise is a closed back on your ookshelves, with the books placed ell forward on the shelves. There hould be an air space of about ree inches between the books nd the back of the case.

Cleaning your books is nearly a ay's job, if done right. A friend ho has a small apartment in Ianhattan, with only one book- ase dominating a wall of her liv- ing room, confesses that if she works fast she can get her books dusted in three hours, but she must move swiftly and intently to achieve that record. The main thing to remember is to keep the books tightly closed when you dust them. That gray film along the edges, if it once gets inside, will discolor the paper. Never beat two books together, and don't swing a book by its cover.

At least once a year, during mild weather when windows can be opened or books taken outdoors, you should remove all your books, air them, examine them for needed repairs, signs of dampness or mildew, and discard those you no longer want for later additions.

It's during this process you may discover that your books have been invaded by the small, dread army of insects who add the stuff of books to their diets. They are generally different types of beetles, including the true bookworm, the drugstore beetle, and the white-marked, leather and larder beetles. By their ravages shall you know them. If there are big holes in the pages and the book nearly falls apart, you may surmise your adversary is the drugstore beetle which is about one tenth of an inch long, light brown in color, and likes not only Dante's Divine Comedy and cheap novels, but such diversified products as drugs, chocolate, and beans. An expert fumigator should be called in.

Though paper, leather, wood, and parchment from which books are made are natural foods for these insects and therefore would seem to be an inevitable lure, the marauders are not as prevalent in temperate regions as one might assume. They breed where there is excessive darkness or dampness; light, cleanliness, and the correct temperature are the most effective weapons against them. Book lice, for instance, are those pale, colorless, wingless creatures that scurry across a page if disturbed unexpectedly. They like the starchy paste of bookbindings and if there are any around, the book should be subject to a dry heat of 140 degrees F. until the insects disappear. They are not very injurious and are seldom found in well-ventilated, frequently used volumes.

Mention should be made however, of two familiar and hated pests: cockroaches, which feed on leather and parchment and will completely deface a book to get at the binding paste which they particularly fancy, and the brown house moth which sometimes feeds during its larval stage on books, if they are kept on shelves near the floor. Authorities who have studied the problem in the country's largest libraries recommend sodium fluoride, scattered in the path of the cockroach, but this must be used with care for it is poisonous to man also. Powdered borax is efficacious, though slower. Where moths have been permitted to breed, cocoons will be found on the shelves and between the covers; the room should be sealed

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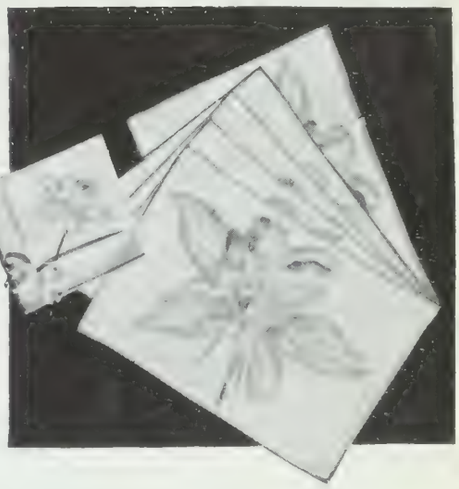

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Now, while all your books are off the shelves being aired, give them their annual oil treatment. It's not a luxury, but a necessary step to preserve them. Use lanolin, or white Vaseline, on leather bindings, stroked in rapidly over the covers with the fingers. First do the back, then the sides and edges. Just as one massages one's face, one should rub the oil gently *into* the leather; putting a coating on the surface does not help. If a gloss is desired afterwards, rub in a very little castor oil—not too much, or the odor will linger.

Give two applications of the oil. Don't be afraid to give more, if needed; you will know if your books can stand more by watching how fast they absorb the lanolin or Vaseline. Pay particular attention to the back edges and crease where the strain is the greatest, and then let the books dry for two days. At the end of that time, you may rub off any grease that remains. Be careful not to get any oil on the pages.

If the leather bindings need cleaning, use a little paste water and apply it with a sponge. Cloth bindings may be cleaned with an art eraser or with the white of an egg beaten to a froth. If there are any grease spots, try benzine or benzol. A more delicate operation involves the use of ether, sprinkled around the spot and covered by a layer of blotting paper. A hot iron applied will draw the oil into the blotter. Similarly, grease spots on pages themselves are removed by using kerosene, then a layer of fuller's earth and a blotter on each side of the page. The iron should be as hot as possible, without scorching the paper.

Some of your books will need to go to the bindery and, whenever possible, they should be rebound in their own boards. You will not want the margins cut, nor any of the flyleaves, imprints, autographs, or bookplates infringed upon. If it is a set, it should, of course, be bound in the same style as the other volumes.

Now you may put your books back on the shelves. After all this tender care which you have lavished upon them, you will probably feel much more qualified to say, "Books are friends." You will certainly *feel* it, though you don't say it.

A fox terrier 142 years old

(*Continued from page 88*)

the one hundred and forty odd years of its existence.

No copy can do credit to the original. Nevertheless the outstanding illustration which accompanies this article (page 38) is as near a facsimile of the portrait as color photography can present.

Little did John Hoppner think when he so faithfully portrayed the old playmate and companion of the Digby children even to its torn ear, an honorable scar earned while running with the hounds, that he was forging another link in the chain of evidence which proves that the fox terrier is one of the earliest of British pure-bred dogs. All of which will please the searcher for fox terrier beginnings.

Be that as it may, the moral of my tale would seem to be that when you begin a story with "Once upon a time there was a small boy and a fox terrier" a hundred years more or less is of no consequence.

Spring flower shows from coast to coast

(*Continued from page 61*)

generous and quite fair in his praise and also in his criticism but because he had not seen our shows of ten or twenty years ago he could not realize the immense strides we have made, even in departments he considered weak.

I am glad that COUNTRY LIFE is telling its readers something about some of our great shows. May their number increase, the weak points grow strong, and the strong points stronger.

SPRING FLOWER SHOWS OF 1939

Comments by E. L. D. Seymour

AS LEADING examples of the type of flower show described by Mr. Wister, we are going to mention briefly those that will be held this spring in, from east to west: Boston, (March 16 to 21), New York (March 13 to 18), Philadelphia (March 20 to 25), Detroit (March 25 to April 2), Chicago (March 25 to April 2), St. Louis (March 18 to 26), Pasadena (March 30 to April 2), Santa Barbara (March 31 to April 2), Sacramento (dates not yet announced), and Oakland, California (April 27 to 30). The National Flower and Garden Show of the Society of American Florists, held this year in Houston, Texas, the week of February 12, is not included because it is sponsored and staged entirely by a trade organization; nevertheless, it should be recognized as one of the principal factors responsible for the others. Since it was first staged in Chicago in 1909, the National Flower Show, as an adjunct of the Society's convention, has been held in many cities, and frequently the enthusiasm and interest it has aroused have resulted in local organization activity and plans for future, local flower shows, some of which have subsequently attained national character and prestige.

Such stimulus was not needed, however, to inaugurate the annual spring flower show of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, for that began sixty-eight years ago. As sponsor, the Society has the coöperation of garden clubs, the North Shore and Cape Cod Horticultural Societies, the State College and Conservation Department, the New England Carnation Growers, the New England Wild Flower Preservation Society, the

rb Society of America, the Bos- Gardeners and Florists Club, l the local branch of the Na- nal Association of Gardeners. ain this year it will fill the three more acres of floor space in an- nt Mechanics Building with ex- its from all over New England l some farther flung points, ut sixty per cent of which are ered by estate owners or ama- ir gardeners and garden club mbers. Features of the 1939 edule are a series of historical dens, and planting for a gen- man's estate, but as a whole the w will be, as always, a definite cational project with special phasis on conservation. This sistently continued policy has rted a tremendous influence on rdening progress in the region. In New York, the twenty-sixth ternational Flower Show will ce more occupy four acres of ace on four full floors of the and Central Palace and, it is ie to say, will attract a larger endance than is drawn by any ner kind of exposition held ere. The Horticultural Society New York and the New York orists Club, the traditional onsors, will as usual have the öperation of the Garden Club of merica, the Federated Garden lubs of New York State, the arden Club of New Jersey, and e city's two botanical gardens. his show is an excellent illustra- on of the influence of the Na- onal: in fact it was the third ational Show, staged in New ork in the Spring of 1913, to hich the name "International" as first given because of the resence of a number of foreign orticulturists and exhibits. For vo years, the ground floor of the alace was adequate; from 1915 1925 additional space on the nezzanine was used; the next six nows called for three floors, and nce 1932 four full floors have een required for the displays of ner and finer material. It is im- ossible to measure in concrete erms the effect this show has had, ot only on the Metropolitan rea with its thousands of home ardens, but on horticulture hroughout the country; but there s no question but that it repre- ents the supreme achievement of inish and perfection in flower how displays. And it is note- vorthy for having inaugurated nd made popular the small, inti- nate, practical garden displays hat both create visions for the mall home owner to admire and rovide suggestions as to how to ealize them.

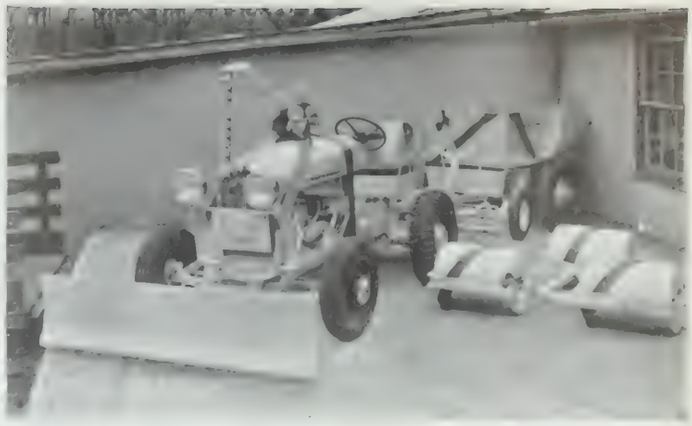
Philadelphia's 1939 spring lower show will be its sixteenth. Developed along educational ines with the idea of advancing loriculture, horticulture, and civic eautification through the arous- ng of greater public information, his exhibition has, as Mr. Wister as pointed out, the advantage of splendidly spacious building— he Commercial Museum — in vhich real vistas can be created.

The Michigan Flower and Garden Exhibition also enjoys the benefits of a spacious setting, the Detroit Convention Hall providing 210,000 square feet of floor space on which, this year, will be shown more than 400 amateur exhibits, about one hundred commercial displays, and entries from nearly a score of private estates in addition to public parks, botanic gardens, etc. Exceeding in size anything heretofore shown in a flower show will be the 15,000 square foot jungle garden of the Detroit Zoological Park, including tropical plants from all parts of the world and a large pool vitalized by a flock of flamingos. Also for the first time, it is proposed to release 500 song birds to fly about as they will through the vast building. As elsewhere, the effect of the fifteen shows that have been held in Detroit has been clearly evident in the increasing number of home gardeners and the improved appearance of neighborhoods throughout this particular area.

Of all the country's major flower shows, Chicago's Navy Pier exhibition is the only one staged and managed entirely by garden club women. The allied florist trade organizations coöperate to the extent of entering competitive displays and making commercial exhibits, but the great majority of the entries—about 120 this year—are made by garden clubs or their individual members. Gardens planned and planted by the four large professional horticultural societies of the region are also a strong attraction each year. The theme of the 1939 show—the thirteenth—is "The Horticultural History of Illinois," and its arrangement will attempt to demonstrate the development of gardening from the days of the primeval forest (a bit of which will be reproduced at the entrance) down to the present, and possibly tomorrow.

St. Louis' first large flower show was the 1933 National. Two years later a local flower show association had been formed and another exhibition staged. A third followed in 1938 and now, with the association incorporated on a permanent basis, it is expected to hold one each year, seven acres of space being available in three buildings of the Arena just across from Forest Park. Estate garden classes, an innovation in 1938, were so successful that increased entries in the class are assured this year, and exhibits from England and Hawaii promise to give the exhibition an international touch. Garden interest in and around St. Louis has long been promoted by the famous Missouri Botanical Garden and now the flower show has made a place for itself as an additional influence whose effect is reflected in the increasing number of neighborhood garden clubs and the optimistic business reports of nurserymen and florists.

The Southern California Flower Show, held in Pasadena twice a year since 1906, passed a milestone last fall when it was staged



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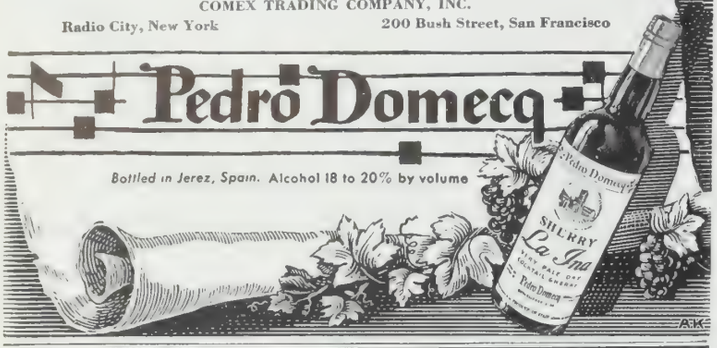

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Twelve Tubers (Camellia-flowered)	**10.00**

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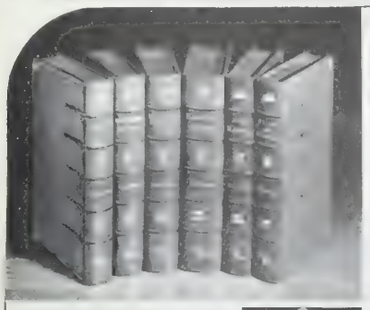

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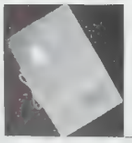

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in the new Fannie E. Morrison Memorial Center, where the 17,500 square feet of floor space in the four main buildings are supplemented by 25,000 square feet available for outdoor exhibits. The buildings were designed especially for flower exhibitions taking into consideration the special climatic conditions of the section. The only definite information available about the coming show is that daffodils and flowering trees are going to be especially emphasized this year.

The annual Santa Barbara County flower show is one of the smaller of the noteworthy spring festivals, but under the management of the County Horticultural Society it has won the enthusiastic support of the local press, the Little Garden and Montecito Garden Clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, the Museum of Natural History, and the Community Arts Association, becoming one of the outstanding events in a seasonal program that has won for Santa Barbara countrywide admiration. With about sixty per cent of its exhibits from the magnificent private estates of the vicinity, and forty or more made by garden-loving amateurs, the show is a most satisfying demonstration of the wealth of local plant material and also the excellence with which it is grown and utilized.

Similarly local in scope and predominantly amateur in character (although the commercial entries are always outstanding in quality and interesting), the annual Sacramento Spring Flower Show has attained its sixteenth birthday. Sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce and held in the Assembly Building of the State Fair Grounds, it has brought about that same augmented pride and interest in home grounds and gardens that follow such exhibitions wherever they are held. But details of the 1939 edition are not yet settled.

The California Spring Garden Show, held annually in the huge Oakland Exposition Building and now ten years old, enables this review to end on a high note. While it is primarily local, international interest will this year be supplied by exhibits, from the University of California Botanical Gardens, of material obtained by the Rock Expedition to Thibet and Prof. Harper Goodspeed's explorations in the Andes.

The California Spring Show, says one who has been close to it for some years, has become the outstanding event of its kind in the West. It is essentially amateur in its organization, the original committee having been appointed from the Business Men's Club of Oakland. Approximately forty clubs and horticultural societies with a total membership in excess of 5,000 participate in the show, which has become an annual horticultural conclave of absorbing interest as well as a social event. Its "first night" or sponsors' preview is an affair of social brilliance surpassed only by the opa Formal dress is required and the attendance of approximately thousand constitutes a social ister of Northern California a generous representation from rest of the state.

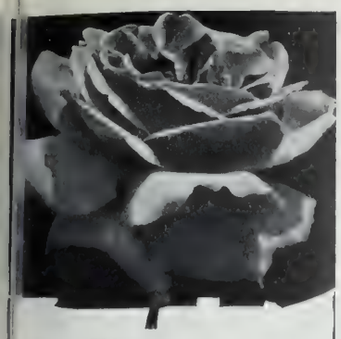
The whole exhibition is veloped around an ann "theme," an over-all unity of cept that has required a fine gree of coöperation but led to standing results. "Moorish G dens," "English Gardens," "Italn Gardens," "Chateau Gardens France" have been some of keynotes in the past, but this son the theme will be not garden style of a given coun or period, but the consciousness and desire for perfection in hum surroundings as typified "Shangri-La" in James Hilto "Lost Horizon."

Oakland's exhibition is definite a *garden* show and its exhibits cut flowers, while interesting, a but a minor feature. Since the ga den units are required to adhe to a theme, there is produced unified, harmonious ensemble a a spectacle of high emotional a peal which has a striking effe upon both visitors and those wl take part in planning and creati it. While not officially related the Golden Gate Exposition, it wi provide a definitely correlate mainland event. One novel featu will be the joint effect of son twenty-five garden clubs in an ou door section devoted to model ga dens. Each will contribute its i terpretation of a patio garden, wild flower garden, an "intimat garden featuring shrines" or som other type which is of special time liness or application.

Yachting

(*Continued from page 26*)

BLUE WATER MEDAL. The Cruising Club of America ha again awarded its annual Blu Water Medal for "the year's most meritorious example of seamanship" to a skipper who completed a deepwater cruise with a minimum of fuss and furore and a maximum of careful preparation and competent execution. The recipient of the 1938 medal is Commander R. D. Graham, retired British naval officer who turned up in Bermuda at the time the fleet was in there after the Bermuda race last June. He and his twenty-year-old daughter fetched Bermuda at the end of a rather uneventful eight-weeks passage from Bantry Bay, Ireland, in his 35-foot cutter *Caplin,* and came ashore with as much fanfare and heroics as if they'd just been out fishing along the reefs. The Cruising Club's committee on awards has quite a problem. It would be easy to hand this highly-prized annual recognition out to some expedition that had been conducted amid an uproar of tub-thumping and heroics, mock or otherwise. But the club's conception of its medal is that it wasn't meant as a reward for a nautical circus, or



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one which is always making the papers as a result of getting into trouble by bad management and out of it again by good luck. Casual and competent deepwater cruises like Graham's, or Charley Atwater's 1937 cruise to Iceland, are what the club means by "meritorious seamanship." The committee's problem lies in the fact that such a cruise is so well carried out that they're apt not to hear about it at all except quite by accident.

Commander Graham is an old hand at the game. A few years ago, in an even smaller cutter, he cruised from England to Newfoundland, Labrador, Bermuda, and home again single-handed, and his little book about it, "Rough Passage," is greatly admired by offshore cruising men.

The luck of the Irish

(*Continued from page 72*)

"Then may the saints preserve us from going that way," says I, "for I'll have me full o' hardships what with strange hounds an' strange country, let alone climbing up clifts."

"Arrah, you'll have no trouble at all; half the hounds was your own, and doesn't old Dan know the country like the palm of his hand an' him hunting it for fifty years and his father before him. I gave him old Pegeen this morning an' there's not a gap in the country she wouldn't know; sure she made most of them herself. Time's up—!" says he looking at his watch, an' I give a few blashts o' the horn an' away with us down the hill to the first cover.

'Tis a bad thing to start down hill first off at any time, but what with the pups bein' a bit eagerlike an' Tim and old Dan havin' to make great use of their whips, an' the dint o' people there was in it, with ponies an' all sorts, devil such a kickin' an' buckin' ever you seen. I thought surely they'd have the hounds trampled under their feet before we'd get into the cover. I could lose me life cursin' for all the good it would do me, and indeed I was none too easy meself, what wid old Bally havin' the full up o' a tin basin o' oats that morning and him hearin' the horses boltin' and batterin' down the hill behind him.

Well, as soon as ever we threw into the little wood that was in the bottom, I heard a screech from old Dan up on the side hill. "Gone away, forad, forad!" An' we rattled the hounds through to the open where old Fiddler hit it off and away with the lot o' them. An' believe me, that's when we got satisfaction out o' the horses, what with the hill an' the deep goin' devil a buck there was in the lot o' them when we got to the top. And what was in it there but a big spalpeen of a wall an' the hounds goin' on over it givin' a grand cry. I seen old Dan before me makin' for a place that had a couple o' stones knocked down off the top of it, an' he gives the old mare

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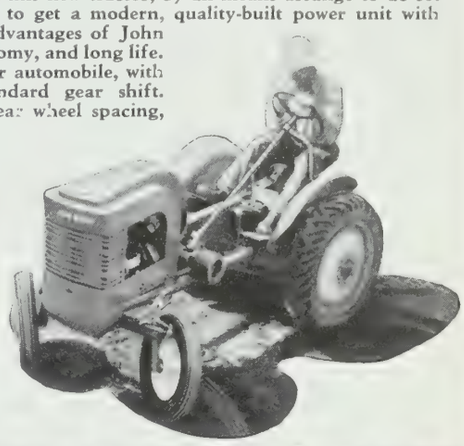

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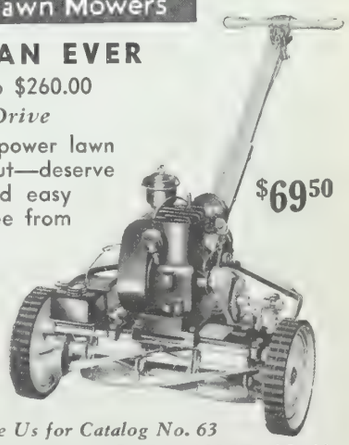

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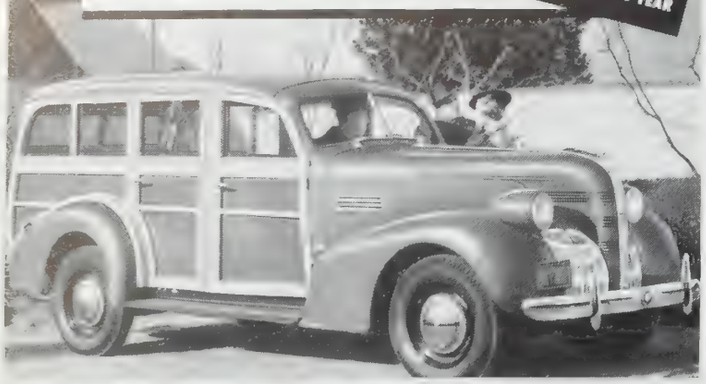

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a belt an' away at it the same as he'd be ridin' a race. That's a terrible pace he has on him to be jumpin' down into that plough on the far side, I thought to meself, but I needn't have troubled me head for when they come in under the wall what does Pegeen do but stick her toes in the mud an' the two o' them squat down the way they'd be layin' an egg and over with them as easy as you please. I put Bally at it an' he jumped it very clever only sinkin' deep in the plough when he landed.

The hounds was hard put to it then to get a smell of the fox, till I heard a screech from a boy beyond standin' on the wall. "He's gone east!" says he, an' off wid the lot o' us flounderin' and splashin' through the mud till we come out on the other side into a little lane where they hit it off again an' went roarin' away before us. A narrow kind o' a bohireen it was, with big walls on the two sides, an' all the horses there was in it was squeezed in as throng as three in a bed, when what do I see at the far end only a great monster of a river! Sure it was made the way cows an' all could be goin' down to the water. A great tree there was fallen across it an' I seen in a minute that was the way Mr. Fox had gone for himself, for Harmony was up it strivin' to keep her holt with the rest o' them pushin' an' howlin' behind her. I let a roar to old Dan then to know if there was any way we'd be gettin' over it ourselves.

"Sure," he says, " 'tis only a bit of a ditch."

"Ditch, is it?" says I. "Faith 'tis more like an arm o' the sea!" But he says neither here nor there to me only gives Pegeen a belt of his stick an' down into it wid the two o' them. I take a good look at the walls on the sides of me an' the dint o' people there was behind me, an' says to meself, "Like it or no, Con, it's swimmin' you'll be this day, and may the saints have mercy on you." I gave Bally a couple o' kicks then to raise his heart for him, and down into it we go. I tuck me feet up the best way I could an' got a good holt of the mane, an' what with splashin' an' swimmin' we come out of it as well as another.

When we come up the hounds were screeching away before us, an' what wid the heavy goin' we was hard pushed to keep a sight o' them. When we'd galloped a ways we seen them swing off to the right into a woodsy place that was in it an' then not a word we heard out o' them till we was close in to it when they all seemed to hit it off again an' go bursting away on the far side.

"I thought sure he had them beshted," says Dan, "or maybe it was into his hole he'd gone in them rocks. But it's north he's gone now an' 'twould be as well for us to kape to the road an' see can we pick them up beyond for indeed that's a cross place they're in now in any case."

Tim come along then an' such a sight never you seen; Moi[illegible] had shlipt back with him co[illegible] out o' the river, an' every bit [illegible] was on him was distroyed with[illegible] guther.

"I didn't think them old hou[illegible] had it in thim to leg away [illegible] this," he says. "Listen to [illegible] now; you'd say the fairies [illegible] after them!"

We come down over a bank [illegible] a ditch into the road an' when [illegible] horses felt somethin' solid un[illegible] their feet, an' not to be sink[illegible] in over their fetlocks every s[illegible] they'd take, they rattled along [illegible] one pace always the same a[illegible] train. When we come to the cr[illegible] roads, what was in it standin' [illegible] top o' the bank, thrashin' ab[illegible] wid a stick he had in his hand, [illegible] screechin' like the Kilkenny c[illegible] but me brave William.

"Look at he," says Dan. "H[illegible] clean mad altogether. Sure h[illegible] tear iron!"

"What have you, William?" s[illegible] I, pullin' Bally up beside him.

"What have I, is it?" says W[illegible] liam then, an' I wouldn't like [illegible] be tellin' you the names he p[illegible] to me. "It's a deer they have [illegible] him gone to the mountain an' [illegible] the hounds after him, an' you te[illegible] in' me they'd not look at a de[illegible] Blasht your soul to the Divil!"

"Indeed it is not then," says [illegible] "for Dan seen the fox for himse[illegible] back in the first cover."

"Whatever it was they had [illegible] the first cover, it's a deer th[illegible] have now. A great mastheen of [illegible] tyrant he is, wid horns on him t[illegible] length o' me two arms. But go c[illegible] wid ye an' see can you beat the [illegible] out to the clifts!"

We jumped out of the road the[illegible] an' away with us as fast as w[illegible] could leg it up the hill where w[illegible] saw the last o' the hounds ju[illegible] goin' over the top. When we com[illegible] up to it, there was a little sma[illegible] hollow below, an' on the far sid[illegible] a great woodsy, mountainy plac[illegible] wid stone clifts like the side o' [illegible] house and the hounds pickin' thei[illegible] way up the face of it.

"Glory be to God," says I [illegible] " 'twould be as well for us to tr[illegible] to get up into Heaven as to ge[illegible] up in that place!"

"It would," says Dan. "Tr[illegible] would they come to the horn a[illegible] all."

I blew then till the breath wa[illegible] gone from me, but I would hav[illegible] been as well whistlin' to the win[illegible] for all the heed they took o' me [illegible] an' them gone over on the fa[illegible] side.

The three of us was all there [illegible] was in it then, for the rest hac[illegible] turned back when William tolc[illegible] them it was a deer an' him gone [illegible] to the clifts.

"I'll go back now," says Dan, [illegible] "an' get the truck an' see can I [illegible] find any sign o' them, and as for [illegible] you, you'd be as well to go home [illegible] this way for it's only about nine [illegible] miles from this out if you go down [illegible] an' keep to the road." Not a word [illegible] out of us then but to get back on [illegible] our horses an' set off the way he [illegible] was tellin' us.

"Ah, Conny," thinks I to me-

, "you should have known well
n you set foot out o' your bed
morning an' seen the widow
nfee's black cat sittin' in the
dow before you, that bad luck
ld foller you this day. Here
the hounds lost; William seen
n for himself on the deer an'
n that you'll be hard pushed
et a penny from him, he's that
severing. Bally has a front shoe
e an' the foot tore off. Musha,
sh. I'm wishin' I'd stopt home
elf an' kept the hounds home
n me, for indeed they ran as
l today as any young ones
ever an' it will be many a
day before I see the like of
Fiddler again."

Ve rode along very quiet an'
, wonderin' could we find a
o' porter to hearten ourselves
a bit o' gruel for the horses,
devil a place could we see till
come to Jim Ryan's close into
own country. I was just kickin'
feet out o' the stirrups when
n put his hand to his ear an'
s, "Whist, wait till you listen
minute; you'd say that was
nds runnin' surely!"

The Devil sweep you," says I.
hen you're listenin' for hounds
day the way we been you'd
cy you'd hear them in every
f o' the wind."

It is though," says he. "That's
Fiddler's cry or I'm a liar!"
he trotted out then up the road
l there he let a loud screech
of him.

Arrah, arrah. Conny come here
your horn an' I'll try can I
p them off it to you!"

Vhen I come up to him, there
the whole lot o' them comin'
rin' down over the field, carryin'
line as true as any stag hounds
atever, an' them so old! It went
inst me to blow me horn to
m, but I did it for all that, an'
at with Tim whippin' an' cursin'
they come down into the road,
got them collected only for two
ple o' William's that started
k t'other way as soon as they
n us.

'Well, now," says Tim, when we
l them roadin' along with us,
that isn't the greatest piece o'
k ever I seen! Will you be
din' them back to William
w?"

'Faith an' I will not!" says I,
n' isn't that where the luck
nes in, for devil a bit would I
from William for them, no, but
y'll stop home with me as long
they'll live, and' I'll be buyin'
widow Dunfee's black cat a
ring for its supper!"

Puttin' 'em back alive

(*Continued from page 78*)

l then only in the afternoon. The second setting of eggs was ced under the bantam June h and on July 24th they ched. Six eggs proved unfertile l out of the ten remaining eight cks were hatched. One of these ln't seem very active and we t that one and one other in a v days from extreme dampness d continued rainy weather.

To sum up, out of the two settings or thirty-two eggs we raised nineteen quail to eight weeks and, with ordinary luck, to adult birds. What did they cost? Here are the figures:

Material for McCarty pen	$5.10
Two bantam hens	2.00
10# cracked corn and wheat for bantam	.25
10# Coleman's Formula Quail Mash	.70
25# " " " "	1.55
10# " Grain-Seed Growing Mixture	.65
Parcel Post, etc.	.75
Total	$11.00

The pen, of course, is part of the equipment and can be amortized conservatively on a three-year basis, while the bantams can be counted on for at least a second season. This means that it has cost us $6.60 or $.35 per quail at eight weeks.

These figures should prove an eye opener to the bird hunter who depends on an annual trip to the Deep South for his shooting. Such a trip will set him back from $100 a week up. This estimate is no guess work. I speak from experience. Why not save money, have good shooting for less money right at home. Raise Bob White Quail in your own back yard.

The sportswoman

(*Continued from page 43*)

the fifty-two nominations. These thirty are apt to mess things up considerably and, should one of them win, it will probably be because of the interference of the others. Even if the course is long, the going deep, and the fences difficult, the size of the fields is really the greatest single hazard of the National.

Probably Royal Danieli, second to Mrs. Scott's Battleship last year, will be the favorite but there are still to reckon with quite a number of horses that have done well in previous races over the big course. Royal Mail, which broke a blood vessel last year, is due to be back again, and so is Workman, which finished third. Cooleen, the game old mare that ran second in 1937 and fourth last year and Mr. J. B. Snow's American-owned Delachance which finished just behind Cooleen. Besides Delachance there are four other horses owned by Americans. Mrs. Scott is going to try again with another son of Man O' War, War Vessel. This horse isn't nearly as well known on this side of the Atlantic as Battleship was but he is doing quite nicely in England. When Battleship went to the post last year he was scarcely considered a possibility but War Vessel has already won a race over part of the Aintree course and this, coupled with his blood connection with last year's winner, may gain him a number of backers. Unfortunately Bruce Hobbs, the talented young Englishman who won with Battleship, will not have recovered sufficiently from the accident he suffered last fall at Cheltenham to

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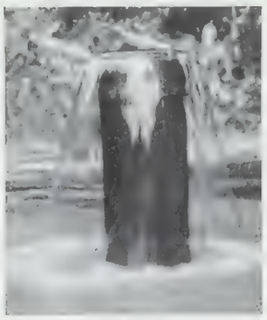

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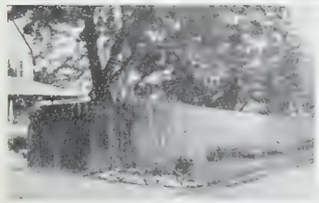

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ride War Vessel, but it is possible that he will be out of the hospital in time to see the race. Mrs. Louis Stoddard Jr. has an entry, Milano, and people who have seen her husband ride are hoping that he will be in the saddle. He is one of the best amateur riders in America and quite capable of piloting a horse over the National course. Otherwise Milano's chances, according to reports, are pretty long ones. Mr. F. Ambrose Clark has entered two horses, the American-bred son of Flying Ebony, Flying Minutes, and the seven-year-old chestnut La Touche. Flying Minutes is said to be a small horse and the English turf writers, although he ran well for part of the journey last year, don't seem to think that he will last the full length of the course. Still there have been some good stayers among the sons of Flying Ebony; Dark Secret for one, and he wasn't a very large horse either. All in all it is La Touche that seems the best bet of the American owned horses. Ivor Anthony, who is preparing him, thinks well of him and, to date, he is doing everything that has been asked of him in the best possible manner.

EDITORIAL COÖPERATION. I've just advertised around the office for a few hundred words with which to finish this column and practically the whole staff has come to my aid.

"It seems," said The Month in the Field, leaning back in his chair and puffing on his pipe, "There's a man on Fishers Island that has a cat that brings rabbits home alive."

"Not really," said the Managing Editor, "Like Frank Buck, you mean?"

"Something of the sort," said the Month in the Field. "Anyway this man woke up the other morning and found sixteen live rabbits in his bathroom."

"Did he?" said the Managing Editor as if he would like to have proof, "What were they doing there?"

"Taking a bath," said Horse Notes, looking up from the hat out of which she was picking a winner for the Santa Anita Handicap.

"They had four tables of bridge," guessed the Architectural Director whose mind works that way.

"They were figuring out their Spring Budget," said Home Economics.

"None of you knows those Fishers Island Rabbits," said the Month in the Field and turned back to his work.

Farms in the black

(*Continued from page 53*)

in and out around the tall trees and even clattering down the stone steps into the flower garden. Then often they get their mallets and knock some balls around, preparing for a second polo team, just as Mrs. Hamilton and her sisters had regular games as children.

When autumn comes with school days there is less time for riding, but week ends have their foxhunting and eight-year-old "Picken" thought hunting infinitely more fun than riding—as who wouldn't—and followed the hounds on her 12-2 pony, taking the same fences as the big horses.

The children like change and after they have kept ten ponies in the stable, which they feed, groom, and ride daily, they will tire of this bunch and ride down to the "Blue-grass." This is a tremendous field where the ponies graze, and its sod has never been broken by the plow in the memory of living man. Here the kids select the new ones they want.

So far we apparently may have talked too much about the children. But it is these children who account for the satisfaction the Dunnottar ponies give their purchasers. It's usually hard when raising ponies on any scale to get enough children to handle and ride them, and yet, it is for children and children only that the pony is supposed to be trained, so if they are handled only by grown-ups half their values lost.

The breeding operations on this farm are particularly interesting. Some of the Shetland mares are bred to purebred Shetlands, and the resulting foals develop into excellent mounts for very small children. Some are crossed with Welsh stallions, this cross being particularly desirable in producing a larger pony and one with the finer finish of the Welsh, minus his more peppery nature, and with the gentle disposition of the Shetland. Another cross is a Welsh mare with a small Throughbred. This produces a pony of extra fine finish and show qualities.

On account of her own practical experience in her youth, Mrs. Hamilton is particular about width and withers. She remembers how, as a child wide-backed ponies caused small legs to ache, and she now insists that those she trains must be comfortable for the little riders. Incidentally, when a pony shows meanness or bull-headedness he is sold to the mines or given to some country boy who enjoys "wrassling" with a tough one. She doesn't consider such a pony a salable proposition.

The way the Dunnottar ponies are handled is quite unique, but it all makes for their good dispositions later on. A foal is the most exciting event on the farm and by the time it is a few days old it has become friendly with the children. One tiny little fellow came over to a group seated on the lawn and with a grunt of satisfaction, dropped, much like Aesop's donkey, right into the lap of one of the laughing children.

And now in addition to Mr. McKelvey's Bonnie View Farm Guernsey dairy herd, Mr. Bedford's Aberdeen Angus, Mr. Armstrong's yearlings, we welcome Mrs. Hamilton's Dunnottar ponies into our somewhat exclusive club—"Farms in the Black."

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THE VIEW UP THE HUDSON

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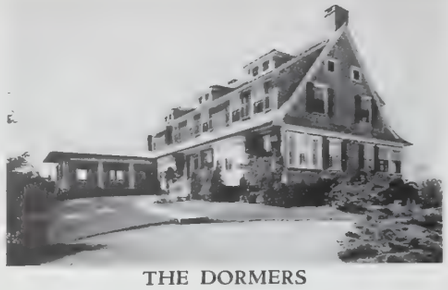

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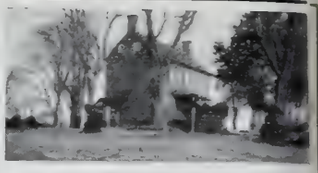

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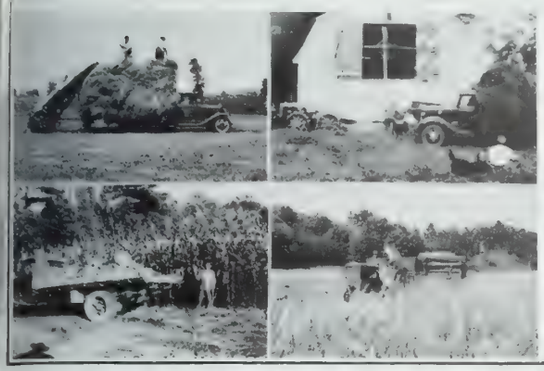

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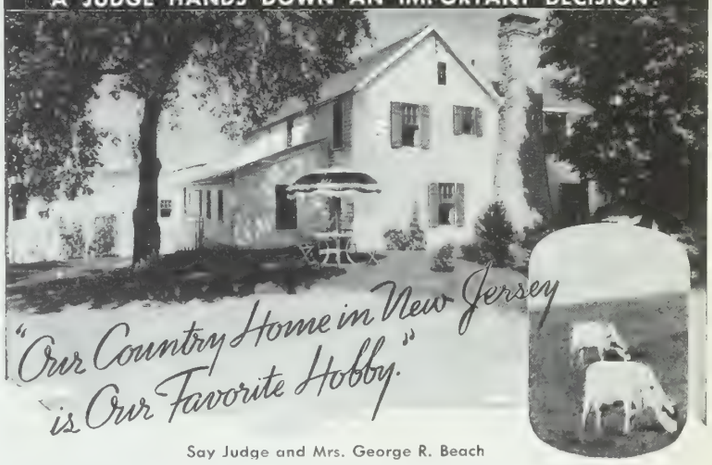

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DOG STARS by Vinton P. Breese

P. T. Jones

Above: Vinton P. Breese presents a replica of the Country Life and The Sportsman Perpetual Challenge Trophy for Obedience Tests to Miss Marie J. Leary the 1938 winner. The award was won on the records of five of Miss Leary's Cosalta German Shepherds, four of which are seen with the trophy. Lance C.D., Rust C.D., Boris C.D.C.D.X. and Helma of Cosalta C.D. were present. The fifth, Whitecraigs Greta C.D., was absent as she had been sold before the winner of the trophy was known

The Rabies Racket . . . . Threatened Legislation . . . . Champions

THIS department very seldom mentions diseases, the care, feeding, and other similar specialized subjects in connection with canines, believing that such are more properly within the scope of recognized authorities, veterinarians, and dog dietitians. Also there is an abundant supply of authoritative books dealing exhaustively with these subjects, from which all necessary information can be obtained. However the recent rabies or hydrophobia hysteria, particularly in the State of New Jersey, seems to call for some comment from this resident of that state who has been intimately associated with dogs for over forty years. Especially is this so, because the same hysteria is apt to spread to other adjoining states and so on throughout the country to the detriment of pure bred dogs and the ultimate monumental profit of serum manufacturers through legislation for compulsory inoculation of all dogs with vaccines which do not immunize the animal, frequently cause death, and have been known to create and spread this dread disease. Altogether by fanciers of pure-bred dogs in the State of New Jersey, and wherever else it is foisted upon the public, the scheme is most truly termed "the rabies racket."

THREATENED LEGISLATION. This term and feeling were caused by a threatened legislation through hysteria and by bill 132, introduced into the State Legislature by Assemblyman Lester E. Mahr of Newark, N. J., providing for the compulsory annual inoculation with one shot vaccine of all dogs in the State of New Jersey under a penalty of $25 fine and a ten-day jail sentence for the owners. Fortunately, under the leadership of Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, president of the Morris and Essex Kennel Club and sponsor of the largest show in the United States at Madison, N. J., a meeting of New Jersey dog owners was called in that town and the New Jersey Dog Owners Association organized to combat this bill and "any other legislation of similar character." Walter C. Ellis, City Counsel of East Orange, introduced a resolution toward this end which concluded "that the so-called epidemic of rabies has been grossly exaggerated, that the origin and sponsorship of Assembly bill 132 is of sufficient public concern as to warrant an investigation by the Legislature, that the bill, if adopted, will impose upon all dog owners an annual arbitrary burden and may result in the destruction by infection of many valuable dogs."

EXPERT OPINION. Dr. William Bruette, of New York City, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject since he edited and published "Forest and Stream" a quarter of a century ago stated, among other objections, "that government tests proved inoculation actually caused death from rabies among dogs, that vaccination definitely will not control rabies" and concluded, "Let everyone keep his own dog under control for sixty or ninety days and bar inoculation and there will be no more rabies." Dr. L. E. Baxter, of Bernardsville, N. J., said "Inoculation against rabies is very foolish. I cannot see how one shot can do much good for a dog if it takes twenty-one shots for the treatment of a human being." Stating that in thirty years' practice he had seen only twenty to twenty-five rabid dogs, he contended that, in hysteria such as at present, many other maladies are considered as hydrophobia. He cited botulism, common among "ash can" dogs through eating contaminated food, as frequently mistaken for rabies because it paralyzes the throat and blinds the eyes, causing a "mad" look. He further remarked that he had worked with the vaccines and found them unsatisfactory, causing shock and results that were unpredictable. Judge William F. Vasselier, of Plainfield, N. J., stated "If we were rid of the homeless and the useless dogs we would be in a position to get legislation to protect the owners and the dogs. The danger from rabies today is via the vagrant mutt. We who have valuable dogs don't let them run free, we can't afford to take that chance." The point was also raised that even when all dogs are protected against the disease, there will be nothing to prevent other carriers, such as cats, rats, skunks, and other vermin from re-infecting them after the ban has been removed.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB. Raymond Patterson, member of the bench show committee of the Morris and Essex Kennel Club and temporary chairman of the meeting, called attention to the fact that the American Kennel Club had taken no official action in the New Jersey situation. Charles T. Inglee, executive vice-president of the governing body, pointed out that as soon as he learned of the New Jersey situation he had taken personal action in the matter, but that it was not within the province of the A. K. C. to go on record as being for or against any serum. This, of course, raises the point, which was not discussed at the meeting, as to what action the A. K. C. could take. That organization is a membership body, deriving its authority from the member clubs as expressed through their delegates. While, as Mr. Inglee stated, it is not within its province to either endorse or condemn any serum, the delegates, with perfect propriety, could put the organization on record as being opposed to the use of anti-rabies inoculation on the ground that its effectiveness had not been demonstrated to the satisfaction of scientists and leading veterinarians. Such an action would certainly be within the province of the A. K. C. and would answer the question of those who ask why, if the inoculation is as unsatisfactory as the dog owners contend, does their governing body do nothing about it?

UNIFIED DOG OWNERS. Mrs. Dodge in her concluding remarks pointed out that the present difficulties had brought about a unity of dog owners, as demonstrated by the wide representation at the meeting. She said its object should be to work out a program for the dogs of New Jersey that could serve as a model for other states. She expressed the determination of the new organization to co-operate fully with the state authorities and the health boards in working for legislation by which stray dogs can be controlled and the dog owners required to keep their dogs in a manner the law requires. An approved aspect of the meeting was the manner in which all action which might be construed as counter-hysteria on the part of the dog owners in opposing the compulsory bill was held in check. Resolutions which might be questioned on the grounds of taking too much for granted were amended, not because of opposition to their object but to make them "hysteria proof." As amended by a committee the resolution sent to all members of the New Jersey State Legislature stated: First, that the so-called rabies epidemic had been greatly exaggerated. Second, that the origin and sponsorship of the pending bill 132, was of sufficient importance to call for an investigation by the Legislature or one of the committees. Third, that the bill, if adopted would tend to defeat its own purpose. Fourth, that the proposed bill would impose on dog owners an arbitrary burden and might (*Continued on page 17*)

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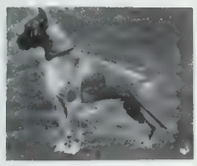

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Month in the Field by George Turrell

HERE we are in the middle of another field trial season and everyone seems to feel pretty good about it. We do too and have some excellent reasons. In the first place the East-West retriever situation seems to be on a better basis than we thought it would be. The clubs in the two localities have agreed to limit themselves to three licensed All-Age stakes each in the spring, and three in each place in the fall. This will make more intersectional competition a probability and will put the competition for such trophies as the "Field and Stream" and the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN awards on a more even basis. This arrangement doesn't prevent other clubs from running licensed All-Age stakes as it is merely a working agreement between friendly groups of sportsmen. It shouldn't, and we hope it won't, prevent the growth of the retriever trial game in either section but should help to keep the expanding number of trials in each place fairly uniform. This agreement has no bearing on sanctioned trials of which there will be several this spring.

East-West Competition . . . . Setter Champion The National by Nash Buckingham

EAST-WEST COMPETITION. Due to the tremendous interest of the sportsmen of the Midwest in all the retrieving breeds, field trials have been springing up like mushrooms all through the Central States these last few years, and the Easterners have been left far behind. Now it's a pretty expensive proposition for anyone on the Atlantic Coast to send a dog out to compete with the Western dogs. The Midwest is a pretty big place and it takes a lot of traveling to get around to all the trials. Of course it's just as far coming East as going West even though the trials are closely concentrated when you get here. So you couldn't blame a Western owner for not caring about sending or taking his dog a thousand or more miles to compete when there was a trial at approximately the same time within a few miles of him. So while this agreement won't shorten distances any, it should promote more trading back and forth by eliminating conflicting dates and long wait-overs.

Here's how it will help in the competition for the various trophies. It will give the dogs from each district an even break as to number of trials and we don't see how any dog can get to the top without invading the other fellow's section. So everyone will feel that he has had an even chance regardless of how good his dog may be. Incidentally we hear that the Rolling Rock trial, which is held near Pittsburgh is considered to be neither in the East nor in the West and will therefore not be included in the licensed All-Age quota of either. It is expected that this will become a common meeting ground for all parts of the country, and it is rumored that it may in time become sort of a grand championship affair. We have no verification of this but hope it's true.

SETTER CHAMPION. Another reason why these early spring days seem so fair is that a Setter won the National Championship for the first time since 1930. Louis Bobbitt's Sports Peerless Pride carried the banners of thousands of Setter lovers as he sped through his tough three-hour heat, tiring a little toward the end, perhaps, but with heart and nose still unfailing. Then when he defeated Norias Aeroflow in a second series, handling like a charm and finding covey after covey, the Setter men had good cause to be proud of their breed. Pointers may win for the rest of the year but the Setter men can still exult, for there is something special about winning the National Championship. Back in the days when Setters won everything it was the big win. Today when slashing Pointers sweep the field and Setter men live on dreams of the past and plans for the future, it still is an event set apart. There are a dozen or more stakes called championships these days, but the winner of the National is champion indeed.

Here we go rambling on about the National and we didn't even see it this year. We are sure you'd much rather hear what Nash Buckingham has to say about it. He was there the whole time and didn't miss a brace. He was, as a matter of fact, one of the judges. He writes us as follows . . .

"Dear Mr. Turrell:

"I can now tell you that three hours ago, assisting Messrs. Hobart Ames and Dr. T. Benton King in judging the stake we named the superb Setter Sports Peerless Pride the title holder. Pride, a white black and ticked dog by Champion Sports Peerless ex Gore's Blue Bonnie, both owned by Mr. Bobbitt and handled by the thorough-going veteran, Dewey English, acquired the title in a blistering second series with W. C. Teagle's streamlined white and lemon bitch Norias Aeroflow, handled by that many times winning pilot of the National, Chesley Harris. In the National, however, no runner-up is ever named. Consequently Pride, as have his honored predecessors, stands alone in his glory. And well he holds the spotlight too. It was homecoming week for the Setter breed after nine long years separation from the Championship's purses and coveted plaques.

THE WINNING HEAT. "The second-series brace was turned loose this morning at five minutes to nine, in the moist, bright coolness of a sunny Southern day admirably suited to nosing 'pottige scent' from the Ames coverts. Both dogs, away at a great pace handled well until the second road crossing was reached. There they both swung wide and after a gallery wait of several minutes 'point' was called far on beyond. The judges and an excited company found Pride staunch on the very rim of a wide, deeply eroded area. Aeroflow was on hand, too, circling to the left for a way into the depths, and obviously intent on game, too. Both handlers were down for the shot. Aeroflow dug beyond a jut of clay and birds boiled from the straw. Pride remained motionless above. Ordered on across country and on a more-or-less go-as-you-please bird hunt, 'point' was again sounded on the far side of the course. There in a cove of plum thicket and low crab grass Pride was again beautifully on game, but with Aeroflow industriously interested in getting in on the same deal. Birds went up and English shot the gun.

"The race then moved across a wooded sector along a road deeply lined in sedges. Deep among these the Setter was again discovered on point and birds were on hand. On all three stands the bold Setter had assumed that loftiness of posture and vibrant style which has so steadily advanced his pre-eminence in rugged character. Through that wood's road both dogs were under control, but beyond, the Aeroflow bitch went A.W.O.L. She was not handling with the supreme and facile response which characterized her three hour heat under extremely adverse conditions which brought her dividends in the form of this chance at a second series. Moments wore on and Harris was unable to bring up his charge. Pride meanwhile, made championship hay while the sun shone. Across some gullies on a sedgy plateau he coralled more birds—a beautiful bevy which, incidentally, had not previously been moved during the meet. He was then swung back to the extreme northern limit of the morning course answering the direction of English in perfect form. The heat was then an hour and forty minutes old and Pride was ordered up. Harris, about then, brought Aeroflow along, but the pardon came too late. The gallery rode eastward down through the forest files and out to the public road where Mr. Reuben Scott, secretary of the National Field Trial Championship Association, announced Pride's ascendancy to the throne. The award carried with it the title of National Field Trial Champion, a purse of $1500, and trophies.

RESUMÉ. ". . . Skimming through some of the other races, we find the new champion's first heat to have been amply impressive. Five bevies and four (*Continued on page 110*)

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Dog stars

(*Continued from page 14*)

result in the unnecessary destruction of a great many valuable dogs.

BILL WITHDRAWN. Present at the meeting were representatives of forty kennel clubs and field trial clubs and many prominent dog fanciers from all parts of the state, bringing the attendance to about 350 persons. That the meeting achieved its aim was evidenced by the fact that three days later bill 132 was withdrawn by its sponsor, Assemblyman Lester E. Mahr. In doing this Mr. Mahr had to say, "Naturally we don't want to hurt the dogs. As a matter of fact it is a moot question whether the anti-rabies serum is effective, but I can not conceive that the health authorities who have asked me to sponsor the bill are proposing something that would be harmful." He denied charges made by Miss Josephine Rine, dog magazine editor, that the bill is being sponsored by commercial interests behind the serums. Incidentally, a number of other prominent dog writers, veterinarians, and authorities are of Miss Rine's opinion. On the same day as the withdrawal of bill 132 another measure was introduced which would put a state wide tax of $1 on each dog. However, the disposition of the Legislature had become such that it was reported from Trenton that there was little likelihood of this measure, or any other regarding dogs, passing at the present session. The legislators appear willing to hold all such legislation in abeyance until expert opinion has had an opportunity to produce a law which might serve as a model for all states.

PUBLIC WELFARE. It is understood that the newly organized New Jersey Dog Owners Association has been pledged the support of the joint rabies committee appointed by the State Department of Health, the Health Officers Association and the New Jersey State Veterinary Medical Society. Fortunately, the furor created in canine circles by bill 132 immediately brought a state-wide banding together of pure-bred dog interests which heretofore had not existed and the object of which is to energetically exert its efforts for the common good of the public in connection with dogs. Furthermore, in this manner, this bad bill retroactively had its good effects. In addition to the unification of dog interests it has brought them into closer contact with the department of health, legislative bodies, and fields of veterinary research. Fanciers were gathered together as dog lovers in general and laid aside their personal preferences and aims to vigorously fight for the common welfare of dogs and their owners. Toward this end the consensus of opinion at the meeting was to eliminate all stray or homeless dogs and to keep all other dogs under proper control in kennels and runs

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at home or on leash while being exercised rather than trust to any therapeutics of undemonstrated effectiveness. It is quite likely that, ere long, a law will be formulated suitable to all in combating rabies and other contagious dog diseases which may be taken as a model of its kind and adopted by other states throughout the Union. It is also quite likely that the New Jersey Association will soon have similar associations in other sections of the country and eventually become merged into a national organization to make "hydrophobia hysteria" and "rabies rackets" things of the past.

MRS. DODGE. In this fast and rather furious fight against the ill-famed bill 132 the figure of Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge looms large, as it was chiefly at her personal instigation and leadership that New Jersey dog owners were summoned by telegram to attend the meeting which succeeded in having the measure withdrawn from the Assembly. Fortunately, the news of the proposed bill became widespread at the Westminster Kennel Club show where Mrs. Dodge's recently imported Doberman Pinscher, Ferry von Rauhfelsen, achieved the towering triumph of best in show. Rather than resting on the dog's laurels and receiving congratulations, which many fanciers would have done and been justified in doing, Mrs. Dodge immediately set aside all encomiums and went into action for the benefit of all pure-bred dogs and their owners. The meeting and formation of the New Jersey Dog Owners Association took place on Friday of the next week and on the following Monday the bill was withdrawn. Certainly this was speed, energy, and efficiency personified, to say nothing of self-sacrifice, for the betterment of dogs in general and too much gratitude and praise cannot be accorded Mrs. Dodge who may well be termed "America's leading dog fancier."

AUTHORITIES. According to an abundance of high medical, veterinary, and other expert opinion, at present anti-rabies serums are in an experimental stage. They are unsatisfactory and do not immunize the animals from the disease, but cause its spread and ultimate death of the dogs inoculated and others they have infected. The Bureau of Animal Industry in 1925 reported experimenting with twenty-six dogs of which eighteen were vaccinated and eight "control" dogs were all given an intraocular injection of virus. Of the eighteen vaccinated dogs fifteen died of the rabies and of the eight "control" dogs" one died of rabies and one of enteritis. Dr. Leslie T. Webster, M.D., member of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, states that the number of human deaths from the disease in the registration area of the United States has remained at fifty to one hundred a year for fourteen years and h not risen above four or five states where rabies is most pre alent. That canine vaccinati should be deferred until a prepar tion of demonstrated effectiven is available. That the unpopul but most effective method control of the disease is the eli ination of stray dogs and the co finement of owned dogs. Richa C. Craven, general field agent the Humane Society, in his Jul 1938, report, remarks "It is doub ful if any phase of civic life revea governmental incompetence cor parable with the handling of t rabies peril. There is one reme and only one. License every do take up and eliminate every u licensed or homeless dog, comp owners to keep their dogs off t streets (except on leash) for s months or a year and the proble will be solved. There is no oth way, all other expedients are va ueless." This seems to be the co sensus of expert opinion. Limite space precludes citing many oth authorities.

A CHAMPION. In accordan with our masthead, comment offered on two of the leading do stars and their fine performance at the recent Westminster Show By reason of having forged throug breed, group, and finalist compet tion to win coveted title, best i show, Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge' recently imported Doberman Pins cher, Ferry von Rauhfelsen, i deserving of initial mention. Ar riving in this country only te days before the show, understand ing not a word of English bu trained to take all commands i German, he was indeed a strange in a strange land and this was ap parent by his appearance and ac tions in the ring. As usual wit trained dogs he is inclined to b distrustful and sharp with strang ers and it was with some trepida tion that his handler, McClur Halley, knowing no German com mands, put him through his pose and paces and it was no surpris to the cognoscenti that Judg George S. Thomas, who bestowe the best in show award, wisely re frained from placing his hands o the newcomer. Ferry reappeared a the Rochester show and repeate his Westminster victory. He is con sidered by experienced judges t be just about the best of his breed yet seen in America, with the possible exception of his dam, Ch Jessie von Sonenhohe, owned by F. F. H. Fleitmann. It is expected that he will carry on with best in show triumphs after the manner of his kennelmate the Pointer Ch. Nancolleth Marquis, who has scored twenty-five such successes.

SADDLER. James M. Austin's Smooth Foxterrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, holder of forty best in show victories, a world's record in this respect, with the greatest goal of his entire career at hand, best in show at Westminster, failed by the narrowest of margins to carry

(*Continued on page 121*)

Horse Notes & Comment by Elizabeth Grinnell

Fred R. Dapprich

Santa Anita . . . Around the Field . . . Alisal

HORSE NOTES this month is due to go completely West Coast, because that is where I happen to be at the moment. And since I suppose some of the questions that will be asked of me when I return will be "Did you see Santa Anita?"—"Did you see any of the Thoroughbred Nurseries?"—"Did you see any of California's Golden horses?" I'll anticipate them immediately by saying "Yes" to all three of them "and a lot more besides."

SANTA ANITA. This park had been described to me so many times that I really thought I would know just what it looked like when I finally got there, but I was wrong. It is, actually, so very much more so than anything the small Eastern imagination is capable of creating that if I told you to multiply anything you have ever heard about it by three you wouldn't believe me, but you just might fathom some slight idea of its size, beauty, convenience, and comfort. And lest you think I'm exaggerating, as I have always thought everyone else was, just consider that a crowd almost three times as large as a Futurity crowd at Belmont can be cared for with scarcely any jam at all and, what's more, practically every single person there will get a good view of the racing.

It's worth seeing, too. I'm one of those people who were brought up to rather look down my nose at a mile track, just as the mile trackers are a bit snooty about the half-milers, but for some years now I've been hiding a preference for the smaller oval and, now, after seeing the racing at Santa Anita, I might as well come clean and admit that when I go to the races I like to see the horses. Picture to yourself a program of eight races, none of them *under* a mile and one of them two full laps of the track, and consider that the start of each event can be seen as well as the finish and that whether you're a booster for distance racing or not, that is an afternoon of real excitement. Have you ever seen such a program at an Eastern track? I know I never have but I would like to. There is a broadcaster, with the sort of voice that you can listen to if you wish but don't even hear if you don't want to, who is a help rather than the annoyance some track broadcasters seem to make of themselves.

The time (not that the horses make but that one has to spare) is always a joy at mutuel tracks—and at this one there is so much to do with it. Time to figure out your race and to see your prospects in the paddock, time to buy a ticket and have a drink, time to sit comfortably and try to spot the famous faces of the films. I don't know where it all comes from but it's there.

While lots of places are arguing about improvements in racing, California is accomplishing them. Maybe they will make some mistakes in the bargain, but there is no doubt but that they will establish some good ideas. Their ban on early two-year-old racing may or may not be good, but their distance racing certainly is and so are the little towers around the track from which the "patrol judges" oversee the running of each event. It is going to be either a very brave boy or a very foolish one that will try any rough stuff under such circumstances, and the responsibility of straight racing is put where it belongs—not on the jockeys but on the track officials.

There isn't much point in going into details about the $100,000 handicap. Anyone sufficiently interested to have read this far probably knows all about it anyway, but this South American Kayak II is a really good looking horse with a grand way of going. Undoubtedly he's going to have more difficulty as he moves into the higher weight class but at the assignments he was quite easily the best horse that day. He ran a grand race, as any horse would have had to do to win.

AROUND THE FIELD. I don't see how steeplechasing can ever become a really big thing in California chiefly because there is something slightly unnatural about it in a country where there can be no hunting. It is the quality of the soil that prevents this sport. They tell me that in the dry season the ground bakes as hard as cement and that when it rains pounds of it will stick to anyone or anything that strays off the highways. Small areas, of course, may be prepared for race tracks, show rings, polo fields, and "hunter trials," but it would scarcely be practical to fix up several square miles for fox hunting especially as it would be difficult to teach the foxes to stay in the prescribed area, but every now and then informal steeplechasing springs up here or there and everyone has a lot of fun out of it. The races at the Riviera Country Club are run as a sequel to their Sunday afternoon polo games, and no one even pretends to make a big thing out of them, but they have sufficient entries to make the racing exciting to the large crowd, and the whole thing is run off in such a gay, merry mood that it argues well for the future, providing they can be kept simple and pleasant. The Sunday afternoon after the Handicap saw a thoroughly entertaining card of two steeplechases and two flat races and reminded me more of the impromptu racing that used to spring up overnight in Maryland than anything I can think of. Especially the start of one of the flat races. There was scarcely a horse in the field that had any idea of doing anything but bucking, wheeling, or rearing, and some of them were actually throwing themselves. One of these dismounted his jockey at least six times. I've never seen a kid with more determination. No matter how nearly he escaped being rolled or fallen on he never lost his horse and would get right aboard again for more. I found out later that he was a cowboy experiencing his first ride on (or off) an English saddle and then I admired his nerve all the more.

The spirit behind these little meetings seems splendid. They are anxious to keep them amateurish and informal and, if they can, they can reasonably expect to have the sport prosper but the trouble is that nothing ever stays quite the same. And while the tops in sport is superb and the things that are done for fun often are fun, there is a vast amount of territory between the two that can be, and often is, nothing better than boring.

RANCH. If there is a more beautiful valley in California than that in which Flying Ebony lives, I didn't see it. Set down among mountains back of Santa Barbara, the drive out there itself is worth while, even if it weren't for the pleasure of seeing this good horse in his present surroundings. In contrast to much of California the barns at Alisal are plain and practical and there are not many of them, because the ranch as a whole specializes in cattle, but the horses they house would fill any heart with envy. Down at the end of one pasture were some six or eight mares, sturdy, healthy looking matrons whose fine heads, splendid legs, and undeniable aristocracy were reflected by the merry little foals at their sides. Each of them was a tiny individual in his own right and yet all were as distinctly different from the regular run of the mine stock as pure-breds are from mongrels. There are, all told, only fifteen mares who belong on the ranch but, even so, there is very little room for visitors. However, if Alisal is any example, then it is a case of the smaller the better, for there was not an animal on the place that was not as gentle and as friendly as a puppy. Yearlings would come up inquisitively and bump their noses against you. The mares, even the ones with foals, (*Continued on page 117*)

On the Country Estate by George Turrell

William M. Rittase

Percherons . . . Jerseys
Guernseys . . . Aberdeen Angus
Holstein Friesians

A LOT of praise is due the Percheron Horse Association for the sound and thorough way they have gone about getting unity of purpose among their breeders. They have been carrying on breed type studies since 1936, and conferences in which experts discussed what characteristics were most desirable in this popular draft breed have been a part of their annual National show. Now it looks as if they were getting close to their goal, for nearly perfect specimens of both sexes have been recently revealed. It is true that so far this ideal stallion and mare exist only on paper, or rather canvas, but that doesn't mean they aren't of the greatest importance. There have been and are many excellent individual Percherons, but what worried the Association was the lack of uniformity in the breed as a whole. So these pictures by Ross Butler of a short-backed, heavy-boned, thickset, and well-muscled pair will give the breeders something to shoot at.

We have told you before in this department of Ross Butler, artist and sculptor from Canada, and his educational work on various kinds of livestock, and particularly his work with the Percheron people. He has collaborated closely with leading Percheron judges and breeders for some time now, helping them to set up a standard that could be generally accepted. Finally after several years of work his pictures have brought their ideas into tangible form, and the final approval has come from a committee consisting of Worden M. Spitler, president, Ellis McFarland, secretary-treasurer of the Association, and George A. Dix, "achievement breeder" for 1937. Of course no one animal was used as the model for either of these "ideal" pictures. Butler used the head as a unit of measurement and in this way obtained an almost perfect balance of different parts of the body.

Reprints of these pictures probably will be available to breeders by the time this appears. The Canadian government has also approved the paintings and has ordered reprints which will be used in their schools in connection with courses in animal husbandry.

JERSEYS. Lewis W. Morley, the executive vice-president of the American Jersey Cattle Club, recently announced that Dr. Howard W. Odum, down in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is the first person to be named in the Club's Constructive Breeders Registry for the third consecutive year. This is quite an honor, for only Jerseymen whose herds successfully meet exacting requirements for production, conformation, freedom from disease, and for the proportion of homebred animals can qualify in this special list.

Dr. Odum's herd is known as the Carolina Avon-Indian Jersey herd and is the offshoot of a herd of Jerseys started in Georgia in the 'Nineties by his father. It consists of twenty-five milking cows which are being tested yearly for production through the Jersey Cattle Club's Herd Improvement Registry, some of them also being tested individually. In 1938 the test average of the entire herd was 419.15 pounds of butterfat, 8,300 pounds of milk per cow for the year. Some of the cows were milked twice and others three times a day during the test. This, incidentally, is one of the three highest of such records made by Jersey herds in North Carolina.

His herd also includes three cows rated "Excellent," the highest conformation rating given by the Jersey Cattle Club. There are eight with the next highest rating of "Very Good." The other milking cows in the herd rate either "Good Plus" or "Good." It has been rated three times at yearly intervals by an official judge.

ROTHERWOOD. We also hear that another Southern dairyman has just qualified in the Constructive Breeders Registry. He is one of the six Jersey breeders in the country ever to do it twice. This time it's John B. Dennis, owner of the Rotherwood Farm, Kingsport, Tennessee. Mr. Dennis has forty-one milking cows in his herd and all of them are either on test at the present time or have been officially tested for production. Several of them have won medals given by the American Jersey Club for exceptional butterfat yields. This herd is high in conformation too. It has won a collection of blue ribbons from some of the leading dairy shows and like Dr. Odum's herd includes three with the "Excellent" rating. It has twelve "Very Good" ones and the rest "Good Plus" or "Good." All in all there are eighty-five Jerseys of various ages in the Rotherwood herd, which is headed by the home-bred bull Boutilliere's Ivanhoe. He is one of the very few bulls designated as a "Superior Sire" by the Jersey Cattle Club, an award based on the conformation and production of the daughters of the bull in question. He has also won one of the Jersey Club's Silver Medals and was classified "Excellent."

One of the young cows in the herd, Golden Boutilliere was not only judged "Excellent" but has recently won the Jersey Club's Silver Medal for yielding 596.12 pounds of butterfat, 10,017 pounds (or 4,659 quarts) of milk. This record was made on the official 305 day test. Another of Mr. Dennis's cows, Design's Delphinium, won the 1938 Cook-Mayfield trophy as a two-year-old for a yield of 430.98 pounds of fat, 7,898 pounds of milk in 305 days, This, incidentally, is an award for combined production and type, and is Tennessee's most important annual award for Jerseys.

Speaking of Silver Medals brings us to another important Jersey award and we are still down South—Kentucky this time. It seems that two of the sires in the Plainview Farms herd of R. C. Tway, of Louisville, have won national recognition among Jerseymen by qualifying for this coveted award. These two bulls are Coppelia's Mighty and Morocco's Raleigh, both bred in the herd. As we said above these Jersey Club medal awards are based on the merits of daughters, of which there must be three all from different dams. With one exception the six Silver Medal daughters of the above bulls were tested as two-year-olds, and they all were milked by machine three times a day during their 305-day tests. Plainview's Irene, one of the Coppelia's Mighty daughters, yielded 534.70 pounds of butterfat, 9,488 pounds of milk, and Plainview's Susie, a Morocco's Raleigh daughter, yielded 506.72 pounds of butterfat, 9,085 pounds of milk in her test.

The Plainview Farms herd includes 390 pure-bred Jerseys and is one of two herds in the state headed by a Superior Sire bull. This is the highest rank accorded to a Jersey sire on the production and conformation of his progeny. Imp. Volunteer Right Royal, the Plainview Farms Superior Sire, has sixty-two young daughters and the two new Silver Medal sires have a total of ninety-three daughters in the herd at present. This herd was started about twenty years ago and the large dairy plant, (*Continued on page 22*)

350 GUERNSEYS AT AUCTION 350

MONDAY and TUESDAY, APRIL 17th and 18th, 1939
Louis Merryman's 31st Semi-Annual Sale
Maryland State Fair Grounds, Timonium, Md.

MONDAY, MAY 1st
First South Eastern Quality Sale
South Carolina State Fair Grounds, Columbia, S. C.

THURSDAY, MAY 11th
13th Annual Coventry-Florham Sale
Trenton Interstate Fair Grounds, Trenton, N. J.

SATURDAY, MAY 13th
James Baird Farm Dispersal
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In Louis Merryman's 31st Semi-Annual sale we will offer 28 bulls old enough for service from high record cows—two from world record dams—two by the grand champion bull at the National Dairy Show.

We solicit mail bids and will be glad to advise buyers in the selection of a bull.

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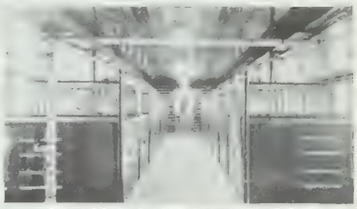

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Draconis Standard Calais 1147118
classified "excellent"

To Be Sold at Auction on May 15, 1939 50 head of the finest Purebred, registered Jerseys, including imported and nationally known prize winners, classified for type by the American Jersey Cattle Club

This beautiful imported cow was first prize two-year-old at the National Dairy Show in 1937—she will be included in the sale. Write for catalog.

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Accredited free from Tuberculosis and Bang's Disease.

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MARES, FOALS, POLO PONIES and HORSES in TRAINING
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Kossolian
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2-lb. tin $3.52 8-lb. tin $13.50

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Many of these horses have been carefully selected during the winter months for the spring trade.

Specialize in horses with dispositions and mouths suitable for ladies and children.

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Will ship horse to any point in the United States, guarantee as represented; if purchaser should find different after week or ten day's trial, will refund money and pay transportation both ways. The buyer is the judge as to whether is as represented.

References: The Live Stock National Bank, The Drovers National Bank, and the Union Stock Yards & Transit Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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Bay mare, 3 yrs., 14-3½ hands. Sired by Admiral [illegible] This is a [illegible] perfect young lady's type. Excellent manners.

HARRY McNAIR, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

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. . . and ABSORBINE helps to tone him up

He whinnies—he likes company,
The great horse in his stall.
He likes his groom, he likes the pup
—But then that isn't all.

He likes the pat along his mane
The Stable Johnny gives.
He likes those hands that rub him down—
It's for *these things* he lives!

He knows that when his work is done,
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To ease the soreness from the run:
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Horsemen know that Absorbine is one of the quickest ways to help relieve sore muscles, strains and puffs. It increases the circulation, which in turn washes out congestion from the injured part.

Use Absorbine in your wash. It speeds up the blood flow through the muscles. This tends to prevent chilling and stiffening. Brings new energy to the muscles. At druggists, $2.50 for the large bottle. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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Mr. Tway's hobby, is one of t most modern in the South. H Plainview Farms is considered o of the most beautiful count estates in Kentucky.

Here's another state recor Daniel A. Heald's herd of Jerse at Silver Lake Farm, Green Vi lage, N. J., has just completed t highest Herd Improvement Regi try record made so far in the sta with an average of 461.74 pounc butterfat, 8,772 pounds of mill becoming the only herd in Ne Jersey that has made two Her Improvement Registry average over 400 pounds of butterfat. I the recently completed test th herd averaged 26.36 cows with a average of 23.81 cows in mil daily. Three of the total number c cows were over ten years of ag when entered on test and almos half were first calf heifers.

GUERNSEYS. We see that Loui Merryman has almost finished hi job of selecting Guernseys of to morrow. Since some time last fal he has been going from one lead ing Guernsey dairy to another i this country and Canada to pick out thirty head suitable for exhi bition in the Borden-create Dairy World of Tomorrow. Abou a hundred and fifty dairy cattl will be included in this exhibit which as you needn't be told i part of the coming New York World's Fair. So far, Merrymar has forty-three likely prospect lined up so he is pretty sure o his thirty Guernseys when the Fai starts. According to his column i the March 1st issue of the "Guern sey Breeders Journal" he only has two more herds in Pennsylvania and two in South Carolina to look over and then he will be through

ABERDEEN ANGUS. According to W. Alan McGregor, the manager of Andelot Stock Farms the Maryland Aberdeen Angus breeders are looking forward to a most successful sale this year They have a new pavilion at the fair grounds at Frederick where the sale is held annually on the first Monday in May, and their offering of cattle is the very best that they have ever put up for sale. All the cattle come from members of the association and are passed on by a committee so that well-bred, good type animals are assured. Mr. McGregor says that the Maryland Breeders have been most generous in allowing the committee to select the very top animals in their herds, and that all of them are accredited for both T.B. and Bang's so they can be shipped to any state in the union without difficulty. They are proud of the high quality of their stock and particularly stress the fact that they are not disposing of unwanted animals.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN. A Holstein herd out in New Jersey has hit a new high. The Overbrook Dairy at Cedar Grove has the Herd Test average for 1938 of 16,172 pounds of milk, 546.4

The Virginia Gold Cup Association

Under Sanction of the Hunts Committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association

Saturday, May 6th, 1939

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WARRENTON, VIRGINIA

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Foaled June 29, 1935. Sorrel, star and narrow stripe extending to nose, light mane and tail.

Sire: Range Line Apollon No. 17148, by Apollon No. 15911
Dam: Lena de Rubis No. 14539, by Rubis No. 8004

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RAINBOW FARM PHEASANTRY

BARRINGTON ILLINOIS

pounds of fat, with a herd of seventy head in Class B. This is Overbrook's fifth consecutive year above the 500 pound mark and is the highest in their history. As a matter of fact, they say it is the highest average ever reported in Herd Improvement Registry for a herd of over fifty head under any classification. It was their sixth year of Herd Improvement Registry testing and they have averaged over 500 pounds of fat for the whole period, 517.55 to be exact, with 15,660 pounds of milk, having on the average slightly more than seventy-six cows per year on test. All of them are in Class B except for a couple in Class C during the first couple of years. According to the "Holstein-Friesian World" this is the highest six-year average recorded for the breed and may be the highest for any breed, regardless of classification, in herds approaching this one in size. Only one Holstein-Friesian herd of any size has ever beaten these figures and that is the Ionia State Hospital Herd in Michigan which has made an average of 525.3 pounds of fat from 15,517 pounds of milk over the same period of time, but this herd averaged fewer cattle on test—about thirty-four head. No other Holstein herd regardless of size or classification has ever had an average for six or more consecutive years of over 500 pounds fat. Overbrook's success is due to the uniform high production of the herd.

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OLD FASHIONED POST & RAIL FENCE made of split chestnut in 3 rail and 4 rail style, both heights are 4' high when erected. Lower ends of rails creosoted for underground protection.

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FOX HUNTING by W. Newbold Ely, Jr., M.F.H.

Louis Fancher

Fox Diet . . . Old Black Joe . . . Catching Rats

[HESE soul-inspiring lines are being dashed off to the accompaniment of the thundering wheels of the "Superb" the famous d stake horse of the Pullman Company's ables which my host Will du Pont has again iartered for a sporting tour of horse and ırden from Aiken to New Orleans to Hiaah. Any erratic penmanship can therefore : blamed on the Seaboard track and not on ıe medicinal bourbon of Dr. Walter Jeffords, [.F.H. who is our resident physician.

At every stop we meet celebrities from Ian O' War to the fifteen stallions at Mr. :ancock's—Sir Gallahad, Gallant Fox, maha, etc., etc., to the famous Walker ounds of Len Shouse—Big Smoke, Halma, :c., and Sam Wooldridge's Flying Heels, 'om Crawe, etc., etc., interspersed with ımous hostelries with as many as thirty gareners apiece, and tables and alimentary anals groaning under relays of ecrevisse and azeracs, so that verily it will take many ours of fox hunting to counteract our swellıg embonpoints.

MINNESOTA'S FIGURES. To the mountıg mass of evidence showing that foxes acually help bird life we have the report of Donald Hatfield of the University of Minneota's Farm Entomology staff. "Because portsmen and game wardens of the state felt hat foxes were responsible for a decline in heasant population, University farm, coperating with the state conservation departnent, made a study of the winter food habits f foxes from November 1937 through April 938. The contents of ninety-two foxes' stomches were examined. Of the fifty-eight gray oxes taken in nine counties of Southern Minesota and thirty-four red foxes taken from hirteen scattered counties, only four to six er cent of the bulk found in the stomachs vere made up of pheasant material. From ifty-six to sixty-nine per cent was injurious odents." In conclusion the report reads, "We eel that with pheasants making up a relaively small percentage of foxes' food, and rodents, such as mice and rats, such a large portion, foxes are much more beneficial than harmful in their food habits."

Another Western state which has been making an intelligent study is Michigan where they report that "in several cases in which a fox was blamed for killing some animal, investigation revealed that the charge was based on rather dubious circumstantial evidence and that the animal might have been dead before the fox reached it. Game investigators point out that many chickens which die, especially during the winter, are tossed out on the dump pile, and that when lambs die they frequently are left in the field. A fox in the vicinity could easily appropriate the carrion, which in that instance at least would account for the feathers and bones that could be found around his den later. Game investigators also believe that some of the raids blamed on foxes are actually committed by dogs on the loose. Field and laboratory studies have demonstrated that the chief diet of the fox is mice and that it also eats such things as insects and berries."

The above mentioned remark about "dogs on the loose" brings up the point which I have heard so much lately, and that is that steps should be taken in each state to eradicate the dogs which run wild and kill so much game. I recall so vividly a winter's walk with a game warden on which in the telltale snow we followed the tracks of a lot of these dogs hunting as a pack as they so often do. Bones, feathers, and the blood on the snow showed where the various rabbits and pheasants had been polished off, and before my falling arches completely collapsed, the tracks of this dog pack led to many poultry remains.

CONVERT. One of the writers of a shooting and fishing column who cares not a whit about foxhunting writes as follows: "Last winter we had the privilege of examining the stomachs of half a dozen gray foxes. The only bird evidence was the wing of a snow bunting. In fact we were convinced that these foxes were disciples of Bernard Shaw so full of grapes, nuts, corn and fruits were their tummies. The skimpy evidence of so few specimens is by no means conclusive and yet we feel that this is six more foxes than many sportsmen have examined yet condemn the fox without reservation." This rod and gun man went on to say, "We have so much affection for foxes that we would probably put them on the game list. We have never found a sportsman who has found a sportsman who has hunted them who failed to agree with us. There is nothing like a crisp, cold day in winter with the music of good hounds hot on the trail ringing across the frosty air to quicken the pulse of the sportsman. It matches any thrill the rod and gun world has to offer." Words from an intelligent sportsman.

OLD BLACK JOE. Just so we do not become too narrow it is well to consider the report of a young lady from the Middle West who has this to say about her first fox hunt. "There are some sports that one likes naturally, others one learns to like, and then there is fox hunting. You either have fox hunting in your blood or you haven't. . . . We drove out on Kelly hill one lovely moonlight night and parked near a group of cars. At least it's a restful hobby, we thought, relaxing on the cushions and starting a flow of conversation. 'Sh-h-h.' Hands went up from every car, for there were sounds of barking in the distance, a range of voices from fine yips to big bass notes. Old Joe's in the lead, someone remarked in an awed whisper, and so it went until the wee small hours. First Joe, then Ranger, and then unknown voices. Finally all echoes of the chase died out and we drove home. Was it a good fox hunt? We don't know. In the corner grocery store next day we heard that old Joe had just arrived home and that he is the finest foxhound in the country. We'll take the owner's word for it. A sport that can keep a bunch of men enthused and women silent that long must have something." This young lady has a sense of humor, and without a sense of humor, life, including fox hunting, becomes mighty drab.

CATCHING RATS. A new method for rat catching comes from a New Hampshire correspondent who writes: "Every so often we have an epidemic of rats and this is one way that we get rid of a lot of them. I have a big horned owl in one pen and a female fox in another. I place a small dish of corn in the center of the pens and when the rats come in to feed the owl and the fox have a good feed. I tried this in the raccoon pen, but I found the raccoons like corn as well as the rats."

And this brings up the interesting bit of information which my old friend Gabriel Junks unearthed viz. the origin of the term "rat catcher." Gabriel writes that "Sir John Astley appeared in the Royal Enclosure on one of the days of the meeting wearing a short black coat, while his head was covered by a hard felt hat. The Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, said to him, 'Good morning, Astley. Are you going ratting?' "

LIFE SAVERS. Last month Bugs, a foxhound, was the guest of honor at the Beaver Run Hunting & Fishing Club's banquet. Bugs saved their caretaker's life by pulling him out when he fell through the ice in Pike County, Pennsylvania. In fact, several of the papers this winter have reported the loss of hounds by the foxes taking (*Continued on page 121*)

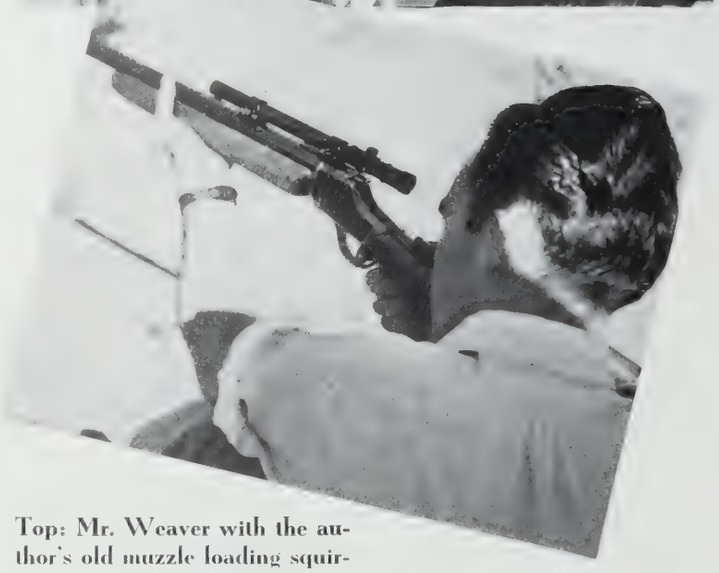
GUNS & GAME by Col. H. P. Sheldon

Gunga Din Reviewed

Weaver 'Scopes

Ruffed Grouse

THIS month, if you please, I should like to try my hand at the reviewing of a cinema production. I cannot recall ever having seen any reference to moving picture plays on the pages of COUNTRY LIFE and THE SPORTSMAN. As a rule this state of affairs is quite satisfactory to me. The repercussions of the "Who's to play Scarlett O'Hara" dispute came but dimly to my inattentive ear and I care little what lovely person is being seen with what manly person in the village of Hollywood. Nevertheless, being quite fond of watching others fight and bleed, I broke a long celluloid fast and went to see "Gunga Din" when it was in town recently.



Top: Mr. Weaver with the author's old muzzle loading squirrel rifle fitted with a Weaver 330 'scope, specially mounted to clear the hammer. Note eye relief. Directly above, a Winchester SS Lovell 22-5000 with a Weaver 'scope on a new bridge mount

GUNGA DIN. The plot of the piece is strong and intricate. It seems they had in India three sergeants whose custom it was to get a trifle high in barracks and then ride out among the wild tribesmen on punitive expeditions of their own. The three in their rough, fearless way could take on a small nomadic tribe of two or three hundred warriors without trouble, but eventually several tribes would jump them, overcome and capture them, and prepare to fling the three sergeants into a cobra pit. Then the Colonel, and an obliging patient Old Man he was, too, who wore his boots well, would march the Regiment to their rescue and burn a lot of the Queen's powder to get the boys home again. Once more in barracks the rascals would immediately go back to the gin bottle and do it all over again. It appeared once or twice that the Old Man was willing to make certain concessions in order to preserve the spectacular properties of this rescue work. On one occasion, for example, he marched his troops in column through hostile mountainous country practically to the gates of a fortified city held by an alert, aggressive enemy, without ever having out any of the scouts, flankers, or advance parties generally employed on such occasions to gain contact with the enemy and send back word to the Old Man when it was time to stop the band playing and deploy the troops. If it hadn't been for Gunga Din, speared through the gizzard with a bayonet, but who in spite of this climbed to the top of the highest building in the hostile town to blow a warning call on his bugle, I declare I believe the column might have got itself into serious trouble on that occasion. But I never really worried a moment after Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., himself in mid-air, fired three shots rapid from a 45 Webley and knocked three irate natives off the edge of a roof as prettily as you please. For the matter of that I once saw one of that same trio flatten a stiff assault with a heavy Maxim machine gun which he fired offhand. (NOTE: Americans may well inquire as to why in hell our own army isn't being trained to shoot heavy machine guns and one-pounders offhand.)

The total casualties as checked by this reviewer were: Tribesmen, 465—all stone dead; The Regiment, 1 Gunga Din, stone dead; 1 sergeant, a talking wounded case.

I thought Rudyard Kipling as the war correspondent lacked a trifle of fire and elan. He seemed a sort of sparrow among whooping cranes so to speak, but other than this small defect Gunga Din offered the audience by far the best grimacing seen at Keith's in many a long season.

TELESCOPIC SIGHT. Until a few years ago the use of the telescopic sight was rather rare among American riflemen. There were few good ones made in this country then and the prices were high. The average rifle shooter had no conception of the advantages and disadvantages of the telescopic sight until the War came along to direct attention to its value as an item of sniping equipment. Now, twenty years later, there are dozens of American telescopic sights on the market designed for every purpose. Some of these sell for as little as ten dollars and are fairly satisfactory in their limited field, but un recently a really fine 'scope c a good deal of money.

W. R. Weaver, of El Pa Texas, mounted a pair of 2¾ power 'scopes on two of rifles some time ago and I ha been using them all winter w increasing satisfaction. They of the type most suitable game shooting which require 'scope of relatively low mag fying power and brilliant il mination of a wide field. The is a great deal of misund standing as to the value of ma nifying power in a telescop sight. Many individuals have idea that a high-power gla costs more to manufacture th one of less magnification a that it is therefore relative better. I don't believe that a manufacturer finds it more e pensive to grind a 12x lens th to grind one of 2¾ power. I never heard a reputable man facturer making any such clai On the contrary they are mo anxious to persuade a custom to avoid the mistake of pu chasing more magnification th his needs require.

After all, the effect of t 'scope is to increase artificiall the power of normal vision *ov a very limited field.* A 3x 'sco gives one the illusion that a object is three times nearer tha the actual intervening distanc There is, however, no adva tage in bringing the game near to the eye than may be nece sary in order to see it clearl and in sufficient detail to e able the rifleman to cover t spot he wishes to hit. For t hunting rifle and for all-aroun shooting, great magnificatio 8x, 10x, 12x, is undesirable for it necessitate a correspondingly small field. It is difficult t locate the game in a limited field and diff cult to reduce the tremor of high magnifica tion enough to keep the post or crosshair on the target when it has been located Abundance of light and a field as wide a possible are the optical qualities the exper insists upon having for his hunting or gen eral-purpose 'scope. These Weaver 'scope of mine are beautifully clear and brillian without any sign of shadow or distortion a the edges of the field. I have never examine better glass. The effect is as if one looke through a rim of fine wire into a sort of trans parency wherein every detail of every objec is magnified and illuminated. A man of di and uncertain vision would probably experi ence the same effect if his eyesight were suddenly corrected to normal.

WEAVER 'SCOPES. The accompanying photographs show two of my rifles fitted wit the Weaver 330 'scope. One is a beautiful old muzzle loading percussion lock squirrel rifle equipped with a special type of mount to get the 'scope tube clear of the hammer. The other is a Winchester SS Lovell 22-3000 with Weaver's new bridge type mount that comes close to making the 'scope as much a part of the barrel as if it were (*Continued on page 115*)

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V-8 *and* 16

YACHTING by William H. Taylor

New York Yacht Club Innovations . . . Ocean Racing . . . Havana Racing

TO THAT large but decreasing section of the populace to whom "yachting" means the America's Cup, with a ghostly background of the great fleet of steam yachts and big schooners of other years, the statement that the New York Yacht Club seems to be attempting a comeback as a major factor in yacht racing may sound queer. Its implication may also annoy the conservative element of the club, but I can't help that.

While economic conditions and popular participation in the sport have been making little ones out of big ones in the yachting fleet, the guiding forces of America's oldest yacht club, with some exceptions, have refused to recognize the demise of the kind of yachting on which the club thrived for three quarters of a century. As a result, the club was fast becoming a mere musty tradition to most active sailing men.

In 1930, 1934, and 1937 the club held the limelight because of its America's Cup defense campaigns, but in the other years of the same decade it was a pretty negligible part of the yachting picture. The encouragement of ocean racing type yachts—grudging at first—saved the club's cruises from dwindling to very low stature indeed. The fiasco of last year's King's Cup race showed what happens to events held exclusively for the large Universal Rule type yachts which made the cruises such sporting and spectacular affairs a generation ago.

The present flag officers, Commodore E. Townsend Irvin, Vice-Commodore George E. Roosevelt, and Rear Commodore Gerard B. Lambert, show signs of a determination to prod this Rip van Winkle of yacht clubs out of its slumber. Roosevelt especially, as a former commodore of the Cruising Club and present secretary of the North American Yacht Racing Union, has a wider view of the general yachting picture than most of the club's officials of recent years.

INNOVATIONS. Lowering the bars to admit yachts of twelve-meter size to the King's Cup races last fall was the first step toward livening things up for 1939. Another was reducing from 30 to 25 feet waterline the minimum length for boats eligible to go on the cruise, and the cruise itself will be started from Glen Cove and sailed over easy runs fairly close to home this year to encourage the smaller craft.

There are those who feel, resentfully, that the New York is thus chiseling on the popular and established American Yacht Club cruise, which used to run from Rye by easy and enjoyable stages to New London just before the New York rendezvous at the latter port. The popular feeling, even among some New York Yacht Club members who went on both cruises, was that the American cruise was a lot of fun and the ensuing New York cruise a rather formal and stuffy affair by contrast. Needless to say this sentiment has irked the New York Yacht Club. If the popularity of the American cruises really inspired the New York's new schedule, it's up to the officials and participants to make the New York cruise as enjoyable as the American's has always been. Meanwhile the American is planning to run its own cruise, an invitation, inter-club affair, earlier in the season and independent of the New York schedule.

INTERNATIONAL TWELVE-METER. A series of races for the twelve-meter class on Long Island Sound late in September is another New York Yacht Club project this year. They are hoping that when Harold Vanderbilt brings his new twelve-meter back from England at the end of August he will also bring along a couple of British Twelves, making the series here an international affair. It would be especially welcome, as there is no other international event scheduled for the Sound this year except a possible Bermuda-American team race in International class sloops. Various past efforts to organize an international twelve-meter race here have fizzled, and some people have been so unkind as to hint that certain New York Yacht Club members threw a bit of cold water on them with the idea of holding things up until the New York got around to taking the lead in the matter. Maybe this is it.

OCEAN RACING. Finally, there is talk of the club's sponsoring an ocean race. So far it seems to have progressed no further than a match between the two veteran ocean racing schooners, *Mistress,* George E. Roosevelt, and *Nina,* deCoursey Fales, for the Cape May Cup, but it could be built up to considerable proportions if properly promoted. Such a race was held by the club a few years ago but it attracted few boats and little general interest.

The New York Yacht Club is and will certainly remain the big-yacht club of the sport. There is no reason why it should go in for Snipe and Frostbite dinghy racing in a big way. The important thing is that the club seems to be modernizing its conception of what constitutes a big yacht nowadays—and about time, too.

The Old Reliable *Stormy Weather,* sailed by Bob Johnson and an able crew, won the Miami-Nassau race this year for the third time in a row, finishing just astern of Harkness Edwards' big yawl *Wakiva* and saving her time easily. Hank Fownes's *Escapade,* which led the fleet to Stirrup Cay, got into a jam at that point owing to burst headsails, and Dick Reynold's *Blitzen* had a smaller dose of the same ailment—both as a result of someone's forgetting that low-cut genoa jibs are not designed to stand having hogsheads of solid water flung into them from under the bow in a hard chance to windward. *Wakiva* again led the fleet to the finish in the St. Petersburg-Havana race, but this time it was *Blitzen* that slipped in behind her and saved her time —*Stormy* and *Escapade* weren't in that one.

These four were the crack boats in the fleets, but from what I hear the general quality of the rest of the boats in both races was considerably higher (*Continued on page 114*)

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April 1	New York	Havre	French	Normandie
April 1	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Noordam
April 1	New York	Trieste	Italian	Vulcania
April 1	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Gerolstein
April 4	New York	Oslo	Norwegian America	Oslofjord
April 5	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Rotterdam
April 6	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Ascania
April 6	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg
April 6	New York	Hamburg	United States	Manhattan
April 7	New York	London	United States	American Merchant
April 7	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Importer
April 7	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Andania
April 7	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
April 7	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanpenn
April 8	New York	Haifa	American Export	Excambion
April 8	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Richmond
April 8	New York	Havre	French	Paris
April 8	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Europa
April 8	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Veendam
April 8	New York	Genoa	Italian	Conte di Savoia
April 8	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Pennland
April 8	New York	Oslo	Norwegian America	Stavangerfjord
April 9	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia-America	Batory
April 11	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Columbus
April 12	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Caledonia
April 12	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Harding
April 13	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	St. Louis
April 14	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Laconia
April 14	St. John	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Bedford
April 14	New York	London	United States	American Farmer
April 15	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish American	Drottningholm
April 15	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Ilsenstein
April 15	New York	Trieste	Italian	Saturnia
April 15	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Zeendam
April 15	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen
April 15	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
April 18	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	New York
April 18	New York	Havre	French	De Grasse
April 18	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Georgic
April 19	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Cameronia
April 19	New York	Oslo	Norwegian America	Bergensfjord
April 20	New York	Hamburg	United States	Washington
April 20	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hansa
April 20	New York	Havre	French	Ile de France
April 20	Montreal	Antwerp	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
April 21	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanstates
April 21	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Samaria
April 21	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
April 21	Montreal	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of York
April 21	Montreal	London	Cunard White Star	Alaunia
April 21	Montreal	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Antonia
April 21	New York	London	United States	American Banker
April 21	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Shipper
April 22	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Westernland
April 22	New York	Genoa	Italian	Rex
April 22	New York	Haifa	American Export	Exochorda
April 26	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Roosevelt
April 26	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Europa
April 26	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Transylvania
April 27	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Deutschland
April 28	New York	London	United States	American Trader
April 28	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Scythia
April 28	Montreal	London	Cunard White Star	Aurania
April 28	Montreal	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Atholl
April 29	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
April 29	New York	Havre	French	Paris
April 29	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Noordam
April 29	New York	Genoa	Italian	Conte di Savoia
April 29	New York	Antwerp	Red Star-Bernstein	Gerolstein

To Central and South America

April 1	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica
April 1	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Clara
April 5	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
April 8	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
April 8	New York	Puerto Barrios	United Fruit	Antigua
April 8	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Maria
April 8	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republics	Uruguay
April 12	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
April 14	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Southern Prince
April 15	New York	Chanaral	Grace	Santa Rita
April 15	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
April 19	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica
April 22	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
April 22	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Lucia
April 26	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
April 28	New York	Valpariaso	Grace	Santa Barbara
April 28	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Eastern Prince
April 29	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua

Pacific Sailings

April 1	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Russia
April 3	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Cleveland
April 6	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
April 7	Seattle	Yokohama	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Heian Maru
April 11	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Harrison
April 12	Vancouver	Sydney	Canadian-Australasian	Niagara
April 13	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
April 14	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Japan
April 17	Los Angeles	Manila	American President	President Pierce
April 20	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
April 24	Los Angeles	Hongkong	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kamakura Maru
April 24	Seattle	Yokohama	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hikawa Maru
April 25	San Francisco	Melbourne	Matson	Mariposa
April 27	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
April 29	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Asia

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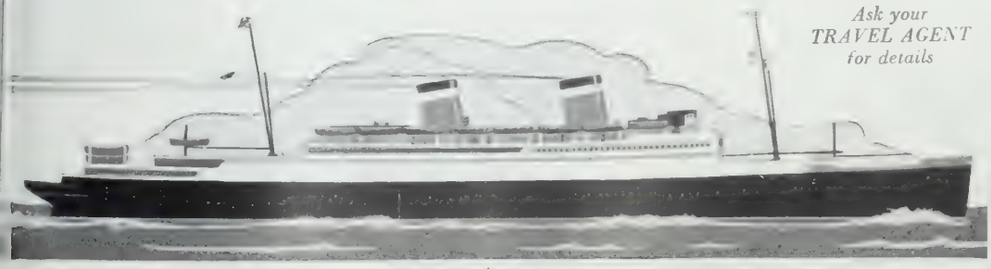

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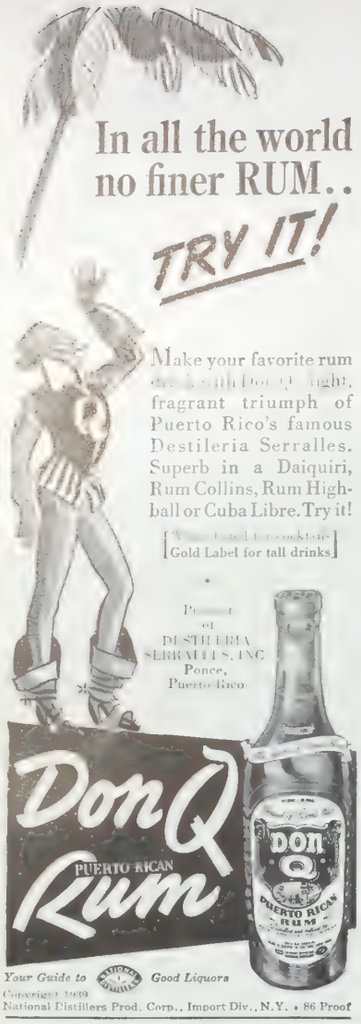

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Incoming Steamships

From Europe and the Mediterranean

Steamer	Line	From	To	Due
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	April 1
American Merchant	United States	London	New York	April 3
American Importer	United States	Liverpool	New York	April
Andania	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	April 3
Ascania	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	April 4
Veendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	April 4
Pennland	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	April 4
Stavangerfjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	April 4
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	April 6
Paris	French	Havre	New York	April 6
Batory	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	April 6
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	April 6
Conte di Savoia	Italian	Naples	New York	April 6
President Harding	United States	Hamburg	New York	April 8
Duchess of Bedford	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	St. John	April 8
Caledonia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	April 9
St. Louis	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	April 9
Drottningholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	April 9
American Farmer	United States	London	New York	April 10
Maasdam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	April 10
Laconia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	April 10
Exochorda	American Export	Alexandria	New York	April 12
Scanstates	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	April 13
Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	April 13
Hansa	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	April 13
Deutschland	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	April 13
Washington	United States	Hamburg	New York	April 13
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	April 14
Bergensfjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	April 15
Montcalm	Canadian Pacific	Antwerp	Montreal	April 16
Duchess of York	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	April 16
Cameronia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	April 17
Antonia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	Montreal	April 17
Samaria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	April 17
American Banker	United States	London	New York	April 17
American Shipper	United States	Liverpool	New York	April 17
Westernland	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	April 18
Ile de France	French	Havre	New York	April 18
Alsania	Cunard White Star	Havre	Montreal	April 18
Rex	Italian	Genoa	New York	April 20
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	April 20
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	April 21
Duchess of Atholl	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	April 22
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	April 23
Aurania	Cunard White Star	Havre	Montreal	April 24
Scythia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	April 24
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	April 24
Noordam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	April 24
American Trader	United States	London	New York	April 24
Excalibur	American Export	Alexandria	New York	April 26
Paris	French	Havre	New York	April 26
Oslofjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	April 27
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	April 27
Gerolstein	Red Star-Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	April 27
Conte di Savoia	Italian	Genoa	New York	April 27
Scanyork	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	April 27
Montclare	Canadian Pacific	Antwerp	Montreal	April 28
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	April 28
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	April 28
Nieuw Amsterdam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	April 28
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	April 29
California	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	April 30
Gripsholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	April 30

From Central and South America

Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 2
Uruguay	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	April 3
Santa Maria	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	April 4
Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 6
Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	April 6
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 9
Santa Rita	Grace	Chanaral	New York	April 11
Eastern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	April 12
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 13
Jamaica	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 16
Argentina	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	April 17
Santa Lucia	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	April 18
Antigua	United Fruit	Puerto Barrios	New York	April 20
Talamanca	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 20
Veragua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 23
Santa Barbara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	April 25
Western Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	April 26
Quirigua	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 27
Chiriqui	United Fruit	Cristobal	New York	April 30

From the Orient and the South Seas

President Cleveland	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	April 2
Empress of Japan	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	April 4
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	April 7
Niagara	Canadian Australasian	Sydney	Vancouver	April 7
Hikawa Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	April 13
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	April 14
President Pierce	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	April 16
Mariposa	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	April 17
Empress of Asia	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	April 20
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	April 21
Kamakura Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hongkong	Los Angeles	April 22
Hie Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	April 27
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	April [illegible]
President Coolidge	American President	Manila	Los Angeles	April 30

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Country Life Sports Calendar

APRIL 193

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1 Carolina Cup Hunt Race Meeting, Camden, S. C. National Ski Championships, Downhill, Slalom, and Combined. U. S. Tryouts for Olympic or F.I.S. World Championships, Mt. Hood, Oreg. Mt. Assiniboine Ski Meet, B. C. Yosemite, Cal., Ski Tour (to 9th). Fauquier County Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Warrenton, Va. Venango Grouse Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Fryburg. Oregon Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Harrisburg. Toledo Pointer and Setter Club Field T
2 Connecticut Valley Game Bird Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Northampton, Mass. Perry County Sportsmen's Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Pinckneyville, Ill. Missouri State Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Sturgeon, Mo. Dillsboro Conservation Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Dillsboro, Ind.	3 Invitational High Goal Polo Matches, Palm Springs, Cal. (to 8th) (tentative). East Tennessee Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Elizabethtown, Tenn. Sportsmen's Conservation Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Anderson, Ind. Western Illinois Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Macomb, Ill. Hi-Gun Skeet Club Tournament, Detroit.	4 Annual United North and South Invitational Amateur Golf Championship, Pinehurst, N. C. Memphis, Tenn., Kennel Club Dog Show (to 5th). Orchard Ridge Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Miami Yacht Club Sailing Regatta. End of International Kennel Club Dog Show, Chicago. End of Mt. Hood Ski Championships.	5 English Setter Club of America Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Medford, N. J. International One-Design Races, Royal Bermuda Y. C., Hamilton. Annual April Golf Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C. (to 8th). End of Memphis, Tenn., Kennel Club Dog Show.	6 Hoosier Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Princeton, Ind. End of American Chesapeake Club Field Trial, Benton, Md. (from March 31st). International Kennel Club Dog Show, Chicago, Ill. (to 2nd). Kennel Club of Atlantic City Dog Show, N. J. Golf Tournament, Sea Island, Ga.	7 Spring Ski Tour, Sunshine Valley, Alberta (to 10th). New Britain, Conn., Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters). Trumbull Pointer and Setter Club Field Trial, Warren, Ohio. Central Pa. Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Hollidaysburg, Pa. Anne Arundel Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Annapolis.	8 Deep Run Hunt Meeting, Richmond. Rose Tree Hunter T Media, Pa. Round Hill Club S Horse Show, G wich, Conn. End of Tropical Horse Race Mee Miami (from M 6th). Tropical Handicap, T ical Park, Miami. End of Palm Spr Cal., Invitational Goal Polo (tentati Capitol City Field Assn. (Pointers Setters), Harrisb Springfield Kennel Dog Show, Mass.
9 Riding and Hunt Club Hounds Hunter Trial, Bradley Farms, Potomac, Md. Fin, Fur, and Feather Club Skeet Tournament, Natick, Mass. Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I. Brooklea Country Club Skeet Tournament, Rochester, N. Y. Dugger, Indiana, Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters). End of Birmingham, Ala., Dog Show.	10 Page Valley Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Luray, Va. Horse Racing, Knutsford Park, Jamaica, B.W.I. Easter Ski Jumping Contest, Davos, Switz. Annual United North North Haven Game Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), North Haven, Conn. End of Capital City Dog Show, Columbus, Ohio. End of Yosemite, Cal., Ski Tournaments.	11 Montgomery, Ala., Kennel Club Dog Show. and South Tennis Tournament, Pinehurst, N.C. (to 15th). Ladies' Invitational Golf Tournament, Desert Golf Course, Palm Springs, Cal. (to 15th, tentative). Annual Mason and Dixon Men's Golf Tournament, White Sulphur Springs, (to 15th). Men's Amateur Golf Tournament, Asheville, N. C.	12 Tryon, North Carolina, Horse and Hound Show. End of Montgomery, Ala., Dog Show. 	13 Keeneland Horse Race Meeting, Lexington, Ky. (to 27th).	14 Mid-Jersey Field Dog Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Clinton, N. J. Orange County Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Verbank, N. Y. Atlanta, Georgia, Kennel Club Dog Show. Birmingham, Ala., Kennel Club Dog Show (to 9th). Capital City Kennel Club Dog Show, Columbus, Ohio (to 9th).	15 My Lady's Manor Point-to-point Race, Mc ton, Md. Middleburg, Va., H Race Meeting. Wall St. Riding C Horse Show, N. Y Mississippi Valley K nel Club Field T (Retrievers), ruque, Mo. (to 16t Michigan Grouse F Trial Assn. (Point and Setters), Flint Riviera Kennel Club D Show, Santa Mon Cal. (to 16th).
16 Eastern States Bird Dog Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Springfield, Mass. Gibson County Fish and Game Protective Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Princeton, Indiana. End of Riviera Kennel Club Dog Show, Santa Monica, Cal. End of St. Paul, Minn., Dog Show. End of Toledo, Ohio, Dog Show.	17 Tenneva Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Bristol, Tenn. Macon, Georgia, Kennel Club Dog Show (to 18th). Union County Kennel Club Dog Show, Elizabeth, N. J. End of Mississippi Valley Retriever Field Trial, Peruque, Mo. End of Spring Ski Festival, Arosa, Switz.	18 Yacht Racing, Royal Bermuda Y. C., Hamilton. End of Macon, Georgia, Dog Show.	19 Middleburg, Va., Hunt Race Meeting (also on 15th). Horse Racing, City and Suburban Handicap, Epsom Downs, England. Middlesex County Kennel Club Dog Show, Cambridge or Newton, Mass. Savannah, Georgia, Kennel Club Dog Show. Tri-City Kennel Club Dog Show, Davenport, Iowa (to 20th).	20 End of Tri-City Dog Show, Davenport, Iowa. Dog Show. Horse Racing, Knutsford Park, Jamaica, B.W.I. Spring Ski Festival, Arosa, Switz. Golf Tournament, Sea Island, Ga.	21 Southern New York Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), White Plains, N. Y. Columbia, South Carolina, Kennel Club Dog Show. First Company Dog Show, Hartford, Conn. Toledo Kennel Club Dog Show (to 16th). St. Paul Kennel Club Dog Show (to 16th). End of Atlanta, Ga.,	22 Irish Setter Club America Field Tr Clinton, N. J. I. B. M. Country C Field Trial (Point and Setters), En cott, N. Y. Kennel Club of Northe New Jersey Dog Sho Teaneck. St. Joseph, Mo., Ken Club Dog Show 23rd). Pony Show and Hun Trials, Foxcatch Farms, Newto Square, Pa. Grand National Poi to-point Hunt Ra Meeting, Herefor
23 Buffalo Trap and Field Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Buffalo, N. Y. Ludlow Fish and Game Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Ludlow, Mass. Sullivan, Indiana, Field Trial (Pointers and Setters). Riverside, Cal., Dog Show. Tri-State Dog Show, Wheeling, W. Va. End of St. Joseph, Mo., Dog Show.	24 Southern Pines, N. C., Tennis Tournament (to 29th). Dog Show, Brussels, Belgium. Tiflis Giant Slalom Ski Race, Engelberg, Switz. Williams Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Davison, Mich. Hilltop Skeet Club Tournament, Holliston, Mass.	25 Hampton Roads Kennel Club Dog Show, Norfolk, Va. 	26 Bay Meadows Horse Race Meeting, Calif. (to May 30th). Two Thousand Guineas Horse Race, New Market, England. Leavenworth and Fort Leavenworth Kennel Club Dog Show, Ft. Leavenworth, Kans. (to 27th). Virginia Kennel Club Dog Show, Richmond, Va. (to 27th).	27 Squadron A Spring Horse Show, N. Y. (to 29th). End of Keeneland Horse Race Meeting, Lexington, Ky. End of Leavenworth and Ft. Leavenworth Dog Show, Kans. 	28 Lynchburg Junior League Horse Show, Lynchburg, Va. (to 29th). Sport and Conservation League Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Middletown, N. Y. End of Tanforan, Cal., Horse Race Meeting (from March 18th). Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I. End of Squadron A Spring Horse Show. Southern R. I. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Peace Dale. Northern States Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Solon Springs, Wis. Kansas City, Mo., Dog Show (to 30th). Mahoning-Shenango Kennel Club Dog Show, Youngstown, Ohio (to 30th).	29 Maryland Hunt C Race Meeting, Gly don, Md. Churchill Downs Hor Race Meeting, Lou ville, Ky. (to M 20th). End of Lynchburg, Va Junior League Hor Show. Old Dominion Kenn Club of Northern V Dog Show, Richmon
30 Central New York Pheasant Dog Assn. (Pointers and Setters). National Capital Kennel Club Dog Show, Chevy Chase, Md. End of Kansas City, Mo., Dog Show. End of Mahoning-Shenango Dog Show, Youngstown, Ohio.						

The tri-polis

—of ancient fame and wondrous modern beauty

"The steamer is due to arrive in Tripoli on Friday, March 25th, at 12 noon. The last tender will leave from the quay of the Castello on Saturday at 7.30 P.M."

Well, let the last tender leave. We had just left Algiers and Tunis and left them without regrets. In our grim search for far eastern mystery in the *souks* by day and for oriental sin by night, we were both tired and disillusioned. Nowhere in the world was sin so unattractive, we decided. *Souks* that rubbed elbows with plate-glass windows full of ghastly, tawdry semi-Parisian wares offended us. So let the steamer duly arrive and leave Tripoli for all we cared. We might go ashore for a little night gambling, yes. But no more North African ports for us. The liquor aboard was elegant and cheap, and that was glamour enough for us.

We came sailing into Tripoli's harbor at noon, and very beautiful it was. No one had told us Tripoli was so enchantingly lovely. Stunning modern architecture along a magnificent palm-fringed promenade extended along the sea wall for two miles. To the west, waves dashed against the stone walls of the romantic old Castello. Everywhere beau-

JEAN AUSTIN

Being a travel story which starts with a wail on being forced to put into the port of Tripoli and ends on a howl at being forced to leave said port

On this page, a faint idea of the beautiful modern city of Tripoli, and opposite, a photograph of Leptis Magna, taken by the author, about which she is inordinately vain

Hamilton M. Wright

Taureg woman of Gadames . . . Brak, a date palm oasis about 300 miles south, of Tripoli . . . Libyan desert scene . . . Bathing pool at the Public Baths, Leptis Magna . . . The Roman market at Leptis . . . At right, views of Leptis Magna and, at bottom, the huge amphitheatre at Sabratha, the area of which is two thirds that of the Colosseum in Rome

tiful parks. Here *was* something. No attempt to transplant the mother country with the result that neither the mother country architecture nor the native architecture "gave an inch" and both seemed incongruous. Here was something new, vibrantly alive; stark white surfaces used in the same grandly simple way of the desert. This was exciting and no one had told us it would be. Of course we were going ashore and on the first tender. Perhaps it was all just a front, perhaps back of that magnificent sea wall promenade it would go filthy squalid on us as it so often does in cities being determinedly modernized by their conquerors, yet remaining stubbornly and sullenly Eastern in spite of European progress. This one was dazzlingly beautiful from the ship's side, the sun dazzlingly bright, the tender service obligingly frequent should it all prove disappointing.

We stayed ashore that day and all the next day. We caught the last tender and were bitterly disappointed that so little time had been allowed for Tripoli. Did not the Italian Line, the travel people in general, realize what they had in Tripoli? Why did not the ship's news start telling us about Tripoli days ago, give us some hint of the beauty that awaited us in Tripoli? So we fumed, forgetful that the day before we had decided to stay aboard!

ONCE upon a time the sea-faring Phoenicians founded three cities on the North African coast, the tri-polis. Oea, the present Tripoli, is the only survivor, Sabratha and Leptis Magna having been destroyed and but recently resurrected. Carthage, the Roman Empire, the Byzantine Empire, and the Arabs successively ruled Libya. A long and tempestuous period of strife between Berber and Arab, lasting many centuries, reduced the country to ruin. Spain took over in 1530 and gave it to the Knights of Malta. The Turkish rule began twenty years later. Italy took over in 1911.

The official language is Italian, but Arabic is spoken by the natives, who are Moslems by religion. Of the total population of some 200,000 about 30,000 are Italians and the balance Arab-Berbers, negroes, natives of the Fezzan, and Jews. The climate is similar to that of Sicily, and while mostly desert country, is crossed by a large network of *uidian* which are deep and picturesque valleys that cut through the tablelands and generally have plenty of water during the rainy season. The numerous oases are beautiful with their palm groves, with more than a million palms in Fezzan alone. Sixteen separate

A fronted arch at Leptis dedicated to Septimius Severus

ınicipal villages are scattered throughout the 2000-mile desert ·a, each village complete with market place, city hall, hospital, ıoolhouse, recreation center, church, central supply house, and ıome for the teachers. Between the sea and the desert you will tice many young olive trees. This industry is being developed by ɜ government and while the yield is too small and bitter for eat-ɜ, the olives are fine for olive oil. Natives hold olive groves total-ɜ 600,000 trees. An additional one and a half million young trees ve been planted by Italian settlers. The New Littorania High-ıy runs 2000 miles through Libya and leads into Egypt, with ɔdern hostelries spaced for the tourist's convenience. The one ıich I saw was small but most attractive and modern, the bed-ɔms having built-in furniture, the bar very snappy modern—e terrace filled with Arabs in their white burnoose gravely ɔping their drinks, deep in conversation, and unexplainably, ɜming as much at home there as in their own mosques. But, r that matter, so do the Arabs absorb all that is ultra-modern Tripoli. The modern rubs elbows with the old in Tripoli; y Italian uniforms, smartly gowned women at the casino, the ıite burnoose and the veiled women—one is conscious of them ıly as one pattern, not as the old and the new. They do not ıntrast as one would naturally expect them to, and for that ason neither one nor the other seems incongruous. To see ı Arab sheik in front of an Algerian apartment house of Paris ıntours must be looked at as two entities. The contrast is olent. An Arab sleeping on the sidewalk beside the Uaddan otel in Tripoli is in no sense startling. It somehow seems ·ight" that if he were tired he should have simply pulled his ɔbe over his head and relaxed. The magnificent modern back-·ound he has chosen is somehow not incongruous.

TRIPOLI consists of the old town and the new. The old town within the old sixteenth century walls, and while there are ill visible the old Barbary quarters, Punic and Roman antiqui-es, and the celebrated four-fronted Arch of Marcus Aurelius, here are also clean streets and modern drainage. One can see, ·ithout having also to smell, all the characteristics of its native opulations. Camel markets barter and trade in the old section, ıe world's most famous auto racers compete in the beautiful ıutodrome a few miles away. Also, in the old town is the Castle, ·hich has been fortress and residence of governors, beys and alis, under the ever-changing ruling powers. Very carefully estored, the Castle is well worth visiting. The administrative ıeadquarters of its present charming incumbent Marshal Balbo, ɔovernor of Libya, also houses an Archaeological Museum and ontains an important collection including particularly fine culpture, uncommonly wonderful mosaics, paintings, many elics and coins, and funeral furnishings found in the Punic-Roman necropolis of Forte della Vite. From the Castle a thrill-ng panoramic view of both town and oases is obtainable. The ɔusiness street of the old town is the Suk el Turk, completely ·overed, with many shops, the most frequented Turkish baths, ınd the mosque of Mohammed Pasha (not open to the public). A short distance beyond rises the Arch of Marcus Aurelius, once n the center of the forum of the ancient city of Oea.

The new part of the city was built after the Italian occupa-tion and possesses many fine public and private buildings, the ɔlder ones easily distinguishable because they are of definite Moorish architecture, whereas the newer ones are definitely modern in design, with an occasional Oriental motif used effectively, stunning because handled with modern restraint. Some 3000 private dwellings and 200 apartment houses and hotels have just been completed as part of a stupendous four-year building program by Marshal Balbo, under the direction of Premier Mussolini. The small homes are intended for Italy's migrating population, as are the very beautifully designed modern apart-ments (with American electric refrigerators!) at the edge of the desert. The parks are beautifully landscaped, the thorough-fares wide and handsome. The esplanade, as I have already said, runs for two miles along the sea front and is named for Count Volpi di Misurata, the first after-war governor of Tripolitania. He it was who promoted the excavations of Leptis Magna and Sabratha and started the military roads along the coast. Per-sonally, I prefer to attribute all of Tripoli's charm and progress to Marshal Balbo, but if he must share honors, certainly it should be with Count Volpi. It takes very real genius to combine ancient charm, modern efficiency, and what a grand job they've made of both in Tripoli!

There are two new hotels in Tripoli that rate second to none in any man's country. The Albergo Casino Uaddan is the "Wal-dorf Astoria" of Tripoli and a complete community in itself.

The huge and preciously beautiful mosaic floor at Sabratha

in photographs, nevertheless these few cannot help but stir the mo sluggish imagination, and with or without benefit of words, cann help but give an idea of the great pleasure still in store for th most jaded traveler.

A run of about three and a half hours, on a good road, bring one to Leptis Magna. "Breath taking" is a very hackneyed, outmode expression I know, but there is no other phrase that can adequatel describe one's first view of Leptis Magna. You, with these photo graphs before you, are a little better equipped than I, but no amour of advance photographs can entirely prepare one for Leptis. See through a fronted arch dedicated to Septimius Severus (for this wa the birthplace of Severus) one's soul is filled with wonder at thi great city which continues down to the edge of the sea. One's emotio at thus suddenly coming upon it, silhouetted against the sky an

Ultra-modern comfort awaits the desert traveler at An el Fras hotel, Gadames. Right, a magnificent bas-relief of Tolemaide recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum in New York

The rooms are the last word in modern comfort, the public rooms gay and beautiful. It has a spacious motion picture theatre, gambling casino, Turkish bath, and all manner of recreational facilities. The rates, believe it or not, start at $3 a day per person. And just a few blocks away, is the Mehari, a smaller and less expensive hotel for "hunters, motorists, and desert travelers." Well, if this is their idea of a "tourist cabin" may they never see ours, for their dollar a day rate would immediately jump to five or six. Much of the furniture is built in, the decorative schemes charming, and the restaurant, built right out over the sea, absolutely fascinating. This, understand, has all been in preparation for the tourist trade, and the rates at hotels, theatres, races, tours—everything in fact that pertains to the welfare and comfort of the tourist—is controlled by the government. The tourist can't be "fleeced."

PERHAPS every word of this has left you absolutely "cold." Perhaps like myself, you have mentally resolved not to leave the ship. Very well, I've told an exciting story very badly if you can ever be within reasonable calling distance of Tripoli and not move heaven and earth to get there. And it may well be that I shall muddle this next story, but that is not so serious. While there is only an infinitesimal portion of the Leptis Magna and Sabratha story told herein sea and incredibly magnificent in its desolation, far surpasses one's emotion at Pompeii. This is something on the grand scale, splendid beyond anything this side of Egypt.

Leptis Magna was one of the most flourishing cities on the North African coast. Herodotus enlarges on the fertility of its territory. It received Cato the Younger with the remains of the Pompeian forces after Pharsalus in 48 B.C. Julius Caesar imposed upon it an annual contribution of 300,000 measures of oil. It was made a colonia by Trajan. Septimius Severus beautified his birthplace, and the city as it stands is his creation.

Walking on the limestone foundations of the ancient roads through the arch of Septimius Severus, the imposing columns to the right once formed part of the Public Baths, completed in A.D. 127 and laid out in a particularly interesting design. Parts of them are still in an excellent state of preservation, especially the hot rooms (*calidaria*), tepid rooms (*tepidaria*), and the fine central pools, marble lined and ornamented with graceful columns.

A few traces of the city walls are visible to the west, while on the north there were no walls, so that fresh sea breezes could sweep the city. The streets are on a rather regular plan, and to the north can be seen the remains of the theatre and a church of the Byzantine period. To the south of the baths is a large group of cisterns. Off to the east, along the sea, is a large circus, the site of an amphitheatre close by. The most imposing and most beautiful ruins are those of the forum, surrounded by a peristyle. On the east of the open space is a large basilica, some 300 feet long and over a hundred feet wide, with an apse at each end with finely carved pilasters. To the southwest three arches face the entrance to a monumental street. The statuary is exquisite, the columns, arches, and pilasters finely carved and lovely in color. There is beauty on every side, and a day is all too short for even that layman with not the slightest interest in archeology. And save for the end of your day, when even beauty like this has begun to pall, the ancient port round a large basin, which lies at the mouth of a small stream known as Wady Lebda. On the western promontory a break- (*Continued on page 100*)

THE SPORTSWOMAN

MRS. JORROCKS

Following the Aiken Hounds in South Carolina, below, is Miss Grace Sloane, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sloane of New Jersey

Deborah Dickson Lombard of South Portland, Maine, was Maine's Championship Rider for 1938, shown here with General Robert E. Lee and Sandman, owned by Mr. Ralph Ingalls of Portland

Left: Miss Anne Brownell of Greenwich, Connecticut, a ribbon winner at the Round Hill Horse Show held in Greenwich recently

There is a big jump between March and April. One minute you are sitting in front of a fire reading enviously of the things that are going on in the sunny South and then, all of a sudden, the things that are fun to do and see are within commuting distance. April always means hunt meetings to me. During March they will have got under way down in the Carolinas and even if you haven't been able to follow them down there you will have more or less of an idea what horses are running and which are doing well. Then comes April—Deep Run, Middleburg, My Lady's Manor, The Little Grand National, and to top it all off, The Maryland Hunt Cup. Easy to pile into a car on successive Friday evenings and head for "God's Country" no matter at the moment whether it happens to be Maryland or Virginia. The first week the landscape will look almost like winter. The next, the peach trees will be pink and daffodils will be out. Heading south across New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, the orchards will be brighter and gayer with each mile and then, on the last week end in the month, there will be lilacs and apple trees, dogwood and azaleas. Spring will be in all the glory of full bloom once again for Maryland Hunt Cup Saturday—dressed appropriately in her very best finery for the world's greatest timber race.

Nowadays a "Maryland horse" is spoken of with bated breath as a thing apart. No matter how good he may be or how many races he may have won no

On the bridle paths at Pinehurst, North Carolina, Miss Helen M. Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Phillips of New Jersey, a winter visitor to the Mid-South

Young sportswomen at the Round Hill Horse Show. On the left, Miss Jane Hoyt of Cobble Corner, Greenwich, Connecticut. On the fence below, the Rosemary Hall Hunt Team, the Misses Mabel Breese, Gertrude Fawcett, and Mary Newell

Shooting over water at the weekly trap and skeet shoot at the Westchester Country Club in Rye is Mrs. F. P. Magnus

Another trap shooting enthusiast at the Westchester Beach Club is Mrs. E. V. Quinn, N.Y.

Golfing at the Riddell's Bay Golf Club in Bermuda are Mrs. Lonie Jenkins and Mrs. Frazier Clark, visitors from New York

Photographs by Bert Morgan, Freudy, Scott Seegers, and Percy T. Jones

At the Associated Terrier Clubs Specialty Show held at Commerce Hall, New York, Mrs. Herbert Lehman showed her "Scrappy O' Tapscot," a Cairn Terrier

Miss Camella Warren, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Warren of Prides Crossing, Massachusetts, golfing on the Palmetto Club's links in Aiken

horse can quite be called timber champion until he has proved that he can race over this famous four-mile course. Almost all of the entries recently have been ridden by veterans, men of experience who know what it is all about. But several years ago, during the time when the hunters were in the process of arguing this race with the stake horses, it used to seem as if anyone who owned any sort of a horse at all would start him in the Maryland; and anyone that has ever hunted a season or so would want to ride in this race and try his luck.

The race always starts just out of sight over the crest of a hill and, during this era, the field would come down over the first fence as if they were coming down the Widener chute at Belmont. It sounded as if machine guns were turned loose in the Worthington Valley. *Rat-a-tat-tat-tat*—and then another volley at the second. As likely as not a horse or two would be left on the ground and the rest would hot foot it down to the third fence, the one that is named for the local hospital, as if the furies themselves were after them. By that time a good many of them would be feeling their bruised shins (and maybe a change of heart) in different ways and the swerving, jamming, and rushing that took place at that fence was enough to make women faint and strong men turn pale. The sadists and the camera men would crowd around the spot hoping to be in at the death and friends and relatives of the riders would be torn between watching the destruction and hiding their eyes so that they might remain in an ignorance that was anything but bliss. Almost everyone has seen photographs of the fantastic falls that occurred. Horses and riders thrown into weird, gymnastic positions from the force with which they struck those solid bars of unbendable timber. Falls over brush are never like that. In comparison they look comfortable. What does a "Memorial" fall feel like? This, as well as I can remember, is the way one unfortunate rider described it to me.

I remember the horse he was to ride, in the paddock before the start, and a strange little object he was. His horns might have been sawed off back in Texas but otherwise he would have passed for that sort of an animal rather than a race horse, and he looked as if he had about the same amount of courage. To start off on such a mount for the Maryland Hunt Cup seemed to me like an attempt at suicide but his jock was sufficiently (*Continued on page 118*)

At the Pinehurst Gymkhana Pig Race, Mrs. W. J. Stratton receives the blue ribbon from Mr. Lloyd Tate of Pinehurst. The contestants from left to right, are: Miss Gertrude Whitemore, Mrs. J. L. Merrill, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Roy Rainey, Jr., Mrs. R. P. Williams and Evelyn Collins

Getting the Big 'Uns

EUGENE V. CONNETT III

CATCHING big trout is an innocent diversion, but it requires a certain amount of knowledge and patience. One does pick up a big one now and then just in the course of ordinary events. However, to creel half a dozen fish over three pounds in an Eastern stream during the course of one season isn't a matter of luck.

Many of our trout waters have deep pools which hold big fish, and other streams are tributary to larger rivers from which the large trout migrate at certain times during the spring. Naturally the first requisite in planning a campaign for these old sockers is to discover water where they are. Anglers who fish a different stream each week end are not so likely, in my opinion, to discover the haunts of big fish as those who concentrate their efforts on learning the secrets of one stream. I spend the entire season on a single stream these days, and before many weeks have passed, I have a chance to see about what it contains in the way of fish. When I find a big 'un, I probably don't catch him for several weeks, unless I have a pretty big slice of luck. If I do, it takes some of the edge off the pleasure of conducting an intelligent campaign against my wary adversary.

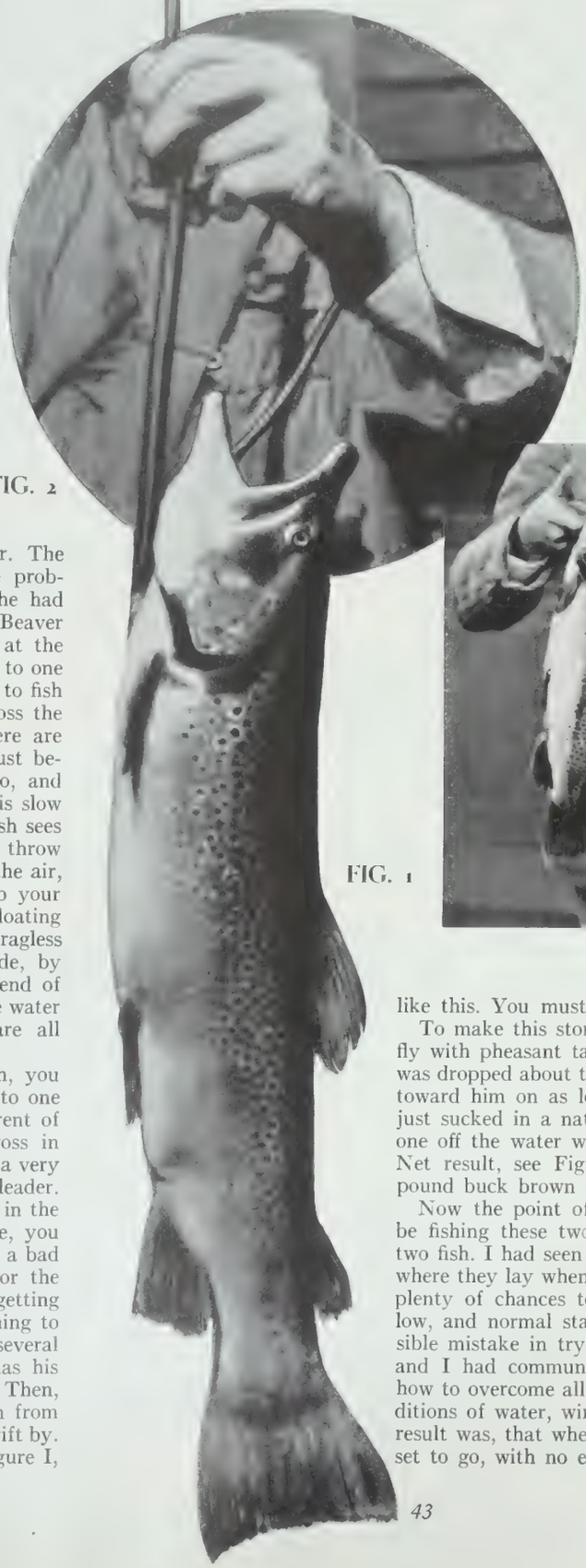


FIG. 2

In late April I saw a big fish rising in a most difficult piece of water. The fact that he lived in a difficult place probably accounted for the size to which he had grown. There is a pool which we call the Beaver Pool on the stream where I fish, and at the foot of it is a large, quiet backwater, off to one side. It is about as cantankerous a place to fish well as I know. You have to wade across the fast water, stand in a place where there are fifty million (approximately) willows just behind you where your back cast will go, and cast downstream to any fish lying in this slow backwater. If you don't keep low, the fish sees you. If you do keep low, you have to throw your back cast almost straight up into the air, which doesn't tend to lend versatility to your forward cast. If you want to present a floating fly to this fish, you can achieve a dragless float of about three feet at the outside, by casting a very loose line. Then at the end of this float, you have to pick the fly off the water just over the fish's head, and you are all through for that day.

If you really want to catch this fish, you have to drop a nymph or a wet fly off to one side of him and then let the gentle current of the backwater slowly drift the fly across in front of where he is lying—at the end of a very straight line, so that he won't see the leader. In view of the difficulties of casting well in the cramped position you have had to take, you won't make many casts before you make a bad one, and once more you are through for the day. In order to have some chance of getting a rise on the first few casts, the wise thing to do is to wait until the fish has taken several nymphs or natural floating flies, and has his mind (if any) firmly fixed on feeding. Then, just as he is swinging back into position from a rise, have your submerged fly quietly drift by. This will work. How do I know? See Figure I, fish on right, hen brown trout of three pounds, for evidence.

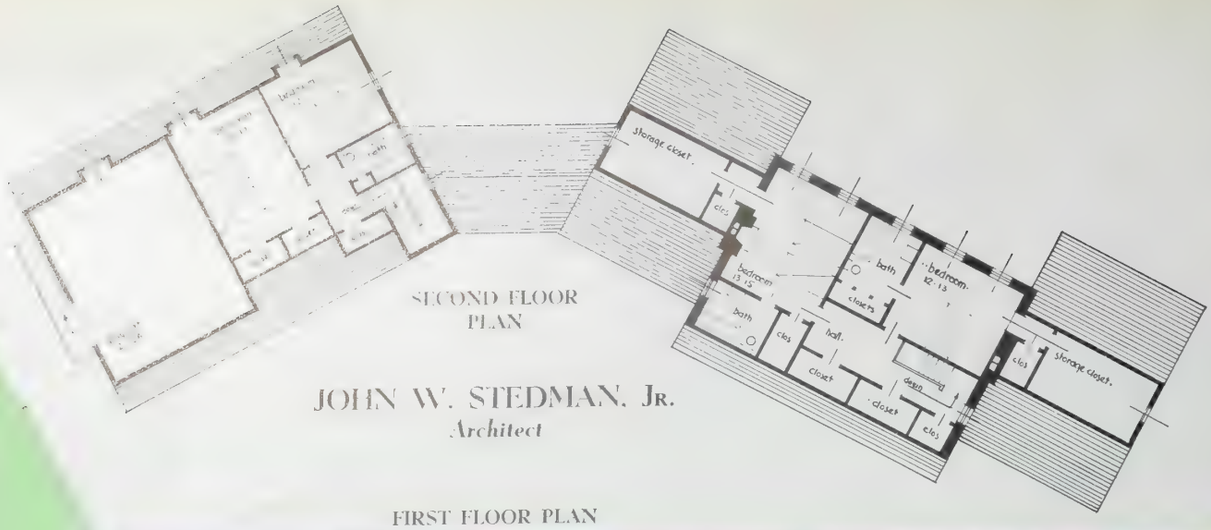
On the same day I saw another big 'un rising in another backwater (they are devils for picking a backwater which is just about forty times as hard to fish well as the main current of the stream) on the far side of the Home Pool. Here there were the usual obstructions in the rear, composed of a high rocky cliff with various small trees sprouting from the rocks. The water behind the fish—which was facing downstream with his head against the current of the backwater—is much too deep to permit wading, so one has to fish from a position out in front of the trout and keep down low, out of sight. This fish was taking nothing but floating flies. I watched him feed for ten minutes and never a nymph did he touch. He would just tip that ugly snout up and suck in fly after fly off the surface. That meant, in all probability that he wouldn't be paying any attention to a fly under the surface, and that I would have to drift a floater downstream to him. This looks easy, but in my experience is a most difficult thing to do without getting drag, and drag will end all your fun with a fish

FIG. 1

like this. You must remember he wasn't born yesterday.

To make this story as short as possible: a large hackle fly with pheasant tail body and blue dun hackle and tail was dropped about two feet above him and allowed to drift toward him on as loose a line as I could throw. He had just sucked in a natural and was all set to pick the next one off the water when my pheasant tail came over him. Net result, see Figure I, fish on left, three and a half pound buck brown trout.

Now the point of this is that I didn't just happen to be fishing these two pools and just happen to see these two fish. I had seen them a dozen times and knew exactly where they lay when they were on the feed. I also had had plenty of chances to observe the currents, both in high, low, and normal stages of water. I had made every possible mistake in trying to catch these fish a dozen times, and I had communed with myself for several weeks on how to overcome all these mistakes under all possible conditions of water, wind, natural fly hatch, and so on. The result was, that when things really looked right, I was all set to go, with no experiments (*Continued on page 107*)

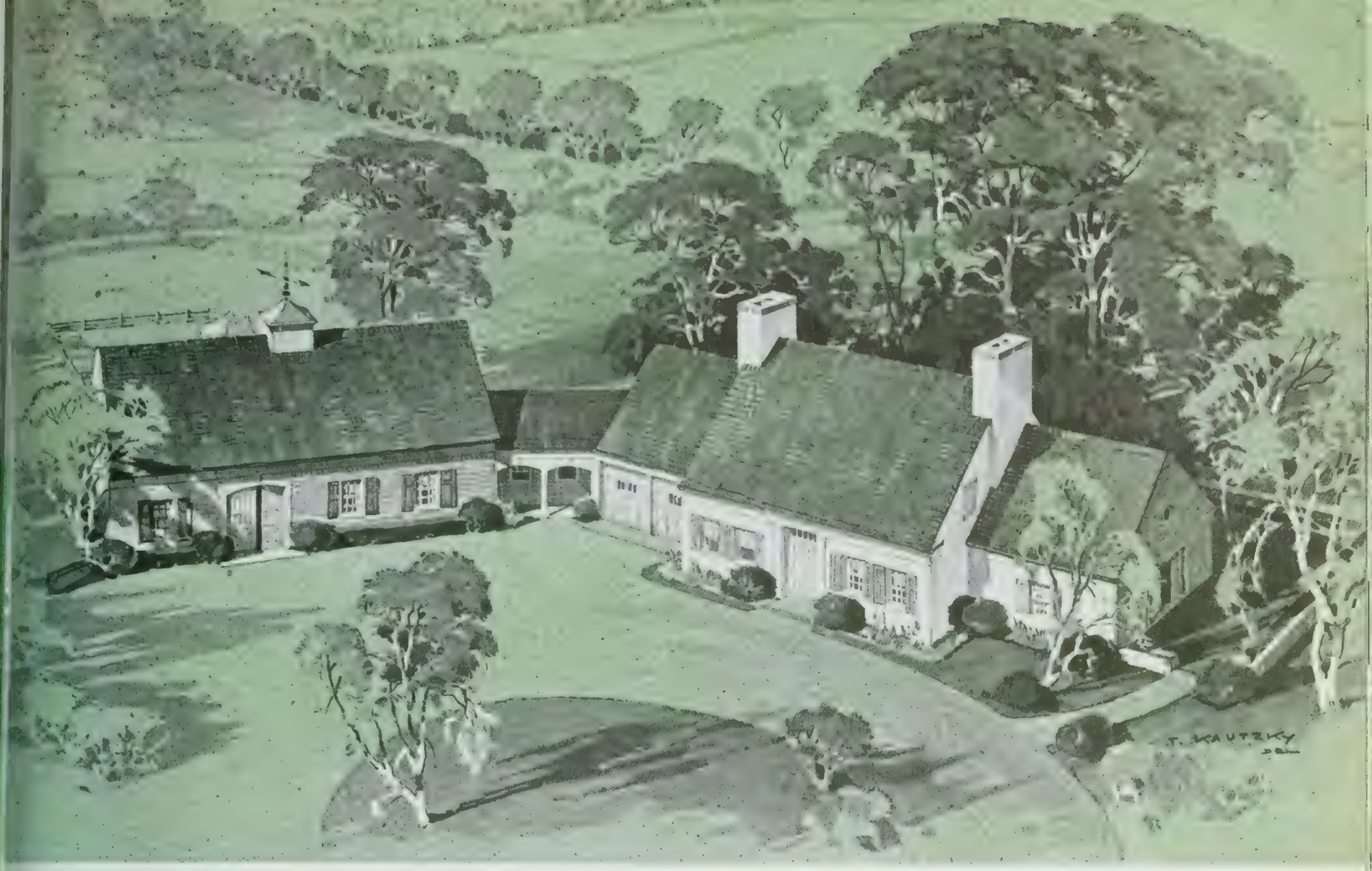


SECOND FLOOR PLAN

JOHN W. STEDMAN, Jr.
Architect

FIRST FLOOR PLAN

Mrs. Jorrocks plans a place with a purpose



Small in Size—Large in Luxury

PROBABLY I will voice the sentiments of thousands of my sisters when I say that there are more headaches in housekeeping than there should be. All the charming songs that are sung about home were undoubtedly written by men who never had to hire and fire servants, order food, make plans, keep books, pay bills, and tend to the endless tasks that are the duty of the chatelaine of a large establishment. My experience of roaming in palaces has about convinced me that I don't want to be tied to the care, worry, and time that it takes to run one. My ideal estate is only just large enough for comfort and convenience, but inside and out everything about it is as perfect as possible regardless of expense. What this country most certainly needs is more places to live in that are small in size and large in luxury.

This place is designed primarily for the person living alone and in these days of intensive individuality there are plenty of them. Such people have no wish to be burdened with unnecessary responsibility, yet a place where they can do as they please, have things as they like them, keep their treasures, and indulge their hobbies is just as necessary to them as it is to families and partnerships—more so, almost. Here there is no need for the owner to be anchored. The grounds are compact and will require but very little care. A little bit of lawn in front and on the terrace a few shrubs—old-fashioned lilacs, syringa, hollyhocks, and such around the house and stable and a border around the retaining wall that will supply sufficient flowers for appearance and be convenient for cutting. A minimum of entrance drive but adequate parking space. A shed and service yard for the necessary but often unsightly things that are among the appointments of every estate and a place to keep the dogs when they begin to become a nuisance around the house. The place is planned for someone who is really fond of horses and although it has a paddock, floor space for a breaking cart, sleigh or what you will, and tack and feed rooms sufficient for quite a large stable, only three stalls have been arranged. It is dangerous for anyone who is fond of horses to have too many stalls. Unless you keep them locked you're likely to wake up some morning and find them full of other people's horses and even if they are locked you are constantly seeing horses that you feel you must buy as long as you have room for them. Besides three horses *should* be enough for any one individual's personal needs. Two hunters, one a good hardened campaigner and one youngster coming on, and the third a good using horse or cob that will drive, carry inexperienced guests and probably get more work than anything in the stable.

When the owner is alone only the lower floor of the house need be used and the utility room is adequate for an overnight guest. However, should relatives or friends arrange to come for a visit of any length they can have the whole second floor. Up there they won't get in their hostess's hair (or vice versa). When these rooms are unoccupied they can be closed—no care, no expense.

Yet small as this house is, I doubt if any person could possibly be so popular that he wouldn't be able to pay off all his party debts at one time. With the owner's room for ladies' walk, the hall closets and utility room for gents, and the large living room and terraces for them all to disport in together, quite a large number of people could be asked—and could come, too—without being crowded. Naturally the dining room is too small for large formal dinners but they would be a bother, anyhow, with such a small domestic staff to take charge of things.

The house, grounds, and stable could easily be cared for by three efficient servants, although room for more could easily be added should they be required, and putting them out in comfortable quarters in the stable solves many problems. In the first place it gives them a life of their own, for although they are conveniently near the house, they are well cut off from it by the garage, kennel, and shed. There they can have their own quarrels and friendships, company, and privacy. In case of illness or emergency, of course, a

maid or nurse could occupy the utility room or the small second floor room in the house but, generally speaking, they would be better off in their own quarters with a bell to summon them when needed. During the owner's residence they would have their meals in the house but in her absence, since they have all they require for comfortable, independent living outside of it, the house could be left, with the turning of a key, as safely as an apartment and with a minimum of overhead and worry. It would be a small matter under such circumstances to decide, at a moment's notice, to go to Europe, Aiken, Bermuda, Virginia, Saratoga, or California. And should the owner wish to have duplicate residences in each of these places they could be undertaken with less apprehension, less bother, less expense and, from my point of view, a heck of a lot more comfort and pleasure than one single plush palace with sixty bedrooms and an equal number of beautiful, luxurious baths. Who in the world wants so many baths, anyway? (*Continued on page 120*)

Every color and texture, every appointment of the big living room speaks of ease of living. Carefully planned as to color and style, the room has a friendly charm and directness that make it very inviting

The utility room, for extra guests, guns, cameras, or various oddments. There's ample space for each and by using the galley technique, no feeling of crowding. A comfortable little box, equipped to the hilt

A beautiful small dining room whose dark blue walls vanish into the night, and by dint of having nothing on them are almost as unnoticeable by day. The long windows on the garden give a sense of space

POLO from the Near-Side

England vs. California at Midwick. Left to right: Louis Rowan, Eric Tyrrell-Martin, Cecil Smith, Hesketh Hughes and Bob Skene. Tyrrell-Martin covers Smith as Bob Skene checks and prepares to back the ball under his pony to Hughes, coming up in the background to pick up the pass

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

WELL, the British have landed out here in Southern California (and will have landed in Northern California too by the time you read this, for the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco is expecting, on March 19, the largest polo crowd ever to attend a match west of the Mississippi). They have the situation well in hand too. Moreover, they seem to have the horseflesh. In their two appearances in action at the Midwick Country Club, near Pasadena, against picked California high-ranking players, they have convinced amazed audiences of five and six thousand excited spectators that Britain's challenge this time is certainly not to be laughed at.

In the third place, they have a young man, Bob Skene, riding at No. 2. Still only twenty-three years old, he has been the bright and outstanding individual star of each match. In one game we saw him score seven goals, bagging a 70-yard near-side shot in the seventh chukker that would have been worthy of Tommy Hitchcock, Cecil Smith, and Stewart Iglehart combined. And in another game his 80-yard cannon-ball delivery drive under his pony's neck from the far boards was reminiscent of Manuel Andrada roaring along with the speed of an Andes wind. He has struck and held the popular fancy of the polo crowds on the Coast so far, this young Australian, son of a great player who visited California in 1929. And while we do not say this particularly to boost but strictly in the interests of reportorial truth and accuracy, we venture the assertion that if he keeps up the pace he has been going, England should have great hopes for this coming player. As far as the rest of the British squad to date is concerned? Well, "Heskie" Hughes was a sensational No. 1 in the last Internationals in London and will doubtless get going. Eric Tyrrell-Martin has been playing his usual steady all-around fine defensive game at No. 3. Young John Lakin, on a horse out here for the first time since July and only two days after landing by boat in New York, has been giving a consistently sound performance at Back . . . and with two of its regulars, Gerald Balding a 10-goal man in England, and Aidan Roark, an 8-goal man in this country, still out of the line-up, you can perhaps pardon a scribe for daring to suggest that this 1939 British Four, superbly mounted, is going to be a mighty troublesome team to beat.

However, as all the saddened sporting world now knows, tragedy, the invisible horseman, rode in that first game at Midwick. . . . And the worst polo accident we have ever seen, resulting in the shocking and fatal injury to Captain C. T. I. "Pat" Roark, marred an otherwise spectacular contest, in which the British riders (H. Hughes, R. Skene, Eric Tyrrell-Martin, and J. Lakin) decisively walloped a California team that included such formidable Internationalists as Eric Pedley, Elmer Boeseke, and Pat Roark. With an up-and-coming Midwick player, Louis Rowan, up forward, the California celebrities were beaten by 12 goals to 7. The colorful invaders were leading 6 to 4 at the time of Pat Roark's fall at half-time, but in the latter stanzas they clearly outclassed the local riders, although Carl Crawford, who is a six-goal Texan, played the remainder of the game admirably in Pat Roark's place. It was a furiously contested game and

Photographs by Carroll and Bert Clark Thayer

played at top speed for eight chukkers of seven-and-a-half minutes each. The Britishers galloped into their stride right from the start and it was sheer irony that Captain Roark should have received his fatal injury riding with the Midwick Californians against his own British countrymen. He played furiously and rode as if inspired against the team upon which he hoped to be chosen for the forthcoming International Matches. Had he lived and won the assignment, as no doubt he would have—if his 9-goal play on Long Island last summer was any criterion—he would have found himself again on the British team that he field-captained so admirably during the 1930 international competition.

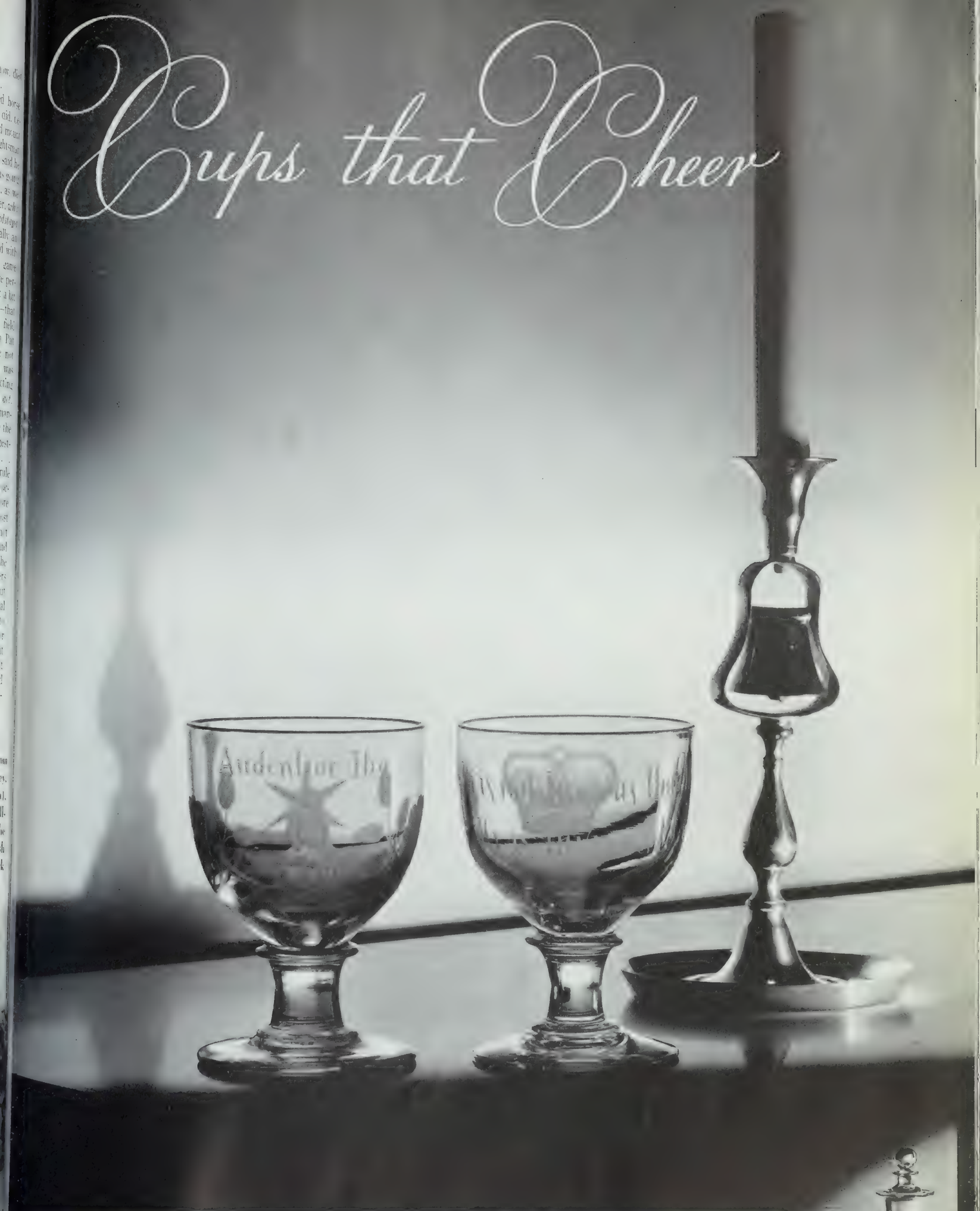
His brother Aidan, also expected to ride with the British Internationalists at Meadow Brook in June, was one of hundreds of horrified socialites and movie stars in the packed stands, gay with British and American flags, who saw Pat Roark's spent pony go down in the fourth chukker over-time play. As we saw it, it was the old, old story of a tired horse. . . . "Heskie" Hughes had hit a long ball down toward the Midwick goal a minute and three quarters after the bell had rung. Pat went tearing after that loose ball, working his horse frantically with his legs in his characteristic style. The tired horse was laboring, obviously, ten lengths in front of Eric Tyrrell-Martin, the nearest approaching rival rider, for Martin seemed to catch up like an express train. Pat glanced around, saw Eric Martin charging down on him, and instead of pulling his "cooked" pony out of the way, checked and threw it into Martin for the bump which was severe but perfectly fair and square. Pat's horse was knocked down, falling with its right shoulder as if pressing the rider to the ground. . . . And then, as if in slow motion, it deliberately rolled over the completely prostrate Roark, who, as you know, died two days later without ever having regained consciousness.

Many people, polo people, must have noticed that tired horse. We know Cecil Smith, the referee in the stands for the day, did, because he told us afterwards that he was discussing the tired mount with his friend Charles B. Wrightsman who sat in the box with him, and said he was almost sure Roark's pony was going down any minute. Again we ask, as we did once in an article last summer, *why doesn't the referee in the grandstand have a whistle?* The referee, usually an honored person of prominence and with wide knowledge of the galloping game often sees things—a loose bandage perhaps that might cause a nasty fall; a bit out of a mouth; or broken tack—that the players and umpires on the field might not so quickly observe. In Pat Roark's ill-fated case, the referee not only saw impending disaster but was actually talking about it and expecting it to happen—*and was powerless to act.* Granted that a man's sense of horsemanship might be insulted if someone in the stands suddenly blew a whistle suggesting that he get off his "cold" mount . . . wouldn't it be better to make such a rule and have a few temporary hurt feelings occasionally, if necessary, rather than more rides in ambulances? It seems almost too banal to add that the game can not afford to lose men like Pat Roark. And wouldn't it be wise also to change the rules to six-and-a-half minute chukkers in an eight period game? Or, how about stopping on the bell, as in the final period? And, incidentally, there ought to be a new rule making it compulsory for a club to have an ambulance handy at the field. If there was an ambulance at Midwick on that sad day, it remained completely hidden for twenty-five minutes, during (*Continued on page 106*)

Reading down: Mrs. Robert Skene chats with Henry Lacey; Frank Blake working Heyora, a Thoroughbred from Major Austin Taylor's stable at Santa Anita—one of a dozen race horses Arthur Perkins is getting to make into polo ponies. Elmer Boeseke and Arthur Perkins after a game

California vs. Hurlingham. The teams from left to right: Elmer Boeseke, Eric Pedley, Cecil Smith, Louis Rowan (California), Hesketh Hughes, Bob Skene, Eric Tyrrell-Martin and John Lakin (Hurlingham). The teams on the Midwick Field as the English Internationalists start their winter work

Cups that Cheer



From Mrs. Robert Coleman Taylor's collection of antiques (above); modern glass (right). Hammacher Schlemmer

IN THIS ALBUM: I. *Cups that Cheered* by Jerome Irving Smith and Frank Durfey

II. *Sip from Modern Crystal* by Hester Bremer

Emblems of loyalty to the House of Stuart, romantically decorated Jacobite glassware in the 18th century

"DRINK hearty" is a phrase that wings us back thousands of years. Primitive man thought it as he cupped his hands at a pool of water; Babylonians and Egyptians chanted it as they offered cups to their gods; Greeks and Romans greeted the arrival of freshly filled wine craters with such an exhortation; the crusader uttered it when offering some thirsty pilgrim a sip from his flask; the Chinese and Japanese expressed it in the rigid simplicity of the Tea Ceremony; the nobles of the French Court politely said it while sipping from chocolate cups; the English bellowed it in between tall mugs of ale. Today the phrase, rich in these associations, suggests the pleasure to be had in collecting old drinking vessels, historical, beautiful, and useful.

Certainly few customs are as universal as drinking. As far back as 2400 B.C., an old Babylonian tablet of baked clay states in the cuneiform characters of its inscription that among the ceremonial vessels of a high priest were two jars of must and twenty of beer. Herodotus ascribed beer to Isis, the Goddess of Life, who was the wife of Osiris, the Lord of Death. A carved Egyptian tombstone, about 1600 B.C., represents Sehetep-ab, an overseer of the audience chamber and Lower Egypt with his wife, Sedan-sat, standing over a table laid with a goose, a duck, and beer and wine vases.

The Aztecs had about four hundred gods connected with the maguey plant. The juice of this plant when fomented produced a beverage about as strong as beer, which the Aztecs called octli or pulque. At religious ceremonies this was drunk from polished red bowls shaped like a double gourd. By the time the Aztec had finished his devotions he was "blotto." They also had exquisite jars of gold and silver for water.

The Greeks made wine so potent it had to be mixed with water before it could be drunk. The mixing was done in large bowls known as wine craters and it was ladled out into two-handled cups called cylices. Some of these were as large as twelve inches in diameter.

In Roman days at the slightest provocation a sumptuous banquet was in order. During it Bacchus was toasted long and frequently. News of a victory, the return of a hero, a successful issue in the senate, the duties of friendship—all were excuses for a fabulous feast and a long night of revelry. Although their wine was less potent than the Greeks', the Romans made up for it by drinking three times as much. Pliny Secundus in his "Historia Naturalis," devotes an entire chapter to the famous drunkards of Greece and Rome. Horace wrote an ode to a wine jar. And Ansonius, a native of the South of France in the fourth century A.D., wrote two poems in Latin praising Bordeaux and Moselle wine. In mosaics of the period replicas of glasses, like our tumblers, called calixes, are seen. And in many museums are specimens of these glasses, which, though buried hundreds of years, are still intact. Romans used craters, too, but were more apt to fill them with snow to cool the wine rather than to dilute it.

During the Middle Ages people ameliorated the hardships of crude living conditions with drink. Monasteries scattered over Europe were far famed for the liqueurs distilled by those in holy orders. A fifteenth century prayer to St. Joseph, illuminated on vellum, shows on the margin a jug standing in a cauldron. Perhaps it illustrates one of these liqueurs in the making. But though drinking was common, drunkenness was discouraged. In 1499 Beroaldus wrote a satire, printed in Bologna, in which he attempted to prove that intoxication was a worse vice than either prostitution or gambling. Other books appearing at this time contain woodcuts depicting manners and customs, such as the one printed in Strassburg in 1513, showing wine bottles and four men drinking out of tumblers.

During the reign of Good Queen Bess Englishmen drank quantities of ale, even at breakfast, from earthenware mugs and from leather ones, known as "black jacks." They also used pewter and silver tankards and cups of horn engraved with ships or hunting scenes. At Court the drinking vessels were apt to be more elaborate. Silver goblets and cups of ostrich eggs or cocoanut shells mounted with precious metals and given ornate covers were owned by royalty

Rare antique pieces from the glass collection of Mrs. R. Coleman Taylor seen on pages 49, 50 and 51, illustrate this cheering narrative. Album cover: Rummers and a belled tavern candlestick. Left: Two handsome Waterford wines

and nobility and used on state occasions. Sometimes they were still further enriched with jewels. These were probably brought to England from Germany where many of these lavishly decorated drinking cups were produced.

Venetian glass was imported into England also and much sought after. In the seventeenth century Sir Robert Mansell, Lord Pembroke, and other noblemen acquired the sole patent for making all kinds of glass with pit coal. They aimed to rival the factories of Venice and Spain and imported Venetian and Spanish workmen to perform the various operations. James Howell, the author of "Epistolae Ho-Elianae," was employed as their foreign agent. From Venice on June 1, 1621, he wrote that there was a tradition in Murano "That the first handsome woman that ever was made was made of Venetian glass, which implies beauty, but brittleness with all (and Venice is not unfurnished with some of that mould, for no place abounds more with lasses and glasses)."

Photographs by F. M. Demarest

Even tea was fortified with rum and other liquors. The table containers for these, small bottles with long spouts, like that shown above, were made by many of the glass factories

Left: Such exquisite French glasses and decanters as these were made in the late eighteenth century according to a special etching technique for very delicate gold decorations

In fashionable 18th century England brilliant flint-glass wine-glasses had various stems: Baluster (seen on opposite page), Plain, Air-twisted, and Opaque-twisted, of much finesse

In France and Italy, likewise, great artists and little artisans turned out vessels from which to drink. Even the illustrious Cellini did not disdain to take orders for gold table services. Some of them remain in the possession of the descendants of their original owners. Such a service was used at a dinner given to Mussolini by a noble family of Genoa on his visit to that city some years ago.

In the sixteenth century navigators venturing forth upon the seas returned to Europe with new drinks and drinking utensils. The Portuguese first imported tea early in the century, but it was Marco Polo who fetched back the exquisite porcelain tea cups, bowls, and jars from China that started a new craze. He did not, however, convert Europe to the Tea Ceremony, which the Chinese and Japanese took very seri- (*Continued on page 103*)

Sip from Modern Crystal

Hester Bremer

Beauty of modern simplicity. Orrefors, Pitt Petri, and Plummer

PERSONAL wit, opinions, and all the magnetism of brilliantly faceted minds emerge under the effulgent, exquisite bouquet of a luminous wine. This tradition among the well-bred makes the choice of wine and its partaking a legitimate and assured adjunct of beauteous gowns and smartly tailored evening dress, for mere luxuriousness is thus metamorphosed into meetings of supreme emotional value in an atmosphere friendly and exhilarating to all.

Whether served at a resplendent table, or at repasts more informal, yet none the less elegant and graceful, such as in the rose garden where of an evening one converses with friends, the hearty refinements of famous vintages are in order. Not to be forgotten, but remembered long, are these collations blessed with the fruit of the grape. Though they linger vividly in memory, a happy pastime that records the particular vintages enjoyed (that specific Chateau Latour 1920, that Romanese Conti, Chateau Yquem 1921, and all the rest so palatable and good) is the saving of the curious and pictor-

Hawaii's exquisite blossoms and fragrant leis lend gaiety to Dorothy Thorpe's service designed for Gump's, Honolulu

This Steuben crystal table glass, perfectly formed with a tear-drop baluster-stem, is supremely clear and brilliant

ially interesting engravings which serve as labels on the bottles.

And what should be the shape of the vessel conveying these precious fluids to the lips—a crystal glass shallow as the classic calyx, shallow so that light-penetrated wine pours forth its perfume abundantly, or a goblet magnificently decorated with gold silhouettes of lithesome youths and maidens of pagan days, so like the Roman chalices for the wines cooled with snow, brought from the far distant Alps to Rome, heretofore an unheard luxury, which to the elders of Rome was a sign of dire foreboding of imminent decay of the great Empire. Such effeminacy and wickedness were sure to undermine the strength of a nation gained through practice of sheer virtue.

What would they have prophesied had they seen the glitter, sparkle, and fine forms of modern crystal-clear glasses, like those fashioned after the personal services of modern kings and queens. Today's foremost creations of glass have assumed proportions of such perfection that they give rise to memories of blooming magnolias, of the foaming sea, crystal clear skies, and soft winter snow. One may place them quietly beside a cluster of dark purple grapes, and these man-made shapes truly hold

Right (read down): Gracious ribbed-stem crystal by Rena Rosenthal. Ackermann sporting subjects decorate British glass, MM Importing Co. Next, the distinguished Val-Saint-Lambert crystal made in Belgium. Bottom, tallest goblet and bowl by Leerdam; floral design and Baccarat clear wines, Carole Stupell

Czechoslovakia has long been a glass-producing country, famous for its handsome "copper-ruby" glass and the "Ueberfang" types

Fanciful tropical-tree crystal with a diamond radiance will appeal to the gay-of-heart, an exclusive Pitt Petri import; while connoisseurs of wine demand fragile clarity, Plummer's

For an early American house is this charming service with fruit bowl and lemonade pitcher by Fostoria, named the "Sampler" (see below)

Photographs by F. M. Demarest

Queen Wilhelmina favors Leerdam's lovely stemware (right); Crown Prince Gustaf of Sweden, handsome square-based Orrefors (left). Crystal at Plummer's (center)

their own in the presence of god-made forms. This definitely is the acid test of art, and proof that the forms of these glasses are crystallizations not only of great inspiration, but products shaped by scientific knowledge, experience, and the great patience of fine craftsmanship.

As one holds these graceful implements fashioned for the enjoyment of drinking wine, one believes to see so clearly arising within them the spiritual and worldly tradition of each country from which they hail. Sweden's Crown Prince is said to be using these extremely handsome square-based glasses of superb metal. The glasses on the table of Holland's Queen Wilhelmina are of a more comfortable roundness, proud, lovely in their forms and as estimable as her sea-embraced country. And when one flicks the glasses that were born in Belgium, there comes forth from these slender high-stemmed bowls a deep resounding tone as of cathedral bells coming over the dark snow-bound river on a starry night. For fireside comfort is an English giant goblet (such as pictured on page 52) containing a whole fruit, apple, orange, or peach, swimming in a spicy heartening brew.

Thomas and Lydia Nickerson write from the West that the very essence of Hawaii has been captured and crystallized with boldly decorative botanical designs in the superb crystalware to be seen at Gump's, Waikiki, and which has been created by Dorothy C. Thorpe of California, under the aegis of this Honolulu shop. The furled and fluted hibiscus, whose bright faces smile from roadside hedges wherever one drives in Honolulu, have been massed in luxuriant profusion on plates and low, gracious bowls. The delicate flower of the night-blooming cereus, reminiscent of many a moonlit evening spent in the gardens of the hospitable Islanders, is poised among its fiercely lancelike foliage; and also excellent for purposes of glass decoration is the ape (pronounced to rhyme with "happy") with pale peach flowers, gorgeously magnified jack-in-the-pulpits, which are so appealing in their fresh beauty.

For the setting of a table graced with these (*Continued on page 112*)

Lush rival of a natural flower posed near by is the crystal service with hibiscus design Dorothy Thorpe created for Gump's Honolulu

Stars in the Dog House

The Deephaven Kennels on the Minneapolis Estate of Mr. T. W. Bennett

EDNA DEU PREE NELSON

NONE would object to being put in the dog house on the T. W. Bennett ate near Minneapolis, for the houses in which the Bennett dog stars live ould be the envy of many a biped named Jones, Smith, Brown, or Van Twill r. Deephaven Kennels is the official name of this empire of Scottish Terri Modernized Early American structures that would comfortably house a mode amily, the kennels are the last word in efficiency. What began years ago as a l by has become a full-fledged activity that keeps Mr. Bennett flying about the c try from one place to another, from one show to another, in his five-place Stims Reliant plane, keeping posted on the last word of interest in dogdom.

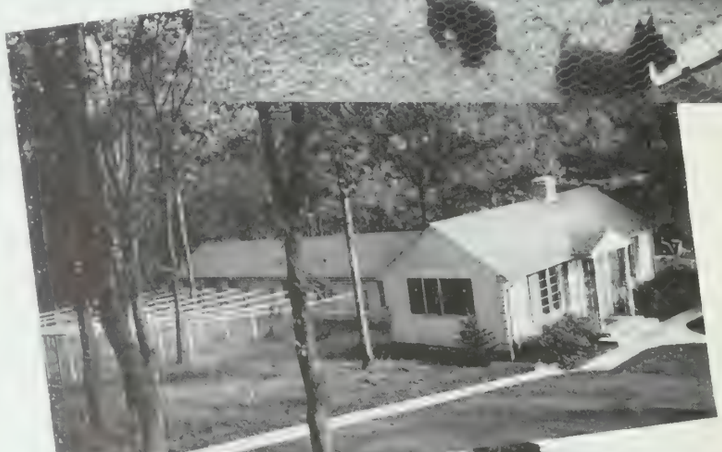
Ev day has its dogs at the Deephaven Kennels, which have become famous the l th and breadth of the country. If the creatures could speak e language of mortals, their words would be rich and heavy with rs on all syllables, for Scots they are and as proud as any Scott warrior. They have dispositions as amiable as a well-warmed Tam Shanter mounted on his good mare Meg; if any one of them ick a pipe between its teeth, drew a cap over its thatched eyebr s and picked up one of Mr. Bennett's golf clubs, no one woul e very surprised. Canny, friendly, and dignified, these dogs have ir day, every day.

Ho did it all begin? How does any hobby start? Well, every boy l s dogs or horses, automobiles or airplanes. It happened that s liked Ted Bennett and Bennett liked dogs and the whole thing hat is the kennel idea, evolved in its own way. When Benn built his handsome new country home in the near-by hills outsi Minneapolis, he planned a modern establishment for his Scott Terriers. These latter structures are painted white, with green ofs, and roofed individual kennels open into a long indoor runw each having an exit into the outdoor runways. There is a separ house for the isolation wards, a small hospital for ailing dogs d dogs that have just been returned from a show. It is com ely surrounded by glens and rolling hills as fragrant and green s any spot in bonnie Scotland. A wide driveway is pebbled and dered with well-trimmed lawns; a smooth carefully trimmed green lorns the grounds about the cottages.

In the dog house the sitting room is finished in knotty pine and nished with Early American chairs, sofas, tables, and bookcase Radio, reading material, and pipes testify to a pleasant retreat r the dog fancier and his cronies when dogs are the topic of c ersation. There are metal sinks and drainboards, cupboards and rigeration for food, all of which is prepared at the kennels. As c fully planned and balanced as the diet of an infant is the food r these prize dogs.

R lation is one of the laws at the Deephaven Kennels—a time for ing, sleeping, and playing. No introverts are tolerated and the rn business of play corrects any tendency in a dog to be timi retiring or sulky. Daily, about three in the afternoon, Ted Ben t may be seen leaving his business office in Minneapolis and pping into his motor for the run to the kennels, where for abo two hours he directs the recreation and ay of the dogs. Ball is a favorite gam with the shy or timid animal given esp l attention until it responds and ente keenly into the frolic. As a result the otties in these kennels are singularly trac le, cheerful, friendly, and of good tion. And (*Continued on page 109*)

The kennels are air-conditioned and on either side of the indoor runway are individual kennels opening on the outside runs



Champion Deephaven Fair Damsel

Sport Cavalcade

RAYMOND S. DECK

Photographs by the author

THE funny thing is that you didn't buy a mah'sh on the Eastern Sho', or join a duck club there, long years ago! What puzzles me is that while ever since you were so high you've heard tales of the thundering November flight of waterfowl drifting down onto Maryland's Chesapeake waters, never until two winters back did you get around to swinging the twin tubes on their host! Not until then, of course, did you really know what your mother (or your grandmother, maybe) had meant when she told you, as a youngster, of great boatloads of wild ducks that came to Baltimore markets in the old, old days.

No wonder for you there always has hung about the Eastern Sho' a wildfowlers' magic halo! No wonder you've always dreamed that someday there would be time to spare from shooting in Maine or California, for sampling the sport with brown ducks—black-and-white ducks, red-headed ducks—on the Free State's Eastern Shore. And once the cards fell right, I'm just not in the least surprised that you passed up fairy-tale sport elsewhere, to see how the ducks might fly, two winters back, over Chesapeake Bay.

You got 'em. Aye, you got 'em on a bluebird day when duckdom was said to be no more than a relic. You got 'em again in '37. And having fared well in that leanish year it's no wonder you went back for more in the meaty season that wildfowl knew a few months back. For the far-seeing eye and the far-reaching arm of the U. S. Biological Survey had got a harvest by then. Rains had fallen on the scorched brown prairies of the Northwest; and men who love sport more than meat had stayed their trigger-fingers through long seasons. Last December it was. A frosty night before, when you'd lain down to sleep in a cold bed on a romantic Elizabethan island . . .

II.... Duckin' on the Eastern Sho'

I remembered the talk around a red-hot stove the night before. "Lead 'em," a veteran had said. "Lead ducks mo' an' mo' an' mo'. You cain't lead 'em too much." So when the gray and green baldpate had come spanking out of the East I'd thrown the gun up a mighty way before him. Whether I'd followed through, I cannot say. For just as the fat drake fell, there came a raucous clanking on my ears; and the noise was that of Cap'n Stanley Hoffman of Wenona, Maryland, stoking driftwood into the pre-dawn fire that always warms his little duckers' camp.

"Chug-chug-chug!" For almost an hour the good launch *Miss Wenona* bit the waters of Tangier Sound. She strummed along while waves stroked her clean white sides obscenely; and the east grew pale; and raft after raft of ducks became a dusky cloud before us. We drew alongside a dark blind projecting from the water. Two men left the launch with guns and duffle. *"Putt . . . chk, chk . . . putt, putt, putt . . ."* The motor missed a stroke because a plug was fouled, and the Cap'n shouted at the mate.

Then all of a sudden we were crouched in the blind. The decoys were out, from a couple dozen of bluebills, a nostalgic red-head and canvasback or two, to a squadron of "sprigs" and "bald-crown." My old hunting coat, my hands, and the guard of the gun in my fingers, were sticky with the salty damp which is the air beside any bay. Baby waves were hammering whitely on the shore before us, and far out showed the flicker of bluebill wings at seven of a Maryland morning.

Cap'n Hoffman is "within th' law" as are all good guides and sportsmen. To give his guests good sport he counts on his wooden blocks, their crafty arrangement and foxy painting; on the thousand things he's learned of salt-water birds in fifty-odd years of ducking.

"No, they ain't no cawn about my blinds," the Cap'n was saying. "They's just two kinds o' wild watah-grass. They's th' white watah-grass that has a mint o' seeds on it. All kinds o' ducks like that. An' they's black watah-grass like brant like . . ." But just then a pair of whistlers appeared on the horizon to the north. The sky was as pink then as a lady's dress; and the ducks were as fast and shy as you could ask.

"Rr-rrrk, rrrk!" I've no doubt you can phrase a lot better than I can, the cry that white whistlers give as they fly across pink-tinged skies before Chesapeake blinds. I've no doubt you can note the singing music of their wings more truly than I. But never could you warm more to the magic of them; and that I know. And as these birds shot by, a great gunshot off, you never could have driven the first white drake to a prettier bounce on the water. Never on earth could you have missed the other with more completeness—or wished him happier landings as he vanished in the haze.

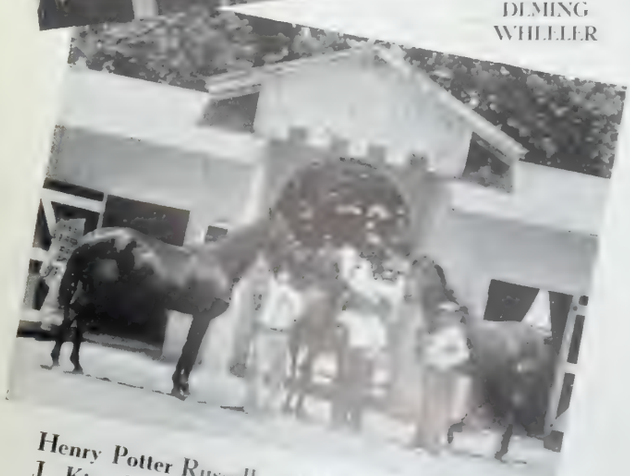
The guide waded into the water to fetch my duck. He yanked up the gay bantam by the green *moiré* head of him, with a lack of ceremony accruing from handling thousands of waterfowl. He did not hold the bird lightly or straighten a broken feather as you or I would have done. Ducks to an old-school gunner are ducks, as dimes to you are dimes.

"These-heah whifflers," the man said to me, "is mighty po' ducks. Don't nobody waste powdah on 'em but folks from New Yawk. They ain't mo'n fit to eat 'less they're cooked awful smah't.

"Maybe you don't call 'em 'whifflers'?" he asked a mite suspiciously. "Some gunnahs calls 'em 'golden-eyes,' an' they's a lot o' othah names fo' 'em too. I've hyeahed 'em called 'white divahs.' An' a lot aroun' hyeah calls 'em 'jinglahs.'"

I said that I thought "jingler" was the best name of the lot for the birds; and swore that that was what I always called them, since unquestionably it was the right name. And now I *do* call 'em jinglers whether anyone likes it or not. Even a po' duck tastes better, as you all know, when he has the right sort of name. The wind (*Continued on page 100*)

DOROTHY DEMING WHEELER



Henry Potter Russell and Mrs. Russell chat with J. Kingsley Macomber at Del Monte. Directly above: Two of the Russell [illegible], Fatgnar and Cumulative, and one of the [illegible] trai[illegible]

In California's Carmel Valley

The Double H Ranch of Mr. Henry P. Russell

FAR up the Carmel Valley, nestling amidst sagebrush and oak studded hills, is the Thoroughbred breeding farm of Mr. Henry P. Russell. Crossing the Carmel River, whose fast flowing waters are seen through an airy network of pale green alder bushes, the stables and farm buildings are the first indication that the land is no longer that wild unpeopled acreage of the early Spanish dons.

As a member of the California Racing Board, Mr. Russell has in the last few years given his time to the development of racing in this state, which in past years shipped its Thoroughbred produce all over the world. Because of the practical appointments and charm of the stables, fortunate is the mare who finds there a permanent home at the end of turbulent years of racing. Such an animal would whinny with delight at the circular barn. And eyes weary from the dust of many tracks must be soothed by the dull green of the buildings and cheered by the gay white trim.

The gobble of huge turkeys, the quack of ducks, and the noisy cackle of chickens add a garrulous farm note to a usually quiet equine atmosphere. Though some farmers go in for tiled roofs, fancy gadgets, and other unnecessary fripperies, this ranch is distinctive for its practical charm and efficient appointments. An aerial litter car, on smooth running bearings, carries the stable waste from the barns. And there are convenient paddocks where the mares and foals can be turned out for a daily gallop. Possibly the nicest paddocks, and ones so often forgotten by breeders, are the fields where the two stallions, Wildair and Sir Andrew, gallop gayly around. Wildair is by Broomstick out of Verdure, which is by Peter Pan, that wonderful son of Commando. (*Continued on page 116*)

A beautiful foal by Wildair out of Stealthy Step by Royal Minstrel

The green white-trimmed, horseshoe-shaped stables at Double H Ranch

GLORIOUS BAROQUE PAINTING

BETTY BURNAP

National Gallery of Art, Washington

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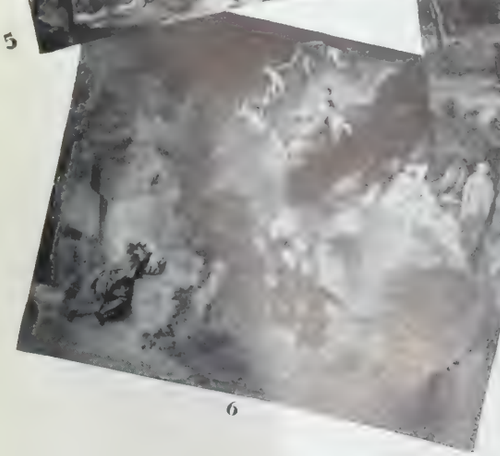

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Far from relinquishing the baroque tradition, modern critique veers from the self-centered bleakness of contemporary painting, so meticulous and melancholic, and eagerly scrutinizes this frank vigorous art-strain which the grand Venetians originated, and which flowered so exuberantly with the Flemish and Dutch masters. Superb canvases by Titian and Rembrandt in the famed A. W. Mellon collection, now the nucleus of the National Gallery of Art, immediately distinguish this mode's lofty scope, and the specialized techniques of these forceful and inspired artists.

Elegance of rich fabrics, an iridescent radiance bathing the semi-nude goddess, compose a moment of dignified beauty as Venus turns to the mirror held by Cupid. In the tragic and compassion-inspiring "Lucretia," powerful realism elevates baroque dramaturgy to heights Rembrandt alone achieved through chiaroscuro. Yet his paintings sold for "sixpence apiece" shortly after his death. Frans Hals died in the Haarlem poorhouse, though in "The Laughing Child With Flute," belonging to Mr. Dwight W. Davis and lent to the Haarlem Exhibition at the Schaeffer Galleries last season, the unrestrained mirth in the ruddy, healthy face consummately realizes emotion and movement, proving absolutely the artist's genius that never succumbed to Dutch burgeois snobbery.

Baroque purpose being to break down cold scientific reason, and make life warm and glowing, academicians have always fought this style, even in its heyday, and in later times made artistically contraband the freedom of energy, vitality, dramatic imageries, the good-natured flamboyance, significant of this tradition. Because of such antagonism, Jacopo Robusti, il Tintoretto, received little enough reward and praise for his magnificent palace decorations such as his ceiling now topping the High Renaissance gallery in the Detroit Institute of Arts, from the Palazzo Barbo a San Pantaleone in Venice, and depicting "a heaven with gods and symbols of the things about which the minds of men dream during sleep" (fame, love, and wealth ranking as the major desires).

The artist and diplomat, Peter Paul Rubens, moving in international circles of royalty, alone of all baroque artists imposed the fiery vigor of his command of color and light on an entire epoch and actually achieved in his lifetime the dreamt-of rewards expressed in Tintoretto's painting. Even so, his climactic scenes of slaughter and struggle, as in "The Wolf and Fox Hunt," and merely the fresh clarity of his women's flesh tones, have caused hyper-sensitive people to shudder from such indelicacy. They cannot stand the clarity, swing, and vigor.

In sensuousness Renoir alone matched the great baroque master. His subtle manipulations created a beauty supremely glorious, as in the Ralph M. Coe Renoir in the current Knoedler exhibition for the benefit of the Lisa Day Nursery.

It was necessary for the eighteenth century artists, when inspired by Rubens' courageous works to temper direct forces (*Continued on page 113*)

1-2. Titian: Toilet of Venus; Rembrandt: Lucretia. From the Mellon Coll. 3. Boucher: Mme. Boucher. Frick Gallery of Art. 4. Renoir: Nude. R. Coe Coll. 5. Rubens: Wolf and Fox Hunt. Metropolitan Museum. 6. Watteau: Artist's Dream. Wildenstein. 7. Constable: A Wagon Fording River. M. Harriman. 8. Hals: Laughing Child. D. Davis Coll. 9. Tintoretto: Allegory. Detroit Institute of the Arts

DRAWING BY JAMES REYNOLDS

BATH-DRESSING ROOM

In a Palladian house in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, untouched since it was built in 1740, this bath-dressing room is a converted bedroom. A false wall gained ample closet space and an embrasure for the three-inch thick glass tub from Czecho-Slovakia. Arched recesses and moulding panels at once give dignity to the room, the whole painted an icy white that becomes a pale green in the shadows. Curtains at windows and tub are heavy white glazed chintz, painted by Mr. Reynolds in an informal design of brown and white tulips. When the bath curtains are drawn this room becomes a boudoir

PODHORCE

A Famous Polish Castle

IRINA KHRABROFF

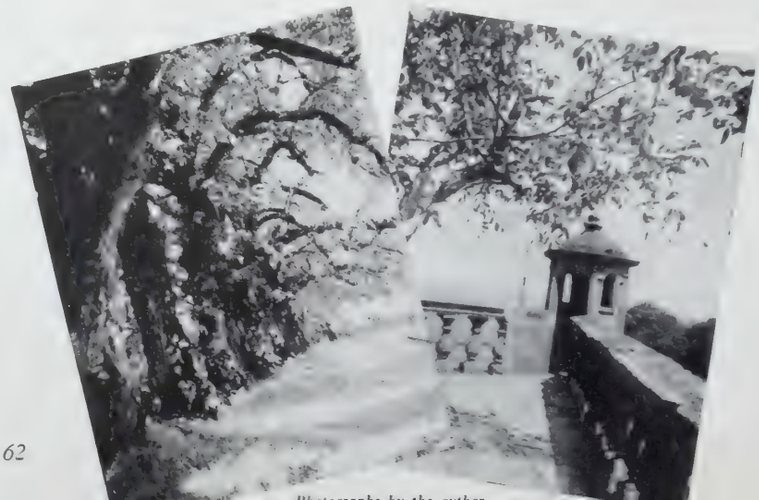
GARDENS have the magic power to recreate for those who love them not only the personalities of their builders, but also distant epochs, periods of history, the color and flavor of a life that once found in them its most lovely and satisfying expression.

And yet we know so little of the gardens of the world! In scores of beautiful old places, there lie hidden from us relics of a period when the love for gardens even surpassed our own, when kings and nobles all over Europe competed for the possession of gardens and spent fortunes on their adornment. Gardens created by famous Italian architects of the late Renaissance or planned by le Nôtre and his pupils are still found on many old estates in central and eastern Europe, and, perhaps because they have been seen by fewer eyes and trampled by fewer feet, they possess a greater power of evoking the past than their well-known Italian and French contemporaries.

At the time when, following the lead of Italy, all Europe went mad over architectural gardens, Poland was one of the largest and most important of European states. The gorgeousness of Polish costumes and the polished manners and superior education of Polish noblemen created a sensation in Paris at the court of Catherine de Medici on the arrival of a deputation from Crakow sent to offer the Polish crown to her son, Prince Henri de Valois. Naturally Poland did not remain behind in the development of one of the greatest refinements of the time—the building of formal Renaissance gardens.

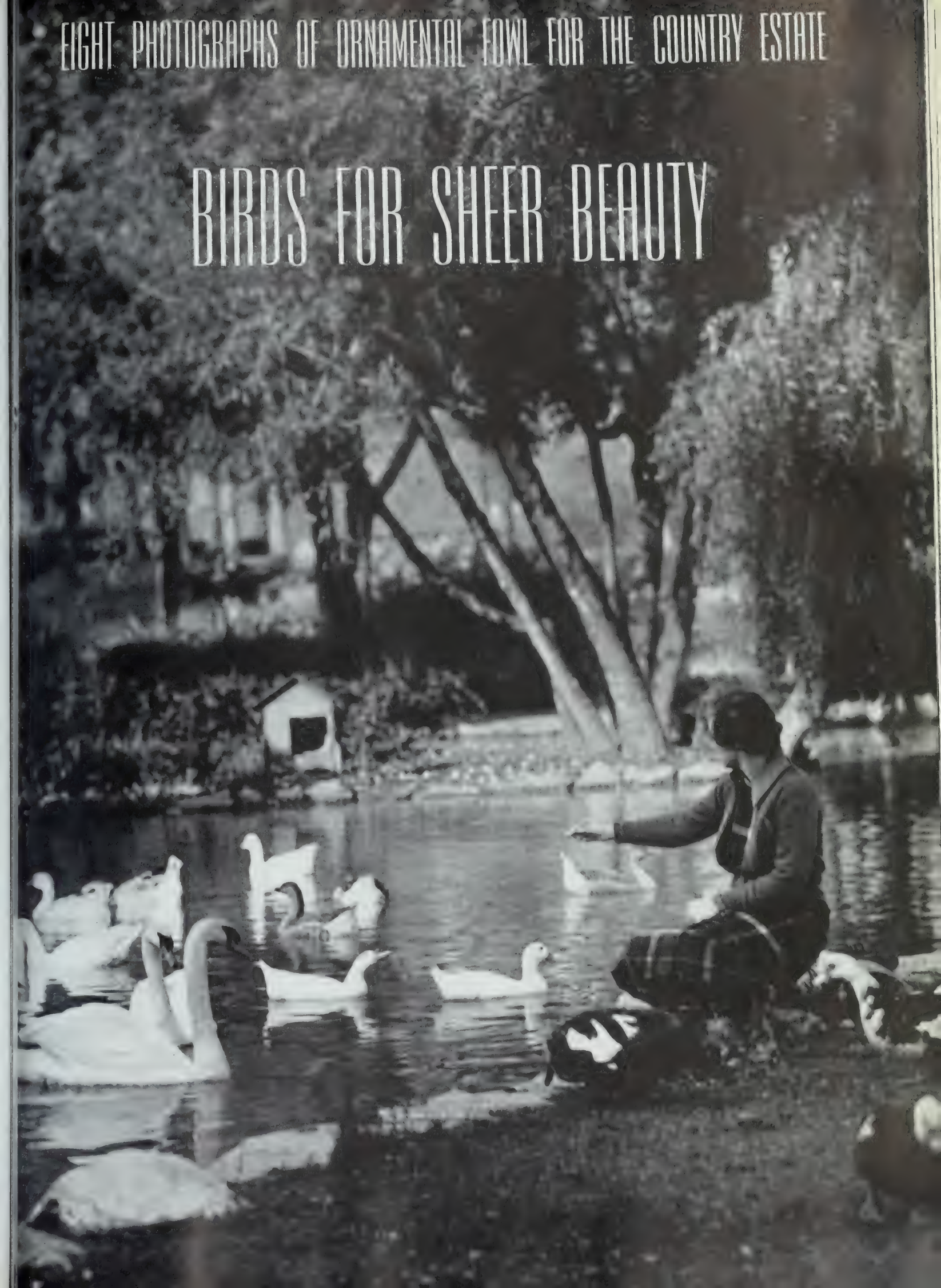
During the reign of Sigismund the First, who married Lady Bona Sforsa, a princess of Milan, a number of famous Italian scholars, writers, architects, and painters came to Poland, and Italian villas and gardens were created for the King and his wealthiest nobles. By the beginning of the (*Continued on page 88*)

Reading counter-clockwise: Looking from the castle gate toward the yoke-elm hedges and the miniature St. Peter's; a general view and two details of the magnificent stone stairs; looking from the garden entrance across the three terraces to the Volynian plains beyond; one of the linden-shaded paths; sentinel lookout beneath an old nut tree planted by King Sobieski



EIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS OF ORNAMENTAL FOWL FOR THE COUNTRY ESTATE

BIRDS FOR SHEER BEAUTY



We grow plants for their beauty as well as the crops they yield. We maintain lakes and streams to look at as well as to fish in. Why not, then, more birds to be enjoyed, not as game, but as objects of grace, interest, and natural loveliness in the landscape?

Peafowl are birds of broad spaces and generous distances—not only for their own contentment, but also because they are more pleasing seen than heard. And perspective is needed for full appreciation of their iridescent, regally gorgeous train when spread aloft in the sunlight.

Outside of Alice in Wonderland, Hialeah Park, and an occasional zoological garden, we rarely see flamingoes. Yet, on the authority of A. Hyatt Verrill, they "will stand a great deal of cold weather . . . are striking and interesting specimens for parks and estates, and are easy to keep."

There is grace, romance, interest in swans of all ages, and all of the species are hardy, as far as temperature is concerned, and easily kept. But they are only "domesticated," not tame in the sense of being pets, and within that snowy plumage lies a hair-trigger temper.

Photographs by WALTER L. GREENE and G. A. LENOIR

Eastward from the Rhine

WIRT BARNITZ

A quaint scene in Goslar, Harz Mts. Right: Peace by a well in Bav. Garmisch Partenkirchen

A boat trip on a noble river with sunshine bathing its castle-lined banks. Right: Gay native costumes for youngsters in Hessian Mardorf

Left: Schwalm wedding procession, Hesse, where originated the Yankee Doodle tune

Joys of a happy Sunday on the Taubenberg at Warngau, near Bad Tölz, Bavaria Right: The Königsee with famous St. Bartholomew Chapel

The Schoenburg, erected 800 years ago, was a medieval fortress of the Counts von Schomberg until family died out in 1719. Today the castle is the property of O. Rhinelander, Esq., from New York

Courtesy, German Railroads Information

Coming down to Hesse-Nassau, that quaint corner of central southwest Germany, I had sailed on the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence. That, you know, is the legend-haunted, castle-crowned stretch of the river, especially from Coblenz on. One of my fellow passengers was a much-traveled and elderly dame of unstable temper. The good old soul kept referring to her Baedeker and to a variety of curious antique guide-books that she carried with her in an old portmanteau, which her ancient Good Man Friday and a maid toted after her wherever she moved on the river boat.

She was trying to locate some old castle that apparently didn't exist, and which she had probably heard of through some fairy tale other than Grimm's. Yet she kept searching the pages of one volume after another, positive in her belief that such a classic pile did grace some eminence along the Rhine.

But the Rhine Valley does not hold a monopoly on ghosts or the stuff of which fairy tales are made. The whole country reeks with this sort of thing. However, the Rhine and the Harz Mountains in middle Germany are the two sections most saturated with legend.

At Goslar when entering the Harz region from the west, I found an ancient edifice, the Prison of Achtermann, that had, from time out of mind, been tenanted by a specter. It had become so much a part of the old pile that man, woman, and child spoke of it just as they did of a neighbor. It was a kindly old thing. At certain seasons it lighted a lamp on dark nights, so that its glow might cheer some unhappy prisoner who languished in his cell across the court. The story had it that the old shade had turned up sometime during the Thirty Years' War and had steadfastly stuck by his chosen abode.

These hills are of great economic value to the Reich. In the olden times kings, emperors, and the mighty of the church were attracted by their natural wealth. Among other things, silver, lead and copper are there, as well as a good deal of tin—and who hasn't heard of Harz-Mountains canaries? Then, as you drive along over some mountain road late in the afternoon of a summer day, you will detect little telltale whisps of smoke rising lazily above the tree tops, for the charcoal-burner still tends his kiln and in his own small way contributes his economic bit to the nation.

On the way to Bavaria, I paused at several alluring spots. For a few days I lingered at Weimar still presided over by the presence of those illustrious personalities of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, and the kindly Duke Charles Augustus. Later Liszt lent his luster to the old town. Everywhere you go in the (*Continued on page* 111)

Early April in Lugano *and* Copenhagen

Natural color photographs by JEAN AUSTIN

SPRING comes early and beauteously to this Italian-speaking Swiss town on the Lake of Lugano, and an April morning can nowhere be more enjoyably spent than on a park bench listening to a gay band concert and watching the little lake steamers busily scurrying about. "Lugano is much frequented by visitors in spring . . . " say all the guide books. And indeed why not? It's a right fine place to frequent in the springtime.

IF YOU are "thinning," if you have chronic indigestion, if the sight of people eating all day long upsets you—do not go to Copenhagen. There are more places to eat well, more people eating at more hours than in any city including Stockholm. And we *do* mean continuous eating, for at no time of the day or night can you find a deserted restaurant. Always animated, the food superb, Copenhagen might well stake its all in advertising these to tourists, rather than its old gabled houses along the quays of the Nyhavn, its Palace of Charlottenborg, and its Folk museums. There must be three bicycles per capita, but unless you have a will of stone, we suggest you do no foot touring in Copenhagen. Get a bicycle or stay in your cab, and don't blame us if you come back with more precious porcelain and lovely silver than you can afford to get through customs. And don't ever, ever just go in to look around—not unless you're on an all-expense tour. We did—and weren't!

CAGES FOR EARLY BIRDS

Photographs by F. M. Demarest

Two Chinese cages, 18th century: (left) Fish, crab, and fruit food cups contrast with tortoise-shell base; (right) of ivory and wood, with worm tongs, and accessories of precious materials. Center: Venetian cage of blue and clear glass, c. 1800

EDNA DEU PREE NELSON

For centuries China has been *the* place to be a bird in a gilded cage. There the late bird gets the early worm without foraging for it. He has his breakfast fed to him from ivory feeding sticks and he carols while he swings on carved and hand-polished perches of the finest woods or ivory. He may have a stationary perch carved as delicately as sculptured miniatures, while food cups are of jade, amber, cloisonné and lapis lazuli. There are mirrors for preening and perfume holders and incense cups for his palatial home, which inside and out is hung with accessories as rich and precious as the fittings of a court favorite's dressing table.

Once long ago the Chinese worshiped birds, believed in their divinity; thought birds were lucky to have about. During the Shang period, 1766-1122 B. C., swallows, redstarts, bullfinches, and blackbirds appeared in tapestries and paintings. Only the Chinese, it seems, have the artistic ingenuity and guilelessness to make plum blossoms on a white finch's cage plainly practical and necessary. Fitting and right seem the symbolically painted drinking cups for a toast to the flowering season, and the most trivial accessory or fitting for such cages is placed with such deliberate purpose that it has an importance analogous to the notes in music. There is the development of Chinese art in these charming old cages, and more than a suggestion of the people's scorn of time, their patient persistence in completing a task both skilfully and beautifully, their admiration for things of nature.

While, due west as the crow flies, there is Japan with its entirely different conception of birds and cages—no worship of birds, but a liking of their songs and their decorative qualities. Severely plain and unadorned reed cages house the pet birds of Japan, these architecturally small replicas of the homes of the people of this country. A nation of purists, their religion Shintoism, their creeds and beliefs are symbolized by the meticulously perfect cages, unembellished by twig or branch, against which the soft plumage of a bird is unusually attractive. Restraint and contrast—a beautiful bird or a flower in a severely plain mounting—is a passion with the Japanese.

Neither beauty nor worship influenced the keeping of magpies in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then the map of Europe was far different from its present state and wars and greater wars were continually in the making. If one can believe the legends, it was about this time that magpies earned for birds the distinction of being both wise and great tattlers, for men of war and men who rode much from home often kept a pet magpie trained by the master of the house to spy upon and report goings-on in the domicile during his absence. There is no doubt that the magpie was far removed from being a dove of peace or making a sanctuary of his cage. Reed was his house, open to the four winds and hung in a conspicuous place where the good woman of the home was continually reminded of her lord and husband's omnipotent eye. The magpie was a threat to enforce all of the seven cardinal virtues, but it was a little like living over a volcano, not knowing which of a woman's words or acts might be pounced upon and misinterpreted by the creature. Great tales are told by the writers of those centuries about the terrible fate which befell various gluttons and the lazy and faithless wives upon whom the magpie had tattled.

There may be little song or small welcome for a feathered tale-

Tuneful Richard's own castle with tower view, an American cage made c. 1825, and shown with later pierced metal one

bearer, but there seems always to have been a favored place in the home for song and pet birds. It was once the custom to hang a bird at the door or just within the entrance hall as a welcome to guests. Alexander the Great is supposed to have had such a pet which hung in a beautiful gold cage. Centuries before Alexander, when the eagle and other birds were worshiped for their wisdom, the cage was an open shrine built above the door to the house.

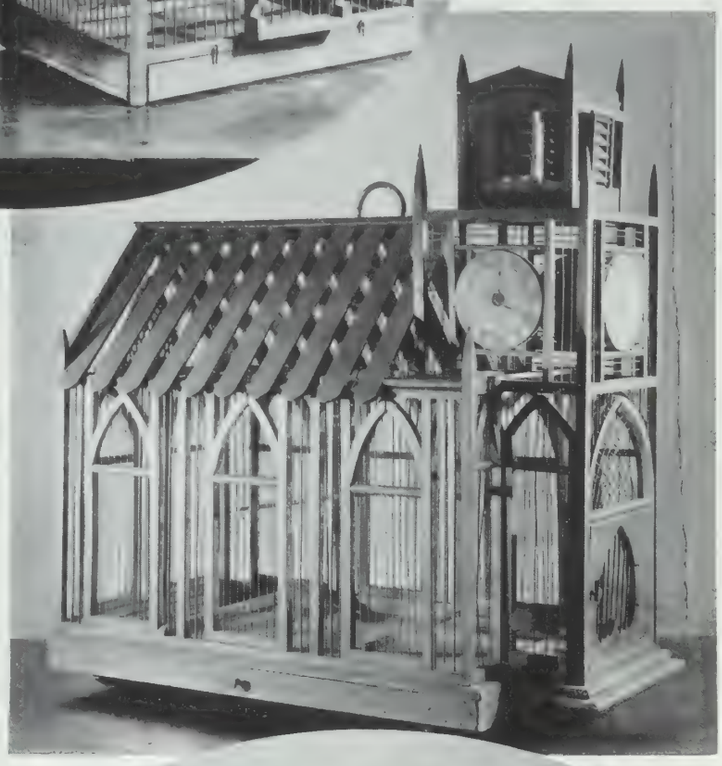
Certainly it was not worship or welcome that kept the parakeets in Madame Pompadour's apartments, although her fondness for such pets led her to engage the services of a famous architect, one Bias Aubry, of Rue Saint Martin, to design a cage for these "love" birds that would be suitable with the furnishings and decorations of her home. This cage was decidedly French in feeling, a domed affair with columns of ebony and doors of silver.

Even more ornate were the bird cages of the time of Louis XVI, resembling the decorations admired by this monarch — high molded base of wire and Sevres porcelain, with pastoral decorations. Louis Phillipe, citizen king, reigned in an age when gilt and bronze were much used, and cages for birds naturally had their share of such embellishment modeled in fruit and beautiful flower swags, wreaths and small cupids.

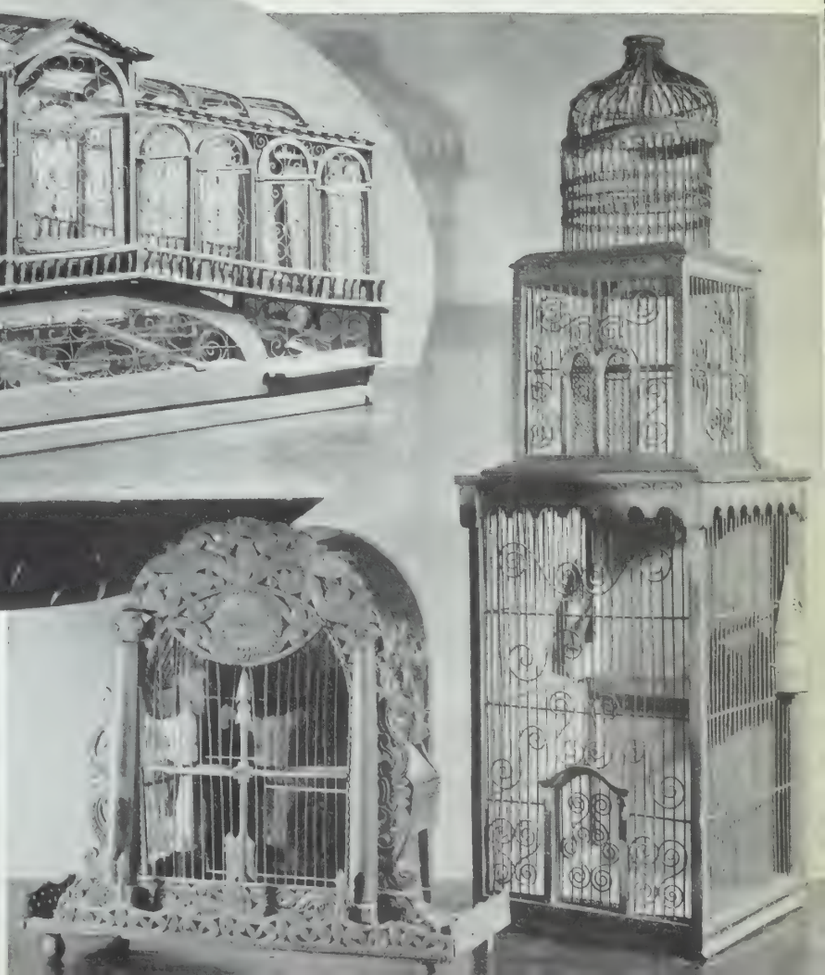
Long before this time, trading vessels had been moving in and out of Dutch and Chinese harbors and those ever-roving and restless Holland pioneers of trade were combing the best markets for choice wares to sell in some other part of the world. They brought Oriental cages into Europe; their manufacturers adapted Chinese designs and produced cages for markets—the domed delft and wire cages were often suggestive of the Chinese, but always with that disciplined touch that is so inherently Dutch. Wood carvings on manor house and towered cages were from the hands of the artists of Holland. One sees them in Dutch and Flemish paintings and there were many in the eighteenth century, particularly the wall cage of wire and delft-ware, or the hanging cylindrical cage which was constructed of wood and wire.

Around old German cages there is a Romanesque solidity that is definitely German architecture: spacious interiors, great rounded arches, and rounded cups for food. The cages of the old Russia have their Kremlin domes and balconies of Russian country houses. In the English cottage there was always a graceful reed cage, the old paintings depicting the comely wife and children; the faithful dog greeting the returning traveler, while hanging at the door is the pet bird in its reed cage. Or the English cage suggested dignified parliament buildings or a tidy house on a tidy street with its bow windows. . . .

Somewhere someone has said that a pet bird in a cage is a certain indication that its owner is domestic, gentle of disposi-

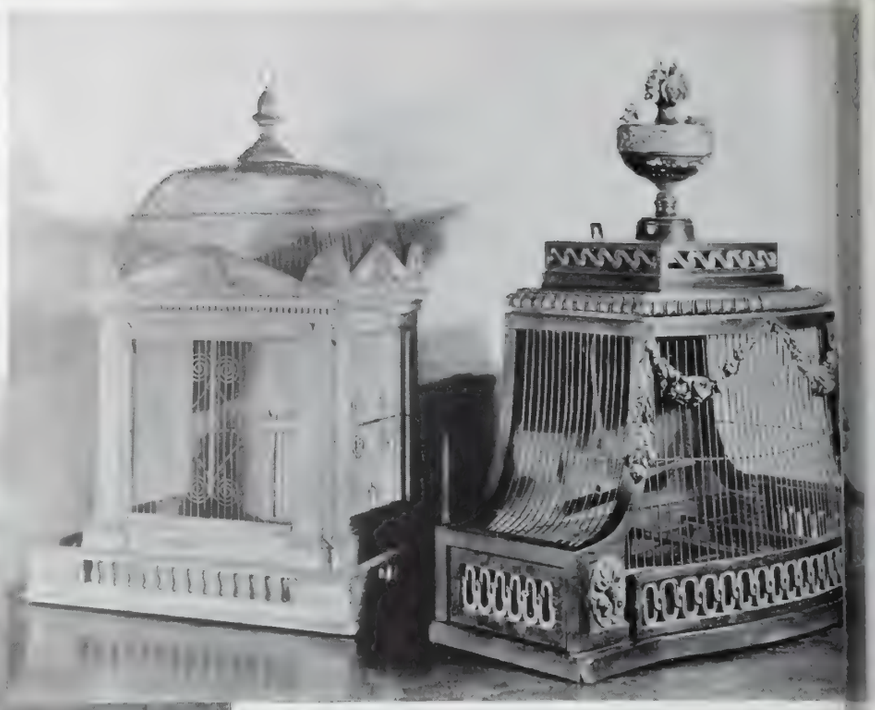


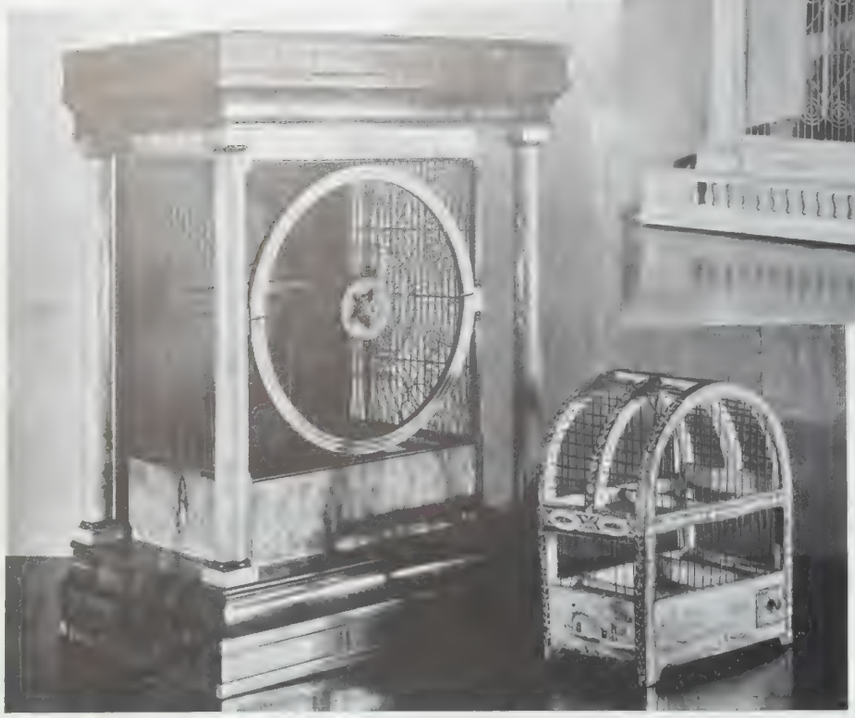
Chorales of some bird Bach once floated joyously through such a cage built to resemble a now demolished church at Flushing, L. I.



An Italian boy cleverly constructed this Rialto home for his many bird-friends. Right: Holland merchants prized unique wall and tower cages as shown here, identically like those old artists delighted in picturing. Richly carved in rococo style, one bears a date in the medallion, 1714

Warlders' elegant suites from four different countries. Extreme right, French table cage of walnut, Louis XVI style; next, Neo-Classic Italian type of white and gold; below, a Dutch cage of delftware, and handsome English Regency one of mahogany-maple woods, Doric columns





tion, and a lover of home. The picture does not compare favorably with the record of Haven Hille Robbe, the old bandit and outlaw of Haarlem, nor with the records of other brigands, pirates, and sea captains who kept pet birds with them for company and cheer.

However that may be, cages of all countries—Dutch, English, French, Chinese, Italian, Spanish, the United States—cages of all nations, shapes, and sizes are in a collection at Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration, New York City. There is the cage that decorated the banquet table to honor Joseph Jefferson; the replica of the Rialto bridge made by an Italian youth for his birds—many dozens of them. Presented to the Museum by the Misses Hewitt, this was once the collection of Alexander Wilson Drake, who made bird cages his hobby, traveling to odd corners of the world for examples to add to his collection. Cages from the Azores, from hillside peasant cottages of Spain, towered cages from Russia, from the Orient as it was years ago. They are made of precious metals, rare woods, embellished with precious gems, reminiscent of the courts of the Louis; suggestive of the early French porcelain industry of the delftware of Holland, of commerce with the Orient. And there are some startling conceptions of the cage makers of the United States that are strangely akin to those bereft and lonely houses that scattered over the plains of western Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; those latticed verandas and lacy trims, bad copies of Turkish pavilions; gables sharply inclined, very upright and moral. From Cathay and Canton, from green tropics, from English marshlands and Dutch lowlands, in merchants' brigs and royal vessels came cages for birds and birds for cages, moving across water and land, small but firm links to weld peoples of all nations in a better understanding of one another. Small palaces, tiny homes for the singing of joyous and melodious song . . . fit cages, indeed, for early birds.

Then, as if not satisfied with housing the bird in his gilded palace, designer and craftsman adapted bird and cage to decoration. Particularly was this the trend of embellishment for interiors in those centuries when decor was ornate and resplendent; old wallpapers, painted panels, and wood carvings illustrate bird and cage bowered in flowers and leaves. As accessories for personal adornment the bird and cage motif appeared in a variety of designs. Gay Marie Antoinette prized as a hair ornament a jeweled cage holding a tiny mechanical singing bird, while Louis Philippe treasured as a desk ornament a miniature gilded bronze musical bird and cage, a domed citadel decorated with Sevres panels, nineteen inches high. Borrowed, quite possibly from the Chinese, were these mechanical contrivances, since the Chinese had long been adept at making such toys, just as they had long made small chariots for pet birds.

All of that is another story . . . enough that no matter how early the bird, there was always a cage to house him—and a beautiful one, too.

Intriguing you, this gallant ape will equally please such lucky birds as reside within this floor cage, from Empire Exchange. Other cages are by courtesy Museum for the Arts of Decoration, Cooper Union

PHILLIPPI, by PHALARIS

Phillippi with Mr. Jobes, who paid $1000 for the stallion after he had broken down in training as a four-year-old

CLINTON B. ALVES

A true tale of the present that reads like a legend of the past

THIS is the true story of a Thoroughbred stallion. As regally bred as any horse that ever stood in plates, he was saved from a vet's bullet, sold for a $100 board bill, resold to the president of a republic and twice carried a governor to safety through a hail of lead. His name is Phillippi, by Phalaris out of Lacroma, she by a son of St. Simon. No horse in this country can boast a finer pedigree. Phalaris is the sire of Fairway, Pharos, and Sickle. In 1936 Fairway led the English sire list, Pharos led in France, and Sickle in this country. This is the first time in turf history that one sire has had three sons to lead the winning list in the three great racing countries the same season. One of the reasons for Phalaris's amazing success in the stud is the infusion of the great Sunshine through his dam, and Phillippi's own dam, Lacroma, is herself a direct descendant of Sunshine, thus giving him, the only stallion on this side of the water that possesses it, a double infusion of this priceless blood.

Foaled in the north of England, Phillippi raced there as a two- and three-year-old, and was sold for export to the United States in his four-year-old season. He trained that winter at Miami but, when right at the point of readiness for his first race, he broke down. Andy Blakeley, who was training him at the time, was so thoroughly disgusted with this turn of events that he was on the point of having the horse destroyed. Phillippi was none too prepossessing an individual anyway. He was rugged and muscular in type rather than of smoothly turned conformation and, to add to his uncomeliness, a negro groom in a fit of rage had destroyed the sight of the horse's right eye. A one-eyed horse on three legs didn't appeal much to a trainer seeking to win purses. But fate intervened in the person of Harry Jobes and a thousand dollar note. Jobes was a gentleman farmer on Long Island who had caught the real estate boom in the section around Queens at its height and, acquiring a country place near Huntington, settled down to raise Thoroughbreds. He was in Miami looking for stock when he heard of Phillippi's case, but the erstwhile worthless horse immediately became something of value when Jobes tried to beg him off and eventually he allowed himself to be talked out of the full thousand for the privilege of saving him for the stud. Then Phillipi spent one season at the farm of an ex-jockey in Maryland where further neglect reduced him to such a pitiable object that by the time Mr. Jobes rescued him again no one in his right mind would have given a lead dollar for him.

Phillippi takes a jump with Mrs. Jobes up. Phillippi started his career over hurdles in England

But once on the Greenlawn farm of his owner things began to look brighter for the unlucky Phillippi. It was then that I first saw the horse and, on scanning his pedigree, was so intrigued by that double line of Sunshine in it that I made an extended charting of his antecedents on both sides back to Whalebone and King Fergus and found no less than thirty Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, and Guineas winners! Jobes was a real honest-to-goodness lover of dumb animals. Every living thing on the place was sleek to velvety perfection and he came in for a lot of good-natured ribbing by his more practical neighbors because of it. Old Dan, for instance. Dan was a gigantic mule at least thirty years old. When he could no longer pull a plow, a negro tenant farmer near by turned the old fellow out to shift for himself, so Jobes took him in and had him given the same care and feed that the Thoroughbreds on the place received. When two mares got into a squealing, biting argument, old Dan would calmly interpose his huge bulk in between them and the squabble would be over. Then there was Prince. A pedigreed German Shepherd, he had been brought up as a pup to serve as a future watch dog but the petting he got from puppyhood made of the wolfish looking fellow a tail-wagging greeter to any passing tramp. And the chickens! Jobes installed a flock of white Plymouth Rocks with a view to a plentitude of eggs and future fryers and broilers but although I often enjoyed chicken at the bountiful Jobes table, Mrs. Jobes always had to telephone into Huntington for them to be sent from the market. The Jobes flock grew to where they overflowed the whole darned place but Harry hadn't the heart to kill, much less eat, anything that he had raised himself. And those pheasants! That section of Long Island is good shooting country in open season but the winters are hard on bird life, so one winter Jobes built a sanctuary for them with plenty of food to go with it. The next spring the birds refused to leave and, as Jobes would not allow a gun on the farm, pheasant life increased apace to the disgust of Pal, the Setter dog, who could get no one to follow up his points. Pheasants would whirr up under galloping horses' feet on the mile turf training track and even be seen occasionally on the lawn in front of the house. I got to speculating, at times, on the appearance of an imaginary cross between a pheasant and a Plymouth Rock. And, (*Continued on page 122*)

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

NASSAU AND BERMUDA

At a "Fish Haul" picnic on the beach at Nassau are Mr. Garrow T. Geer, Jr., and Miss Sheila C. Burton, the daughter of Mrs. Louis G. Paget of New York and Nassau

On Nassau's Emerald Beach are Mrs. Walter J. Carey of Southampton and Thomas Leiter of Chicago, who are winter visitors to the sunny Bahamas

Lending a hand at the nets at Paradise Beach are Mrs. Edgar Scott of "Orchard Lodge," Villa Nova, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Nicholas S. Ludington of "Clovelly," Ardmore, recent visitors to Nassau

Miss Constance House of Farmington, Connecticut, daughter of Mrs. Herbert C. House, sunbathes at Nassau

Attending the races at Nassau's Montagu Park Race Track are Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Morgan of Wilmington, Delaware. Mrs. Morgan was Frances du Pont

Relaxing in the sun of Bermuda's Coral Beach are Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cleveland of Greenwich, Connecticut, spending a month at "Wheel House," Paget

Under a large parasol at Nassau's Emerald Beach are Mrs. Knowlton L. Ames, Jr., and Mrs. Jane McCormick, far from Chicago's wintry winds

At one of Nassau's famous "Fish Haul" picnics, in the usual order, are Mr. George L. de Peyster, Miss Marsyl Stokes, Miss Barton Green, and George Steele

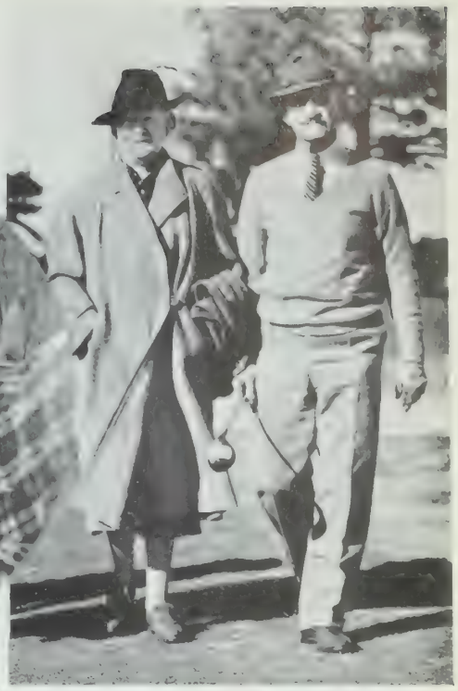
Making good use of Bermuda's main means of transport are Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Starring of Irvington-on-Hudson, New York, and their daughter Eleanor

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

PINEHURST—AIKEN—CAMDEN

Golfing at Pinehurst, North Carolina, are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hulme of Haverford, Pa.

At the Aiken Drag, Mr. Ricardo Santamarino and his fiancee, Miss Frances Post, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Post of Long Island and Aiken. With them are Mrs. William Post and Mrs. Jesse Andrews



Golfing in the Carolina sun at Pinehurst are Dr. and Mrs. Charles Scoff of Media, Pa.

At the Camden Hunt are Mrs. S. Sloane Colt and her daughter Marian, who are winter residents at the Carolina resort

Spectators at the Camden Hunter Trials held recently in the South Carolina sporting center are Mr. James Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Granger Gaither, Mr. and Mrs. James Park, and James Flanagan. The Gaithers are wintering in Camden where Mr. Gaither is busy with 'Brose Clark's young steeplechasers

Sportsmen spectators at the Camden Hunter Trials are Mr. Ernest Woodward, of LeRoy, N. Y., and Harry D. Kirkover, of Camden

From Pittsburgh to Aiken, Mrs. Lewis A. Parks and Miss Genevieve Bell after a round of golf at the Palmetto Golf Club

Spectators at the Aiken Drag are Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson, of Lake Forest, Illinois, winter residents of this Carolina resort

Miss Mary Virginia Ward and her fiance, Mr. Durban McGraw, both of Pittsburgh, start out for a morning ride at Pinehurst

Photographs by Bert Morgan and Freudy

Mr. Jack Slightman, huntsman of the New Forest Buckhounds, with the pack at Stoney Cross

Mr. Blanchard with his daughter Sheila on her pony, "Buttercup"

The New Forest Buckhounds

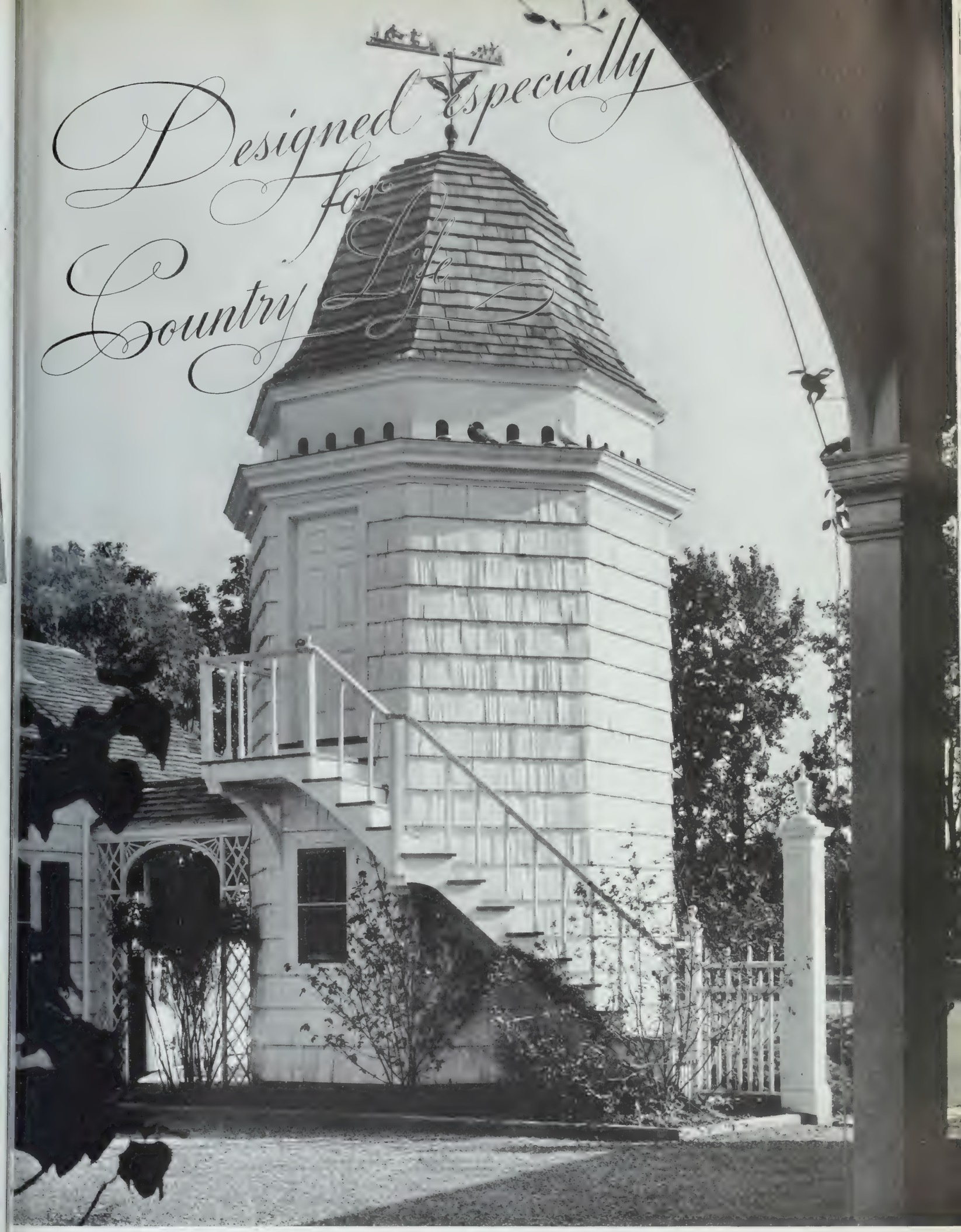
W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.

THE New Forest is one of those typical delightful misnomenclatures—it is not "new," being practically one thousand years old, and half of it is not "forest," but open moorland. There is no wire in the Forest itself, and the harbouring is done by the Crown keepers. Every once in a while you pop out on some of the wild ponies or the Forest pigs. The pigs and ponies do not belong to the Crown but to various commoners with Forest rights. The ponies are cute little shaggy beggars, which are scarcely any larger than St. Bernard dogs.

The typical staghounds of ancient days were large and lemon pied of the old Southern Hound type and showing bloodhound close up. This was the color of the Epping Forest hounds which hunted fallow deer up to the nineteenth century, the pack then going to the Devon and Somerset. However, even before the nineteenth century contemporary paintings show that many staghound packs were the typical foxhounds of their day. And the staghounds of today are usually drafts from foxhound packs—very big hounds which have been drafted because of size. Hounds never seem to give as much music on a deer as on a fox, and even when bred especially for voice, it is very hard to keep it through the years. Those of us who have deer in our foxhunting countries know that the pack's cry is the high wild one of riot when they get on a deer. The staghound must have exceptional stamina and far more of his day is at full speed than in the case of a foxhound, and in addition much of staghunting takes place in warm weather. However, as Jardine says: "An extra good nose is not really an indispensable element, as a stag leaves such a strong and enduring scent that a hound with a fair average nose is quite sufficient to hunt him well. Speed and drive are not really of primary importance either, although of course they make for killing the deer more quickly. I have seen some fairly slow packs account for their deer with wonderful regularity. A stag once fairly set going seems not to require pressing beyond his speed as so many other animals do, but will often run himself to a standstill and remain in some pond or river even if no hounds are anywhere near him. But above all what really kills red deer is the ability to stick to the hunted animal's scent amongst herds of fresh deer. This quality of not changing is acquired by practice and training. The French consider it to be very hereditary as well; this may be partially true, but I have taken a great many English foxhounds to France for staghunting and after a season or two they nearly all become admirable *chiens de change*, as they are called there. However, I think that some strains may acquire the habit more easily than others do. Without these *chiens de change* it would be quite impossible to ever kill a stag in the huge woodlands that one finds in France, often thickly populated with deer. Quite recently (March, 1935) I saw a herd of about sixty running in view of the hounds, in the Forest of Halatte; they did not appear to hesitate, however, and sticking to their hunted stag right through the herd, they soon afterward brought him to bay. What enables hounds to do this is not that they distinguish between stag A and stag B, but the fact that after a stag has been hunted for fifteen or twenty minutes and has got warmed up his scent is quite different from that of a fresh one. This is shown by the well-established truth that if two stags are unharboured together, and become separated, even the steadiest hounds hunting one of them will readily change to the other should their lines happen to cross. As by far the greatest difficulty in staghunting is changing from one deer to another, it will be seen that this ability to maintain the line of the hunted animal through both 'thick and thin' is really the (*Continued on page 86*)

Southern Newspapers, Ltd.

Former joint masters of New Forest Buckhounds: Mr. Arthur Dalgety and Sir John Buchanan Jardine, Bart. (right) who took over after Sir George Thursby had retired



Being an album of country places designed for country living

The Levis Farm Group

CASTALIA, OHIO

A close-up of the tack room and dovecote is shown on the preceding page

IF ARCHITECTURE is to be beautiful there must be something in its expression besides function. For instance, the structures here portrayed have such various functions that to try to express that of each would be to develop an architectural hodgepodge. There are buildings for cows, riding horses, farm horses, sheep, dogs, chickens, and pigeons, to say nothing of sheds, tool houses, pumphouses, shops, living rooms, garage, cold storage, and equipment for storing and preparing food for a fish hatchery. I wonder how the cultured Englishman who admired the beauty of the sleeping car would go about the functional design for housing this catalogue of requirements. The architect went about it this way.

He chose for his type of expression our own Colonial architecture because of its tradition and its suitability to economical wood construction, for which its details were fashioned. The ornaments are those that can be made with the tools in the master carpenter's chest, not the meager kit of your modern wood butcher, but those of that artisan who took a genuine interest in his trade, and who did not think he had to go into a sit-down strike to perfect himself in it. The ornament, worked out by hand, he used charily. Over-elaboration you seldom find. The Colonial portico was given a lightness of structure, a grace of design different from every other type. Because you cannot sensibly build a wooden arch, the beautiful and contrasting lines of that masonry form were obtained by sawing

ALFRED HOPKINS, *Architect*

Photographs by Robert W. Tebbs

out boards to the arch shape, gaining the form and forgetting its structural origin. Cornices simple and well proportioned were often given a special emphasis. Nothing could be prettier than the Colonial fences and entrance posts and the friendly, comfortable porch seat, but we had to go to the old windmills of Long Island to find precedent for the octagonal tower. For these buildings, perhaps somewhat extended in their plan, there was opportunity to use all the principal Colonial features. All? Yes, and then some. You see the owner was in the glass business, a fasci- (*Continued on page 108*)

English Cotswold in California's San Fernando Valley

A close-up along the front of the house looking through the old live oaks

The Country Home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Curtiz

On a breeze-swept promontory high above the San Fernando Valley, set in the clipped perfection of green lawns and gardens, is the spreading English country house of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Curtiz. A California adaptation of the English Cotswold type, the low roof lines are admirably suited to the hill top location. The stone used in construction was quarried on the estate, and an English stonemason was imported from his native shores to lay the stone. The motor court is paved with granite blocks.

The main house, built on the crown of a hill and following gracefully down the side slopes, is sheltered on the front by live oaks, thought to be at least seventy-five years old. Looking out under these sprawling trees across the smooth lawn, the San Fernando Valley spreads out below. In the rear, the handsome semi-circular window set in the gable end looks out over the gardens, with its primly clipped hedges lining the flagstone walks. A dovecote has been built into the rough wood siding of the gable. The combination

Architect: RAY J. KEIFFER

Photographs by MAYNARD L. PARKER

Looking down on the polo stables from the hillside above

of stone, rough wood siding, and timbered stucco has been admirably handled in the best Cotswold tradition under the irregularly laid heavy slate roof. However, not to forget that California has traditions of her own in the midst of so much England transplanted, the Curtiz estate pays due homage to one of the most delightful native customs, the barbecue. Down the slope from the house, under another group of live oaks, is a most attractive barbecue oven with a long table, rustic benches, and all the equipment for outdoor eating.

The polo stables, built U-shape around a center court, have been simply and practically handled. The box stalls open to the rear as well as onto a sheltered runway surrounding the court, thus insuring adequate ventilation, sunlight, and fresh air. Polo is Mr. Curtiz' chief recreation, and on this ample acreage the stables are an important center of activity. With every stall in the stable occupied, Mr. Curtiz is now raising polo ponies where they can be trained to stick and ball on his own private field situated near the stable.

Close-up of center court of stables

Down the slope, the barbecue set-up

ATLANTA HALL FARM

Home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Voss
Monkton, Maryland

Photographs by Samuel H. Gottscho

JAMES W. O'CONNOR, *Architect*
RUBY ROSS WOOD, *Interior Decorator*

The upper stable court

HAPPILY situated in a countryside devoted to equine pursuits (centering around the Elkridge-Harford Hunt), to amiable living in residence, and to the practice of agriculture, the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Voss has been admirably conceived for fulfilling such aims. From the comfortable east veranda of this adeptly restored old Maryland home, the owners may look with satisfaction over lawn and field to the stable group which they planned in close coöperation with the architect.

Sharply sloping land permits two levels, with the paddock and box-stalls for the hunters below. This is reached through the arched passage seen in the picture of the upper court, and off this same corridor one enters the tack room and quarters for the grooms. An ell, right-angle to the stable proper, along the drive, houses the garage and chauffeur's apartment. The

View of south living room wing added to narrow old brick house in Maryland tradition, painted yellow and with green shutters. Below: In apricot living room is English antique furniture. Color motif of dining room set by cream-dappled seats of leather

architectural ensemble is a good rendition of the Colonial style in brick and wood, to tie in perfectly with the big-chimneyed, black slate-roofed house itself.

The north entrance hall of Colonial gray-blue tone has the original fine staircase, although present spaciousness and dignity result from shifting the lower flight to a direct descent instead of being returned as formerly. The use of antique chest and slat-back chair, as well as all the interesting collector's items in other rooms, are primarily the inspiration of Mrs. Voss.

The living room, a few steps down from the hall, occupies the entire first floor of the new wing and is agreeably lighted by windows to the south and east. Walls are a creamy apricot in streaked-paint technique, and browns and hennas for the upholstery offer a harmonious contrast. The curtains are of tweed-like weave in colors of the room. Heirloom pieces of English furniture mingle attractively with modern easy chairs. An English Windsor type with pierced splat centered in the spindled back, and a fine turned-leg parlor table compel admiration. Books have ample shelving. Equestrian pictures, as in the dining room, plainly evidence the Vosses' major field of interest.

Ceiling beams darkened with

The hunters' box-stalls face this lower level enclosure of stable group. The corner feed tower is loaded on other side where top floor opens to road

The studio from drive

age give character to the dining room. Other woodwork and the walls are painted white, with window draperies of cream-color in modern weave. On the floor is an off-white rug. Chair seats are uniquely upholstered in cream-dappled leather; the "camel-back" chairs, themselves, are transitional Chippendale-Hepplewhite, very popular in American Colonial country homes.

Charming as an Irish cottage is a very old, stone haybarn (a community landmark) which has been transformed into a comfortable dwelling. While the main house was being restored, the Vosses lived here, and now it serves as a studio for Mrs. Voss who is an accomplished sculptress. A two-story room has the space important for achieving proper scale, with correct lighting derived from a large north window. Necessary equipment is not crowded, and grouped around the cozy fireplace, furniture, upholstered smartly in vivid emerald-green black and white plaid linen, gives a pleasant atmosphere for entertaining.

FLORENCE B. ROBINSON

GARDENS OF OLD CHINA

The western hills seen from the Summer Palace garden not far from Peiping's Forbidden City

A CHINESE writer, Chang Yee, once wrote: "I suppose the love and cult of gardens is rather the same all the world over. The link of nature and man seems to be a kind of bond of affection welded by fate and in the strengthening of the bond with the increase of socializing forces, man appropriates to himself a little piece of nature and moulds it to his own fancy."

The subject of landscape architecture in China is so little known in the West (or even in China itself) and the present state of research is so limited and undeveloped that no one would be so bold as to venture to pose as an authority. But one who gives any attention to the various phases of art in the East, quickly becomes aware of the fascinating and delightful quality of Chinese arts, of the very ancient and high development of the Chinese civilization of which these arts are the expression, and finally of the great significance of the arts of China in relation to other countries, even to the Western World.

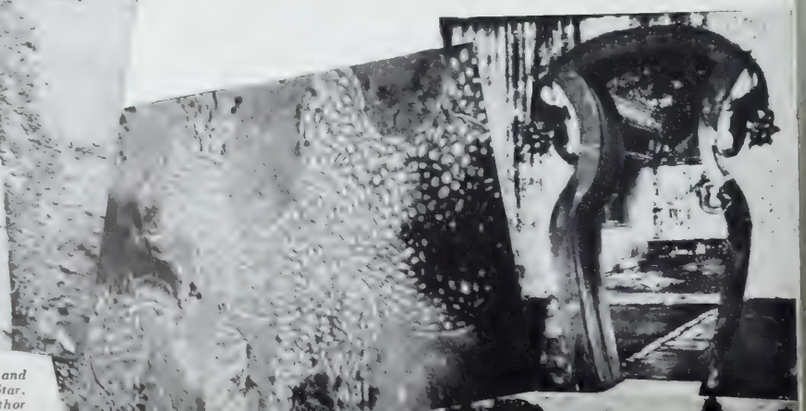
We are told, and research seems to uphold the statement, that China was to the East what Greece was to the West—at once the model and the original inspiration of the surrounding peoples. However, China differs from Western countries in that her whole history of progress is a continuous line from very ancient times to the present day, with only slight influences from outside. And though the foreign influences that have come in may color somewhat the succeeding epochs, they never divert the form but are absorbed and adapted into the stream of purely Chinese expression. Over the same periods any Western center is a hub, pouring out and receiving again, as over the radii of a great circle, influences from many sources.

The record of Chinese civilization is extremely ancient, but our knowledge of anything that can rightly be called landscape architecture in China dates from the end of the Han dynasty, approximately 600 A.D. There are not even traces of ancient gardens extant in China today, so far as we know. Only the relatively modern palaces of the Ming and Ts'ing dynasties exist, with the merest bits of evidence of their garden layouts. In default of the actual monuments, we have as sources of information: (1) the *literature* on the subject which is said to be voluminous but which is not available to Western scholars; (2) *paintings* which were particularly devoted to landscape subjects and thus have become a very fertile source of knowledge; (3) *modern work* which we have every reason to believe was traditional; and finally (4) *certain gardens in Japan* which are known to have been laid out by Chinese refugees of the earlier periods or copied from T'ang models.

Palaces and gardens, temples and temple compounds, and city plans apparently have followed a similar pattern through long centuries. Yet, allowing that the modern is a replica of the past, we are still under a very real handicap, for to see modern gardens in China is exceedingly difficult. There are no garden clubs, there is no accessible information as to location of beautiful gardens, there is no tourist bureau or automobile association to provide maps and guides, there are neither good roads nor (*Continued on page 92*)

With water an essential feature of Chinese landscape architecture, the bridge gains vital importance. Left, "jade girdle bridge" in the Summer Palace grounds. Below it, a moon gate in the garden of Prince Kung

The spirit of Chinese gardens is one of mystery, enchantment, laughter, happiness. At left, two Peiping garden walks showing pebble designs. Below, keyhole door in a former imperial garden



Photographs by Fritz Henle and Julius Eigner from Black Star, P. H. Elwood, Jr., and the author

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The New Forest Buckhounds

(*Continued from page 76*)

crux of the entire situation."

The New Forest Buckhounds proper began in 1854 with Mr. Buckworth Powell, who did not overwork his hounds, hunting only in the merry months of August and April respectively. Then Mr. Francis Lovell carried on until 1893, and in the early twentieth century there followed some brief masterships until 1908 when Sir George Thursby took it over, and continued until 1936 when I had the honor of hunting with him in the last month of his mastership.

In the spring of 1936 Sir George resigned and a joint regime started with Sir Buchanan-Jardine, master of the Dumfriesshire Hounds and author of that excellent and comprehensive work, "Hounds of the World," and Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety, master of the Southdown. The new joint masters of the Buckhounds are H. J. Colebrook, Esq. and Miss Colebrook.

The New Forest is, on the whole, a poor scenting country, but at the same time "Brock" has found this interesting phenomenon —viz., that there is often a good scent in the New Forest when there is none elsewhere. The real name of "Brock" referred to above, is Frederick Maier, "Brock" being short for the near-by Brockenhurst which means Badger's Wood. He came in 1908, and served twenty-eight years as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, often hunting hounds himself. "Brock" retired in 1936 and later had the Lamb's Inn, No Man's Land, best described by a hunting man in "Horse and Hound."

The New Forest Buckhounds hunt all of August and except for October, right through to April. It is an ideal way to get in some hunting, especially for visiting firemen from across the pond because it is just outside of Southampton, where almost everybody lands or departs. Furthermore, our intrepid countrymen may not feel like risking their necks over the strange and forbidding oxers and bullfinches of the Shires, for staghunting is practically all on the flat, not only in the New Forest but also in the celebrated Exmoor country of the Devon and Somerset. In fact, on my day with the former pack I came very near committing a most heinous crime. My charming hostess had mounted me on a "National" looking horse, which I afterward learned had just finished a season with the Blackmoor Vale. And the B.V. is a notoriously stiff country where the hunters learn to stop at nothing. We were galloping hell-for-leather down a shadowy glade when through the barrage of mud which was constantly plastering your correspondent's face, I saw a gate loom up. My noble steed pricked up his ears and began taking a bit of a hold, and we sailed down for the gate. Suddenly I saw a member of the hunt staff swing in from the side and lean down, apparently fiddling with the latch. Then I to my horror saw the master sitting calmly on his horse waiting for the gate to be opened. With a desperate tug I swung Mr. Blackmoor Vale off into the protecting foliage of the New Forest and did not emerge again until at least two thirds of the field had formed a protecting screen in front of me.

Somehow we seem to have inadvertently plunged our reader into the midst of a staghunt instead of getting in the preliminaries. These start with the work of the harbourer who is a cross between Daniel Boone and Sherlock Holmes. Hours before the time of meeting the harbourer has moseyed around and located a warrantable stag,—i.e., one five years old or better. The age and sex are determined by the hoofprints—a stag crosses his legs at a walk, and a hind's slots are in a straight line. So much for the sex. As far as the eye goes we never did get any very lucid explanation, so decided that the harbourer in addition to his other qualifications was supposed to be psychic. After the harbourer—in the case of the New Forest, the Crown Keeper of the respective district of the Forest—has picked out his qualified candidate, the "tufters" are brought up. The "tufters" consist of a few couples of old hounds which are exceptionally steady and free from change. This latter condition is not the result of legislation, but natural endowments. With the aid of the "tufters" the warrantable stag is separated from his harem and loved ones. This sometimes takes quite a bit of doing, as our cousins say, because the old blighter is most ungallant and may prod the fundaments of all the gentler sex and the younger and smaller males to boot, pricking them forth as red herring. Finally, however, when the old boy is got going the staff comes galloping back and the main pack is taken up and laid on the line and then it's hammer and tongs for all. We had always read about the main pack being imprisoned in some neighboring Alcatrez barn while all this tufting was going on; but the New Forest hounds stood cool as cucumbers in a big field off the Lyndhurst road under the eagle eyes of the hunt servants all in their Forest green which is just a shade different from the Lincoln green of Robin Hood's men, and the field chatted, and the secretary took care of capping fees.

When finally accounted for, the stag stimulates commerce throughout the community—the antlers go to the kennels, the venison to the farmers of the vicinity, the paunch to hounds, and the slots from the hunt secretary to anyone in at the kill, each lucky recipient paying 10s. 6d. into a pot which is divided among the whippers-in. The harbourer gets a guinea for his sleuthing, and after a kill staghounds do not draw again, but automatically call it a day.

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some sculptured stair decorations, stone urns and vases; and here and there are seen piles of old fragments religiously collected to perpetuate memories of past outrages as well as past glory.

Beyond the vast parterre, a gentle green slope, flanked by stairs and two garden pavilions built by Hetman Rzewudski, leads down to the last of the three preserved terraces, covered with a lovely tree labyrinth of the type so popular in seventeenth century gardens. From the "windows" in the last hedge which runs along the edge of this terrace, one looks out toward the undulating Volynian plains bright with a pattern of peasant fields.

The day I spent at Podhorce was the high-water mark of my garden pilgrimage through Poland. I was taken there by Dr. Alexander Czolowski, director of the Lwow Museum, the very gentleman who, in 1914, had saved Podhorce from destruction by interceding with the Russian commander, and who now was working on its restoration. It had become to him like his child, his creation, his masterpiece, and he could hardly wait to show the visitor from America the wonders of the old palace.

Immediately upon our arrival there he took me on a tour through the castle, pointing out various details of the architecture and decorations; telling with joy and pride of what had been saved or restored, with pain about things destroyed. From the corner of the right bastion, where a nut tree, planted by Sobieski, still grows between the stones, I had my first glimpse of the garden terraces and the Volynian plains beyond. Surely no garden ever had a more breathtaking, a more majestic background than did this beautiful one.

After our picnic luncheon, eaten in a vaulted room on the lower floor of the palace, completely covered, as by tapestry, with a huge silk war tent of Hetman Rzewudski, I went out and stood on top of the first stairs. My companion had gone to rest and I was alone above the Volynian plains in the three-hundred-year-old garden amid the memories which cling to the weather-eaten stones of the stairs and balustrades, to the broken sculpture and vases.

I looked around. It was fascinating to imagine the place as it must have been in the time of its glory. On this narrow first terrace hardly anything could have been planted. It must have been decorated with laurel, pomegranate, orange, and lemon trees grown in tubs and pots and kept, in winter, in the two lovely solariums in the inner court. In its center there was probably a fountain. There must have been three larger ones on the second terrace, each surrounded by a parterre of flowers. The largest of all, with its big pool, must have been in the center of the tree labyrinth. Probably the green slope between these last two terraces was covered with cascades. The grottoes must have been in the high wall between the first and second terraces, for from below one could see the lofty filled-in arches. Perhaps there were then more cascades and fountains, extending all the way down to the golden fields. What a sight it must have been! The white foam and shining rainbows of the fountains, the sparkling blue of the pools, and the shimmer of the cascades against the gold of the fields stretching toward the distant horizon—the "immeasurable sea of wheat" as they used to call the Ukrainian and Volynian steppes. How grateful I felt to General Brusilov for yielding to the prayer of the old man now slumbering in the vaulted bedroom and sparing this palace and its grounds!

I made my way through a picturesque stone gate leading to a thick young forest by the side of the terraces, and up past the moats and bastions towards the upper garden. Here the two marvelous avenues, each shaded by a single row of ancient linden trees, fascinated me. I wondered whether back in America they knew that linden trees planted in a close row on one side of a path would eventually form a shady vault over it. It was the middle of July, but the lindens were still in bloom and their sweet fragrance filled the whole upper garden with enchantment and turned the walks into long, fragrant bowers.

Who had planted these trees? I wondered. Hetman Koniecpolski, the mighty warrior and enlightened landlord, who added to the glory of Poland, yet by his bitter, contemptuous animosity was partly responsible for the conflict with Russia which brought destruction to his country? Was it Jan Sobieski—the great leader, the conqueror of the infidels, who saved Europe, yet did not know how to save Poland from its rapid downward path towards destruction? Was it the brilliant Hetman Rzewudski, scholar, writer, and fiery patriot, who was doomed to fight always on the side of the losing cause, because he lived at a time when it was too late to struggle against the inevitable? To which of these three men, who stood in the foremost ranks of their times, each almost a symbol of his period, are these great trees a fitting monument? I touched their branches reverently. They have seen so much. What more will they see? What does the future hold for them and for Podhorce?

From the end of the garden by the old church I turned toward the castle on the central avenue, between the wonderful walls of trimmed yoke elms. The Poles love those tall hedges introduced into their country by their first Italian and French garden builders and value their decorative quality. Here I had a chance to appreciate it. What beautiful receding frames those green walls made for the view of the majestic castle gate and the graceful Renaissance church at the other end!

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At the castle gate my companion was waiting for me. Soon it would be time to start on our homeward journey. After a cup of tea under the Hetman's tent, we stepped out on the terraces for a last look. To my great surprise the garden was no longer deserted. Groups of peasants in Sunday clothes were solemnly promenading through the "labyrinth" and along the terrace paths. On the bastions stood or walked people who looked like city excursionists. I remembered that when I returned from my long garden walk I had seen several cars parked near ours by the castle gate.

Pan Czolowski smiled at my questions. Why, of course; those were peasants from the village below, who always like to come to the old garden on a Sunday afternoon, as do the city excursionists. Pan Sangusko is delighted to have people come to see the beautiful and ancient castle.

"While he is away, I suppose?" I asked.

"Oh not only then. When he is here, also. He likes to see other people enjoy the place."

Was this a new Poland? I wondered. Was it a new, democratic Poland born from the bitter lessons of the past, from a century and a half of suffering and humiliation? Or was it part of the past reborn in the new purified form—the realized ideal of aristocracy, still cherished in Poland, under which the nobility has as many responsibilities as it has privileges; under which those who possess much accept the duty of sharing it with the people? Whatever it was, it gave a new dignity to the old castle—the dignity of a national monument belonging to a reborn people.

Gardens of old China

(Continued from page 84)

easy transportation. Furthermore, high, stout walls shut in the beauty and shut out the curious: one may not, as in Europe or America, hunt out the superintendent or head gardener and gain entrance with a bit of "cumshaw." The gatekeepers of China do not sell their heads. Moreover, those few gardens now open to the public, mostly former imperial properties, are in a poor state of preservation. With all these handicaps, however, the history of landscape art in China is so significant to English and American landscape development, and the little one can see is so fascinating, that it leads one constantly to seek greater knowledge.

In earlier times, before the Han —that is, in the Shang, Chou, and Hsia periods—gardens are mentioned as an extravagance of rulers, built and maintained at the expense and through the exploitation of the people. The last Tsin, Chi-Huang-ti, who built the Great Wall, had a vast zoological and botanical park. In the Han period, Wu-ti was conspicuous for his love of extensive grounds: his park, 120 miles in circumference, was filled with many hills, grottoes, palaces, and pavilions. But that was the last of truly vast pleasure grounds. They were not popular with the people, who regarded them as a waste of good land which was needed for agricultural purposes. In fact, they finally compelled Wu-ti to return to cultivation his vast pleasaunce and his successor gave his whole attention to the improvement of the Empire.

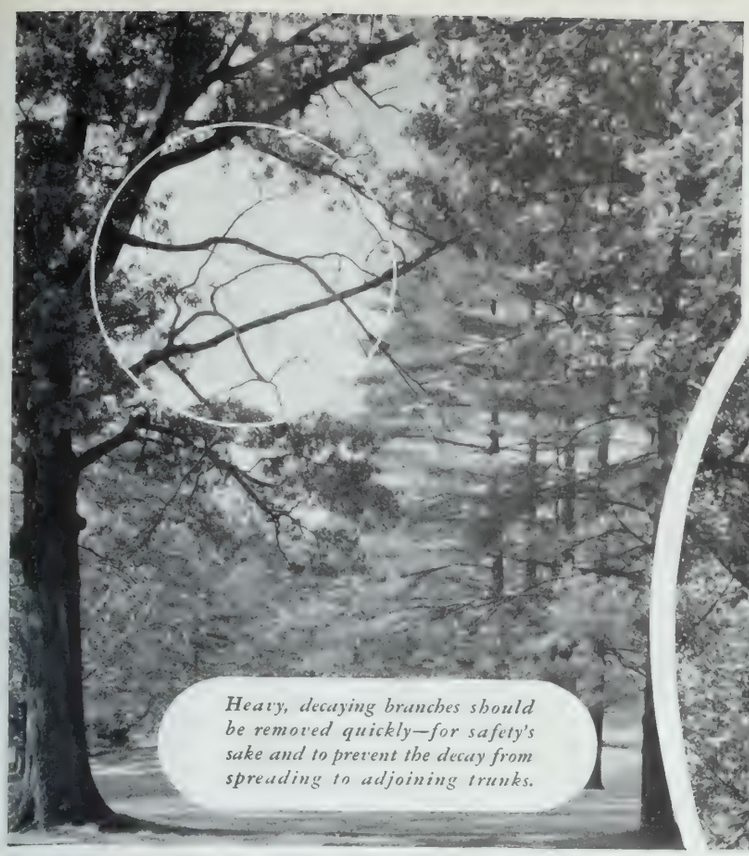
Though the garden descriptions of the Han period are brief and vague, we know that there then began the idea of placing palaces on mounds or mounts and surrounding them with moats crossed by means of bridges. One notes a similarity to medieval castles of the Europe of 500 to 1000 years later.

The T'ang dynasty was a golden age in all the arts, an age of individualism and great creative power, and here the art of gardening appears to have attained a very high standard. Yet present knowledge of the landscape art of this period is limited to gleanings and interpretations made from contemporary painting and to a few ancient Japanese gardens. The garden of Tofukuji, for example, is typically T'ang Chinese in its arrangements, with an open space before and on the axis of the temple and blocky masses of shrubs grouped at the sides. We know that in the T'ang period there was genuine appreciation of natural beauty; that artists had a superb feeling for notan, or the contrast of light and dark created by masses of rocks, water, and trees, and a supreme regard for line and form.

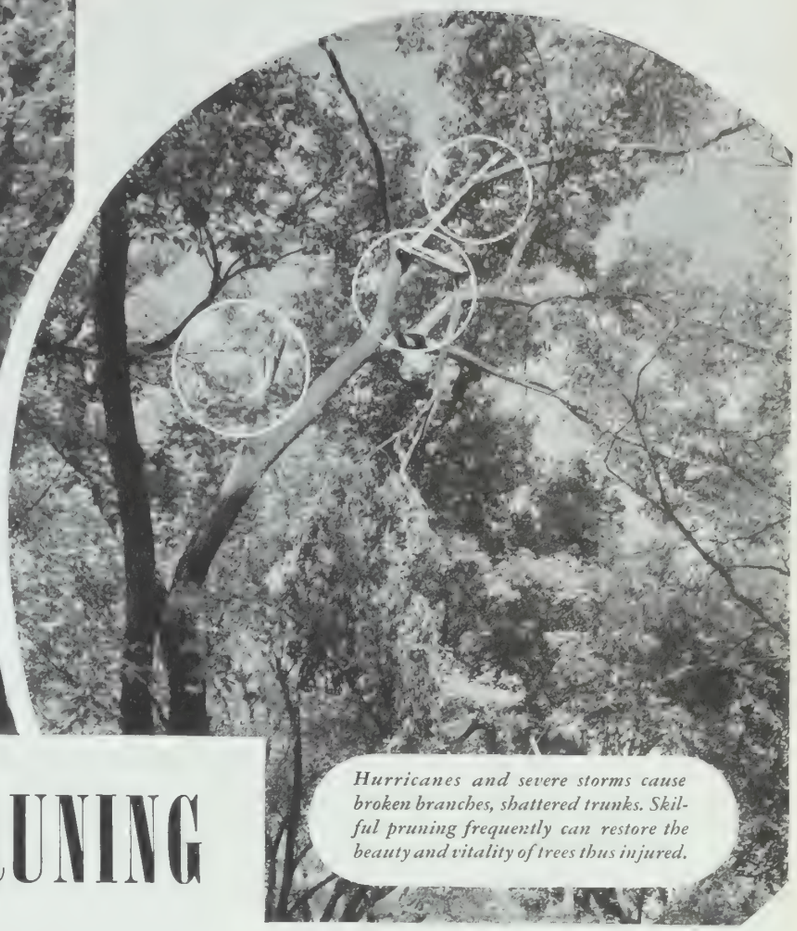
The Sung period retained much of that love of nature and individualism. During it, Hangchow and all the territory around West Lake reached its greatest development. The palaces were gorgeous, and countless fine villas were constructed. The very beautiful scenery, the rich trappings of royalty, the lavish outpouring of wealth in the villas all laid a glamour over West Lake which later sages remembered with such longing that it became the model for practically all the lovely gardens of the following periods.

In the succeeding Ming dynasty began that retrogression and degeneration which finally resulted in the complete breaking down of the power of individualism, the smothering of creative imaginative energy, the final dominance of the extremely conservative classicism of the Confucianists, which set and ossified the life and the art pattern for all succeeding years to the time of the Republic.

Later Ts'ing landscapes appear as degenerate in their manner and form as do the other arts—trivial in detail, lacking in breadth and vision and imagination. In the middle of the eighteenth century the older knowledge, combined with the trivialities of the Ts'ing, was popularized in the West by the work of Sir William Chambers which had so marked an influence



Heavy, decaying branches should be removed quickly—for safety's sake and to prevent the decay from spreading to adjoining trunks.



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on all European landscape. This completely changed the style, superseding the architectural type of Europe with the landscape type of the Orient, and introducing the so-called English style now designated as "naturalistic," and which America has so largely followed.

To understand the Chinese landscape art, or any form of Chinese art, one must know something of the philosophy which guided Chinese thought and directed the Chinese civilization through so many centuries. Somewhat religious in aspect, it may very briefly be summarized thus:

Shang-ti, the Supreme Emperor, is over all and above all. The all-powerful breath of Shang-ti, called Chi or Vital Essence, puts into motion T'ai Chih, the Ultimate Principle. This in turn produces two secondary essences in Nature, the Yin and the Yang, from which spring all living things. Yin is the negative, passive, or feminine element, its symbols being earth and water and, its color green. Yang is the positive, active, masculine element and its symbols are Heaven and the Sun. Heaven is represented materially as clouds and its color is blue; the Sun and the Emperor are considered as one with the symbolic color, yellow. In the composition of forms and colors, and in the distribution of lights and darks, this philosophy is expressed forcefully and effectively—repeated over and over in many ways.

Moreover man is considered as only one of all created things, and not, as in Western thought, the Lord of the Universe. He may, perhaps should, enjoy nature, but he must do so sparingly and not waste her bounties; and he should disturb her as little as possible. Natural scenes are to be enjoyed in their natural state as typifying that Vital Principle, the essential character that is an immortal part of life.

Geomancers interpreted the facts of natural forces for the people and so dictated the location and the orientation of all structures according to this interpretation. Their power was great, and so cunning was their interpretation that palaces, temples, tombs, and other building sites, even the hovels seem always to be sightly, taking advantage of contours and of far views; seem never to be badly placed in disregard of natural location and surroundings. Because of this dominance of a united, trained group powerful enough to control extensive landscape planning, there is in the Chinese landscape a quality and a unity of concept found nowhere else.

Also, in pre-Revolutionary days, when gardens still flourished in China, the aristocracy was one of brains, and this idea is still dominant, for a few years of disorder and attempted change cannot wholly destroy the innate ideals cherished through many generations. Cultured life in the past fostered seven fine arts which required for their mature flowering peace, quiet, congenial companions, and beautiful surroundings. Thus the ideal residence was considered to be a country place, preferably in the hills, since "a cultured man goes where he can get far views." Consequently also there was no garden without at least the representation or suggestion of hills and streams. Again, this place must represent or suggest natural scenes dear to the heart of the scholar. There seems to have been a yearning to possess a replica of famous spots, just as the lover of art seeks to secure and possess famous paintings.

In his essay on art, Kuo Hsi, of the Sung dynasty, said that landscapes are of four sorts: those suitable to walk through, those pleasant to look at, those suitable to ramble in, and those fit to live in; and that the first two were not to be considered equal to the latter two. The landscape that is supreme combines all four qualities. It is a landscape that one may live *with* and *in;* that is so much at one with Nature and at the same time so full of suggestion to the scholar that it can meet his every mood and need. It can soothe and calm the spirit, stimulate the mind and thought, and furnish pleasant, delightful recreation for the body. Such was the goal of the landscape architecture of old China.

Now, viewing the whole range of the subject of landscape architecture in China, one might distinguish these six types or phases: (1) What might be termed a national plan, at least a general concept which embraces the whole country. (2) What might be called regional plans. (3) City plans. (4) Temples, temple compounds, and tombs. (5) Official buildings and residences of the rulers. (6) Pleasure gardens.

First, the concept of a national plan. Given a strongly imaginative fancy together with a virile and vivid symbolism penetrating life, it is logical to find the expression of everyday affairs partaking of metaphor and symbol. When, in their geography lessons, children are told that China is a great plum-leaf lying across the face of Asia, they are given a powerful mental image that persists through life. Also there is inculcated a pervasive moral lesson, for the plum in China is the national flower and the symbol of fine conduct—a small tree that stands staunch and firm, inured to the wintry blasts of adversity, putting forth beauty in the face of cold and hardship. It is one of three plants practically always included in a landscape scene, and known as "the three friends who do not fear cold." These are the ancient wind-twisted pine, the gnarled, leafless branch of the blossoming plum, and the lithe bamboo which bends and does not break.

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a most incredibly extensive and massive wall, its sinuous lines writhing over the mountains and the valleys like a great dragon guarding the northern boundary of the flowery kingdom. South of the Great Wall the kingdom—considered the center of the universe—was divided into five regions, each with its holy mountain. This corresponds to an ancient Taoist (and also a later Buddhist) concept which conceived of the universe as a holy citadel, four-square, with four doors, and four corner towers—the four directions of heaven—and a fifth, the center, representing the third dimension.

The regional plans, representing the second phase, center particularly around Peiping. Here, for 500 years or more, was the seat of government, the official residence of the rulers, and, if you please, again the center of the universe.

The third division is that of city plans, which appear rather similar everywhere, being square or rectangular, with four gates—perhaps more, never less—four corner towers, and temples in the center except that in Peiping the imperial palace is the center and the temples are subsidiary. Passing through the south gate of Peiping, one finds himself on the broad avenue on the main axis of the Forbidden City, on either side of which lie the ancient temples of Heaven and of Agriculture. The city is criss-crossed by nine chief avenues, at the intersections of which are found very colorful and interesting *pailou* or memorial arches of wood and lacquer. Like the palace enclosure, the temples of Heaven and of Agriculture are also rectangular with massive walls and gates, all oriented true north and south. Each enclosure is a grove of ancient sophora or cedar trees, a park within high walls. At the temple of Heaven there lies, within this park, another area surrounded by walls which is again divided into three walled-in squares. In the first of these is found the surpassingly beautiful Altar of Heaven—a round altar in a square enclosure, symbolic of Heaven and of man. The other two squares also contain circular buildings, differing slightly from one another and serving the ritual of the annual ceremonies connected therewith. This plan, with its very ancient symbolism and form is the repetition of the old Taoist formula of the square with four doors, four corner towers, and, of course, the central feature.

These illustrate the fourth phase of landscape art and are similar in all temples, temple compounds, and tombs. The structures embedded in groves of trees indicate the unity of man with nature, which is part and parcel of the Chinese philosophy, and typifies his dependence upon nature. Temporal power is of man; dignity is relative to human values; pomp and circumstance are definitely finite, and these are properly expressed by set, formal, obviously man-made patterns. Thus the layout is formal although the plant growth is free and natural, that is, not clipped nor forced into unnatural forms. Also the element of time is consciously included by means of distance and repetition of units.

The official palaces are the fifth phase and here, as in the temples, there is found the formality expressive of high power and great dignity, and Oriental magnificence. Here the Emperor, being the earthly representative of a higher potentate, was surrounded by a sculptured multitude of symbols and allegories to keep him ever in mind of his duties to Heaven and to man, of the lines of right conduct and right action. The Forbidden City, which housed the Emperor and his immediate household, was actually a small city in itself, housing, we are told, some two thousand souls. Its layout was a gridiron with a powerful central axis extending from north to south, the chief palace buildings and their courts alternating along its whole length. Viewing this Forbidden City, even in its decay, one is amazed by its elegance.

But if one is amazed at the undreamed-of splendor of the official palace, he is no less delighted and charmed with the near-by pleasure gardens, comprising the sixth and last phase. Outside the Forbidden City lies another enclosure within which are found great gardens. The enclosure is rectangular, surrounded by the usual high walls with four gates, and with water the central feature—again the Taoist formula. But here the central feature is a pond or lake rather than a temple or a palace, and in the pond there is an islet. Surrounding the pond inside the walls are trees and plants among which paths meander from place to place. Small, subordinate enclosures conceal special gardens, rockeries, and various features in all of which man's use of the area is obvious.

A SIMILAR arrangement on a larger scale may be seen in the Summer Palace gardens which lie about ten miles west of the city. Here again is found the square enclosure with a central pond and islet. White marble balustrades border the lake, a covered corridor extends along one side, a lotus-filled stream with marble bridges, rocks of fantastic form, pavilions, pagodas, all mingle with the trees and plants of the park and the water to create fine pictorial effects.

Many smaller gardens exist—though they cannot be so easily located—all alike in the major plan elements although they differ widely in execution and detail. In them is exhibited a playfulness and lightness of mood in fine harmony with their function. Outer walls are massive, forbidding, unscalable, plastered, colored, and stuck full of broken glass, but also interesting, for all are topped by a foot or two of open pattern in tilework and often they are capped

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with glazed-tile roofing. Above them wave the green tops of the trees within—all the passer-by may ever see of the gardens themselves. Even the opening of the gates is protected by a screen around which one must pass on entering. The superstitious say this bars the evil spirits who cannot turn corners; the discerning observe that it bars the prying eyes of the curious and unfriendly. In the poorer quarters it is sometimes plain, woven of bamboo or branches but made interesting by potted plants set in front and silhouetted against it; in homes of wealth and affluence it may be ornamented with medallions of glazed terra-cotta or with sculptured plaques; in the imperial grounds at Pei-Hai is the most famous one of all made entirely of glazed terra-cotta with nine great dragons in gay colors squirming over it.

Leaving the dirty, narrow lanes outside, we pass around the gate-screen to an interior of mystery and enchantment, of light and laughter. The square enclosure is divided variously into many smaller areas and courts separated by more walls which are ornate and decorative, pierced by grill-work with a good-luck or happiness ideograph, by lattice of terra-cotta, or by tiny windows shaped like conventionalized flowers and fruits. Often delicate, elaborate carvings and patterns face their surfaces. Paths through the areas may be laid in pebble patterns, frequently quaint, like a row of potted plants, or amusing, like a caravan of camels forever stepping along. Doors are of entrancing shapes—circles, octagonals, key-holes or leaves, Shang and Ming vases, and snuff-bottles. If so simple a form as a rectangle be used for a garden door, its frame at least will be embellished with plant or animal motifs.

Weird, contorted, water-worn rocks are much used, sometimes treated as sculpture and set on a well-modeled base; sometimes thought of as petrified plant forms and set in huge jars or pots; sometimes piled in great awe-inspiring heaps for their deep shadows or to form cool, gloomy caverns or tricky labyrinths. Thus even in the pleasure gardens one is reminded of the opposing forces of nature, the duality of all things.

The scale is usually quite intimate, never extensive, yet the arrangement and use of space are such as to produce a feeling of considerable extent. Every turn is made to show a new and different scene until the superposition of pictures deceives one. And always one may find symbolism present, from the drums or the guardian dogs of stone outside the doors, through every detail of carving and rock and plant. Even the roofs of colored, glazed tile have significance beyond the gayety and brilliance they add to the scene. A yellow roof indicated a royal residence, since none but a representative of Heaven might use the imperial yellow; blue tile are found on temples and religious enclosures, while the homes of the nobility were topped with green, the color of man. Of course, all this discussion of symbolism applies only to the developments of the past. The younger generation has forgotten or never learned its language and meaning. Modern work is a more or less clumsy fumbling with materials and forms devoid of subtleties, impressed only with the hard facts of existence.

In every garden, as already noted, were found rocks and water. If possible, water entered the garden from the east and flowed quietly, or lay calmly in lake or pond. One crossed water to enter the garden, one viewed water from the pavilions, water was the center of the whole. For various reasons rushing water was considered undesirable within the garden area. Where floods have been so frequent and disastrous, it is not hard to comprehend that rushing water might be associated with catastrophe, disorder, and misfortune. But quiet pools, without such dire associations, might be enjoyed. If the garden were too small for lake or pond, there would at least be a large bowl or bowls of lotus or a series of containers holding odd goldfish. The high lights of the water surface and the reflections in its mirror face, the water plants, and other life were all important. The garden was the retreat of a scholar seeking quiet meditation.

The plants—trees, shrubs, flowers—were arranged mostly in groups and masses as a part of the whole scene, for a natural effect, not as of value in and for themselves. Many flowering trees were used, particularly fruit trees—plum, peach, cherry, quince, loquat, and so on; also the ginkgo, the silver-barked pine, the empress-tree (Paulownia), and the scholar-tree, each of which spoke a language to the initiate. For centuries these trees have been invested with such meaning; literature and painting are filled with references to it, and every garden of any pretension included one or all in the various scenes laid out. Special flowers like the chrysanthemum or the Moutan peony were grown in pots or cultivated in small areas set apart for such collections, since the effects of nature or its suggestion were preferred for the majority of scenes.

Walking, except by the lowest classes, was unheard of, so the gardens were arranged to be enjoyed sitting down. For each and every fine view there was a pavilion or shelter, or seats so located as to give the best vista, where one might sit and enjoy the beauty. Often the rambling walks leading from place to place were roofed over for considerable distances so that one might saunter out to some favorite spot despite the weather.

The real distinction of the Chinese gardens lies in that profound feeling for nature inherent

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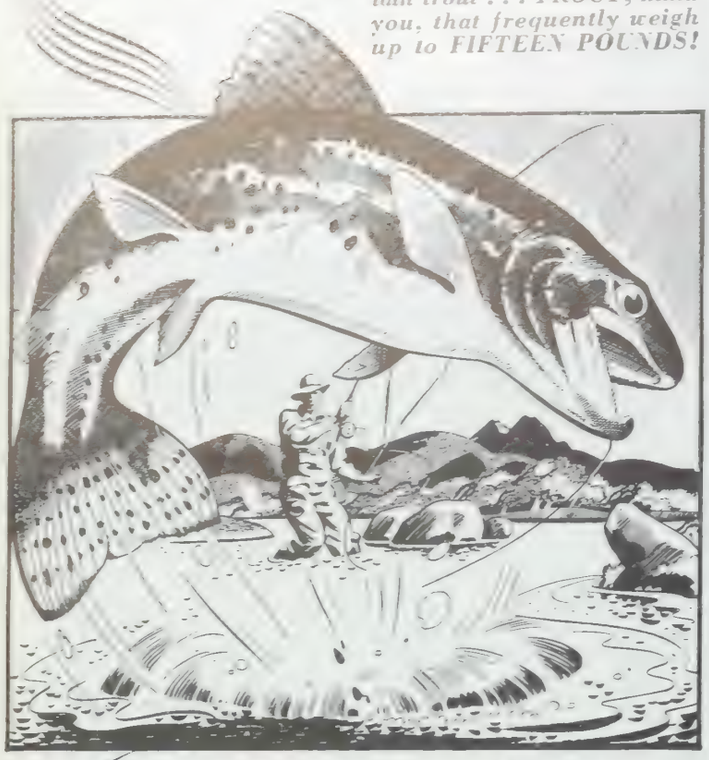

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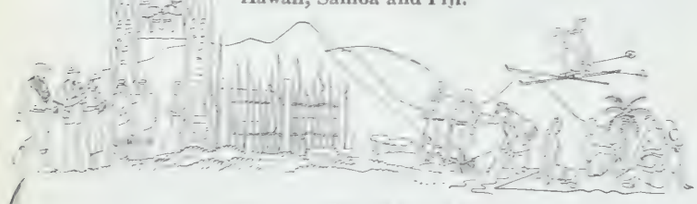

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A WORLD IN ITSELF

in the people and in the subjective attitude of those who created them. Here too is the evidence of fine and expressive craftsmanship not yet overpowered by mass production, an individuality whose only outlet for many years was in these more intimate and private scenes; of a joy in nature and a pride of possession which can only belong to those who have a garden and who have learned thereby to enjoy the pure pleasures afforded by Nature at her finest. They express an attitude toward life quite opposed to that of the Occident and so they may not be copied successfully in the West. Nevertheless they expound many lessons and the West can learn much of value from them.

Very briefly summarized, these are the main facts to remember with reference to Chinese gardens as they are, or were:

1. *Location*—determined by the *fêng-shui* (literally wind-water; essentially, the topography). 2. *Orientation*—invariably north-south; exceptions are rare and due only to natural forces. 3. *Form*—an enclosed square with a central feature—usually a pond or lake. 4. *Area*—small and closely associated with scale. 5. *Function*—for contemplation, meditation, and pleasure in nature. 6. *Character*—scenes of nature suggestive to the scholar (preferably famous places in China). 7. *Execution*—symbolic, suggestive; had strong personality and showed really excellent craftsmanship.

The tri-polis of ancient fame

(*Continued from page 40*)

water supported a lighthouse, on the eastern stood a pretty little Doric temple where the sailors performed their propitiatory rites before putting out to sea, or perhaps because they were putting in from a long voyage. The quays are well preserved and of several types and, if you have sensibly worn stout walking shoes, it is well worth tramping through the swamps to the port that you may climb its landing steps and without too great a tax on your memory of history or your imagination, relive the life of this great sea-coast city of two thousand years ago. You will leave Leptis Magna reluctantly and wonder over and over again how such significant beauty can have escaped those tourists who "do" ruins with such relish and make ancient places obnoxious "sights." They will track it down, never fear, for Leptis Magna is truly a tourist's "find," but you have had your "tip" far enough in advance to avoid them if you wish.

From an archeological point-of-view the Roman remains at Sabratha are scarcely less important than those at Leptis. It is about two hours motor trip from Tripoli, and a day is needed for visiting the site, seeing the museum and the huge mosaic floor. The road follows the sea almost continuously and passes through some of the most luxuriant oases in the whole of Tripoli, with such ancient names as Zanzur, Saiad, and Sorman. However, we had grumbled at having to waste a whole day and a half in Tripoli and now we grumbled that they had given us no time to see Sabratha. However, I gathered the photographs that you see here, as well as got myself worked up to feverish excitement over going down into the Libyan desert, particularly to Gadames, a very quaint city which stands almost at the doors of the Hamada and the desert, and is surrounded by a wondrously beautiful oasis, and celebrated for its underground streets, for no women are allowed on the streets. One reaches Gadames by a lavishly appointed motor bus, one of those super de-luxe ones I've always had a yen to ride in, if not own outright. The hotel you may judge by the photographs I've included to tantalize myself with. Surely more fun than one's own safari, I should say.

Gadames, of course, is only one of many fascinating treks one can take into the desert oases. A month in Libya would be little enough to see just the "high spots" and I can imagine no finer vacation than making the luxurious Uaddan Hotel in Tripoli my headquarters and when I tired of lounging, bathing, and gambling, getting away from it all, off into the desert. Late autumn is supposedly a fine season, but I should take spring personally, though they strongly urge one to travel inland only during the winter.

Getting to Libya is easy from almost any point in Italy. By plane it is little more than four hours. By boat, three days from Naples. Boats from Genoa make stops at Syracuse, Palermo, or Malta. One can come from Tunis. The Italian Line has a special Spring Cruise which includes Tripoli in its itinerary—but does not allow enough time! "The last tender will leave from the quay of the Castello on ....." and no matter what the date, it will be, I'm sure, entirely too soon for you.

Sport Cavalcade of the states

(*Continued from page 57*)

started to come up in a series of stout puffs. The air grew colder and foam lay in little frosty tufts along the shore. I crawled out to stamp my feet a bit, and blow on my hands. "Look out," the Cap'n called and I crouched among the rushes while a single bluebill whipped down the shoreline, then swerved to join a mighty "raft" out on the sound. Kicking among empty shells which carpeted the earth about, I discovered the harsh-toothed skull of some marine dragon named "a danged ol' oyster-toad." I watched Canada geese drift far, high through the sky to settle on a distant bar which rang with honks

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and nasal quackings. This-hyeah blind wa'nt much good fo' geese, I learned. If I'd wanted to go after honkers we'd'a' went to the othah side.

A trio of pintails was zooming toward the blind. The drakes and little brown hen had spied our dee-coys. And though pintails too often will spurn the glamor of painted blocks, these three lifted eloquently in their flight. They swung about in a wide, wide circle and were coming back. I saw the stretched neck and the tilted head of one bird, as they winnowed over. I heard the sleek whisper of wings as they came about again. Then while I crouched down lower than one whose rounded silhouette is that of the late thirties should try to crouch, I heard the click-click of hammers being cocked on the Cap'n's ancient ten-bore. Suddenly the game was sweeping at us at full tilt, and the December sun shone bright on the brown velvet throat of one pretty drake. Cap'n Hoffman was up, and I was up too, and both of our guns were roaring at the stooling birds. My target folded in his flight, like a stricken plane, and somehow I knew that his fellow had done the same, though smoke from the Sho'man's blast blew thick across my eyes. We fired together, did the Cap'n and I, at the hen which flared and bored like light into the sky. And as one giant boom rolled off across the bay, a broken white feather and some silky down puffed out, and the duck dropped down quite dead.

"Now," declared Guide Hoffman when he'd retrieved the kill, "now we've got something. Sprigs ain't much like whifflahs when it comes to eatin'. They ain't a bettah duck swims than a sprig. Canvasbacks ain't no bettah, an' black ducks ain't eithah, though th' South Islandahs off theah, that sells 'em in th' mah'ket, get mo' fo' big ducks like them than they do fo' sprigs."

I asked about those South Island folk who in these days of clean conservation, persist in market-hunting. ("South" Island isn't quite right; but it's close enough, as any game-warden will tell you.) My companion's face grew red with anger at mere mention of their doings.

"They mostly trap 'em," he explained. "Some places theyah, they still use five o' six gun-bar'ls welded togethah an' fired with a fuse. They kill hundreds o' ducks at a shot with a outfit like that. But th' Federal wah'dens git aroun' so much nowadays that they've got kind o' shy about shootin'. Mostly they trap 'em now, in big wire pens on baited watah. An' they don' do much o' that till th' shootin' season is closed, o' befo' it opens.

"Yeah," he went on with heat, "they're a bad bunch, them fellahs. They've ruined th' trappin' by huntin' mink out o' season. They chase 'em out o' th' mah'shes with dogs, an' kill 'em with clubs befo' th' fur is prime. I don't even bothah to set out mink-traps any mo' on account of it.

"But I don' blame them fellahs fo' trappin' ducks an' sellin' 'em in Baltimo', half as much as I blame th' rich people that buy 'em to eat," he declared. "Th' Islandahs are only doin' what theh pappys brought 'em up to do. They're ignorant as hell. But th' people that calls theirselves spo'tsmen, that buy duck in th' clubs an' such, are th' ones that are *really* to blame fo' mah'ket-huntin'." I agreed with the Cap'n to the bottom of my boots, and I am sure that you do too.

It was noon, then, so we poled over to white *Miss Wenona* in the skiff. We drank hot black coffee from a smoked-up pot and ate thick slices of "scrabble." We feasted off cold biscuits covered with "spread"; and oyster-cake, which is a delectable thing of fresh seafood fried in thick batter. Most people in these latter show-off days speak of oyster cake, the Cap'n said, but the proper and venerable Eastern Sho' name, is "oyster flitters." And just as I prefer flitters to cakes any day, I also would choose such juicy oysters as we now dipped up to eat from beds beside the boat—yea, choose them in preference to the smuggest bivalve that ever was swaddled in exquisite napery and cracked ice.

We were back in the blind. The wind had died. The tide was coming in, whacking gently at the glistening sides of the decoys. Ducks were moving more freely than they'd done when the day was younger. Little butterballs fluttered up and down their offshore highways crying *crr-rruck, cr-rrruck!* A flat loon flew above our heads, and ever and again there were pairs and flocks of broadbill trading back and forth, far out. The Cap'n had allowed that we might get some shots if the weather would ca'm. He'd opined that ca'm seas and flood tide are the proper formula for happy Chesapeake shooting—except of course in winter weather of the icy sort. "Ducks," he'd declared, "are always mo' careless in theh goin's when it's icy."

I'll always wonder what would have happened if the guide hadn't chosen one certain moment to right a decoy. Perhaps I'd have fetched in a mighty bag, come four o'clock. But be my aim what it might have, the Cap'n and I agreed that ten great geese would have passed over our heads, and low, if he hadn't been out in the boat when they hove into view. They were already close when I spied them and called a muted warning. But as you know, there isn't much one can do when he's out in a skiff with his hands full of wet dee-coys, and he hears the honks of Canadas coming in! About all he can do is to crouch down low and pray to the red gods that these birds, of all on earth, will think that men are driftwood, or maybe little islands. But of course they never do. Ours didn't.

They veered, slowly and majestically. They floated high and higher to set their course for distant shoals. They chose for their landing the same island refuge from which all day had rung the clamor of geese, the whoops of swans, the loud and insolent quacking of black ducks.

Then a flock of eight ducks was beating up the shore. They spied our decoys well off, for the day was ca'm and there were no waves. It seemed an age, the paltry split-minute that passed before they were close and their webs were stuck out before them to light among the blocks. Bang-bang! I had knocked down a fine pair of birds, one snow-backed drake and a round drab hen before there was thunder from the ten-bore on the left. I don't know *why* guides always wait so long before they shoot; I don't know *how* they manage to do it either. But wait they do; and more often than not game is reduced to possession when they've had their say, just as game floated out there now. Three very fine ducks the good Cap'n had downed when his first salute found a thick spot in the flock.

We killed a few birds during the rest of that balmy, windless afternoon; more than a few, perhaps. I remember one whacking trio which fell at our fire, to a bird, when they whirled about to drop among the decoys; and a jingler hen that didn't give the blocks any tumble, but only came past too close. I could name if I would, more times than one or ten when ducks came within range of our guns but flew away unharmed because they flew so fast.

The Cap'n was musing of the old days as four o'clock ticked close. He was recounting the bags he'd brought in when he was a younger man and I was a boy. There were a lot more redheads and canvasbacks then, he said, than there are today. Fifty or sixty of these great white ducks were no bag at all on Tangier Sound a few decades back. But there's just a sprinkling of these sorts today; not one bird, perhaps, where there were a hundred even ten years ago. There's still plenty o' bluebills, though. A mint o' bluebills! If only you could cawn 'em the way you used to, and if the law still allowed it, you could still bring in mountainous bags like the rich fellah's bag, yeahs befo'. The Cap'n had been gunnin' that certain Mistah What's-his-name from Philadelphia. It were down to th' othah blind where he'd put out a hundred bushels o' cawn.

"I mind it cleah," he vowed. "We killed ovah two hundred ducks. Ol' What's-his-name hisself got fifty-odd birds. . . ."

Just at that instant, as if in sentient tribute to their Golden Age, to ancestral hosts that had darkened Maryland skies in pioneer days, a great raft of bluebills before us exploded from the water. In one seething cloud they rose: with a roar like that of stampeding cattle on a Texas ranch. Then a lesser raft to the right was a-wing to join this pageant of the old, old days; another throng great as the first, from farther off. Rarely will you see in this sugary twentieth century, and in few places other than over the green Chesapeake, such banners of wildfowl as waved before us then!

"It must have been something like this. . ." I was thinking. Then suddenly a dozen ducks were swishing close before the blind. The salty old Cap'n was up and his gun was at his shoulder. Boom-boom! This time he'd killed a duck and the rest of the flock were away before I got the safety off. But little matter. Almost from the moment that first roar of duck-thunder had rolled across the bay, broken flocks had been flashing past, outside. Now they were coming closer. In twos, quartettes, and dozens the white bluebills swept by. Sometimes they hammered past without a sidelong glance. Often they were far out of range. But now and again a bird or a band came near enough, and by the time the watch said four o'clock we had our legal limits, both of us.

Then we were bound on the good launch *Wenona,* for home. We were off over slick, soft waves while wild geese streamed through a sky of red and gold. We were bound into a blazing bowl flecked with high-flying black ducks and sifting clouds of southah'lies and scaup. We drifted in silently to a pair of water-blinds to pick up jovial hunters who had killed ten ducks apiece: lots of bluebills, some jinglers, and one great red-capped canvasback. Then for nearly an hour while the motor purred *putt-putt-putt,* contentedly, everyone talked and joked about birds hit and missed, about a great day indeed, of duckin' down on Maryland's Eastern Sho'.

Cups that cheered

(*Continued from page 51*)

ously. It was a custom derived from the followers of Zen Buddhism in the thirteenth century from the ritual of the monks drinking tea successively from a bowl placed before the image of Bodhidharma. Those practising the Tea Ceremony sought enlightenment and the solution of spiritual problems through contemplation. The Chinese and Japanese passion for beauty and detail was carried out minutely in this ritual, even to the selected place where it was held, the appointments of the room, and especially the utensils, themselves.

Coffee had been known in the fifteenth century in Arabia. First used by lawyers and students burning midnight oil, it gradually came to be used by all classes. It was publicly sold in Constantinople in 1554, and from that city found its way to Venice in 1615. A German by the name of Rauwolf is supposed to have first told Europeans about coffee in 1582. However, it did not become popular

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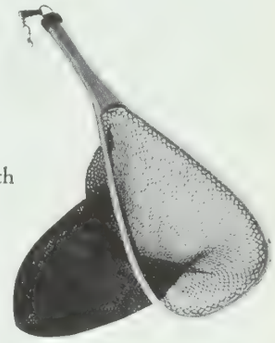

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immediately. When it did come into favor, coffee was usually boiled in a tin-lined copper pot and was served with sugar and honey. Occasionally a pint of milk was boiled and added to an equal amount of coffee. The wealthy mixed cloves, cinnamon, or sugar with ambergris in their cups. By the end of the seventeenth century coffee cups had taken the place of beer tankards at the breakfast table once and for all time. Doctors considered it a cure for many diseases, and a Dr. Blankaerd drank twelve cups a day prescribing it to his patients.

Chocolate, on the other hand, due to its great expense, was a luxury. Although the Spaniards brought it from South America and Mexico, for some reason they did not reveal its virtues to Europe until 1520. Soon afterward the nobles of Italy and France were drinking it from small china cups. Chocolate sets were made by all the famous factories and some of them were decorated by celebrated artists. By the seventeenth century even the rich burghers of New Amsterdam were enjoying this beverage as shown by a chocolate pot listed in the belongings of William Pleay.

In 1685 a Frenchman, named Dufour, wrote and published a book in Lyons called "Traitez Nouveaux & Curieux du Café, du Thé, et du Chocolat." In it is an engraved frontispiece and three plates showing a Chinese emperor drinking tea, a sultan drinking coffee, and an Indian drinking chocolate. In each plate is a drawing of the plant from which the drink came. Before that in 1636, Leon Pinelo's "Moral Question" was published in Madrid. This, the first book to deal with American drinks, demands whether it is a mortal sin for ecclesiastics to drink chocolate before celebrating the Mass. The book is dedicated to the Governor of the Indies and in its preface states that the author has investigated all the principal drinks of the new world. He mentions one hundred and eighteen of them and claims that the Indians drink too much.

In the eighteenth century tea continued to be increasingly popular and coffee houses became more and more important, not only for the beverage they served, but also as clearing houses for news and gossip. At dinner, however, wine continued supreme and the amount of it consumed by gentlemen at that time would make the cup performances of moderns seem child's play. At the end of the meal the cloth was removed and the candles put back in the center of the table along with decanters of wine, usually Madeira or claret. Then the host or whoever had been elected as president of the assembly proposed a series of toasts. For each a bumper was drained. In accordance with this custom Washington at official dinners drank to each guest present, one at a time.

At the same time his former adversary, Lord Cornwallis, as Governor-General of India, was calling the guests at his official dinners to toast the King, the Queen and Royal Family, the East India Company, the Army and Navy, the Commander-in-Chief, and success to British Arms in India. He never had less than thirty for dinner daily and set the hour for it at four during hot months and three in the cool ones. A Mr. Auriol present one day, afterward told his brother-in-law that he considered the reputation current in Calcutta of the Governor-General's haughtiness quite undeserved. "Why," he said, "Lord Cornwallis spoke to me at least thirty times." The brother-in-law knowing both gentlemen, remarked, "Then I dare conjecture that fifteen of those times were to pass the bottle and the other fifteen to pass the cork."

As the bumpers went on and on, a man elected to the post of president was often hard put to sit out the company. William Hickey, in his diary, writes that his method of dealing with this situation was as follows: "By eating sparingly of some one plain dish, avoiding malt liquor, and desiring the servants to take away my glass after a hob-nob the moment I put it down, I was the better enabled to do the duty of a president when the cloth was removed from which moment I never flinched and contrived to send my guests away quite happy and contented. When as was sometimes the case, I felt the wine disposed to revolt, chewing two or three French olives without swallowing the pulp would relieve and enable me to down half a dozen more glasses."

Even tea was fortified with rum and other liquors, as table containers for these small bottles with long spouts were made by many of the fine glass factories. In drinking, tea was first poured from the cup into a high-rimmed saucer and sipped from that while the cup rested on a cup plate. Much artistry was expended on these cup plates and many of the ones made of Sandwich glass are small masterpieces representative of American craftsmanship.

During the eighteenth century the manufacture of glassware throughout Europe reached high levels in quality and quantity. Among the most romantic pieces made in England at this time were the glasses of the Jacobites, so called because the adherents to the House of Stuart had them engraved with the emblems of the rose, the thistle, the Jacobite star, flags, military insignia, or portraits of Bonnie Prince Charlie. When about to drink, the traitors held these glasses out straight in tribute to the King across the water. This was still done after finger bowls were forbidden to prevent Jacobite men from holding their glasses over water when drinking to the Pretender in France.

During this period pottery and earthenware drinking utensils also improved in design and decoration. The Leeds mug in cream also with

a transfer decoration in black of a ship; the pink lustre pitcher with a sailor, his lass, and a sentimental verse; the Lowestoft punch bowl with a Chinese version of an English ship or coat of arms; the Staffordshire cup with a view of a near or distant spot, all found a ready market. Nor was the decoration entirely nautical. Many of the most characteristic pieces have hounds and huntsmen chasing over them in color or relief. Noteworthy in this genre are the stirrup cups shaped like fox heads. These are direct descendants of the animal drinking vessels that seem to have been made by every people since the very first potters. One finds them in Etruscan tombs and in those of the Mayans. Another variant was the human figure. These, too, are early pottery forms and some of the early South American ones seem to be the first attempt at portrait modeling. The human figure ones most commonly met with today are the Toby jugs. These are usually highly colored but are equaled in the solid brown pottery of Whieldon.

Mugs and pitchers were often made to commemorate some important event. In Victorian times this fashion degenerated into mottos such as "A Present from Margate" or "A Token from Torquay" which were applied indiscriminately to anything in glass, pottery, or china that a tripper might buy. Other important features were mahogany and walnut cases fitted for glasses and decanters used in traveling, especially on sea voyages.

In America the Colonists followed the styles of their father countries. No Dutchman in New York was without his cupboard containing cut-glass decanters, magnums of aromatic schnapps, and brown jugs of rum. Liquor flowed on all occasions—in celebration of holidays; during wedding and funeral services; in business transactions and husking bees. On Long Island a young man began at an early age to lay aside money in gold coin for the two most important happenings in his life—his wedding and his funeral. At funerals old New York served hot wine in winter and sangeree brandy in summer. Drinking was so proverbial at these anything but solemn occasions that after 1764 it was not unusual to receive with word of a funeral a notice saying, "No liquor," much as today we specify, "No flowers."

Drunkenness was severely punished, and was designated in this manner: "if the same legs that carried him in could not carry him out," or more liberally, "a man was not drunk if he could still rise from the floor and drink some more." The punishment devised was a terrible one and consisted of forcing the unfortunate inebriate to swallow three quarts of salt and water containing a large dose of lamp oil.

The Puritans of New England drank beer and ale, a custom brought by them from England. Bennett, an English traveler in America wrote in 1740 after deploring the fact that there was no good beer in this country, "Madeira wines and rum-punch are the liquors they drink in common; with their victuals the generality of people drink cider." In the South the gentry were never without mint juleps. Silver julep cups with coat of arms or names of estates held the drink. Silver was used because no glass frosted as well. And later on when pioneers from Kentucky began to push westward, buttered rum hung so heavily on their breaths, "that all they had to do was to go up to a wild-cat to have it smile and shake hands."

In the early part of the nineteenth century Madeira parties became frequent and serious affairs. After light suppers of terrapin and canvasback duck, each participant received a crust of bread, "as nothing cleans the palate like bread." Then six full quart decanters, each bearing a silver label, were placed in front of the host. The center of the table was set with a large silver bowl of water and before each guest a small glass bowl like our modern finger bowls. The silver bowl in the center was notched so that inverted glasses could be hung around the rim, and the smaller glass bowls had two notches in which were held two wine glasses. In this way the guest could rinse his glass so that no sediment from a previous wine spoiled the taste of the other. Cigars were not permitted until the Madeira had been sampled.

At less grand parties goblets, beer schooners, and decanters of pressed glass were usually in evidence. Although hundreds of them were turned out by factories in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the design, workmanship and quality of the glass was of a very high caliber. But, taste changed with the coming of a new century and war and prohibition produced a generation that did not know a bock glass from a claret one. That was not surprising for it was obviously pointless to discuss the vintage of bath-tub gin and synthetic applejack. But now that the first flush of Repeal is passed there is a revival of drinking as a fine art. One excellent result of this is the increasing interest in old drinking utensils, for not only do proper ones enhance the drink served in them, but they bring back across the years the gay and gallant gentlemen who faced the problems of their day and solved them as best they could.

Sherry served in blown American glass recalls the adventurous Baron Stiegel and the fighters of the Revolution; a rummer filled with hot toddy suggests its former owner—perhaps a retired sea captain; many Waterford decanters once reflected in their gleaming facets the penniless but well-born adventurers who went to India and returned to live in England like princes; horn cups and Stafford-

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shire fox head stirrup cups still conjure up pictures of hunt breakfasts and runs across autumn fields; silver and pewter tankards revive the days when America was being born and when Kit Marlowe in some London tavern with one too many pints of ale, was dashing off, "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Illium." All these gentlemen are gone like the snows and beautiful ladies in Villon's poems to places where they will drink no more. But we, when using their glasses and their silver, can still give a toast to their memory.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 48*)

which agonizing time Captain Roark lay still on the field.

As he would have preferred it, the death of Pat Roark did not interfere with the remaining games scheduled between the British and California squads at Midwick, though as this is written in early March the final and deciding game is yet to be played. California called on C. B. Wrightsman, the visiting Texas oil sportsman, and his marvelous string of ponies and Cecil Smith, the 10-goal Texas star, to come to the rescue in the second game. And although Wrightsman graciously relinquished his No. 1 position—and some of his top mounts to Louis Rowan—Cecil Smith proved just the man the local riders needed to stem the tide of the earlier British rout. It seems doubtful if any player other than Hitchcock or Iglehart could have added the punch so well. However, with Eric Pedley, who is in great hitting form these days, on some of the Wrightsman mounts at No. 3; with "Big Bo" Elmer Boeseke fast returning to the form that once made him a 10-goal man, at Back; and with Smith at No. 2; and Rowan playing the best game of his life up forward, the Californians rode with the fury of the four horsemen to turn back the same line-up of Britishers by 12 goals to 8.

It was truly a sensational, heart-throbbing game that was unfurled for the fans with wild riding and hard hitting. More fouls than we care to remember were called by the two umpires, Jack Holt, the movie star, and Neil S. McCarthy, who, as in the first game, had one of the busiest afternoons of their lives and did an admirable job. With the memory of Captain Roark's fall before them, the big crowd was stunned on two occations when Bob Skene and Cecil Smith, to say nothing of Eric Pedley, took nasty falls. The audacious Australian undertook to edge over in front of Smith just as the big Texan was thundering down the sideboards not twenty feet from where Pat Roark had his fall and in the same chukker too. Skene's pony went down but Skene hit the ground rolling and kept on rolling with the horse rolling completely over twice just behind him. Later, near the far boards, Cecil Smith went tearing in to meet a ball as Eric Tyrrell-Martin hit it just as Pedley came from behind Martin to hook the latter's stick. Smith and Pedley collided with terrific force and eight horses' legs and four human legs went flying through the air with both horses and riders thrown to the ground. The crowd leaped to its feet and groaned as Smith's pony grazed him as it rolled over. Fortunately both players and horses were only stunned and were back in the hell-for-leather battle a few minutes later.

While the acquisition of Smith and Charles Wrightman's magnificent mounts unquestionably played a major part in the California victory, it was the "local peoples' choice" Messrs. Eric Pedley and Elmer Boeseke who stole the show. Eric Tyrrell-Martin had tied the score, 7 to 7, at the start of the seventh chukker (this game *was* played with six-and-a-half minute periods by the way, and it seemed much faster) and had then put England in front a moment later when Pedley and Boeseke decided that it was time for the home guard to take things in hand. Smith, obviously suffering from the effects of his spill, had muffed an easy penalty shot, and Boeseke suddenly shot out from midfield and in two great wallops drove the ball between the posts to tie the score. Pedley then whacked a sharp-angled liner through from a different angle to put California in front, 9 to 8. Boeseke put the thing on ice before the final chukker was well under way when he dashed headlong into a mixup in front of the British goal to whack the pill through the uprights and followed immediately with a mad charge three quarters of the length of the field for another. Eric Pedley put the clincher through just as the game ended when he stole the pellet from the attacking Britishers, passed it far downfield to Rowan and then, when that worthy was ridden off by the British defenders, nudged the ball across to give himself his fifth goal of the afternoon. Pedley's final tally was one marker ahead of the dashing, dark, slender Bob Skene who duplicated his role in the first game of being the big gun of the British attack and scored with everything from long, looping swipes from "way out" and all over the field, to beautifully timed angled shots from within the 60-yard line.

The loss of Pat Roark is of course a great blow to the British forces. On the showing of the teams in that second game, it was apparent that the British must strengthen their side, probably by adding Gerald Balding and Aidan Roark, before they'll be ready for the International Matches for the Westchester Cup this summer. Balding, the field captain of the invading poloists, is still on the sidelines with a back injury collected in India last Christmas, but

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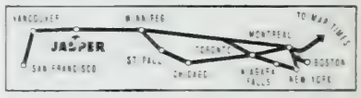

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expects to get into action in Santa Barbara as the team moves northward up the Coast. Aidan Roark has gone away for awhile since his brother's death and at this writing it's problematical when he'll play again. Skene, Balding, Roark, and Eric Tyrrell-Martin, though not necessarily riding in that order, would seem to be the strongest combination the British have to offer—and beautifully mounted—and don't let anyone tell you they haven't got the "cattle"—they might prove a very smooth-working balanced Four indeed and a really formidable threat.

But Pat is gone . . . lean, brilliant, hard-riding, Captain Charles Thomas Irvine (Pat) Roark, has gone to join that other dashing figure of British polo, Captain Leslie St. Charles Cheape, who was killed in the war. Both died just as they would have wished to —with their boots on—and like all polo players who love the game, Pat wouldn't want any sympathy, except for his family. They must have got at least some comfort from the tremendous and fitting tribute given this gallant gentleman-sportsman and former British army officer in the charmingly simple funeral rites held on February 23rd in Pasadena. Messages poured in from India, from Argentina, from Ireland, England, and the far points of the sporting world and we have never seen so many really beautiful wreaths — one that was especially touching in its message "from the Midwick stable boys"—they banked the entire altar.

The pallbearers included Lindsay C. Howard, Eric Pedley, James Spaulding, Howland Paddock, Rufus Spaulding, Carlton Burke, Neil McCarthy, Elmer Boeseke, and Herbert Hostetter. In the surrounding crowded pews in the little chapel were Lord Cowdray, Gerald Balding, and members of the British squad; Charles Wrightsman, Cecil Smith, and the famed Texas Rangers team; David Niven, Robert Montgomery, Leslie Howard, representing the Hollywood screen contingent, James Wigmore, Arthur Perkins, and Terrence Preece, and countless Midwick players and wives . . . and standing alone with head bowed and arm in a sling, we spotted another loyal polo friend, "Rube" Williams, the former Texas cowboy now playing the best game of his career, who, though injured in a game at Santa Barbara, had arisen at the crack of dawn on that beautiful spring-like morning and journeyed from afar to silently "stand by."

That's the kind of carry-on spirit that Pat Roark, a courageous leader if there ever was one, instilled in the hearts of those fortunate enough to be known as his friends. He will be greatly missed. . . . Death in the afternoon? Rather, he would probably have called it the glorious way to ride out of the picture when the time comes for a truly great polo player to go. We can almost hear him calling for a fresh mount and another crack at that little white ball. After that? "By jove," his quiet smile seems to say, "a fellow can't live forever. . . ."

Getting the big 'uns

(*Continued from page 43*)

to make. About all that was left to do was make one or two casts perfectly, with a knowledge of just what obstacles had to be avoided. The proposition was comparatively simple, due to all the advance experimenting and thought that had been done before the big day arrived. And I can tell you that it is worth a lot of drudgery to be able to land two fish like that in one day.

One morning this spring I was wading down through some very heavy white water, approaching the top of the Elbow Pool. On the far side, just where the white water rushes into the head of the pool, there is another one of those terrible backwaters, from which during the previous few years I had managed to take a number of big 'uns. So far this season, I had not seen any big fish there and had begun to think that the stream had changed in some way unnoticeable to me to make this backwater less congenial to a big 'un. This morning I speak of, I saw a snout pop up about three inches above the surface and subside with a fly. I had a bad case of cold shivers for a minute! The temptation, of course, was to fling a fly over the spot where the snout had emerged, and if that didn't work to keep flinging. If I had, there probably wouldn't be any Figure II with which to illustrate this article.

Past experience had shown that there are just two possible ways of putting a taking fly on that backwater. It is not more than five feet across, and on the near side the main current whirls past at a high rate of speed. Without my going into a long, detailed explanation of the vagaries of the currents involved, you can take my word for it that you have to cast over at least part of the fast water, and that means drag within a second or so. Obviously the fly you present to the fish must be the fly he is expecting. If he is feeding on floating flies, he will be expecting and looking for a floating fly. If he is taking nymphs just under the surface, that's what he'll look for.

So the problem presented by the fish was primarily whether to give him a dry fly or a wet one. I had thought I saw him take a floating fly, but that is what we always think when we see a fish feed suddenly. I parked the seat of my waders on a rock that was sticking out of the fast water, polished some of the sweat off my bifocals, and got ready to do some mighty careful looking. In a minute the tip of the snout broke the water. I hadn't been able to see any fly on the surface. A couple of minutes later there was a leisurely swirl which exposed a couple of inches of back fin and tail. I hadn't

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[illegible] of rise was distinctly that made for a submerged nymph. But I kept watching—which may sound as though I was pretty blasé about the matter, but I was almost sweating blood with excitement. Another lazy swirl, showing back fin and tail, and I was ready to decide they were nymphs and not surface flies that were interesting [illegible]

I put on a funny-looking nymph, by the name of Connett's Indefensible (beaver fur body, swelled at the shoulder; blue dun hen's hackle, very short; and blue dun hen hackle fibre tail) cast it about ten feet in the air over the spot where the fish was feeding. The leader fell very loosly on the water, and the swift current at the side began to pull at my line. Just as the last coil of leader was being pulled out straight and the nymph was about to be swept away into the fast water, that old back fin pushed up and the tail gave a little flip. This particular instant is when you lose your fish if you don't watch out. The line just then became tight, and if I had struck hard, it is very doubtful whether the fish would have been securely hooked. I let the weight of the line do the initial hooking and then when I felt that the hook had taken hold, I lifted the tip and set the hook deep. In due time I went up to the farmhouse, and Figure II shows a 22½ inch female brown which weighed a hair under three and a half pounds. It was a beautifully colored fish, but a trifle thin.

Now I haven't told you these tales to prove what a genius I am, and I hope you won't take it that way. The object of the story is to try to make it clear that big fish can be caught by any angler who will fish one good stream long enough to really learn every detail of its currents and to become reasonably familiar with just where the big 'uns lie and how they feed. Go to it!

The Levis farm group

(*Continued from page 78*)

nating job when you come to know it, and while telling me what sort of functioning the barns were for, he said, with his pleasant smile, "Hopkins, I tell all my friends the advantages of glass brick; that *they* must use them; so *I* must use them. Work in some—somewhere!" It was a staggering suggestion to one whose soul was all steamed up for traditional architecture. "Glass brick?" said I, reeling under the blow. "Yes. You know what they are, don't you?" queried he, still with his disarming smile, though I thought I detected a tone of surprise at my professional ignorance. "Why, of course," I said, lying good and plenty. How could transparent structure be combined with those lovely old Colonial forms I knew so well, where walls were solid and light came through windows. Tradition was to be reversed. If light came through walls, why windows? I would just as soon have toted in a totem to consort with Colonial columns and arches. Totems at least have antiquity. But the owner's smile was irresistible and Colonial architecture with glass brick must be designed. Repelled at its first suggestion we became genuinely interested in the idea. We used it in the shops and tool storage with what artistic success the pictures show. In the hay barn where, ever since the creation of the world, and in spite of the Creator's particular insistence, there has never been light, glass brick was a positive practical advantage, as it was in the other service buildings, all grouped about the main service court.

So now we came very naturally to the consideration of the plan devised in a series of courts, which do first-rate functioning. The trick in the farm barn plan is to group the buildings so they form protected enclosures on the north with the south open to the sun in winter and to the breeze in summer. Anyone who lives in a southern court as I do, will testify to the delightful advantages of protected southern exposure. Such courts are provided for the chickens, dogs, horses, cows, and sheep. All are away from the enclosed service yard from which open the garage, hay barn, shed, and shops. To keep the bustle of the service yard, now augmented by the automobile, away from the housing for livestock is fundamental to the congregate farm barn scheme, if you are going in for real functional planning.

When we relegated the owner's pet glass brick to where it could function without disturbing architectural tradition, we felt a certain sense of relief at being free to develop traditional details where we wanted them. And we felt an additional zest for the task. We put emphasis to the central group by a portico whose axis runs direct to a point at the residence most frequented by the owner, and from where the graceful structure is framed between two elm trees. Then to break up the excess of long low lines a vertical accent was placed at the entrance to the court where the owner's riding horses were stabled. The octagonal tower provides a tack room below and a dovecote above. When last in Ohio I envied the fun the Levis pigeons had on all those flat shingle roofs because my roofs of slate are few and steep. There the roofs are long and rangy, and the pigeons playing their games plumped down upon them—perfect landing places as they are—with a sense of proprietorship equal to that of an economic royalist or a political plutocrat. If you want something to divert you pleasantly from the varied ballyhoo of the moment, keep pigeons and become friendly with them. The top of the Levis tower is their perfect abode. Behind the tower the court is surrounded by an arcade, just the thing for practical

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functioning because it connects the stabling; but it is important, too, as architectural furnishing. The court is small—and smallness makes for intimacy—but quite large enough for the practical water trough shown in the center. In a fountain form the water trough adds greatly to the attractiveness of the court, providing there a true and useful note of beauty. But somebody planted an apple tree so large that because of it the water trough was omitted, to our great regret. From last reports the apple tree was wrapt in ticking and ailing. At the office we are hoping for a tough winter and its early demise in the spring. But important to the architect's work is the planting thereof. Sometimes we tell the landscape men that all we pretend to do is to design buildings as a background for their foliage. That is an honest statement. They like the idea and proceed to do their best; which, to put a mean twist to it, sometimes turns out to be not too good.

And now to return to the beginning and to end there, here is perhaps the simplest problem in building, housing the animals of the farm. Yet after all there are walls and windows and roofs required just as in any other housing. As long as these structures are planned to provide normal conveniences why not plan them to provide agreeable architecture? Ill-considered talk about functional building is well enough as necessary chatter of which there must be plenty but what difference should it make to the true artist, what goes on behind the walls of the buildings he designs—animal life or human life? As a principle I disagree with the well-informed lady who observed that the more she knew of men the better she liked dogs, but there is something to be said for the theory that in the well-ordered life of animals the architect may find a real inspiration to create for them well-ordered architecture. But apart from all trick of parallel and metaphor, the artist should leap to the possibility he has in any building, no matter how humble its function to prove in very truth that all-encompassing as it is, Beauty speaks a various language.

—Alfred Hopkins

Stars in the dog house

(*Continued from page 55*)

if a dog happens to be ill, Mr. Bennett will rise often during the night to see that it is coming along as it should.

All this care, as well as the expertness with which Mr. Bennett selects his dogs, is reflected in the constant stream of trophies that comes to the show animals in the Deephaven Kennels. These medals, cups, and ribbons adorn the shelves and walls of the "dog house," together with wood carvings of some of the famous occupants, Mr. Bennett's own handiwork, and very clever they are.

From the house pet that trots at the heels of a visitor to the kennels, bestowing a pleasant impersonal but well-bred interest in the goings-on, to Sam the pride and sire of the kennels, there is friendliness for the initiated or invited guest. A stranger unannounced is treated with the vociferous contempt that intruders well deserve.

Lord of this shire is Sam, a pedigreed laddie from Scotland, whose family tree reads something like that of a first family of the moors. Known to dog nobility as British Ch. Crich Certainty, he is one of the greatest studs in the United States. All dog fanciers have heard about Sam; he has five challenge certificates to his credit, has won close to one hundred firsts and has been best in show all breeds twelve times. Purchased from the Heather Kennels in Scotland he has harsh coat, tremendous bone and spring of ribs, a long lean head with small dark eyes properly set into the skull and correctly carried ears of moderate size. He has the mark of intelligence, dignity, and tolerance, and everyone likes Sam instantly they meet him.

Sam is friendly too. There is no lack of tail wagging, but there is restraint, for a champion has some rights, that of deliberation and timing; thus he may stand off for a moment regarding a visitor with wistful, appraising, but kindly eyes. Not at all shy, Sam, being lord of the kennels, maintains this position as befits one in his superior position.

An import that has created great interest in this clannish world of terriers is Heather Asset, predicted by those who know the way of the dog world and stardom, to have a great future. This terrier has style, contrasting handsomely with Certainty, having that something in his make-up that brings judges hovering about him with medals and ribbons and speaking in superlatives as they hang honors upon him.

Probably nowhere in the country, we are told by authorities, is there a more even collection of animals than at Mr. Bennett's Kennels. There is Ch. Deephaven Gold Dust, traveling the show circuit; Ch. Deephaven Fair Damsel; Ch. Heather Nymph of Deephaven, months ago predicted to be a prize winner; Ch. Scotsward Romance, first to win the title for the Deephaven Kennels, now on the list of pensioners. And so they go on, champion after champion, as fine a lot of animals as was ever assembled.

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Mr. Bennett will not permit himself to become sentimental about his terriers, will not allow himself the luxury of going "soft" about them. When he feels that glow of possessive pride stealing over him, when he has the desire to set his hat over one eye and crow rather quietly (Sam would not tolerate offensive crowing), he just reads that line on the wall, or he points it out to his assistants when they become proudly and rightfully boastful. It deflates him, and them, and they get right down to business again thinking up ways to perfect the young stars in the Bennett dog house that lies within the beautiful green glens of Deephaven.

And if in the middle of the night a light wavers along the steep incline that leads from the Bennett menage to the white cottages far below in the glen and one hears a sleepy bark, it will be Ted Bennett looking over an animal that has been off its feed or not quite up to the mark after a "show"; Ted Bennett keeping his vigil with that line on the inner wall of the kennel that "The Best Is None Too Good."

Month in the field

(*Continued from page 16*)

single bird points were piled up by the Setter and each encounter found him in good form. Though tiring to some extent in his last hour, Pride punched away vigorously. His last tally was especially meritorious—away through a wood lot toward finish of the morning course, with his game in scrubby jack pines. Pride stood in the open, a perfect picture of grace and verve, and one this correspondent will long and well remember.

"Ten Broeck's Bonnett dug up birds in a somewhat restricted afternoon effort that started exceptionally well with three bevy finds. Mr. A. G. C. Sage's Timbuctoo, with Clyde Morton handling, was pretty much out of hand while likewise finding three bevies. We can well recall the heats of Mr. Russell Perkin's stylish and mannerly Sedgefield Topsy, and the questing of that black and white rambler Dawn's Highland Bill. Bill's last find, which we covered, found him staunchly sandwiched between duplicate bevies zooming to the right and left of him, half a mile from the gallery. We distinctly recollect, too, the aftermath, when Bill located a single in a ditch so deep and awesome that it required the assistance of our worthy friend Buck Parks to haul our judicial 'corporosity' up the slippery Swiss-Alpine juttings.

"Easily the most spectacular find of the meet was that by the good lemon and white Pointer King Genius, suffering from a bit of leg injury, incidentally, which didn't improve his chances. On a wide cast the game animal came upon birds while scrambling up the side of a precipitous gully. Catching the scent from overhead he had clawed a foothold and hung on. He had been there a long while undiscovered, and three birds were moved from not four feet overhead in the sedge. It was, truly, a great piece of business. Along somber lines, hard luck removed a well-regarded championship contender in the form of Mr. and Mrs. McGonnigle's lovely bitch Amazon Village Girl, handled by Mr. Howard Kirk. Starting splendidly on the afternoon course, Girl, after a find, was kicked by a horse as she swung through the gallery in some woods. The wallop caught her in the jaw, but she wasn't seriously hurt and was soon out and on a bevy in magnificent style. A bit later, emerging from a cast on some woods, her left hind leg had been hurt and ler her down completely. The general supposition was that she had perhaps been charged and mauled by an irate sow with piggies. The injury was so severe, Mr. Kirk took up his bitch.

"In recapitulation, it was a particularly pleasing experience for this writer to have seen so many dogs at work, which, in September, he had judged in the Saskatchewan trials, and some, too, at the Amateur Pheasant Championship at Buffalo. It is an equally happy experience to realize that a great Setter has come through, after a nine year lapse, to regain laurels for his breed. And he regained them in a manner fully up to the standard of the nation's greatest bird dog classic. To his owner, Mr. Louis Bobbitt, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, president of the Amateur Field Trial Association of America, and his handler, Mr. Dewey English, our compliments for good sportsmanship and workmanship in the carving out of a noble dog's place among the mighty. Our sincere regret that another splendid sportsman, Mr. Edward Armstrong, who came to the trials with Mr. Bobbitt was injured by an accident in the gallery and was unable to witness the triumph of Sports Peerless Pride."

Note: The discussion of Canadian training which has appeared in this department from time to time will be taken up again in the next issue. We have some letters contradicting the claims of our original correspondent in no uncertain terms. He, if you remember, criticized some of the public trainers who summer in Canada. He has not been able to answer these letters to our complete satisfaction. They will be published and the reader can be the judge of the justice of their, or our correspondent's, claims in the matter.

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Eastward from the Rhine

(*Continued from page 68*)

old place things reminiscent of the carefree days of Duke Charles Augustus' court surround you; of garden parties and fetes; of lavish plays and colorful pageants; of musical and literary soirees.

I reached Heidelberg in the late evening. The moon had already risen and flooded the ruins of the old castle on the hillside with its bluish light. As I wandered through the empty chambers, I heard laughter, and then an old college song was wafted my way. Moving in the direction whence it came, I discovered lights in the main wing of the old pile. As I peered through a doorway into a vast roofless room, I discovered a band of red-capped students at a long table with arms entwined and drinking beer. They twirled their steins round and round on the oaken-topped festive board as they made *bruderfest*.

Gehimrat Hoops who had accompanied me but had lingered near the entrance to the grounds to hold confab with some old caretaker, now caught up with me. "That's a belated lot of students," he remarked, "enjoying a little goodfellowship and 'whoopee,' I think you call it in your country."

Although they stood on their chairs at times and brandished their tankards aloft with much shouting, they were hardly indulging in "whoopee" in the American way. Surely a strange place for a drinking bout, that ancient roofless room in a ruined castle.

My first glimpse of Nuremberg was also at night. A full moon hung high in a cloudless sky. The straight, white highway climbed a hill ahead of me, and as I reached the summit the enchantment of the scene below so enthralled me that I paused to drink in its loveliness. About it there was a mystical something, due, no doubt, to the gossamer sheen of the moonlight that draped the battlements and towers of the old city walls.

But a sudden onslaught of heat made me keenly mindful of cool mountain heights to the south, and as visions of snow-clad peaks increased, Nuremberg with all its glamour could not hold me. Neither was the lure of Munich strong enough to stay my progress southward more than a day, with the mercury hovering around a hundred Fahrenheit. So off I went into that land of rushing rivers, cool breezes, and gleaming peaks. The deeper I got into the mountains, the better I came to understand why Ludwig II and Maximilian had loved this country so well, and why the Bishops of Augsburg never missed spending a summer in this region. Even Roman emperors on their way north for a liver-purge at some spa, unable to resist the Allgau charm, tarried here in the shadow of the stately Zugspitze, loftiest pinnacle of the Bavarian Alps.

The Allgau people are a quaint, hospitable mountain folk, whose songs and dances are most amusing. At the time of the ripening of the grape, a festive spirit holds sway and there is much dancing and frolicking. One time I happened along when the season had turned out to be the best in a generation. There was a bumper crop of grapes of such perfection that no man living could recall clusters so large and so numerous or the fruit so luscious. Consequently the celebration that year was by no means an ordinary one. I or no one else slept for two days. The festivities were marked by much uproar and great fury. The streets of Fussen were full of prancing, dancing villagers, yodeling and yelping and singing. Little bands, made up principally of drums, trombones and tubas, marched about, making much more noise than music and adding generally to the din. Boys, their ruddy cheeks distended, blew madly on tin horns, while dogs darted about barking wildly.

Fussen is a typical mountain hamlet. Through it runs that foaming, rushing river, the Lech, that tumbles over a ledge in the midst of the village, filling the air with a dull rumble like distant thunder. Its tiny, picturebook houses cling to the sides of the mountain spur on which it is built. Unlike the dwellings of Oberammergau, which is not far away, the little homes have rather plain facades, with only here and there some religious fresco or quaint inscription.

I set out on foot to see the Castles of Neuschwanstein and Hohenschwangau. I had prepared for a walk of two or three hours, but long before that time had elapsed I was surprised to discover the turrets and towers of Neuschwanstein. Its huge white bulk of most extraordinary architecture loomed before me as I got completely around the bend in the road.

Ludwig II had given his builders in the way of line and general form his conception of what a castle should be, and then had left it to their genius to give his ideas definition and character. Understanding well the vagaries of their king's imagination, they reared a castle in keeping with the most extravagant of dreams that might flit to the surface of a whimsical brain. The side that met my gaze was a gigantic, many-storied gable, presided over by lofty towers.

I found the Castle of Hohenschwangau less striking, but its historical background of exceeding interest. Its foundations were once those of the House of Guelph, which ultimately turned over the old pile to the Dukes of Bavaria sometime during the sixteenth century. King Maximilian II bought the ruin for a song while he was still Crown Prince.

While the original castle was the stronghold of the ancient Hohenstaufen dynasty, the first of German literary forms was given to the world under the patronage of this house. That was the "Song of the Nibelungen," the great German medieval epic. Sometime dur-

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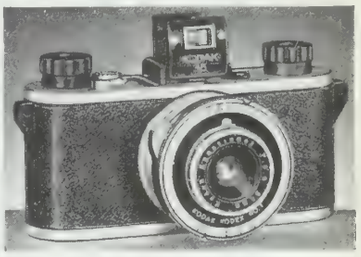

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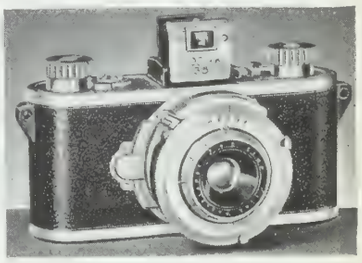

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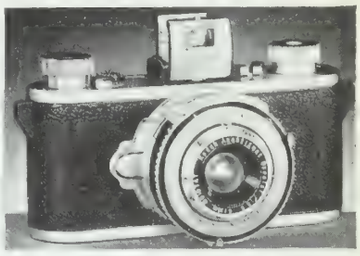

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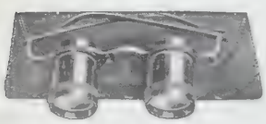

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ing the thirteenth century it was reduced to written form by some Homeric genius of the German people, being pretty much a re-cast of the ancient Teutonic and Scandinavian legends and lays, dating from the sixth and seventh centuries. The hero of the epic, you remember, was Siegfried. Here, too, sang the Minnesingers, the troubadours of Germany.

On your way to Fussen from Munich, Buchloe, an old Swabian town, holds much of interest in the way of custom and costume, almost equaling Fussen in this respect. The same can be said of other villages in the district such as Kaufbeuren, Kempten, Immenstadt, and Oberstaufen.

Near by is Oberstdorf, a noted summer and winter resort. And it happens, also, to be a splendid center for mountain climbing. Above the town tower the Rubihorn and the Nebelhorn, majestic peaks of some seven thousand feet that rise precipitously from charming green valleys. Of these Oytal, Spielmannsau, Walsertal, and Birgsau are entrancingly beautiful. There are ten altogether which converge in the Oberstdorfer Vale. Here, indeed, is a blessed spot.

In the picturebook of my mind some of the most vivid memories of Bavaria are those of long, tree-arched lanes, cool and green and deeply shaded, that lead out into the mountains from Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where pretty little mirror lakes abound and where the singing of birds ceases only with the setting of the sun.

As I hiked along through the greenery with the lovely fragrance of mountain flowers wafted my way and occasional glimpses of the majestic Zugspitze through little gaps in the leafv canopy above, I heard the full, ringing voices of peasants at work in a field ahead. They were singing an old folk song, but as soon as they spied me, they suddenly became silent and motionless. What on earth was an American doing in this byway.

Recovering his voice, one of the men inquired whether I was lost. A boy, who leaned on his hay-fork, stared at me with wide open mouth and eyes. But as I snatched my camera and snapped them, they were no longer uncertain as to my nationality. There is something in the way and manner of an American taking a picture that unmistakably marks him for what he is.

The hay-makers dropped their rakes and forks, ready for a bit of recreation. One fled to a spring under a pine tree and returned with beer. As if I were faint and in need of stimulant, they poured some into a cup and thrust it into my hand. The woman produced a sausage sandwich from a lunch bag and handed it to me. The boy supplied a peppermint stick.

Well filled and conditioned with the invigorating Pilsener, I picked up my rucksack and set out for Reichenhall, with my friends calling after me not to miss skirting the one end of the Konigssee. On my way I passed the ancient castle, begun by the Augustinian Monks early in the twelfth century, and tenanted later by the Prince-Abbots of Salzburg.

The Konigssee is enchantingly beautiful at any time of day, but in the early evening when, over its mirror-like surface plays every conceivable shade of green, its loveliness quite equals that of the Italian lakes.

As I drew close to Reichenhall, life flowed more abundantly along the highway and I encountered all sorts of interesting folk. A hunter with his gun over his shoulder and a green hat topped off with a chamois tail strode rapidly by. An old woman, lugging along a fat, red-faced child sort of bowed as she passed. A husky, blue-eyed boy brandished a huge stick over a stubborn pig that he was driving to market but did not, strange to say, strike the animal. When I asked him why he refrained from striking the unruly beast, he laughed and told me that he had raised a litter of pigs himself and this was his favorite, so he couldn't think of hitting the poor thing. As he explained matters, tears came to his eyes, for he hated to part with his pet. Imagine it! Tears in the eyes of a Teuton over a mere pig. However, the Bavarian is full of feeling and is vastly sentimental.

Then came a fellow pulling along a cart loaded with fire wood that he had just gathered in the forest. In his leathern pants held in place by elaborately embroidered suspenders, gray half-stockings over the bulging calves of his sturdy legs, and a funny, little pointed felt hat stuck up on the top of his big head, he was the typical peasant of Bavaria.

Finally I found myself on the outskirts of Reichenhall. Small, balconied villagers' homes stood close to the splendid hotels of the resort. Somewhere in the distance a band was playing, while off in the opposite direction some lusty-lunged girl was yodeling and waking echoes in the glens.

There was something awfully nice about all of this. I sat down on a bench by the wayside and stretched out my weary legs as I leaned back against the mossy bark of a huge, old tree under which the Druids must have sat. I felt that delicious tingle you sometimes feel when you are tired and relaxed and at peace with the world in one of its most lovely corners at eventide.

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(*Continued from page 54*)

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Wine is for all seasons, and when the moon stands high over the near-by vineyard, one may pick a bloom from the flowering grape to drop it into the wine which has been poured from the *boxbeautel* brought to us from the dark, cool cellars of the Archbishop's palace. But quite secretly must one pick this flower of the grape, and never let the good people know. It is a sacrilegious deed that will pain their hearts, as this year's flower might produce the perfect clusters whose blood pouring into a glass carries within it the spirit of the great Pan—the progenitor of life, his fancies, and his imagination. If by good chance and the grace of God this nonpareil potion be imbibed by a great and inspired man, it surely will bring his spirit to sing a song of eternal beauty, or let it put forth a constellation of words of profound and eternal life. So picking the flower from a grapevine grown in one of the great vineyards may amount to far-reaching destruction ensuing from a small deed as reported in that old English ditty: "Because of the nail the shoe was lost, the horse was lost, the rider, the king, and the kingdom was lost, all on account of the horseshoe nail." So remember well, only to honor a great guest may a bloom of the grape be sacrificed and dropped into his wine, on a full-moon night in a full-blown rose garden.

Whoever, under the wings of memory, meditation, and fantasy, slowly sips the blood of the grape from such beautiful glasses as these here illustrated, has always the promise that a love of life will enter his heart. As one gazes at these blue bloods of the ferocious glass furnace, they all seem to have three things in common, the high instep of quality-feet, their metal is of incomparable purity, and their proportions, either slender-stemmed or strong, are harmonious. Their bowls are shaped with infinite variations to the spirit of the fluid color they shall cradle.

Glorious baroque painting

(*Continued from page 60*)

of personality with the coquettish, ravishing, or smart. A gallant, beautiful assembly of favorite characters from the Commedia dell'Arte, in Watteau's "Le Rêve de l'Artiste," of the noted David-Weill collection at the Wildenstein Galleries, is nevertheless in the mighty baroque fashion (a wealthy patron of art, Pierre Crozat, had permitted Watteau to study the three hundred drawings of Rubens in his collection) scorned by the contemporary classical school. Thus was this superb style bequeathed to France.

Largely because of his understanding of Watteau, François Boucher achieved phenomenal decorative capacities. His finest work, though, such as the "Portrait of

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Madame Boucher," in the Frick collection has a free, crisp, dynamic form that in realistic, breezy informality harks back directly to Rubens.

The force of baroque art has seemed insuperable, waiting ever to flame anew in the most hostile camps, as when Delacroix unexpectedly discovered the colorful gleams and vitality of nature in a canvas of John Constable, the great English landscapist, and thereupon recovered for France, for Renoir in particular, what had been lost. Is there a spark awaiting American artists?

Yachting

(*Continued from page 28*)

than it used to be. Cuba had three entries in the St. Pete-Havana race and did rather well. Incidentally a delightful Cuban who is building a boat for next year's race outlined to me his plans for a thoroughly organized crew. "We have a navigator, who knows nothing about navigation—that's me. Then we have a cook. He never cooked anything but he has bought a book. Also we will have a sailor—that's my brother, he's really pretty good. Then finally we will have a man to do all the getting seasick for us."

HAVANA RACING. The Havana Yacht Club has a system of promoting interest in sailing that a lot of clubs might do well to copy, if they can afford it. Each year they hold a series of races for novices who have never won a race. Usually they get sixty or seventy two-man crews. Throughout the summer they sail a series of elimination races, in dinghies. Then the four surviving crews sail off a final championship series in Star boats. The winning crew is presented with a new Star class sloop by the club, the only string tied to it being that they must race the boat regularly during the ensuing five years—otherwise it reverts to the club. The entries in the series include everything from kids to middle-aged neophytes.

Havana also has a race that might come in handy for any club located on a small pond but wishing to hold a long-distance race. Each year they hold a night race for Stars and six-meters. It's sailed around a very short triangle off the clubhouse. They start at eight P.M., knock off from eleven to midnight for supper and again from five to six for breakfast, and the boat that has completed the most circuits of the course by eleven A.M. wins. They say it's fun, though personally if I sail all night I want to be going somewhere pretty definite.

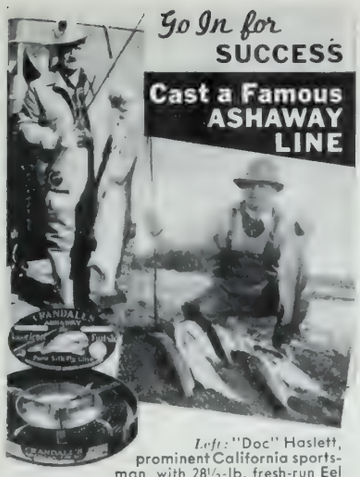
BERMUDA SPRING SERIES. A month ago it looked as though the annual spring series at Bermuda might be pretty short on American entries, but at this writing things are looking up. The Internationals, who start their team series against the Bermuda exponents of the same class April 5, have got together a team of four and perhaps five boats, including some good ones. The six-meters start the first of their three series for the Prince of Wales, King Edward VII, and Cubitt trophies April 18, and while a lot of Long Island Sound Sixes have been sold west it looks as though George Nichols' *Goose,* Harry Morgan's *Djinn,* and possibly Herman Whitton's *Star Wagon* and Bob Meyer's *Bob Kat II* might all go down to Hamilton.

ON THE WEST COAST. Outbuilt Eastern six-meters still have no trouble winning races on the West Coast. In the Los Angeles midwinter regatta *Fun* and *Lulu,* imported from the Sound last fall, finished one-two and the ancient *Lanai* took third place. Rod Stephens, who seems to turn up wherever there's racing going on, got out there the day before the series started, took Raymond Page's eight-meter *Prelude* out of dead storage and with no preparation at all won the series in that class. Incidentally Page may bring *Prelude* to Marblehead this season and race her against Charles Francis Adams and the other Eastern eight-meter experts.

FROSTBITE DINGHIES. Frostbite dinghy racing may be slipping a little as a midwinter sport in some places, but it has given intercollegiate sailing a great boost. The Intercollegiate Y.R.A. has a fine schedule arranged for April and May in which upwards of thirty colleges are expected to take part one time or another.

NEW BOATS. Everybody and his brother are building or buying one-design auxiliaries of from 25 to 45 feet this season. Alden had forty-seven such boats building at last account—most of them already contracted for. Sparkman had sold twenty 30-foot sloops and a number of larger boats. A whole flock of Rhodes 27-foot waterline sloops and the smaller Little Sisters were being built. Besides all these, almost every naval architect of note has at least one class of from three to half-a-dozen boats being built—Ben Dobson's 25-footers; Herreshoff's small classes; Charley Mower's Overniter; Sam Crocker's New Bedford 35; Art Shuman's Singlehanders; Dunham and Stadel's various classes, and so on.

WHALEBOATS. I should have known better than to go and look at those two whaleboats at Palmer Scott's shop in New Bedford. Now I've got whaleboat fever again. The New Bedford whaleboat was the product of nearly two centuries of development by Yankee whalemen and builders to produce a boat that would be seaworthy, fast, and easily driven by oars, paddles or sail; light enough to hoist on davits, but able to carry six men and a half ton or so of whaling gear at sea, even making long voyages in emergencies. The ultimate prod-



Left: "Doc" Haslett, prominent California sportsman, with 28½-lb. fresh-run Eel River king salmon. *Right:* Albert Jewell, of Sydney, Australia, with a morning's catch of New Zealand trout. Each used an Ashaway 3-diameter-tapered fly-casting line.

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WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS WEST VIRGINIA

uct was one of the sweetest and most efficient boats that ever floated, her basic lines not unlike those of an enlarged Indian canoe.

I saw lots of them around New Bedford as a boy, but when I got around to wanting one they were all gone except a few battered specimens in the antique-curio class. Now they're building whaleboats in New Bedford again. Using the lines of the famed Beetle whaleboat model, Scott built two for summer residents around New Bedford last year.

The first was an exact duplicate, 29 feet long, an open centerboard boat that even retained as much of the old whaleboat equipment as could be used, and carrying just enough ballast to compensate for the absence of the heavy line tubs and other gear. With a jib-headed ketch rig, more efficient than the rather makeshift sails the old whalers used to supplement their white-ash power, *Ah Blows* proved a great success. Her owner, Bruce Williams, even took a cruise in her and on one occasion overhauled an eight-knot powerboat.

Then came *Amalasonta,* built for Calvin Tompkins, a duplicate model but enlarged to 43½ feet overall, which made her 39 feet on the water and 8 feet 4 inches beam. She has a tall, narrow sloop rig, a three-berth cabin, a small two-cylinder motor and a deep, short keel in place of the centerboard—the only feature I don't like (though doubtless she goes better to windward than a centerboarder would). Her performance was astounding. She ghosted along well in the lightest of airs and in a breeze was reliably clocked at 9½ knots. The toy motor gives her 6 knots and she's able and dry in the nasty Buzzards Bay chops, according to those who've sailed her.

Maybe I'm crazy, but it seems to me they've got something here. The smaller model is a grand day-sailing boat, capable of a camping-out sort of cruise, and costs only around $800. The larger model, it seems to me, is comparable to the modern, typical 30-foot over-all cruising sloop. Her cost and her cabin accommodations are about equal to such a boat, her deck and cockpit space much larger. She needs less sail and less power than the normal 30-footer but is a much faster and livelier boat under sail than any 30-footer can ever hope to be. And besides, think of the fun of actually owning a whaleboat.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 26*)

welded there. The micrometer adjustments for elevation and windage are internal, which means that the position of the tube does not need to be changed to make corrections. This arrangement, together with the rigid mount, makes it almost impossible to jar the sight out of adjustment accidentally. Once the rifle has been sighted in it will stay right there in spite of rough handling, and

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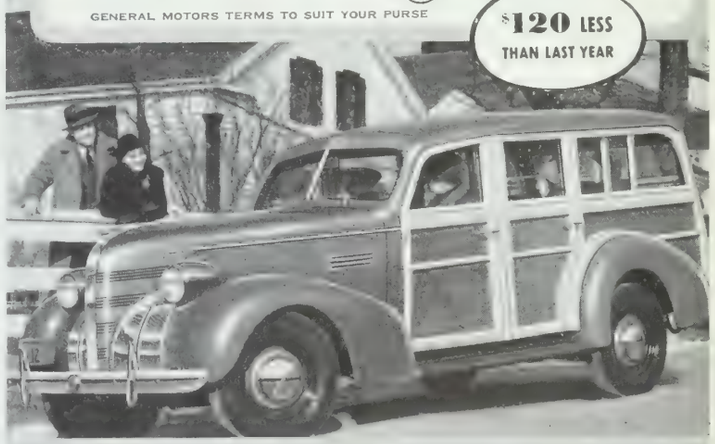

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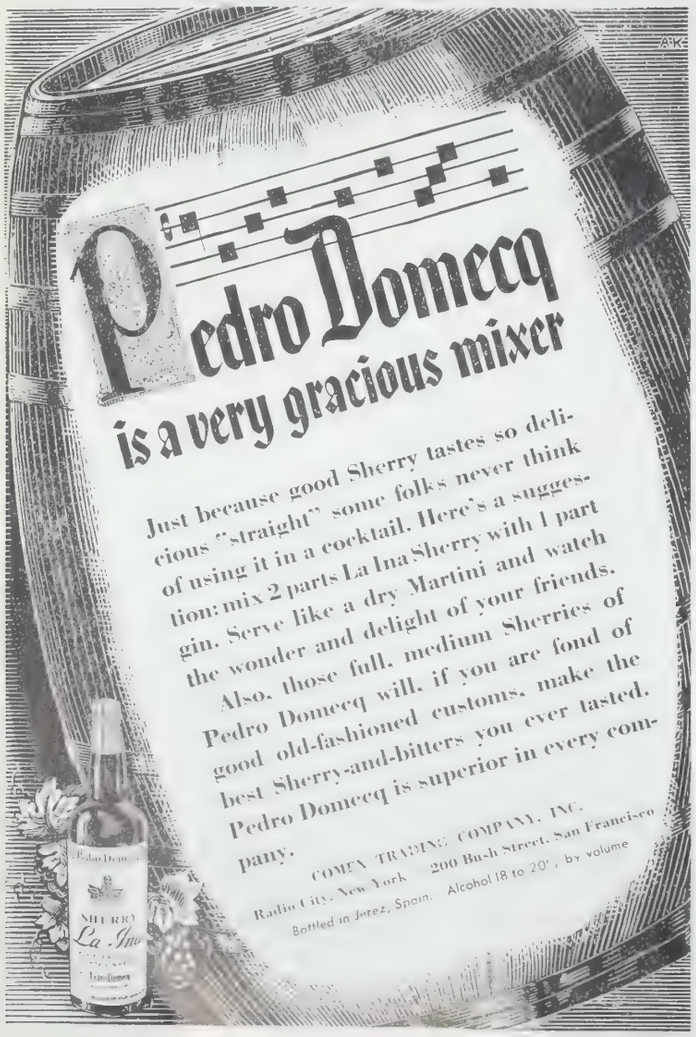

this is something that will please the big game hunter who carries his rifle into rugged country.

The length of the relief allowed by the 'scope sight is another important matter. Relief is the length of distance back from the eyepiece throughout which it is possible to see the full field. In some 'scopes it is very short indeed, requiring the rifleman to get his cheek against the comb of the stock at exactly the same place each time and consequently more difficult to find the target quickly. Moreover, if the 'scope is rigidly mounted on a powerful rifle the shooter may be badly hurt by the recoil driving the rear of the tube against the eye or forehead. The Weaver is all right on that count with a relief apparently of at least four inches—quite sufficient to insure safety and extraordinary quickness in aligning the crosshairs on the target.

I have used numbers of telescopic sights costing several times the price of this one just described and after trying these two for several months I must say that I've never had a better glass for general purposes on rifles of any caliber. Mr. Weaver deserves much credit for the originality and utility of design and more still for producing a fine 'scope at less than the price of the rifle itself.

I do not want to leave the impression that high power telescopic sights have no field of usefulness. Such glasses are necessary for the finest kind of target shooting or sniping done with heavy rifles fired from the prone position or from a rest. For any other type of shooting I am inclined to conclude that a 'scope of more than 4 power is a distinct handicap to the rifleman.

TOO MUCH POWER. A friend who had equipped his hunting rifle with a 6 power 'scope had the exasperating experience of being able to see a fine buck distinctly with his naked eye and being totally unable to find it in the 'scope—which he had to do before he could shoot.

"I saw every damn rock and bush on the hillside," he told me, "magnified six times, but I couldn't find the buck. I'd take the rifle down and there he'd be plain as a wart on your nose. I'd put it up and he'd disappear. No! I didn't get a shot! Just another case of a damn fool with too much power."

CONCERNING RUFFED GROUSE. One of our favorite shooting companions is a member of the Legislature of the State of Vermont. The others of us, having in mind some of the difficulties encountered and the hardships we endured during the past season, concluded that we would seek the aid of our statesman in correcting these matters. So we addressed him a petition praying for the enactment of legislation requiring ruffed grouse to get down off the mountain sides during the open season and stay on level ground.

Our representative replied evasively and with a pusillanimous request for more details. This unsatisfactory communication was turned over to the Junior Member for attention. His proposal follows and I believe grouse shooters everywhere will applaud his wisdom, eloquence, and profound grasp of the fundamentals of this important matter.

February 10, 1939
Hon. Irving Stannard
House of Representatives
Montpelier, Vt.
Dear Sir:

As the junior member of the Board to which you address your query for clarification of our desires in the matter of new legislation, I desire to report that, so far as we are concerned, any Act will be sufficient which provides for any of the following alternatives:

a. That the grouse fly as they please in general, but particularly into the shot pattern.

b. That they be provided with louder warning signals, the same to be operated in time, instead of too late, as now.

c. That the maximum rate of speed be considerably reduced, at least for the first twenty yards.

Otherwise we propose to picket the grouse in your district, bearing sandwich boards: "Unfair to organized hunters." And if you think we will not be organized, that will be your error.

Sincerely,
Your fly-by-night constituents.

In California's Parmel Valley

(*Continued from page 58*)

Sir Andrew is by Galahad III out of Gravitate by Rockview, bred by William Woodward. He was sent to England as a yearling and became one of their top horses in his 2nd, 3rd, and 4th years.

The stallions have their own stables and caretaker, and they are far enough away from the rest of the horses not to be disturbed by the calling of mares to their foals or the temperamental bucking and antics of well-fed youngsters at play.

Probably one of the best foals at the Russell Ranch is by Wildair out of a lovely gray mare, Stealthy Step. This mare, carrying Mrs. Whitney's colors, was one of the Royal Minstrel's which both in 1936 and 1937 so often pushed gray noses first across the wire.

The colts and fillies probably hate to leave so happy a playground, where rambling red roses offer pleasant nibbling to curious equine faces peering over paddock fences. But the private training quarters at the Del Monte race track are almost as pleasant, with a view of Monterey Bay, and near-by stables full of racing bent companions, who boast whinnyingly of their track prowess.

Mr. Russell is one of the California racing enthusiasts most anxious to keep the sport of kings above the degrading influence of

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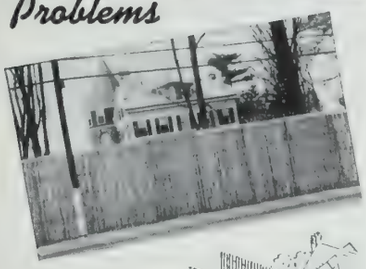

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the profiteers and gamblers, in hopes of luring more local sportsmen into becoming owners.

A short race meeting at Del Monte proved that such an effort is met with enthusiasm by those whose busy social lives center around a love of horses. They came to Del Monte from San Francisco and Los Angeles, as they always do when a particularly interesting sporting event is put on either there or at Santa Cruz which is just across the bay.

The racing board had no idea of making a profit from the meet, and after a few days, when it was apparent that the sale of boxes and the attendance indicated such a possibility, the purses were raised so that the owners of horses, who are, after all, the ones who make racing possible, received the reward for their sportsmanship in shipping mounts for only a short race meet.

The ideals and efforts of the owners of the Double H Ranch made the race meet such a great success. After the close of those few hectic days Mr. and Mrs. Russell drove contentedly but wearily up the Carmel Valley and across the old bridge which marked the entrance to their ranch, probably wishing at the moment that they could draw it up, as did feudal lords of old, and have privacy for a week or two. Time to enjoy their home, the red tiled roof which glows warmly through great sweeping live oaks, and the gardens where restful waters of the pool and chaste banks of gorgeous white matilija poppies provide seclusion from the complications of a busy world.

Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 19*)

felt hurt if they didn't get attention, and the babies showed no apprehension at all concerning human beings. As for Flying Ebony himself he seems as gentle as a Shetland pony and is positively as fat and sleek. He's not exactly what you would call a sensational horse, because his color, which is as black as his name indicates, and his perfect conformation make him look smaller than he actually is and his comfortable disposition does not lend itself to dramatics, but he is a horse at which you can look long and well without tiring. He has both substance and scope. He is made of clean free lines that are put together in most pleasing proportion, and his head and expression are an inspiration. No wonder he stands so high on the stallion list and as things are going now he is probably due to stand higher because there are lots of good mares in California now and as he is probably the state's most popular stallion he will have only the best of them for his brides.

PALOMINOS. In days of old, from what I gather, to ride one of

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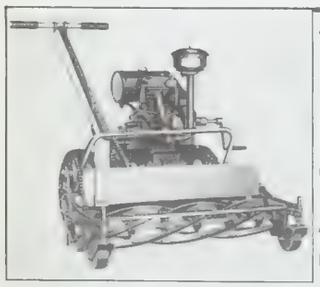

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these butter-colored horses was a sign of being a grandee of old Spain but the grandees died out and so did their horses to such an extent that there was danger of their disappearing forever. Recently there has been a definite attempt to re-establish this color, but it is, indeed, a hazardous undertaking because if breeding for speed and stamina as is done with race horses is chancy, breeding for color is ten times more so. The perfect Palomino, apparently, is dark enough to be definite, not so dark as a light chestnut but certainly not so light as cream. His tail and mane must be so white as to look, in contrast, almost like silver. No absolutely sure way of getting them has been discovered as yet. If two Palominos are crossed they may produce a cream, or they may throw back to a definite chestnut, and if chestnuts are used, and they must be to hold the tone, their produce may be too dark or the manes and tails too strongly colored.

Mr. Dwight Murphy, in attempting to standardize a strain that will carry this color with any degree of accuracy is using horses of all sorts. He has several stock stallions of almost perfect color—these are my favorites—but he also has some Arabs, these are all chestnuts, and a Kentucky-bred saddle horse. I hope Mr. Murphy accomplishes his aim, partly because such effort deserves success, but mostly because he possesses the most spectacular collection of saddles and accouterments. Set with silver, gold and turquoise, and designed and engraved by artists, it is difficult to imagine these trappings being worn by horses other than those of the color that was once assigned to the grandees of ancient Spain.

The sportswoman

(*Continued from page 42*)

young and optimistic to keep him going over the first two fences. Let's take up his story at the third.

"I don't think he saw that fence at all. He'd hit the first two pretty hard and maybe his legs hurt him but anyway he went into the third with his eyes closed and he hit it so hard and threw me so high that I had a chance to pick out a landing on the way down. I started to crawl fast as soon as I hit but then I saw Charlie coming along into the fence and I knew that if that goat he was on saw me moving he'd stop, so I just lay still where I was as close to the fence as I could get and prayed. Then that horse I'd been riding came right down out of the sky and landed on top of me. I didn't see what happened to Charlie. Maybe he was a little horse but he didn't feel so small."

Talk about the things that go through a man's mind when he's drowning! This horse had been thrown so high in the air that his rider had time to do all that thinking and figuring while he was coming down out of it. No, he wasn't hurt. Not seriously, that is. As a matter of fact he lived to become one of the country's best steeplechase riders and won plenty of Maryland's Hunt Cups.

I believe that the fence is in a better position now, and it seems to me as if the technique of riding the Maryland has changed; that the horses are more wisely rated. That, and the fact that the average of both horses and riders is so much better than it used to be, has taken a lot of the horror out of the third fence. Falls are not so likely to occur at this spot as they are later in the race when tired horses start to make their move and the pace kills off the incompetents. Maybe it isn't so exciting for the sadists and maybe it doesn't make such good pictures but it makes a whole lot better race and a much more comfortable one for friends and relatives.

JEALOUSY. This is a story about a parrot that is a radio fan. Sunday night brings his favorite programs and he is decidedly disgruntled if things aren't arranged so that he can listen. If the stations are tuned to his liking he will chuckle and crow at Jack Benny and laugh heartily at Charlie McCarthy. He doesn't want anyone to interrupt while they have the air but if by accident the machine is left tuned in until Walter Winchell comes on things are different. He'll cock his head critically, first to one side and then to the other. Then he'll walk fretfully up and down his perch while the broadcaster's provoking voice rattles out the latest shockers and finally, when his nerves can stand it no longer, he'll ruffle his feathers and scream "Shut up! Shut up!" at the top of his lungs. How much he can understand of what is being said it is impossible to guess. Anyway it is obvious that he doesn't like any part of it.

TRAINED DOGS. The purists were probably pretty upset at the vaudeville performance that the last night of the Westminster Kennel Club show turned out to be, but as for me, and a lot of people like me, we liked it. The sled teams, to be sure, might have put on a better act but who can expect good outdoor dogs to pull on slippery footing a big heavy truck only to go around and around and get nowhere at all! What they lacked as to a serious demonstration, however, they made up in comedy. It was an amusing moment when they made a dive under the table that held all the trophies! But I felt dreadfully sad for the lead dog when he was sent back in the ranks and a substitute put in his place. I'll bet he thinks nothing at all of dog shows now.

The bests in show, brace, team, and singles are always exciting but the hound pack class was a masterpiece! Cross-bred Foxhounds, American Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, and Bassetts—five couples of each—were all walked around the ring at the same time

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with hardly a mixup of any sort. It was a truly beautiful sight and one to be remembered. Fifty hounds enclosed in a small space and restrained only by the voices and signals of their huntsmen and whippers-in from mingling with each other or investigating all the strange sights, sounds, and smells that there were in this place that was so foreign to their natural habitat. It was an example of obedience that was almost as good, in its way, as the real obedience tests. I say "almost as good" advisedly because the obedience test was such an extremely interesting exhibition. The six members of the women's team looked mighty nice in their blue Hoover aprons and it struck me that this uniform was a very workmanlike and tactful thing to wear because it put the owners in the background and brought out in strong contrast the personalities and individual characteristics of their dogs. If the dogs in the obedience tests were any criterion then practically any sort, kind, or breed can be trained for the purpose. The women's team was made up of a Great Dane, a German shepherd, standard poodle, Norwegian elkhound, Irish terrier, miniature poodle, and Welsh Corgi, and the men's team exhibited a German shepherd, collie, Irish water spaniel, pointer, standard poodle, and two cockers. All of the dogs were efficient, but the different manner in which they went through their acts was amusing. The shepherds were cool, bored, and businesslike; the collie and the water spaniel were willing and anxious to please; the pointer, apparently, was utterly dependent on constant demonstration of affection; the standard poodles loved it all so that they could hardly wait for their turn to show off; and the miniature, although he was cheerful enough during the times he was near his mistress, hated so to be separated from her that he cheated horribly. When he was forced to go to the far side of the ring he chiseled inches off the distance between him and his handler.

The clowns of each team were thoroughly entertaining. I don't think that either of these dogs was especially trained for his part. They went through exactly the same routine as the others but they were both just natural born comedians, and I think that they knew it and instinctively exaggerated their individual peculiarities. The Corgi on the women's team was a genius. Corgis are funny looking little dogs in any case, with their foxy heads, stumpy legs, and no tails at all, and no dog in the world ever moved as slowly and as deliberately as this one. He was always a pace or two behind his team mates and when he was asked for individual performances his timing was perfect. He would stand before a jump or on the other side of the ring, paying, as far as anyone could see, no attention at all to commands but busying himself with his own thoughts until finally, just as the whole audience had

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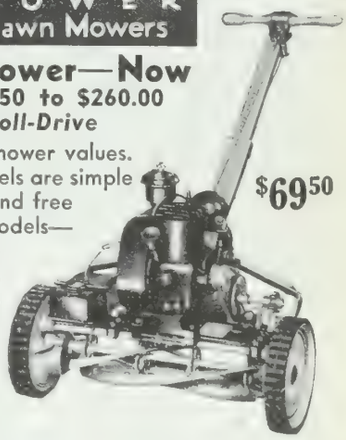

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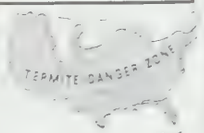

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made up its collective mind that he wasn't going to do what he was told anyway, he'd go ahead and do it. "What's all the fuss about?" he seemed to say. "It's all so ridiculously simple that it's scarcely worth bothering about!" Deliberate! In contrast to the other dogs he might have been a picture taken by a camera set to slow motion. The clown on the men's team was a little buff cocker and he was exasperating. He was just the opposite of the Corgi because he got most of his exercise jumping at conclusions and, without waiting to understand what he was supposed to do, would do everything all wrong. Irritating for his boss, but just about the time he got good and mad the little dog would caper across the ring and sit up in front of him with his front paws in the air imploring approbation. How could any one be angry with anything like that? I'm afraid he'll never turn out to be a superlative obedience tester. He uses so much charm in sneaking out of his obligations that it would be almost impossible to force him into line.

REGIMENTED GAMES. According to the new policy of the Italian Lawn Tennis Federation sport in that country is becoming a very serious thing indeed. Even the spirit is to become of national rather than individual reaction. Players in important tournaments will be required to wear uniforms. Umpires for national matches must be members of the Fascist party and there must be in these matches a close hookup with the youth organizations in order to prove that tennis is a game for everyone—rich and poor alike. But the real pay-off is in the rule that forbids handshaking between opponents because the Federation wishes to "avoid the weed of intimacy which for too long has infested lawn tennis."

Compare with this the thousands of public tennis courts that there are in this country where, weather and work permitting, anyone may play as he pleases. Think of some of the quaint costumes which lack of funds sometimes causes our people to wear on the courts unashamed and unridiculed, too, and finally compare a few lines of The Sportsman's charter, which was compiled to illustrate the ideal of sport in the United States, with the Italian Federation's policy. "That sport is something done for the fun of doing it. * * * That the good manners of sport are fundamentally important. * * * That the whole structure of sport is not only preserved from the absurdity of undue importance but is justified by a kind of romance which animates it and by the positive virtues of courage, patience, good temper, and unselfishness which are demanded by the code." Different peoples seem to have their fun in different ways. However, should the Italian idea of tennis be followed to the last extreme, wars may eventually be fought with racquets instead of rifles. That certainly would make it a pretty serious game, one that could scarcely be "done for the fun of doing it," but it would be an objective well worth the sacrifice of a few ideals.

Mrs. Jorrocks plans a place

(*Continued from page 46*)

Now let's go into the house, taking with us our imaginations and a whole boxful of colors. The entrance is on the north so that the living rooms and terraces face south and west. The hall is covered with silver paper on which, at wide intervals, terra cotta parakeets break the plain surface. The owner's bedroom is almost like a living room with its two long French windows opening onto its own sunny, secluded part of the terrace. Inside, in addition to the bed and dressing table, there are comfortable chairs, books, papers, and a useful desk—all the personal litter that is indispensable. There are two cupboards on either side of the fireplace where many things may be kept conveniently out of sight and drawers built into every available cranny provide whatever space is needed in addition to the ample closets.

The little utility room across the way is, certainly, *multum in parvo*. A bench by day pulls out into a comfortable bed by night and the shower room is all its own. There is a closet, drawer space, and everything that anyone could possibly need for a short visit. It is, I believe, a good thing that it is so small because were it larger it might collect too many men at a party. A nice cozy place for a little quiet drinking!

The dining room is small, of course, but its Hepplewhite chairs and crystal candelabra are exquisite and the deep blue walls disappear into the distance at night. Then, too, in pleasant weather, it is an easy thing to set a table on the terrace. It is a nice dining room and a very practical one, besides.

The big living room is obviously planned for possessions, the things that one has lived with always. The walls are the color of weak coffee with plenty of cream and the hangings are a dull blue of a slightly darker shade. The inside of the shell cabinets is painted a dusty old-rose picked out with dull gold here and there. The big Chippendale sofa is covered in blue brocade of a slightly darker shade than the curtains. The wing chair is in petit point and the upholstered chair is a rose something like the interior of the cupboards. Up in the entrance end of the room there is a beautiful screen that shields the sofa from the door and directly opposite the door stands the necessary but not necessarily beautiful piano. The center unit of the three large west windows is broken by a dainty kidney shaped table which serves

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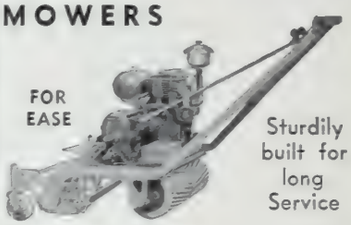

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Dog stars

(*Continued from page 18*)

on, not because of any question of perfection of type but because he considered the competition too complacently. He posed perfectly and trotted around the ring with his usual absolute action but appeared to take the proceedings as more of a routine than a duel to the death, especially when the final skirmish came with the ever alert Doberman Pinscher, Ch. Ferry von Rauhfelsen. Judge Thomas later remarked that he had always been a great admirer of Saddler and that he gave the Doberman his closest competition, but it just wasn't one of his best days while the latter was in the best condition of all the competitors and showed in top form every minute. So it will be seen that when two such super-dogs come together, the mere matter of ring manners will sway the balance.

Fox hunting

(*Continued from page 25*)

them on thin ice which is a favorite trick. We lost seven couples that way several years ago, and recall reading of how the Pytchley pack way back were drowned crossing a partly frozen lake. Hounds can swim but the ice keeps breaking away where they try to climb out, and gradually the severe cold of the water paralyzes them and they sink from sight.

BOUNCING BACK. A fox hound wandered up to the Birmingham home of Joe Fulcher. From his tag Joe figured he belonged to a chap over in Gasden, Alabama, so he called him up. About a week later the man came and gave him a check for $2 for the hound's keep that past week. A few days later the check bounced back from the bank. The next day the hound trotted up to Mr. Fulcher's door.

MORE TATTOOING. We are glad to learn that more and more foxhunting clubs and individuals are adopting the idea suggested sometime ago of tattooing hounds' ears, and trust that the states will gradually demand the registration and tattooing of all hunting dogs, and give the matter a lot of publicity so that whenever a person sees a strange dog they will immediately look in the ear for the owner's marks.

HUNTING DISCIPLINE. A recent excellent article on hunting by a friendly contemporary recalls how Jorrocks said that fox hunting supplies the excitement and romance of war with a minimum of danger. It also quoted those words of a great master of hounds —one of the finest America has ever had. "The Master is a great and mystic personage; to be lowly, meekly, and reverently looked up to; helped, considered, and given the right of way at all times. His ways are not as other men's ways, and his knowledge and actions are not to be judged by their standards. All that can be judged of him is that he furnish good sport; and as long as he does that, he is amenable to no criticism, subject to no law, and fettered by no conventionality while in the field. He is supposed by courtesy to know more about his hounds than outsiders, and all hallooing, calling, and attempts at hunting them by others, are not only very bad manners, but are apt to spoil sport. As a general rule, he can enjoy your conversation and society more when not in the field, with the hounds, riders, foxes, and damages on his mind." Then follows the editorial comment: "That's a little hard for newcomers to hunting to understand in their democratic days. Indeed, it is quite likely that a change in attitude on the part of both Master and field will be necessary before hunting reaches its full development in this free-speaking country." Now what we feel has been missed here is that, while an unnecessarily servile attitude is absurd, still a strict discipline in the hunting fields is as necessary for efficiency and good sport as the well-known discipline of good army is needed to win battles, and that a "free-speaking" or "free shouting" field would make a mob instead of an efficient army.

HUNT BUTTONS. We have all doubtless heard discussions about the correct number of hunt buttons. A friend of mine recently told me that the Earl of Lansdale wrote the Cottesmore Hunt Committee that six buttons on the men's coats was the correct number, not eight, explaining that only Royal Hunts with warrants for free warren were entitled to the eight. And speaking of hunting costumes, why is it that so often we see boot garters worn which are not the same color as the breeches, e.g., white garters should be worn with white breeches, and tan garters with tan breeches, and black garters only in a musical comedy chorus. And one more point; the stock except for rat catcher, should be white. It was and is to be used in case of an accident as a bandage, and the hunting pin should be a substantial plain gold safety pin to pin this bandage. All pins with crops, spurs, horses, foxes, etc., etc., etc., should be confined to mufti.

CORRECTION

Through a misunderstanding, the natural color photograph of tulips reproduced as the cover of our March issue, was attributed to Mr. Garrett M. Stack and not to Mr. Charles Colburn, who should have received the credit.

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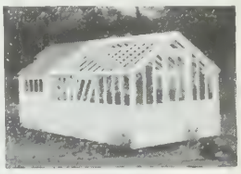

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Phillippi by Phalaris

(*Continued from page 73*)

it must be added, the neighbors weren't any too happy over the hunting on near-by unposted lands the following open seasons.

Two famous ex-jocks were included in the Jobes' menage, Winnie O'Connor and George Mountain. Winnie was one of the more noted of the "Father Bill Daly" school of riders, and besides winning, at one time or another, every classic in America had ridden with conspicuous success in England and France for Edward VII, then the Prince of Wales, as well as for Baron de Rothschild and Edouard Blanc. In later years he was the last trainer for Cuba's lately deposed President Machado. George was contract rider for the late August Belmont around the turn of the century and second call rider for the late James R. Keene. Fair Play, Colin, and Celt all won races with George in the stirrups. So between the two, Winnie and George, the Jobes mares and stallions did not suffer for want of expert care and attention.

With such a master and such a home Phillippi showed immediate improvement in appearance and disposition. In a year he began to look like the dominating male that nature intended him to be, and Jobes then started in to "make" him as a stallion. Long Island has never been noted as a successful locale for Thoroughbred nurseries. Very few brood mares could be secured for him besides the handful which Jobes owned, but please allow me to state at this point that every foal that Phillippi *did* send to the races in his short stud career was a winner! A prominent breeder in Virginia, on the lookout for a stallion at the Saratoga yearling sales one summer, agreed to take Phillippi to his farm and give him a chance with some real producing matrons but, when the time came, Jobes was so attached to the horse that he wouldn't agree to part with him and Phillippi missed his big opportunity.

When the depression hit, Jobes weathered it for three years but finally the farm had to go. He saved Phillippi and two mares from the wreck and, putting them out to board at a farm in the Worthington Valley of Maryland, went back to his real estate office to essay a comeback. But a distinct lack of further booms in Long Island real estate made it increasingly hard to keep a family and horses too so, naturally, the horses had to go—seven of them, by that time, as each mare had foaled twice to Phillippi in the interim. Mares and foals sold readily enough but no one seemed to want the one-eyed stud. The Maryland breeder eventually took him over for the board bill and, shortly afterward, sold him to the Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico and then sent Phillippi to Nogales, a town situated half in Arizona and half in the state of Sonora, Mexico.

It developed later that the railroad was acting for no less a Mexican citizen that Plutarco Calles, once president and later political dictator of the troubled country to the south of us. This was just before Calles' forced exile from his country and, at that time, he was probably the wealthiest man in Mexico. Mills and factories; mines and oil wells; tanneries and ranches; stock in every going concern. Calles had a finger in everything and all of it had been acquired during his amazing rise from bartender, in his native Guaymas, Sonora, to Chief of Police of Guaymas, to Governor of Sonora, then to the Presidency. As the Mexican constitution provides that no man may succeed himself to the presidency, Calles had to be content with the naming of a nominee, a designation which was, of course, tantamount to election. He named them all, when the time came, from Obregon to Cardenas but the latter, the present chief executive, Calles acceded to with reluctance and only after insistent demands on the part of the Agrarian, or "land owner," party. Plutarco Calles's young kinsman, Rudolpho Calles, was elected Governor of Sonora, when Cardenas was named President, and everything seemed to rock along calmly enough until a commission named by Cardenas began delving into the titles of all the large land holdings in the republic.

In the meantime Phillippi had been installed in the stud on the ranch which Plutarco had given to Rudolfo in Sonora and from which, it was hoped, young stock might some day come, capable of holding their own with California breds at Agua Caliente or Santa Anita. Plutarco himself had retired to another of his ranches, this one in Baja California, where he hoped to spend the remainder of his days in peace but, unfortunately, Cardenas's commissioners were not satisfied with the way some of the titles to Plutarco's lands were secured and the President and former Dictator broke relations. In fact Plutarco made a hurried exit from Mexico, staying away until the commission had finished its labors which resulted in most of Plutarco's ranches being given to the *Agraristas*.

So far nothing political was held against the easy-going Rudolfo, who remained on as Governor of Sonora and tenant of the Sonora ranch, but not for long. If the administration had nothing against Rudolfo, the *Agraristas* had. Sonora is a long way from Mexico City and the *Agraristas* wanted that ranch, so, when labor troubles arose in Plutarco's mills and mines and a commission began investigating that phase of Plutarco's affairs, the yell of *"Peonage"* went up and Plutarco disappeared again. This time everything that belonged to him was seized and held in a sort of escrow until investigations had been completed.

One night a frightened *Yaqui* slipped into Rudolfo's house. "The *Agraristas,* Senor! They are coming!" Hastily gathering what money he could scrape together, Rudolfo bolted for the stables. Bridling Phillippi without time to saddle him, he started across the mesa with the raiding pack after him. It was never given to pinto ponies to outrun such as Phillippi and, out of training as he was, the Thoroughbred outdistanced them to the outer wall of the ranch. The wall was just another steeplechase jump to Phillippi, who had raced over hurdles in England, but not so with the pintos. Cayuses might be gifted with sure-footedness for dodging prairie-dog burrows, but stone walls were beyond their short-legged province. The best the raiders had left to do was to send a hail of lead after the fleeing shadow of horse and man.

But the leg which had caused Phillippi's retirement from the racetrack gave way again in the chase and it was a year before he and his master showed up in Mexico City. The square-shooting Cardenas allowed Rudolfo a sanctuary in the town house which was once Plutarco's, as no legal flaw could be found in the title. There was also a small ranch belonging to the Calles family, a few miles from the capital, that was clear, so to this ranch Rudolfo repaired with Phillippi.

For a time all was serene, but one night Rudolfo was awakened again by a terrified servant with tidings of another *Agrarista* raid and this time horse and man barely made it. Without waiting to dress or to bridle the horse Rudolfo clambered to Phillippi's back and, with the raiders surrounding them, they dashed toward the outskirts of the city. Possibly the *Yaqui* half-breeds are poor marksmen. Maybe it's not as simple as it sounds to shoot straight from the back of a rough-gaited cayuse. And then again it might have been that the fates, which had twice saved Phillippi from death by a bullet, smiled on him once more. At any rate they made the limits of the city in safety.

In the brick and 'dobe building, which serves for a stable in the back of the high-walled stone mansion of the ex-president, Phillippi and his groom live today. Just recently I saw a snapshot of the old horse and two of his foals and I read with interest that the present administration of Mexico is buying American Thoroughbreds to improve the Mexican breed. Somehow, I like to believe that the line of race horses that will lead them all in Mexico in the days to come will be the descendants of the mistreated, one-eyed stallion which, in response to the urge of the blood royal in his veins, has always done the best that was in him every time he was called upon. Anyway, I hope he spends his declining days in peace. He has earned the right.

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